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PERIODICAL
COLLECTION**

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WHO WAS LOST AND IS FOUND.

CHAPTER V.

THE footstep came slowly up the sloping path. The holly hedges were high, and for some time nothing more was visible than a moving speck over the solid wall of green. There is something in awaiting in this way the slow approach of a stranger which affects the nerves, even when there is little expectation and no alarm in the mind. Mrs Ogilvy sat speechless and unable to move, her throat parched and dry, her heart beating wildly. Was it he? Was it some one pursuing him — some avenger of blood on his track? Was it no one at all — some silly messenger, some sturdy beggar, some one who would require Andrew to turn him away? These questions went through her head in a whirl, without any volition of hers. The last was the most likely. She waited with a growing passion and suspense, yet still in outward sem-

blance as the rose-bush with all its buds showing white, which stood tranquilly in the dimness behind her. It was growing dark; or rather it was growing dim, everything still visible, but vaguely, as if a veil had dropped between the eye and what it saw. When the man came out at the head of the path, detached and separate from all the trees and their shadows, upon the little platform, a thrill came over the looker-on. He seemed to pause there for a moment, then advanced slowly.

A tall big man, loosely dressed so as to make his proportions look bigger: his features, which there would not in any case have been light enough to see, half lost in a long brown beard, and in the shade of the broad soft hat, partly folded back, which covered his head. He did not take that off or say anything, but came slowly, half re-

luctantly forward, till he stood before her. It seemed to Mrs Ogilvy that she was paralysed. She could not move nor speak. This strange figure came into the peaceful circle of the little house closing up for the night, separated from all the world—in silence, like a ghost, like a secret and mysterious Being whose coming meant something very different from the comings and goings of the common day. He stood all dark like a shadow before the old lady trembling in her chair, with her white cap and white shawl making a strange light in the dim picture. How long this moment of silence lasted neither knew. It became intolerable to both at the same moment. She burst forth, "Who are you, who are you, man?" in a voice which shook and went out at the end like the flame of a candle in the air. "Have you forgotten me—altogether?" he said.

"Altogether?" she echoed, painfully raising herself from her chair. It brought her a little nearer to him, to the brown beard, the shadowed features, the eyes which looked dimly from under the deep shade of the hat. She stood for a moment tottering, trembling, recognising nothing, feeling the atmosphere of him sicken and repel her. And then there came into that wonderful pause a more wonderful and awful change of sentiment, a revolution of feeling. "Mother!" he said.

And with a low cry Mrs Ogilvy fell back into her chair. At such moments what can be done but to appeal to heaven? "Oh my Lord God!" she cried.

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"Mother," he said again, "I would have sworn you would not forget me, though all the world forgot me."

"No," she said, like one in a dream. "Can a mother forget her——" Her voice broke again and went out upon the air. She lifted her trembling hands to him. "Oh Robbie, Robbie! are you my Robbie?" she said in a voice of anguish, with the sickness and the horror in her heart.

"Ay, mother," he said, with a tone of bitterness in his voice; "but take me in, for I'm tired to death."

And then a great compunction awoke within her: her son, for whom she had longed and prayed

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"Altogether?" she echoed, painfully raising herself from her chair. It brought her a little nearer to him, to the brown beard, the shadowed features, the eyes which looked dimly from under the deep shade of the hat. She stood for a moment tottering, trembling, recognising nothing, feeling the atmosphere of him sicken and repel her. And then there came into that wonderful pause a more wonderful and awful change of sentiment, a revolution of feeling. "Mother!" he said.

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Afterwards she was glad to leave him, to go up-stairs and help Janet, whose steps she heard overhead in the room so long unused—his room, where she had always arranged everything herself, and spent many an hour thinking of her boy, among all the old treasures of his childhood and youth. It was a room next to her own—a little larger—"for a lad has need of room, with his big steps and his long legs," she had many a time said. She found Janet hesitating between two sets of sheets brought out from Mrs Ogilvy's abundant store of napery, one fine, and one not so fine. "It's a grand day his coming hame," Janet said. "Ye'll mind, mem, a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet: it's true that shoon are first necessities, but no the ring on his finger."

"Take these things away," said Mrs Ogilvy, with an indignation that was more or less a relief to her, pushing away the linen, which slid in its shining whiteness to the floor, as if to display its intrinsic excellence though thus soiled. She went to the press and brought out the best she had, which she had been spinning in the days when she began to think of "plenishing" for as soon as she was married, she put it back in her

arms and placed it on the bed. "He shall have nothing but the best," she said, spreading forth the snowy linen with her own hands. Oh! how often she had thought of doing that, going over it, spreading the bed for Robbie, with her heart dancing in her bosom! It did not dance now, but lay as if dead, but for the pain of its deadly wounds.

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"And what would become of my flowers, with your hens and their families about?"

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Then she went back to him in the other room: he had not followed her, but sat just as she had left him, his head on his breast. He roused up and gave a startled look round as she came in, as if there might be some horrible danger in that peaceful place. "Your supper is ready," she said, her voice still tremulous. "Come to your supper. It is nothing but cold meat to begin with, but the chicken will soon be ready, Robbie: there's nothing here to fear——"

"I know," he said, rising slowly: "but if you had been like me, in places where there was everything to fear, it would be long before you got out of the way of it. How can I tell that there might not be some-

body watching outside that window, which you keep without shutter or curtain, in this lonely little house, where any man might break in?"

He gave another suspicious glance at the window as he followed her out of the room. "Tell Janet to put up the shutters," he said.

Then he sat down and occupied himself with his meal, eating ravenously, like a man who had not seen food for days. When the chicken came he tore it asunder (tearing the poor old lady's heart a little, in addition to all deeper wounds, by the irreverent rending of the food, on which, she had also remarked, he asked no blessing), and ate the half of it without stopping. His mother sat by and looked on. Many a time had she sat by rejoicing, and seen Robbie, as she had fondly said, "devour" his supper, with happy laugh and jest, and questions and answers, the boy fresh from his amusements, or perhaps, though more rarely, his work—with so much to tell her, so much to say,—she beaming upon him, proud to see how heartily he ate, rejoicing in his young vigour and strength. Now he ate in silence, like a wild animal, as if it might be his last meal; while she sat by, the shadow of her head upon the wall behind her showing the tremor which she hoped she had overcome, trying to say something now and then, not knowing what to say. He had looked up after his first onslaught upon the food, and glanced round the table. "Have you no beer?" he said. Mrs Ogilvy jumped up nervously. "There is the table-beer we have for Andrew," she said. "You will have whisky, at least. I must have something to drink with my dinner," he answered, morosely. Mrs Ogilvy knew many uses for whisky, but to drink it, not after, but with dinner, was not one that occurred

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do no more—in her old servant's face, and went down-stairs to the dining-room, which she found to her astonishment full of smoke, and those fumes of whisky which so often fill a woman's heart with sickness and dismay, even when there is no need for such emotion. Robert Ogilvy sat with his chair pushed back from the table, a pipe in his mouth, and a tumbler of whisky-and-water at his hand. The whisky and the food had perhaps given him a less hang-dog look, but the former had not in the least affected him otherwise, nor probably had he taken enough to do so. But the anguish of the sight was not less at the first glance to his mother, so long unaccustomed to the habits of even the soberest men. She said nothing, and tried even to disguise the trouble in her expression, heart-wrung with a cumulation of experiences, each adding something to those that had gone before.

"Your room is ready, Robbie, my dear. You will be wearied with this long day—and the excitement," she said, with a faint sob, "of coming home."

"I do not call that excitement," he said: "a man that knows what excitement is has other ways of reckoning——"

"But still," she said, with a little gasp accepting this repulse, "it would be something out of the common. And you will have been travelling all day. How far have you come to-day, my dear?"

"Don't put me through my catechism all at once," he said, with a hasty wrinkle of anger in his forehead. "I'll tell you all that another time. I'm very tired, at least, whether I've come a short way or a long."

"I have put your bed all ready for you—Robbie." She seemed to say his name with a little reluctance: his bonnie name! which had cost

her so keen a pang to think of as stained or soiled. Was it the same feeling that arrested it on her lips now?

"Am I bothering you, mother, staying here a little quiet with my pipe? for I'll go, if that is what you want."

She had coughed a little, much against her will, unaccustomed to the smoke. "Bothering me!" she cried: "is it likely that anything should bother me to-night, and my son come back?"

He looked at her, and for the first time seemed to remark her countenance strained with a wistful attempt at satisfaction, on the background of her despair.

"I am afraid," he said, shaking his head, "there is not much more pleasure in it to you than to me."

"There would be joy and blessing in it, Robbie," she cried, forcing herself to utterance, "if it was a pleasure to you."

"That's past praying for," he replied, almost roughly, and then turned to knock out his pipe upon the edge of the trim summer fireplace, all so daintily arranged for the warm season when fires were not wanted. Her eyes followed his movements painfully in spite of herself, seeing everything which she would have preferred not to see. And then he rose, putting the pipe still not extinguished in his pocket. "If it's to be like this, mother," he said, "the best thing for me will be to go to bed. I'm tired enough, heaven knows; but the pipe's my best friend, and it was soothing me. Now I'll go to bed——"

"Is it me that am driving you, Robbie? I'll go ben to the parlour. I will leave you here. I will do anything that pleases you——"

"No," he said, with a sullen expression closing over his face, "I'll go to bed." He was going without another word, leaving her standing

transfixed in the middle of the room—but, after a glance at her, came back. "You'll be going to church in the morning," he said. "I'll take what we used to call a long lie, and you need not trouble yourself about me. I'm a different man from what you knew, but—it's not my wish to trouble you, mother, more than I can help."

"Oh, Robbie, trouble me!" she cried: "oh, my boy! would I not cut myself in little bits to please you? would I not—I only desire you to be comfortable, my dear—my dear!"

"You'll make them shut up all these staring open windows if you want me to be comfortable," he said. "I can't bear a window where any d——d fellow might jump in. Well, then, good-night."

She took his hand in both hers. She reached up to him on tiptoe, with her face smiling, yet convulsed with trouble and pain. "God bless you, Robbie! God bless you! and bless your home-coming, and make it happier for you and me than it seems," she said, with a sob, almost breaking down. He stooped down reluctantly his cheek towards her, and permitted her kiss rather than received it. Oh, she remembered now! he had done

that when he was angered, when he was blamed, in the old days. He had not been, as she persuaded herself, all love and kindness even then.

But she would not allow herself to stop and think. Though she had herself slept securely for years, in the quiet of her age and peacefulness, with little heed to doors and windows, she bolted and barred them all now with her own hands. "Mr Robert wishes it," she said, explaining to Janet, who came in in much surprise at the sound. "He has come out of a wild country full of strange chancy folk—and wild beasts too, in the great forests," she added by an afterthought. "He likes to see that all's shut up when we're so near the level of the earth."

"I'm very glad that's his opinion," said Janet, "for it's mine; no for wild beasts, the Lord preserve us! but tramps, that's worse. But Andrew's not back yet, and he will be awfu' surprised to see all the lights out."

"Andrew must just keep his surprise to himself," said the mistress in her decided tones, "for what my son wishes, whatever it may be, that is what I will do."

"'Deed, mem, and I was aye weel aware o' that," Janet said.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day was such a Sunday as had never been passed in the Hewan before. Mrs Ogilvy did not go to church: consequently Sandy was not taken out of the stable, nor was there any of the usual cheerful bustle of the Sunday morning, the little commotion of the best gown, the best bonnet, the lace veil taken out of their drawers among the lavender. Nobody but Mrs Ogilvy continued to wear a lace veil: but her old, softly tinted

countenance in the half mask of a piece of net caught upon the nose, as was once the fashion, or on the chin, as is the fashion now, would have been an impossible thing. Her long veil hung softly from her bonnet behind it or above it. It could cover her face when there was need; but there never was any reason why she should cover her face. Her faithful servants admired her very much in her Sunday attire. Janet, though

she was so hot a churchwoman, was not much of a churchgoer. Somebody, she said, had to stay at home to look after the house and the dinner, even when it was a cold dinner: and to see the mistress sit down without even a hot potatie, was more than she could consent to: so except on great occasions she remained at home, and Andrew put a mark in his Bible at the text, and told her as much as he could remember of the discourse. It was a "ploy" for Janet to come out to the door into the still and genial sunshine on Sunday morning, and see the little pony-carriage come round, all its polished surfaces shining, and Sandy tossing his head till every bit of the silver on his harness twinkled in the sun, and Andrew, all in his best, bringing him up with a little dash at the door. And then Mrs Ogilvy would come out, not unconscious and not displeased that the old servants were watching for her, and that the sight of her modest finery was a "ploy" to Janet, who had so few ploys. She would pin a rose on her breast when it was the time of roses, and take a pair of grey gloves out of her drawer, to give them pleasure, with a tender feeling that made the little vanity sweet. The grey gloves were, indeed, her only little adornment, breaking the monotony of the black which she always wore; but Janet loved the lustre of the best black silk, and to stroke it with her hand as she arranged it in the carriage, loath to cover up its sheen with the wrapper which was necessary to protect it from the dust. Nothing of all this occurred on the dull morning of this strange Sabbath, which, as if in sympathy, was grey and cheerless—the sky without colour, the landscape without sunshine. Mrs Ogilvy came out to the door to speak to Andrew as he ploughed across the gravel with

discontented looks—for to walk in to the kirk did not please the factotum, who generally drove. She called him to her, standing on the doorstep drawing her white shawl round her as if she had taken a chill. "Andrew," she said, "I know you are not a gossip; but it's a great event my son coming home. I would have you say little about it to-day, for it would bring a crowd of visitors, and perhaps some even on the Sabbath: and Mr Robert is tired, and not caring to see visitors. He must just have a day or two to rest before everybody knows."

"I'm no a man," said Andrew, a little sullen, "for clashes and clavers: you had better, mem, say a word to the wife." Andrew was conscious that in his prow for victuals the night before he had spread the news of Ogilvy's return,—"and nae mair comfort to his mother nor ever, or I am sair mistaen"—far and wide.

"Whatever you do," Mrs Ogilvy said, a little subdued by Andrew's looks, "do not say anything to the minister's man."

She went back, and sat down in her usual place between the window and the fireplace. The room was full of flowers, gathered fresh for Sunday; and the Bible lay on the little table, the knitting and the newspapers being carefully cleared away. She took the book and opened it, or rather it opened of itself, at those chapters in St John's Gospel which are the dearest to the sorrowful. She opened it, but she did not read it. She had no need. She knew every word by heart, as no one could do by any mere effort of memory: but only by many, many readings, long penetration of the soul by that stream of consolation. It did her a little good to have the book open by her side: but she did not need it—and, indeed, the sacred

words were mingled unconsciously by many a broken prayer and musing of her own. She had gone to her son's room, to the door, many times since she parted with him the night before; but had heard no sound, and, hovering there on the threshold, had been afraid to go in, as she so longed to do. What mother would not, after so long an absence, steal in to say again good-night—to see that all was comfortable, plenty of covering on the bed, not too much, just what he wanted; or again, in the morning, to see how he had slept, to recognise his dear face by the morning light, to say God bless him, and God bless him the first morning as the first night of his return? But Mrs Ogilvy was afraid. She went and stood outside the door, trembling, but she had not the courage to go in. She felt that it might anger him—that it might annoy him—that he would not like it. He had been a long time away. He had grown a man almost middle-aged, with none of the habits or even recollections of a boy. He would not like her to go near him—to touch him. With a profound humility of which she was not conscious, she explained to herself that this was after all “very natural.” A man within sight of forty (she counted his age to a day—he was thirty-seven) had forgotten, being long parted from them, the ways of a mother. He had maybe, she said to herself with a shudder, known—other kinds of women. She had no right to be pained by it—to make a grievance of it. Oh no, no grievance: it was “very natural.” If she went into the parlour, where she always sat in the morning, she would hear him when he began to move: for that room was over this. Meantime, what could she do better than to read her chapter, and say her prayers,

and bless him—and try “to keep her heart”?

Many many times had she gone over the same thoughts that flitted about her mind now and interrupted the current of her prayers, and of the reading which was only remembering. There was Job, whom she had thought of so often, whose habit was, when his sons and daughters were in all their grandeur before anything happened to them, to offer sacrifices for them, if, perhaps, in the carelessness of their youth, they might have done something amiss. How she had longed to do that! and then had reminded herself that there were no more sacrifices, that there had been One for all, and that all she had to do was but to put God in mind, to keep Him always in mind: that there was her son yonder somewhere out in His world, and maybe forgetting what his duty was. To put God in mind!—as if He did not remember best of all, thinking on them most when they were lost, watching the night when even a mother slumbers and sleeps, and never, never losing sight of them that were His sons before they were mine! What could she say then, what could she do, a poor small thing of a woman, of as little account as a fly in the big world of God? Just sit there with her heart bleeding, and say between the lines, “In my Father's house are many mansions”—and, “If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him:” nothing but “my Robbie, my Robbie!” with anguish and faith contending. This was all mixed up among the verses now, those verses that were balm, the keen sharpness of this dear name.

She was not, however, permitted to remain with these thoughts alone. Janet came softly to the

door, half opening it, asking, "May I come in?" "Oh, who can prevent you from coming in?" her mistress said, in the sudden impatience of a preoccupied mind, and then softly, "Come in, Janet," in penitence more sudden still. Janet came in, and, closing the door behind her, stood as if she had something of the gravest importance to say. "What is it, woman, what is it?" Mrs Ogilvy cried in alarm.

"I was thinking," said Janet, "Mr Robert brought nae luggage with him when he came last night."

"No—he was walking—how could he bring luggage?" cried Mrs Ogilvy, picking up that excuse, as it were, from the roadside, for she had not thought of it till this minute.

"That is just what I am saying," said Janet: "no a clean shirt, nor a suit of clothes to change, and this the Sabbath-day——!"

"There are his old things in the drawer," said Mrs Ogilvy.

"His auld things!—that wouldna peep upon him, the man he is now. He was shapin' for a fine figger of a man when he went away: but no braid and buirdly as he is now."

Janet spoke in a tone of genuine admiration and triumph, which was balm to her mistress's heart. His bigness, his looseness of frame, had indeed been one of the little things that had vexed her among so many others. "Not like my Robbie," she had breathed to herself, thinking of the slim and graceful boy. But it gave her great heart to see how different Janet's opinion was. It was she who was always over-anxious. No doubt most folk would be of Janet's mind.

"I was thinking," said Janet, "to take him a shirt of my man's, just his best. It has not been on

Andrew's back for many a day. 'Deed, I just gave it a wash, and plenty of stairch, as the gentlemen like, and ironed it out this morning. The better day the better deed."

"On the Sabbath morning!" said Mrs Ogilvy, half laughing, half crying.

"I'll take the wyte o't," said Janet. "But I can do nae mair. I canna offer him a suit of Andrew's: in the first place, his best suit, he has it on: and I wouldna demean Mr Robert to a common man's working claes; and then besides——"

"If you'll get those he's wearing, Janet, and brush them well, that'll do fine. And then we must have no visitors to-day. I know not who would come from the town on the Sabbath-day, except maybe Miss Susie. Miss Susie is not like anybody else; but oh, I would not like her to see him so ill put on! Yet you can never tell, with that ill habit the Edinburgh folk have of coming out to Eskholm on the Sunday afternoon, and then thinking they may just daunder in to the Hewan and get a cup of tea. The time when you want them least is just the time they are like to come."

"We'll just steek the doors and let them chap till they're wearied," said Janet, promptly. "They'll think ye've gane away like other folk, for change of air."

"I'm loth to do that—when folk have come so far, and tired with their walk. Do you think, Janet, you could have the tea ready, and just say I have—stepped out to see a neighbour, or that I'm away at the manse, or——? I would be out in the garden out of sight, so it would be no lee to say I was out of the house."

"If it's the lee you're thinking of, mem—I'm no caring that," and

Janet snapped her fingers, "for the lee."

Neither mistress nor maid called it a lie, which was a much more serious business. The Scottish tongue is full of those *nuances*, which in other languages we find so admirable.

"Oh, Janet!" cried Mrs Ogilvy again, between laughing and crying, "I fear I'll have but an ill character to give you—washing out a shirt on Sunday and caring nothing for a lee!"

"If we can just get Andrew aff to his kirk in the afternoon. I'll no have him at my lug for ever wi' his sermons. Lord, if I hadna kent better how to fend for him than he did himsel', would he ever have been a man o' weight, as they say he is, in that Auld Licht meetin' o' his, and speaking ill o' a' the ither folk? Just you leave it to me. Bless us a'! sae lang as the dear laddie is comfortable, what's a' the rest to you and me?"

"Oh, Janet, my woman!" said the mistress, holding out her hand. It was so small and delicate that Janet was seized with a compunction after she has squeezed it in her own hard but faithful one, which felt like an iron framework in comparison. "I doubt I've hurt her," she said to herself; "but I was just carried away."

And Mrs Ogilvy was restored to her musing and her prayers, which presently were interrupted again by sounds in the room overhead—Janet's step going in, which shook and thrilled the flooring, and the sound of voices. The mother sat and listened, and heard his voice speaking to Janet, the masculine tone instantly discernible in a woman's house, speaking cheerfully, with after a while a laugh. His tone to her had been very different. It had been full of involuntary self-defence, a sort of defiance, as if he

felt that at any moment something might be demanded of him, excuse or explanation—or else blame and reproach poured forth upon him. The mother's heart swelled a little, and yet she smiled. Oh, it was very natural! He could even joke and laugh with the faithful servant-woman, who could call him to no account, whom he had known all his life. If there was any passing cloud in Mrs Ogilvy's mind it passed away on the instant, and the only bitterness was that wistful one, with a smile of wonder accompanying it, "That he could think I would demand an account—me!"

He came down-stairs later, half amused with himself, in the high collar of Andrew's gala shirt, and with a smile on his face. "I'm very ridiculous, I suppose," he said, walking to the glass above the mantelpiece; "but I did not want to vex the woman, and clean things are pleasant."

"Is your luggage—coming, Robbie?" she ventured to say, while he stood before the glass trying to fold over or modify as best he could the spikes of the white linen which stood round his face.

"How much luggage do you think a man would be likely to have," he said impatiently, standing with his back towards her, "who came from New York as a stowaway in a sailing-ship?"

She had not the least idea what a stowaway was, but concluded it to be some poor, very poor post, with which comfort was incompatible. "My dear," she said, "you will have to go into Edinburgh and get a new outfit. There are grand shops in Edinburgh. You can get things—I mean men's things—just as well, they tell me, as in London."

She spoke in a half-apologetic tone, as if he had been in the habit of getting his clothes from London,

and might object to a less fashionable place—for indeed the poor lady was much confused, believing rather that her son had lived extravagantly and lavishly than that he had been put to all the shifts of poverty.

"I've had little luggage this many a day," he said,—“a set of flannels when I could get them for the summer, and for winter anything that was warm enough. I've not been in the way of sending to Poole for my clothes.” He laughed, but it was not the simple laugh that had sounded from the room above. “What did I ever know about London, or anything but the commonest life?”

“Just what we could give you, Robbie,” she said, in a faltering tone.

“Well!” he cried impatiently. And then he turned round and faced her—Andrew's collars, notwithstanding all his efforts, giving still a semi-ludicrous air, which gave the sting of an additional pang to Mrs Ogilvy, who could not bear that he should be ridiculous. He confronted her, sitting down opposite, fixing his eyes on her face, as if to forestall any criticism on her part. “I've come back as I went away,” he said with defiance. “I had very little when I started,—I have nothing now. If you had not kept me so bare, and never a penny in my pocket, I might have done better: but nothing breeds nothing, you know, mother. It's one of the laws of the world.”

“Robbie, I gave you what I had,” she exclaimed, astonished, yet half relieved, to find that it was she who was put on her defence.

“Ay, that's what everybody says. You must have kept a little more for yourself, however, for you seem very comfortable: and you talk at your ease of a new outfit, while I've

been glad of a cast-off jacket or an old pair of breeches that nobody else would wear.”

“Oh Robbie, Robbie!” she cried in a voice of anguish, “and me laying up every penny for you, and ready with everything there was—at a moment's notice!”

“Well, perhaps it's better as it is,” he said: “I might just have lost it again. You get into a sort of a hack-horse way—just the same round, and never able to get out of it—unless when you've got to cut and run for your life.”

“Robbie!”

“I'll tell you about that another time. I don't know what you're going to do with me, now you've got me here. I'm a young fellow enough yet, mother—a sort of a young fellow, but not good for anything. And then if this affair comes up, I may have to cut and run again. Oh, I'll tell you about it in time! It's not likely they'll be after me, with all the loose swearing there is yonder, and traditions, and that kind of thing; but I'm not one that would stand being had up and examined—even if I was sure I should get off: I'd just cut and run.”

“Is there any danger?” she said in a terrified whisper.

He burst out laughing again, but these laughs were not good to hear. “Of what do you think? That they might hang me up to the first tree? But till it blows over I can be sure of nothing—or if any other man turns up. There is a man before whom I would just cut and run too. If he should get wind that I was here”—he gave a suspicious glance round. “And this confounded house on a level with the ground, and the windows open night and day!”

“Who is it? Who is the man?” she said. She followed every change of his face, every movement, every

question, with eyes large with panic and terror.

What he said first, he had the grace to say under his breath out of some revived tradition of respect, "Would you be any the wiser if I told you a name—that you never heard before?" he said.

"No, Robbie, no. But tell me one thing, is it a man you have wronged? Oh Robbie, tell me, tell me that, for pity's sake!"

"No!" he shouted with a rage that overcame all other feelings. "Damn him! damn him! it's he that has never done anything but hurt and harm me."

"Oh, God be thanked!" cried his mother, suddenly rising and going to him. "Oh, Robbie, my dear, the Lord be praised! and God forgive that unfortunate person, for if it's him, it's not you!"

He submitted unwillingly for a moment to the arm which she put round him, drawing his head upon her breast, and then put her not ungently away. "If there's any consolation in that, you can take it," he said: "there's not much consolation in me, any way." And then he reached his large hand over the table to her little bookcase, which stood against the wall. "I can always read a book," he said,

"a story-book; it's the only thing I can do. You used to have all the Scotts here."

"They are just where they used to be, Robbie," she said, in a subdued tone. She watched him, still standing while he chose one; and throwing himself back in his chair, began to read. It added a little sense of embarrassment, of confusion and disorder, to all the heavier trouble, that he had thrown himself into her chair, the place in which she had sat through all those years when there was no one to interfere with her. Glad was she to give up the best place in the house to him, whatever he might please to choose; but it gave her a feeling of disturbance which she could not explain, not being even aware at first what it was that caused it. She did not know where to sit, nor what to do. She could not go back to fetch her open Bible, nor sit down to read it, partly because it would be a reproach to him sitting there reading a novel—only a novel, no reading for Sabbath, even though it was Sir Walter's; partly because it would seem like indifference, she thought, to occupy herself with reading at all, when at any moment he might have something to say to her again.

CHAPTER VII.

Perhaps it would be well for Janet's sake not to inquire into the history of that Sabbath afternoon. Friends arrived from Edinburgh, as Mrs Ogilvy had divined, carefully choosing that day when they were so little wanted. There were some people who walked, keeping up an old habit: the walk was long, but when you were sure of a good cup of tea and a good rest at a friend's house, was not too much for a robust walker with perhaps little time for

walking during the week: and some—but they kept a discreet veil on the means of their conveyance—would come occasionally by the wicked little train which, to the great scandal of the whole village, had been permitted between Edinburgh and Eskholm in quite recent days, by the direct influence of the devil or Mr Gladstone some thought, or perhaps for the convenience of a railway director who had a grand house overlooking the Esk higher

up the stream. It may well be believed, however, that nobody who visited Mrs Ogilvy on Sunday owned to coming by the train. They could not resist the delights of the walk in this fine weather, they said, and to breathe the country air in June after having been shut up all the week in Edinburgh was a great temptation. They all came from Edinburgh, these good folks; and there was one who was an elder in the Kirk, and who said that the road had been measured, and it was little more, very little more, than a Sabbath-day's journey, such as was always permitted. Sometimes there would be none of these visitors for weeks, but naturally there were two parties of them that day. Mrs Ogilvy, out in the garden behind the house, sat trembling among Andrew's flower-pots in his tool-house, feeling more guilty than words could say, yet giving Janet a certain countenance by remaining out of doors, to justify the statement that the mistress just by an extraordinary accident was out. Robert was in his room up-stairs with half a shelf-full of the Waverleys round him, lying upon his bed and reading. Oh how the house was turned upside down, how its whole life and character was changed, and falsity and concealment became the rule of the day instead of truth and openness! And all by the event which last Sabbath she had prayed for with all the force of her heart. But she did not repent her prayer. God be thanked, in spite of all, that he had come back, that he that had been dead was alive again, and that he that had been lost was found. Maybe—who could tell?—the prodigal's father, after he had covered his boy's rags with that best robe, might find many a thing, oh many a thing, in him, to mind him of the husks that the swine did eat!

Meantime Janet gave the visitors

tea, and stood respectfully and talked, now and then looking out for the mistress, and wondering what could have kept her, and saying many a thing upon which charity demands that we should draw a veil. She had got Andrew off to his kirk, which was all she conditioned for. She could not, she felt sure, have carried through if Andrew had been there, glowering, looking on. But she did carry through; and I am not sure that there was not a feeling of elation in Janet's mind when she saw the last of them depart, and felt the full sweetness of success. The sense of guilt, no doubt, came later on.

"And I just would take my oath," said Janet, "that they're all away back by *that* train. Ye needna speak to me of Sabbath-day's journeys, and afternoon walks. The train, nae doubt, is a great easement. I ken a sooth face from a leeing one. They had far ower muckle to say about the plesure of the walk. They're just a' away back by the train."

"It's not for you and me to speak, Janet, that have done nothing but deceive all this weary day!"

"Toots!" said Janet, "you were out, mem, it was quite true, and just very uncomfortable—and they got their rest and their tea. And I would have gathered them some flowers, but Mrs Bennet said she would rather no go back through the Edinburgh streets with a muckle flower in her hands, as if she had been stravaigin' about the country. So ye see, mem, they were waur than we were, just leein' for show and appearance—whereas with us (though I leed none—I said ye were oot, and ye *were* oot) it was needcessity, and nae mair to be said."

Mrs Ogilvy shook her head as she rose up painfully from among the flower-pots. It was just self-

indulgence, she said to herself. She had done harder things than to sit in her place and give her acquaintances tea; but then there was always the risk of questions that old friends feel themselves at liberty to ask. Any way, it was done and over; and there was, as Janet assured her, no more to be said. And the lingering evening passed again, oh so slowly—not, as heretofore, in a gentle musing full of prayer, not in the sweet outside air with the peaceful country lying before her, and the open doors always inviting a wanderer back! Not so: Robert was not satisfied till all the windows were closed, warm though the evening was, the door locked, the shutters bolted, every precaution taken, as if the peaceful Hewan were to be attacked during the night. He caught Andrew in the act of lighting that light over the door which had burned all night for so many years. "What's that for?" he asked abruptly, stopping him as he mounted the steps, without which he could not reach the little lamp.

"What it's for I could not take it upon me to tell you. It's just a whimsey of the mistress. They're full of their whims," Andrew said.

"Mother, what's the meaning of this?" Robert cried.

She came to the parlour door to answer him, with her white shawl and her white cap—a light herself in the dim evening. It was perhaps too dim for him to see the expression in her eyes. She said, with a little drawing of her breath and in a startled voice, "Oh, Robbie!"

"That's no answer," he said, impatiently. "What's the use of it? drawing every tramp's attention to the house. Of course it can be seen from the road."

"Ay, Robbie, that was my meaning."

"A strange meaning," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "You'd better leave it off now, mother. I don't like such landmarks. Don't light it any more."

Andrew stood all this time with one foot on the steps and his candle in his hand. "The mistress," he said darkly, in a voice that came from his boots, "has a good right to her whimsey—whatever it's for."

"Did we ask your opinion?" cried Robert, angrily. "Put out the light."

"You will do what Mr Robert bids you, Andrew," Mrs Ogilvy said.

And for the first time for fifteen years there was no light over the door of the Hewan. It was right that it should be so. Still, there was in Mrs Ogilvy's mind a vague, unreasonable reluctance—a failing as if of some visionary hope that it might still have brought back the real Robbie, the bonnie boy she knew so well, out of the dim world in which, alas! he was now for ever and for ever lost.

Robert talked much of this before he went up-stairs to bed. Perhaps he was glad to have something to talk of that was unimportant, that raised no exciting questions. "You've been lighting up like a lighthouse; you've been showing all over the country, so far as I can see. But that'll not do for me," he said. "I'll have to lie low for a long time if I stay here, and no light thrown on me that can be helped. It's different from your ways, I know, and you have a right to your whimsies, mother, as that gardener fellow says—especially as you are the one that has to pay for it all."

"Robbie," she cried, "oh, Robbie, do not speak like that to me!"

"It's true, though. I haven't a red cent; I haven't a brass farthing: nothing but the clothes I'm

standing in, and they are not fit to be seen."

"Robbie," she said, "I have to go in to Edinburgh in the morning. Will you come with me and get what you want?"

"Is that how it has to be done?" he said, with a laugh. "I thought you were liberal when you spoke of an outfit; but what you were thinking of was a good little boy to go with his mother, who would see he did not spend too much. No, thank you: I'll rather continue as I am, with Andrew's shirt." He gave another laugh at this, pulling the corners of the collar in his hand.

Mrs Ogilvy had never allowed to herself that she was hurt till now. She rose up suddenly and took a little walk about the room, pretending to look for something. One thing with another seemed to raise a little keen soreness in her, which had nothing to do with any deep wound. It took her some time to bring back the usual tone to her voice, and subdue the quick sting of that superficial wound. "I am going very early," she said; "it will be too early for you. I am going to see Mr Somerville, whom perhaps you will remember, who does all my business. There was something he had taken in hand, which will not be needful now. But you must do—just what you wish. You know it's our old-fashioned way here to do no business on the Sabbath-day; but the morn, before I go, I will give you—if you could maybe tell me what money you would want——?"

"There's justice in everything," he said, in a tone of good-humour. "I leave that to you."

Then he went to his room again, carrying with him another armful of Waverleys. Was it perhaps that he would not give himself the chance of thinking? It cheered his mother vaguely, however, to

see him with the books. It was not reading for the Sabbath-day; but yet Sir Walter could never harm any man: and more still than that—it was not ill men, men with perverted hearts, that were so fond of Sir Walter. That was Robbie—the true Robbie—not the man that had come from the wilds, that had come through crime and misery, that had run for his life.

She left him a packet of notes next morning before she went to Edinburgh. This must not be taken as meaning too much, for it was one-pound notes alone which Mrs Ogilvy possessed. She was glad to be alone in the train, having stolen into a compartment in which a woman with a baby had already placed herself. She did not know the woman, but here she felt she was safe. The little thing, which was troublesome and cried, was her protection, and she could carry on her own thoughts little disturbed by that sound: though indeed after a while it must be acknowledged that Mrs Ogilvy succumbed to a temptation almost irresistible to a mother, and desired the woman to "give me the bairn," with a certainty of putting everything right, which something magnetic in the experienced touch, in the soft atmosphere of her, and the *frôlement* of her silk, and the sweetness of her face, certainly accomplished. She held the baby on her knee fast asleep during the rest of the short journey, and that little unconscious contact with the helpless whom she could help did her good also. And the walk to Mr Somerville's office did her good. On the shady side of the street it is cool and the little novelty of being there gave an impulse to her forces. When she entered the office, where the old gentleman received her with a little cry of surprise, she was freshened and strengthened by the

brief journey, and looked almost as she had looked when he found her, fearing no evil, in the great quiet of the summer afternoon two days before. He was surprised yet half afraid.

"I know what this means," he said, when he had shaken hands with her and given her a seat. "You've made up your mind, Mrs Ogilvy, to make that dreadful journey. I see it in your face—and I am sorry. I am very sorry——"

"No," she said; "you are mistaken. I am not going. I came to ask you, on the contrary, after all we settled the other day, to do nothing more——"

"To do nothing more!—I cabled as I promised, and I've got the man ready to go out——"

"He must not go," she said.

"Well—I think it is maybe just as wise. But you have changed your mind very quick. I will not speak the common nonsense to you and say that's what ladies will do: for no doubt you will have your reasons—you have your reasons?"

She looked round her, trembling a little, upon the quiet office where nobody could have been hidden, scarcely a fly.

"Mr Somerville," she said, "you were scarcely gone that day—oh, how long it is ago I know not—it might be years!—you were scarcely gone, when my son came home."

"What?" he cried, with a terrifying sharpness of tone.

Her face blanched at the sound. "Was it an ill thing to do? Is there danger?" she cried; and then with deliberate gravity she repeated, "You were scarcely gone when, without any warning, my Robbie came home."

"God bless us all!" said the old gentleman. "No; I do not know that there is any danger. It might be the wisest thing he could do—

but it is a very surprising thing for all that."

"It is rather surprising," she said, with a little dignity, "that having always his home open to him, and no safeguards against the famine that might arise in that land—and indeed brought down for his own part, my poor laddie, to the husks that the swine do eat—he should never have come before."

"That's an old ferlie," said Mr Somerville; "but things being so that he should have come now—that's what beats me. There's another paper with more particulars: maybe he was well advised. It's a far cry to Lochow. That's a paper I have read with great interest, Mrs Ogilvy, but it would not be pleasant reading for you."

"But is there danger?" she said, her face colouring and fading under her old friend's eye, as she watched every word that fell from his lips.

"Well," he said, "with a thing like that hanging over a man's head, it's rash to say that there's no danger; but these wild officals in the wild parts of America—sheriffs they seem to call them—riding the country with a wild posse, and a revolver in every man's hand—bless me, very unlike our sheriffs here!—have not their eyes fixed on Mid-Lothian nor any country place hereaway, we may be sure. They will look far before they will look for him here."

"But is it him—him, my son—that they are looking for, my Robbie?" she said, with a sharp cry.

"I think I can give you a little comfort in that too—it's not him in the first place, nor yet in the second. But he was there—and he was one of them, or supposed to be one of them. Mistress Ogilvy," said the old gentleman, slowly and with emphasis, "we must be very merciful. A young lad gets mixed in with a set of these fellows—he has no thought

what it's going to lead to—then by the time he knows he's so in with them, he has a false notion that his honour's concerned. He thinks he would be a kind of a traitor if he deserted them,—and all the more when there's danger concerned. I have some experience, as you will perhaps have heard," he said, after a pause, with a break in his voice.

"God help us all!" she said, putting out her hand, her eyes dim with tears. He took it and grasped it, his hand trembling too.

"You may know by that I will do my very best for him," he said, "as if he were my own." Then resuming his business tones, "I would neither hide him nor put him forward, Mrs Ogilvy, if I were you. I would keep him at home as much as possible. And if the spirit moves him to come and tell me all about it— Has he told you—?"

"Something—about not being one to stand an examination even if he should get off, and about some man—some man that might come after him: but he will not explain. I said, Was it a man he had wronged? and he cried with a great No! that it was one that had wronged him."

"Ah! that'll just be one of them: but let us hope none of these American ruffians will follow Robert here. No, no, that could not be; but, dear me, what a risk for you to run in that lonely house. I always said the Hewan was a bonnie little place, and I could understand your fancy for it, but very lonely, very lonely, Mrs Ogilvy. Lord bless us! if anything of that kind were to happen—! But no, no; across half the continent and the great Atlantic—and for what purpose? They would never follow him here."

"I have never been frightened of my house, Mr Somerville; and now

there is my son Robbie in it, a strong man, bless him!—and Andrew the gardener—and plenty of neighbours less than half a mile off—oh, much less than half a mile."

"Do you keep money in the house?"

"Money! very little—just enough for my quarter's payments, nothing to speak of—unless when William Tod at the croft comes up to pay me my rent."

"Then keep none," said Mr Somerville; "just take my word and ask no questions—keep none. It's never safe in a lonely house; and let in no strange person. A man might claim to be Robert's friend when he was no friend to Robert. But your heart's too open and your faith too great. Send away your money to the bank and lock up your doors before the darkening, and keep every strange person at a safe distance."

"But," said Mrs Ogilvy, "where would be my faith then, and my peace of mind? Nobody has harmed me all my days—not a living creature—if it were not them that were of my own house," she added, after a moment's pause. "And who am I that I should distrust my neighbours?—no, no, Mr Somerville. There is Robbie to take care of me, if there was any danger. But I am not feared for any danger—unless it were for him—and you think there will be none for him?"

"That would be too much to say. If he were followed here by any of those ill companions— Mind now, my dear lady. You say Robert will take care of you. It will be far more you that will have to take care of him."

"I have done that all his days," she said, with a smile and a sigh; "but, oh, he is beyond me now—a big, strong, buirdly man."

They were Janet's words, and it was in the light of Janet's admiration that his mother repeated them. "I am scarcely higher than his elbow," she said, with a more genuine impulse of her own. "And who am I to take care of a muckle strong man."

"Mind!" cried the old gentleman, with a kind of solemnity, "that's just the danger. If there's cronies coming after him, Lord bless us, it may just be life or death. Steek your doors, Mrs Ogilvy, steek your doors. Let no stranger come near you. And mind that it is you to take care of Robert, not him of you."

She came away much shaken by this interview. And yet it was very difficult to frighten her, notwithstanding all her fears. Already as she came down the dusty stairs from Mr Somerville's office, her courage began to return. Everybody had warned her of the danger of tramps and vagabonds for the last twenty years, but not a spoon had ever been stolen, nor a fright given to the peaceful inhabitants of the Hewan. No thief had ever got into the house, or burglar tried the windows that would have yielded so easily. And it could not be any friend of Robbie's that would come for any small amount of money she could have, to his mother's house. No, no. Violence had been done, there had been quarrels, and there had been bloodshed. But that was very different from Mr Somerville's advices about the money in the house. Robbie's friends might be dangerous men, they might lead him into many, many ill ways; but her little money—no, no, there could be nothing to do with that.

She went home accordingly almost cheerfully. To be delivered from her own thoughts, and brought in face of the world, and taught to realise all that had happened as within the course of nature, and a thing to be faced and to be mended, not to lie down and die upon, was a great help to her. She would lock the doors and fasten the windows as they all said. She would watch that no man should come near that was like to harm her son. To do even so much or so little as that for him, it would be something, something practical and real. She would not suffer her eyelids to slumber, nor her eyes to sleep. She would be her own watchman, and keep the house, that nothing harmful to her Robbie should come near. Oh, but for the pickle money! there was no danger for that. She would like to see what a paltry thief would do in Robbie's hands.

With this in her mind she went back, her heart rising with every step. From the train she could see the back of the Hewan rising among the trees—not a desolate house any longer, for Robbie was there. How ill to please she had been, finding faults in him just because he was a boy no longer, but a man, with his own thoughts and his own ways! But to have been parted from him these few hours cleared up a great deal. She went home eagerly, her face regaining its colour and its brightness. She was going back not to an empty house, but to Robbie. It was as if this, and not the other mingled moment, more full of trouble than joy, was to be the mother's first true meeting with her son after so many years.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Mrs Ogilvy reached, somewhat breathless, the height of the little brae on which her own door, standing wide open in the sunshine, offered her the usual unconscious welcome which that modest house in its natural condition held out to every comer, it was with a pang of disappointment she heard that Robert had gone out. For a moment her heart sank. She had been looking forward to the sight of him. She had felt that to-day, after her short absence, she would see him without prejudice, able to make allowance for everything, not looking any longer for her Robbie of old, but accustomed and reconciled to the new—the mature man into which inevitably in all these years he must have grown. She had hurried home, though the walk from the station was rather too much for her, to realise these expectations, eager, full of love and hope. Her heart fluttered a little: the light went out of her eyes for a moment; she sat down, all the strength gone out of her. But this was only for a moment. "To be sure, Janet," she said, "he has gone in to Edinburgh to—see about his luggage. I mean, to get himself some—things he wanted." Janet had a long face, as long as a winter's night and almost as dark. Her mistress could have taken her by the shoulders and shaken her. What right had she to take it upon her to misdoubt her young master, or to be so anxious as that about him—as if she were one that had a right to be "meeserable" whatever might happen?

"Could he not have gane with you, mem, when you were going in yoursel'?"

"He was not ready," said Mrs

Ogilvy, feeling herself put on her defence.

"You might have waited, mem, till the next train——"

"If you will know," cried Mrs Ogilvy, indignant, "my boy liked best to be free, to take his own way—and I hope there is no person in this house that will gainsay that."

"Eh, mem, I'm aware it's no for me to speak—but so soon, afore he has got accustomed to being at hame—and with siller in his pouch."

"What do you know about his siller in his pouch?" cried the angry mistress.

"I saw the notes in his hand. He's aye very nice to me," said Janet, not without a little pleasure in showing how much more at his ease Robert was with her than with his mother, "and cracks about everything. He just showed me in his hand—as many notes as would build a kirk. He said: 'See how liberal——'" Janet stopped here, a little confused; for what Robert had said was, "See how liberal the old woman is." She liked to give her mistress the tiniest pin-prick, perhaps, but not the stab of a disrespect like that.

"I wish to be liberal," said Mrs Ogilvy. "I am very glad he was pleased: and I knew he was going,—there was nothing out of the way about it that you should meet me with such a long face. I thought nothing less than that he must be ill after all his fatigues and his travels."

"Oh, no a bit of him," said Janet—"no ill: I never had any fears about that."

Mrs Ogilvy by this time had quite recovered herself. "He will have a good many things to do,"

she said. "He will never be able to get back to his dinner. I hope he'll get something comfortable to eat in Edinburgh. You can keep back the roast of beef till the evening, Janet, and just give me some little thing: an egg will do and a cup of tea——"

"You will just get your dinner as usual," said Janet, doggedly, "as you did before, when you were in your natural way."

When she was in her natural way! It was a cruel speech, but Mrs Ogilvy took no notice. She did not fight the question out, as Janet hoped. If she shed a few tears as she took off her things in her bedroom, they were soon wiped away and left no traces. Robbie could not be tied to her apron-strings. She knew that well, if Janet did not know it. And what could be more natural than that he should like to buy his clothes and get what he wanted by himself, not with an old wife for ever at his heels? She strengthened herself for a quiet day, and then the pleasure of seeing him come back.

But it was wonderful how difficult it was to settle for a quiet day. She had never felt so lonely, she thought, or the house so empty. It had been empty for fifteen years, but it was long since she had felt it like this, every room missing the foot and the voice and the big presence, though it was but two days since he came back. But she settled herself with an effort, counting the trains, and making out that before five o'clock it would be vain to look for him. He would have to go to the tailor's, and to buy linen, and perhaps shoes, and a hat—maybe other things which do not in a moment come to a woman's mind. No; it could not be till five o'clock, or perhaps even six. He would have a great many things to

do. She would not even wonder, she said to herself, if it were later. He would, no doubt, just walk about a little and look at things that were new since he went away. There were some more of these statues in the Princes Street Gardens. Mrs Ogilvy did not care for them herself, but Robbie would. A young man, noticing everything, he would like to see all that was new.

A step on the gravel roused her early in the afternoon—the swing of the gate, and the sound of the gradually nearing footstep. Ah, that was him! earlier than she had hoped for, knowing she would be anxious, making his mother's heart to sing for joy. She watched discreetly behind the curtain, that he might not think she was looking out for him, or had any doubts about his early return. Poor Mrs Ogilvy! she was well used to that kind of disappointment, but it seemed like a blow full in her face now, a stroke she had not the least expected, when she saw that it was not Robbie that was coming, but the minister—the minister of all people—who had the right of old friendships to ask questions, and to have things explained to him, and who was doubtless coming now to ask if she had been ill yesterday,—for when had it happened before that she had not been in her usual place in the kirk? She sat down faint and sick, but after a moment came round again, saying to herself that it would have been impossible for Robbie to get back so soon, and that she richly deserved a disappointment that she had brought on herself. When Mr Logan came in she was seated in her usual chair (she had moved it from its old place since Robert seemed to like that, placing for him a bigger chair out of the dining-room, which suited him better), and having her usual looks,

so that he began by saying that he need not ask if she had been unwell, for she was just as blooming as ever. Having said this, the minister fell into a sort of brown study, with a smile on his face, and a look which was a little sheepish, as if he did not know what more to say. He asked no questions, and he did not seem even to have heard anything, for there was no curiosity in his face. Mrs Ogilvy made a few short remarks on the weather, and told him she had been in Edinburgh that morning, which elicited from him nothing more than a "Dear me!" of the vaguest interest. Not a word about Robbie, not a question did he ask. She had been alarmed at the idea of these questions. She was still more alarmed and wondering when they did not come.

"I had a call from Susie—the other day," she said at last. Was it possible that it was only on Saturday—the day that was now a marked day, above all others, the day that Robbie came home!

"Ay!" said the minister, for the first time looking up. "Would she have anything to tell you? I'm thinking, Mrs Ogilvy, Susie has no secrets from you."

"I never heard she had any secrets. She is a real upright-minded, well-thinking woman. I will not say bairn, though she will always be a bairn to me——"

"No, she's no bairn," said the minister, shaking his head. "Two-and-thirty well-chappit, as the poor folk say. She should have been married long ago, and with bairns of her own."

"And how could she be married, I would like to ask you," cried Mrs Ogilvy, indignant, "with you and your family to look after? And never mother has done better by her bairns than Susie has done by you and yours."

"I am saying nothing against that. I am saying she has had the burden on her far too long. I told you before her health is giving way under it," the minister said. He spoke with a little heat, as of a man crossed and contradicted in a statement of fact of which he was sure.

"I see no signs of that," Mrs Ogilvy said.

"I came up the other night," he went on, "to open my mind to you if I could, but you gave me no encouragement. Things have gone a little further since then. Mrs Ogilvy, you're a great authority with Susie, and the parish has much confidence in you. I would like you to be the first to know—and perhaps you would give me your advice. It is not as to the wisdom of what I'm going to do. I am just fairly settled upon that, and my mind made up——"

"You are going—to marry again," she said.

He gave a quick look upward, his middle-aged countenance growing red, the complacent smile stealing to the corners of his mouth. "So you've guessed that!"

"I have not guessed it—it was very clear to see——both from her and from you."

"You've guessed the person, too," he said, the colour deepening, and the smile turning to a confused laugh.

"There was no warlock wanted to do that; but what my advice would be for, I cannot guess, Mr Logan. For, if your mind's fixed and all settled——"

"I did not say just as much as that; but——well, very near it. Yes, very near it. I cannot see how in honour I could go back."

"And you've no wish to do so. And what do you want with advice?" Mrs Ogilvy said.

She was severe, though she was

thankful to him for his preoccupation, and that he had no leisure at his command to ask questions or to pry into other people's affairs.

"Me," he said; "that's but one side of the subject. There's Susie. It's perhaps not quite fair to Susie. I've stood in her way, you may say. She's been tangled with the boys—and me. There's no companion for a man, Mrs Ogilvy, like the wife of his bosom; but Susie—I would be the last to deny it—has been a good daughter to me."

"It would set you ill, or any man, to deny it!" cried Mrs Ogilvy. "And what are you going to do for Susie, Mr Logan? A sister that keeps your house, you just say Thank you, and put her to the door; but your daughter—you're always responsible for her——"

"Till she's married," he said, giving his severe judge a shame-faced glance.

"Have you a man ready to marry her, then?" she asked, sharply.

"It's perhaps not the man that has ever been wanting," said the minister, with a half laugh.

"And how are you going to do without Susie?" said Mrs Ogilvy, always with great severity. "Who is to see the callants off to Edinburgh every morning, and learn the little ones their lessons? It will be a great handful for a grand lady like yon."

"That's just a mistake that is very painful to me," said Mr Logan. "The lady that is going to be—my wife——"

"Your second wife, Mr Logan," said Mrs Ogilvy, with great severity.

"I am meaning nothing else—my second wife—is not a grand lady, as you all suppose. She is just a sweet, simple woman—that would be pleased to do anything."

"Is she going to learn the little ones their lessons, and be up in the

morning to give the boys their breakfasts and see them away?"

Mr Logan waved his hand, as a man forestalled in what he was about to say. "There is no need for all that," he said—"not the least need. The servant that has been with them all their days is just very well capable of seeing that they get off in time. And as for the little ones, I have heard of a fine school—in England."

Mrs Ogilvy threw up her arms with a cry. "A school—in England!"

"Which costs very little, and is just an excellent school—for the daughters of clergymen—but, I confess, it's clergymen of the other Church: it is not proved yet if a Scotch minister will be allowed——"

"A thing that's half charity," said Mrs Ogilvy, scornfully. "I did not think, Mr Logan, that you, that are come of well-kent folk, would demean yourself to that."

"She says—I mean, I'm told," said the poor man, "that it's sought after by the very best. The English have not our silly pride. When a thing is a good thing and freely offered——"

"You will not get it, anyway," said Mrs Ogilvy, quickly. "You're not a clergyman according to the English way. You're a Scotch minister. But if all this is to be done, I'm thinking it means that there will be no place for Susie at all in her father's house."

"She will marry," the minister said.

"And how can you tell that she will marry? Is she to do it whether she will or not? There might be more reasons than one for not marrying. It's not any man she wants, but maybe just one man."

Mrs Ogilvy thought she was well aware what it was that had kept

Susie from marrying. Alas, alas! what would she think of him now if she saw him, and how could she bear to see the wonder and the pain reflected in Susie's face?

"I thought," said Mr Logan, rising up, "that I would have found sympathy from you. I thought you would have perceived that it was as much for Susie I was thinking as for myself. She will never break the knot till it's done for her. She thinks she's bound to those bairns; but when she sees they are all provided for without her——"

"The boys by the care of a servant. The little ones in a school that is just disguised charity——"

"You're an old friend, Mrs Ogilvy, but not old enough or dear enough to treat my arrangements like that."

"Oh, go away, minister!" cried the mistress of the Hewan. She was beginning to remember that Robbie's train might come in at any moment, and that she would not for the world have him brought face to face with Mr Logan without any warning or preparation. "Go away! for we will never agree on this point. I've nothing to say against you for marrying. If your heart's set upon it, you'll do it, well I know; but to me Susie and the bairns are the first thing, and not the second. Say no more, say no more! for we'll never agree."

"You'll not help me, then?" he said.

"Help you! how am I to help you? I have nothing to do with it," she cried.

"With Susie," he repeated. "I'll not quarrel with you: you mean well, though you're so severe. There is nobody like you that could help me with Susie. You could make her see my position—you could make her see her duty——"

"If it is her duty," Mrs Ogilvy said.

She could scarcely hear what he said in reply. Was that the gate again? and another step on the gravel? Her heart began to choke and to deafen her, beating so loud in her ears. Oh, if she could but get him away before Robbie, with his rough clothes, his big beard, his air of recklessness and vagabondism, should appear! She felt herself walking before him to the door, involuntarily moving him on, indicating his path. I think he was too deeply occupied with his own affairs to note this; but yet he was aware of something repellent in her aspect and tone. It was just like all women, he said to himself: to hear that a poor man was to get a little comfort to himself with a second wife roused up all their prejudices. He might have known.

It was time for Robbie's train when she got her visitor away. She sat down and listened to his footsteps retiring with a great relief. That sound of the gate had been a mistake. How often, how often had it been a mistake! She lingered now, sitting still, resting from the agitation that had seized upon her till the minister's steps died away upon the road. And as soon as they were gone, listened, listened over again, with her whole heart in her ears, for the others that now should come.

It was six o'clock past! If he had come by this train he must have been here, and there was not another for more than an hour. He must have been detained. He must have been looking about the new things in the town, the new buildings, the things that had been changed in fifteen years, things that at his age were just the things a young man would remember; or perhaps the tailor might be altering something for him that he had to go back to try on, or perhaps——

It would be all right anyway. What did six o'clock matter, or half-past seven, or whatever it was? It was a fine light summer night; there was plenty of time,—and nobody waiting for him but his mother, that could make every allowance. And it was not as if he had anything to do at home. He had nothing to do. And his first day in Edinburgh after so many years.

She was glad, however, to hear the step of Janet, so that she could call her without rising from her seat, which somehow she felt too tired and feeble to do.

"Janet," she said, "you will just keep back the dinner. Mr Robert has been detained. I've been thinking all day that perhaps he might be detained, maybe even later than this. If we said eight o'clock for once? It's a late hour; but better that than giving him a bad dinner, neither one thing nor another, neither hot nor cold. Where were you going, my woman?" Mrs Ogilvy added abruptly, with a suspicious glance.

"I was just gaun to take a look out. I said to mysel' I would just look out and see if he was coming: for it's very true you say, a dinner in the dead thraws, neither hot nor cauld, is just worse than no dinner at all."

"Just bide in your kitchen," said her mistress, peremptorily. "I'll let you know when my son comes."

"Oh, I'll hear soon enough," Janet said. And then the mother was left alone. But not undisturbed: for presently Andrew's slow step came round the corner, with a clanking of waterpots and the refreshing sounds and smell of watering—that tranquil employment, all in accord with the summer evening, when it was always her custom to go out and have a talk with Andrew about the flowers.

She did not feel as if she could move to-night—her feet were cold and like lead, her cheeks burning, and her heart clanging in her throat. Nevertheless the bond of custom being on her, and a strong sense that to fulfil every usual occupation was the most satisfying exercise, she presently rose and went out, the pleasant smell of the refreshed earth and thirsty plants, bringing out all the sweetest home breath of the flowers, coming to meet her as she went forth to the open door.

"It's very good for them, Andrew, after this warm day."

"Ay, it's good for them," Andrew said.

"You will mind to shut up everything as soon as my son comes home," she said.

"Oh ay," said Andrew, "there was plenty said about it yestreen."

"The sweet-williams are coming on nicely, Andrew."

"Ah," said Andrew, "they're common things; they aye thrive."

"They are very bonnie," said Mrs Ogilvy; "I like them better than your grand geraniums and things."

"There's nae accounting for tastes," Andrew said, in his gruff voice.

By this time she felt that she could not continue the conversation any longer, and went back to her chair inside. The sound of the flowing water, and even of Andrew clanking as he moved, was sweet to her. The little jar and clang fell sweetly into the evening, and they were so glad of that refreshing shower, the silly flowers! though maybe it would rain before the morning, and they would not need it. Then Andrew—though nobody could say he was quick, honest man!—finished his task and went in. And there was a great quiet, the quiet of the falling night, though

the long light remained the same. And the time passed for the next train. Janet came to the door again with her heavy step. "He will no be coming till the nine train," she said; "will you have the dinner up?" "Oh no," cried Mrs Ogilvy; "I'll not sit down to a big meal at this hour of the night. Put out the beef to let it cool, and it will be supper instead of dinner, Janet."

"But you've eaten nothing, mem, since——"

"Am I thinking of what I eat! Go ben to your kitchen, and do what I tell you, and just leave me alone."

Janet went away, and the long vigil began again. She sat a long time without moving, and then she took a turn about the house, looking into his room for one thing, and looking at the piles of books that he had carried up-stairs. There were few traces of him about, for he had nothing to leave behind, —only the big rough cloak, of a shape she had never seen before, which was folded on a chair. She lifted it, with a natural instinct of order, to hang it up, and found falling from a pocket in it a big

badly printed newspaper, the same newspaper in which Mr Somerville had showed her her son's name. She took it with her half consciously when she went down-stairs, but did not read it, being too much occupied with the dreadful whirl of her own thoughts. Nine o'clock passed too, and the colourless hours ran on. And then there was the sound all over the house of Andrew fulfilling his orders, shutting up every window and door. When he came to the parlour to shut the window by which she sat, his little mistress, always so quiet, almost flew at him. "Man, have you neither sense nor reason!" she cried. It was more than she could bear to shut and bar and bolt when nobody was there that either feared or could come to harm. No one disturbed her after that. The couple in the kitchen kept very quiet, afraid of her. Deep night came on; the last of all the trains rumbled by, making a great crash in the distance in the perfect stillness. There had been another time like this, when she had watched the whole night through. And midnight came and went again, and as yet there was no sound.

SENOUSSI, THE SHEIKH OF JERBOUB.

WE in Western Europe are inclined to regard all Moslems as belonging to one identical religion. We know that all are followers of Mahomet, and we do not trouble ourselves to inquire whether or not this great and growing world of Islam is broken up into divisions and sects. And yet Mussulmans differ on points of doctrine and observance to the full as much as Christians. Sectarianism is equally rife. The disciples of the different Mahomedan creeds mutually distrust each other, just as do Protestant and Roman Catholic, Armenian and Greek.

Moslems are, in the first place, as is well known, divided into two great branches, Sunnis and Shiahs, the latter found chiefly in Persia. But as offshoots of these two main divisions there are a multitude of minor confraternities, differing little as regards doctrine, but differing greatly in importance. These sects are for the most part creations of learned ascetics, each with some theological theory of his own, who have gone abroad preaching their tenets, and drawing to themselves disciples among races easily roused to religious enthusiasm. They generally prosper exceedingly for a time. A local movement rapidly gains strength among emotional superstitious people such as are found in Africa and Western Asia. An obscure priest, gifted with originality and resolution, and favoured by fortune, will from time to time shake the whole Mahomedan world, and create for himself a name more lasting than that of the great Mussulman conquerors of the past. The founder of a Moslem sect generally gives to it his name.

Thus in Morocco there is the great Muley Taib order, headed by the Sherif of Wazan. In Arabia there is the order of Wahabees. And the Senoussi confraternity is so called after its spiritual head, Sheikh Mohamed es Senoussi of Jerboub, who is styled "El Mahdi."

"El Mahdi" can best be translated as "the guide." Moslems generally are looking for the coming of a prophet. Sunnis and Shiahs agree in expecting the appearance of a Mahdi or Messiah. But they differ as to the manner of his manifestation. Sunnis believe the coming Mahdi to be a new prophet. Shiahs hold that he will be an Imam, who has disappeared, but who will reappear as the expected Messiah. There have been many prophecies as to how he will declare his divine mission, as to marks on his body by which he will be known, as to his parentage, and as to the result of his appearance on earth. And, since so much difference of opinion exists on these points, it is not wonderful that adventurers have more than once since the death of Mahomet declared themselves to be the Mahdi, and have induced others to believe in them. Impostors of this class have been especially successful in North Africa, where nearly all Moslems belong to the Sunni division; but in this country the name of Mahdi has definitely become associated with Mohamed Ahmed of Dongola, the boat-builder, who wrested the Nile provinces from the Khedive in spite of British protection, under whose banners the Arabs fought us at El Teb, at Abu Klea, and at M'Neill's

zeriba, and who died at Omdurman just as the Nile Expeditionary Force, foiled in its attempt to save Khartum, retired from the Soudan. Mohamed Ahmed chose a singularly auspicious moment for proclaiming himself Mahdi. The rapacity and misgovernment of the pashas in the Egyptian Soudan had inflamed the whole population against the existing régime. Discontent had long been smouldering among the warrior tribes that Mehemet Ali had subdued. A leader and head was all that was required to sweep the feeble representatives of the Khedive back to the Nile delta. And when the eloquent and astute Mohamed Ahmed, who, before he became intoxicated by success, maintained the austerity and asceticism characteristic of a holy man, suddenly declared himself to be the Mahdi, all flocked to his standard, not merely egged on by religious enthusiasm, but stirred by the hope of gaining freedom from an intolerable tyranny. Mohamed Ahmed, although apparently a man of no great administrative capacity, and qualified rather for the headship of a religious movement than for organising a military power or creating a new government, possessed the gift of selecting able assistants to help him. The emirs he appointed were resolute and efficient men, and at once the most remarkable and ambitious of them was the Khalifa Abdulla, who, on his decease, assumed the leadership of the dervish cause, and who now reigns at Omdurman as a despotic sovereign in all except the name. Mohamed Ahmed fulfilled neither in his person nor in the manner of the manifestation of his pretended mission from on high, the main conditions foretold of the Mahdi according to the Sunni doctrines and faith. The principal attributes

of the Mahdi are, from the Sunni point of view, that he shall be of the Sherifian line, that he shall be proclaimed against his will and at Mecca, that he shall cause no strife by his appearance, and that at the time of his manifestation there shall be no Caliph. None of these conditions were fulfilled by Mohamed Ahmed; but his own name and that of his parents corresponded with those of the Prophet and his parents, and this, according to one prophecy, was one of the signs by which the Mahdi would be known. The tribesmen of the Egyptian Soudan, however, the Shilluks, Baggaras, Jaalin, and Hadendowa, knew of none of these things. They believed vaguely in the coming of a Mahdi, and, when this mysterious monk set the Khartum government at defiance, and with his disciples beat the troops sent out to crush him, they arose as one man, and a wave of religious fanaticism spread abroad such as had not been known for centuries. Mohamed Ahmed emerged from obscurity to find himself not merely a prophet, but also a conqueror and king.

But while this strange personage figured for a few months among the excitable Arabs on the Nile as the Mahdi, there was living not far from the Egyptian border another holy man known also to his followers by the name of Mahdi. This was Mohamed es Senoussi, the Sheikh of Jerboub, who, when Mohamed Ahmed proclaimed himself, was, and still is, the head of the most important Moslem sect in Africa.

This sheikh is son of one Mohamed ben Ali ben Senoussi, a native of Algeria, and descended from Fatma, the only daughter of Mahomet. Mohamed ben Ali ben Senoussi was exiled early in the century by the Turks from Algeria, and sought a refuge in that

hotbed of Mussulman fanaticism, Morocco, where he was received into the Muley Taib order, and where he soon made his mark as a preacher and theologian. After a sojourn of a few years in Fez and other Moorish cities, he determined to proceed to Mecca, and he preached his way across North Africa, arousing no small stir in the territories he traversed, owing to his eloquence and erudition. He assumed the rôle of a reformer striving to purge the Moslem faith of spurious doctrines grafted on the teachings of the Prophet after his death. He spent some time in Cairo, where he vehemently spoke against the civilising processes instituted by Mehemet Ali, and he eventually reached Mecca. In the holy city his preachings attracted considerable attention and excited strong opposition. He built a convent; but he failed, apparently, to gather to himself many disciples, and he resolved, therefore, to seek a more promising field for his enterprise. He passed again through Egypt, and retired to the seclusion of the hills near ancient Cyrene, in the province of Barka, where, with the Sultan's permission, he erected a convent or *zawia*; and he there began to gather around him other preachers, who spread his doctrines over this mountain tract, who built other *zawias*, and who spoke and taught in his name. This was about 1845; and from this period the elder Senoussi may be said to have exchanged the rôle of apostle and preacher for that of organiser and head. A few years later he moved south into the desert, and took up his residence at the oasis of Jerboub, where he abode for the rest of his days.

Jerboub lies on an important caravan route from north-western Africa to the Nile delta. Remote from civilisation, absolutely beyond

the control of either the Ottoman or the Egyptian Government, but not so far withdrawn from the Mediterranean as to prevent pilgrims from finding their way thence should they wish to visit the sheikh, the spot selected by the elder Senoussi as headquarters of the confraternity he was founding was singularly well fitted for the purpose. Through Jerboub pass great caravans on their way from Barbary, from Tripoli, and from the populous oases of the central Soudan, to the markets of Egypt. An extensive tract of date-bearing territory, supporting numbers of inhabitants, would have militated against the privacy and mysticism essential to a holy man. Jerboub consists of a great *zawia* and nothing else. No stranger can come thither unknown. No dweller can withdraw therefrom without his absence being noted and the direction taken by him being traced. No small judgment and foresight were displayed in choosing this little secluded oasis for a sanctuary, and its selection has probably not been the least of the causes that have given to the remarkable Mussulman revival identified with the name of Senoussi its success and its power.

In addition to inculcating a return to the teachings of the Koran pure and simple, Senoussi the elder advocated a religious form of government, under which the priesthood would be recognised to be political as well as spiritual leaders. This principle was insisted upon also by the emissaries he sent out, and these put their theories in practice. For whenever they founded a colony in some remote outlandish spot, they also created a civil administration under their own control. They established good order and discipline, and instituted a settled government. So that these se-

cluded zawias gradually grew into political as well as religious centres. And the number of them grew apace. For Senoussi laid special stress on the building of zawias and mosques by his disciples wherever they went; and this is the reason for the great development in the number of these convents that has taken place—a development still going on. Senoussi, however, always acknowledged the Sultan as Caliph of Islam, declaring him to be head of the faith, but cunningly inserting the proviso that this was dependent on adherence to the true religion, thus enabling himself at any time to pronounce the right forfeited. As a matter of fact, although the present Senoussi at one time declared the Sultan to be no longer Caliph, a prolonged rupture between Jerboub and Constantinople does not appear ever to have occurred. A peculiarity indeed of the Senoussi sect is, that stern and strict as are the tenets of its members, the doctrines admit of considerable elasticity. Many examples could be given of this. For instance, according to the teachings and spirit of the Koran, the fair sex should be held in subjection and contempt. But among the Tebus, a large and powerful tribe south of Fezzan, the emisaries from Jerboub found the women not only to be intellectually superior to the men, but also to hold a social position utterly opposed to Moslem ideas. So the Senoussi preachers preached to the women, and skilfully won them over to the cause, and then through female influence they gained over the whole tribe. In fact, owing to the very elasticity of its doctrines, the sect manages to absorb into itself other minor orders; and this peculiarity has tended to greatly expedite its extension. But as regards infidels the rules

of the order are very severe, and especially towards Christians, against whom the Senoussi priesthood endeavour, not without success, to inflame their flocks. French writers attribute the deplorable massacres of exploring missions that have pushed southwards from Algeria and Tunis entirely to the fanaticism stirred up by these militant monks; and in this theory they are probably not very far wrong.

The propaganda emanating from Jerboub extended in an extraordinary manner. In 1859 the name of the Sheikh es Senoussi was held in respect, not only among the oases of Barka and the neighbourhood, but far to the south in the Soudan among the negro races peopling the vast tracts that lie between Khartum and Senegal. It was at this time that the wandering Algerian ascetic, who by the force of personal example, and by a capacity for organisation, and for inspiring enthusiasm of no common order, was developing a spiritual and temporal power over a huge area of wilderness dotted with widely separated but rich and thickly inhabited patches of oasis, died, and nominated as his successor his son, Mohamed es Senoussi, the present Sheikh of Jerboub. Before his death he appears clearly to have hinted that his son was the Mahdi, and the Senoussi is now known among his followers as Mohamed el Mahdi, although he does not seem ever to have claimed a right to the title.

During the two decades that elapsed between the death of the founder of the Senoussi order and the date of Mohamed Ahmed's appearance as chief of a religious crusade and as Madhi, the mosques and zawias of the confraternity centred in Jerboub continued to multiply. All the more important oases scattered over the desert be-

tween the Nubian Nile and the land of the wild Tuaregs became centres of Moslem activity. By means of caravans, and through the instrumentality very largely of slaves liberated by the influence of the Senoussi priesthood, and converted into emissaries of the sect, the important kingdom of Wadai, west of the Egyptian province of Darfur, was gained over, and its Sultan acknowledged the spiritual supremacy of the Sheikh of Jerboub. These emissaries pushed westwards into Bornu and to the territories bordering on Lake Chad. Fezzan became studied through its whole length and breadth with zawias. At the great caravan centre, Ghadames, on the confines of Tunis, and at Ghat, farther to the south, convents sprang up. Among the Tuaregs the Senoussi propaganda made great way. Zawias were built in Egypt, at Dongola and at Constantinople. Some were set up in Asia. In Morocco disciples of the sect formed colonies at Fez, at Tetuan, and even at Tangier. So that at the time of the insurrection in the Egyptian Soudan, Mohamed el Mahdi was the most important priest in North Africa, with a following more numerous than the Sherif of Wazan, the Moorish Pope, could lay claim to, and respected in the Sultan's African dominions—Egypt and the Egyptian Soudan perhaps excepted—far more than the Caliph himself.

Nor had the growth of this great Moslem revival failed to attract some attention in Europe. Rohlf, Haimann, Philebert, and others wrote of it. So far back as 1864 the French traveller Duveyrier had—in a work entitled '*Exploration du Sahara; les Touaregs du Nord*'—drawn attention to it, and to the menace that it offered to the French empire south of the Mediterranean. In later

writings the same author has studied its development exhaustively and in detail. But all this time the Sheikh es Senoussi dwelt in seclusion in his great convent of Jerboub, unseen save by the most intimate and trusted counsellors, an austere and mysterious divine, invested in the eyes of his disciples with a special holiness owing to the retirement in which he lived. His influence was being exerted by peaceful means. He made no open claim to be the Messiah. He was undoubtedly descended from the Prophet. His blue eyes and a mark between his shoulders were signs that the coming Mahdi was to be known by. All was going smoothly, when the other and militant Mahdi made his appearance on the Nile.

The existence of two Mahdis at the same time was clearly impossible. To a people gifted with a sense of humour, the situation would have had many elements of the ridiculous. But the tribes of the Soudan and to the north take things seriously. They took their Mahdis very seriously indeed. The Baggaras, Jaalin, and other dwellers in the Egyptian provinces accepted the ambitious, daring, energetic Mohamed Ahmed at his own valuation, the recluse of Jerboub being without a following in these parts. The disciples of Senoussi remained firm in their religious opinions: their confidence was in no way shaken that their venerated head would turn out to be the Mahdi, and they regarded the Dongola boat-builder as an impostor. Mohamed Ahmed, with characteristic effrontery, wrote to the Sheikh es Senoussi, appealing to him to join the dervish cause, and nominating him one of his emirs. To be patronised in this fashion by the rival Mahdi must have been very irritating to the Mahdi of Jerboub, who, however,

maintained an attitude of reserve, vouchsafing no reply to the mission. But messengers were sent south to Wadai and neighbouring states, where the people acknowledged Senoussi, warning them against the false Mahdi who was manifesting his pretended mission by slaughter and rapine, and who, on the pretext of regenerating the world by force of arms, was merely gratifying a sordid and mundane ambition. And this policy of masterly inactivity on the part of the Mahdi, who seemed for a while to be eclipsed, succeeded. For Mohamed Ahmed failed to make way in the territories of the Senoussi sect, and his death left the Sheikh of Jerboub still vaguely enjoying the character of Mahdi over an area far vaster than the Egyptian Soudan. Senoussi's position was perhaps shaken for a time, but not for long; and now that what is called the dervish movement in this country is on the decline, it seems not impossible that the influence of Jerboub may gradually spread itself over the Nile basin. At one time, indeed, it seemed as if an open conflict was about to break out between the dervishes and the forces of the Senoussi sect. Major Wingate tells of it in his 'Mahdi-ism and the Sudan.' How one Abu Gemaizeh came from Wadai into Darfur with a large army, and was known as Senoussi, and how he prospered for a while, performing miracles and gaining victories, but how he was eventually defeated by a dervish emir and died. The Mahdi of Jerboub appears never openly to have approved of this resort to arms; but he must have been aware of what was going on, and his influence in Wadai is such that the invasion of dervish territory would scarcely have taken place without his at least tacit consent. The collapse of Abu

Gemaizeh's combinations against the dervishes in Darfur, which took place in 1889, ended the matter. And although since that time the authority of Mohamed Ahmed's successor in the western provinces of what was formerly the Egyptian Soudan has been somewhat unstable, little more has been heard of a Senoussi movement threatening Omdurman.

While the result of Mohamed Ahmed's crusade has merely been to substitute for the oppressive rule of the pashas a government still more tyrannical, a government based at the outset on religious principles but now degenerated into a mere military despotism; while the pretended divine mission of the Mahdi of Khartum has converted smiling provinces into a wilderness, and has decimated tribes warlike only when driven to it by misrule, and when inspired by fanaticism,—the spread of the doctrines of Senoussi and the extension of the influence of Jerboub have carried into most districts touched thereby peace and prosperity in their train. It is impossible not to draw comparisons between the consequences that have resulted from these two remarkable Moslem revivals, very much to the disadvantage of the dervish movement. For, although the tenets of the Senoussi confraternity favour not the spread of civilisation, and tend to discourage real progress, the priests and emissaries of the order endeavour to promote agriculture and encourage thrift in the districts where they are at work. By opening new wells, by planting crops, and by carefully attending to the culture of the date-palms which form the main wealth of the oases of North Africa, they have created new centres of population, and have thereby opened

up fresh routes into the far interior absolutely under control of the order. Under the influence of these preachers, districts like the Jebel Akhdar hills near Cyrene are regaining a prosperity lost since the early days of the Christian era. In the territories acknowledging the spiritual supremacy of Mohamed es Senoussi, the title given to him of Mahdi has no terrors for the people. They respect him, and not only him, but also his deputies, and the situation is utterly different from that prevailing on the Nile, where the Khalifa Abdulla sways by the power of the sword. Mahdism as associated with the name of Mohamed Ahmed is almost dead; Mahdism as it might be associated with the name of Mohamed es Senoussi is a force dormant at present, but representing a formidable and growing power. A mighty religious organisation it was before Mohamed Ahmed was heard of, and a mighty religious organisation it remains.

Jerboub itself forms a religious capital, and includes a university of the order. There is a small walled town containing a mosque, containing also the tomb of the elder Senoussi, and the remainder of the dwellings are devoted to the use of the sheikh, of his chief counsellors, and of religious students. It is said to include great stores of arms; but this does not seem to be correct, and reports as to the existence of an arsenal within its gates appear to be wholly unfounded. If Mohamed es Senoussi has collected war-material and artillery, as some writers assert, they must be concealed in some neighbouring oasis or convent, and their whereabouts is probably known only to the most trusted. The university serves as the source whence

preachers of the Senoussi doctrines and confidential emissaries of the sheikh are drawn. There are a considerable number of students, and as soon as these have gained the necessary acquaintance with the rules, principles, and objects of the order, they go abroad to enlighten the nomads and barbarians dwelling beyond the area of Jerboub influence, and to win them to their faith. It is said that all the preparations exist necessary for transporting Mohamed el Mahdi, with the arms he is supposed to have at command, and with the treasure with which he is credited, away from the seat of spiritual government to some fresh refuge in the desert, should danger threaten. Caravans of camels are said to be held in readiness in zawias in the vicinity of Jerboub, destined to convey to a place of safety the sheikh and all that he possesses worth taking away. But estimates that French writers have made as to the fighting strength of the Senoussi following in and immediately round Jerboub, of the great collections of war-material there gathered together, and of wealth amassed and treasured in its vaults, would seem to be overdrawn.

The zawias of the order are in isolated districts, as already stated, centres of civil as well as of religious government. In places like Tripoli and Benghazi, in Fez or in Cairo, a zawia is, of course, merely a convent with no administrative functions vested in its chief. At the head of each is a priest called the *mokaddem*, who is appointed directly by Sheikh es Senoussi. This functionary presides over the disciples of the neighbourhood as regards religious matters, inculcates upon them their duties, performs the observances, initiates new dis-

ciples into the mysteries of the sect, and acts as apostle and agent of the sheikh. In important places like Ghadames and Murzuk there are several zawias, the *mokaddem* of each having his own congregation. Learned and eloquent, pious and earnest, ever practisers of what they preach, the presiding priests of the Senoussi zawias are ideal instruments for carrying out the work of the hermit of Jerboub. They possess exactly those gifts and qualities calculated to impress the ignorant, pliable, superstitious people with whom they come in contact. In oases where no government exists, there is attached to each zawia a *vakil*, who holds a position subordinate to the *mokaddem*, but who is responsible for the civil administration. The *vakil* rules the community, levies taxes, and administers justice. He is appointed direct from Jerboub, with which he is in constant communication, and whither he remits the balance of revenue derived from taxation after local expenses have been defrayed. In large oases containing many zawias, one *mokaddem* is especially chosen as chief priest, and a *vakil* is appointed to assist him in civil matters. The whole system is carefully organised; and although the Sheikh es Senoussi and his chief counsellors keep a watchful eye over its working, there is sufficient decentralisation to give local authorities a sense of responsibility and to maintain them in activity. The Senoussi zawias have gradually gained almost a monopoly of the extensive traffic and trade that connects the Negroid states of Wadai, Bornu, and Borgo, and the nominally Turkish province of Fezzan, with the Mediterranean coast. Slaves form a principal article of commerce, and to many zawias large numbers of negroes are attached, who have been liber-

ated, who have embraced the Moslem religion according to the teachings of the sect, and who form devoted adherents of the Mahdi of Jerboub. Slave-trade is contrary to the teachings of the Koran; and the local representatives of the Jerboub Government do not, perhaps, openly encourage it. But they certainly take advantage of a system that they could end if they wished to do so; and with the extension of the Senoussi propaganda the traffic in human beings, which is so melancholy a feature in the social conditions of the Dark Continent, has certainly not decreased in the area embraced.

It is the practice at the different zawias to hospitably entertain for a while all Moslem strangers who may present themselves, to greet them cordially and treat them with friendliness, and thereby to gain their confidence, to work upon their feelings, and to endeavour to enlist them as disciples. Senoussi and his followers recognise that worldly methods are not among the least effective in pushing their influence. The tact displayed in small matters such as these has aided much in promoting the cause and in winning converts. In theory the tenets of the order are stern, unbending, and emblematic of Islam. In practice the disciples of Senoussi show, in many respects, a liberal-mindedness and adaptability to circumstances characteristic rather of the least bigoted of Christian Churches. A religion worked on these jesuitical principles, a religion, moreover, that promotes prosperity, should, in such a field of activity, continue to prosper.

What will be the end of it all? Will this mysterious Mohamed es Senoussi proclaim himself Mahdi, or be suddenly openly acclaimed as such by his vast following? Will he follow the example of

Mohamed Ahmed, and go forth at the head of crowds of fanatical warriors to force himself upon those who do not believe in his name? Or will he continue for the rest of his days a hermit and recluse in his desert home? It is said that he meant to proclaim himself Mahdi in 1882, but that the appearance of the other Mahdi made him hold his hand. It is by no means certain that he believes himself to be the Mahdi at all, or that he has any intention of claiming the title. But such is his hold upon his followers that, were he to take action, were he to announce himself to be the looked-for Messiah, they would almost certainly acknowledge him as such with enthusiasm. And, were a Jihad or religious war to be then preached by his *mokaddems*, the whole of North Africa might be set in a blaze, and the consequences to French, British, and Turkish authority in this part of the world might be very grave.

At present the Sheikh of Jerboub certainly possesses far more political power in the provinces of Tripoli, of Barka, and of Fezzan, which are marked on maps as Ottoman territory, than does the Sultan. The authority of the Porte—although the name of the Sultan is respected in the middle territories of North Africa far more than in the districts that tasted Egyptian rule—really extends but a few miles inland of Tripoli and Benghazi. Turkish kaimakams exist here and there, but only on sufferance. It has been the policy of Senoussi to maintain fairly friendly relations with Constantinople; and the Ottoman governors of Tripoli and Barka and their subordinates have no doubt received instructions to avoid all cause of quarrel with the forces of the confraternity. Some imprudent action on the part of

the representatives either of the Porte or of the Sheikh of Jerboub might possibly bring about a conflict; but the chances of hostilities in this direction are small. Presents have passed between Mohamed el Mahdi and Abdul Hamid, and a trusted representative of the sheikh is generally to be found in Stamboul. As long as mutual forbearance guides the dealings of the rival forces in Turkey in Africa, the Senoussi movement is in this quarter likely to continue in the main a religious one.

Towards the Khedivial Government Senoussi has shown no enmity, nor has the growth of British influence and authority at Cairo brought about any change of attitude at Jerboub. In the long struggle between the forces of Egypt and those of Mohamed Ahmed and the Khalifa Abdulla, the sheikh appears to have favoured the Egyptian rather than the dervish cause. But this probably is attributable more to hatred of a rival Mahdi and his works than to love for the Khedivial Government. On Egypt as it is, and on Egypt as it was before the Soudan insurrection, Senoussi has never had any hold, nor do any determined efforts appear to have been made to push the doctrines of his sect on this side. It is indeed somewhat strange that, in fields so promising for the enterprise of emissaries from Jerboub as were Darfur and Kordofan before Mohamed Ahmed's appearance as Mahdi, the seeds of the new religious order should not have been more generally implanted. The extraordinary success of the Mahdi of Khartum in winning practically the whole population of the Egyptian Soudan to his cause, shows that this part of Africa was ripe for the development of a religious revival. However, Mahdism according to Mohamed Ahmed has

effectually checked the spread of Senoussi influence west of Wadai during the past decade, and any attempt to develop it in this direction by a resort to war seems improbable. With the decline of the dervish movement—a decline now rapidly taking place—the recluse of Jerboub may deem it desirable to send out his apostles to preach the tenets of his sect in the lands once swayed by the Mahdi of Khartum and his Khalifa. But the work will be carried out insidiously and in quiet, rather than by deeds of violence or by actions calculated to cause stirring events. Should, however, in the near future the Baggaras, Jaalin, Dinkas, Shiluks, and other kindred tribes in the Nile basin accept the Senoussi doctrines, as the people of Wadai and Bornu have accepted them, the Senoussi confraternity will become a power more formidable to Egypt than was the dervish movement when at its height. For the Nile delta will be threatened not only from the south down the narrow valley of the great river, but also from the west, and at uncomfortably close quarters.

But from the political point of view, interest in the future of the Senoussi confraternity is centred more especially in its progress south of Tunis and Algeria, and in the relations between this formidable religious and political force and the French. And the French know it. The wardens of the borderlands, where French outposts look out into the desert, know that a wave of fanaticism, spreading abroad over the nomads wandering beyond the sand-hills and the mirage, may bring down upon them a mighty host, and may compass much evil. To the apostles of French spread-eagleism in North Africa, to the advocates of trans-Sahara railway communication, to the coveters after Ghadames, Ghat,

and other places which the Porte claims as Turkish ground, Senoussi is somewhat of a bogey. They ascribe it to the machinations of the malevolent monks sent forth from Jerboub, that the traveller who penetrates beyond the military cordon that marks the southern limit of French administration carries his life in his hand. Even before the annexation of Tunis, the hostility of the Senoussi confraternity was much dreaded in Algeria, and the absorption of that important Moslem territory into the French-African empire has not tended to render this hostility less acute. The restlessness and spasmodic enterprise of the Algerian and Tunisian administrations is of a character to excite grave suspicions in the oriental mind. The people of the interior probably credit the French with designs that they do not entertain, and that they could not put in execution. Incidents such as the French claim to Tuat, which the Sultan of Morocco maintains is his, do not tend to dispel alarm; and the fact that the Moorish rights to the possession of this oasis are of the most shadowy character, makes little difference. The Tuaregs are a wild, warlike, and numerous people, of a kind easily arousable to religious fanaticism by skilful handling. And if Senoussi and his disciples get these nomads under their control, and stir them up to deeds of violence, there may be trouble. Moreover, the name of Senoussi is known in Morocco; and the fact that the founder of the confraternity was a member of the Muley Taib order, has established a kind of link between these two sects. A religious crusade against French authority in North Africa started by Mohamed el Mahdi might stir the Moors and the wild Berber tribes of Morocco to make war on their

eastern neighbours, and such a movement Muley Hassan's successor would be powerless to check. At Ghadames the French may almost any day come into conflict with the Senoussi confraternity, for they are displaying military activity in that quarter, and the place is said to be devoted to the interests of the Mahdi of Jerboub. That the forces of Islam involved in the widespread ramifications of the Senoussi sect menace the existence of French authority in North Africa it would be exaggeration to allege; that they even threaten its security to a serious extent may not perhaps be the case; but that they oppose a barrier to a French annexation of the great tracts intervening between Senegal and Algeria there can be no question. A false move on the part of the Paris Government, of the executive in Algiers or Tunis, or even of some subordinate official on the southern confines of the French possessions, might of a sudden arouse the fanaticism of the dwellers beyond the outposts, and the news of it would spread like wildfire over the Sahara and the Soudan. Then Mohamed el Mahdi might think his time was come, might proclaim religious war, and might bring into play the vast resources placed at his command by the strange organisation that bears his name. Senoussi has shown no taste for strife. The Mahdi is not to be a man of war. But it is the unexpected which always happens in these lands, and the sheikh may find some day circumstances too strong for him. That these people when they muster under the banner of Islam for fight are formidable the insurrection in the Soudan has served to show.

It does not by any means necessarily follow that a resort to arms on the part of the Senoussi con-

fraternity should be preceded by, or should involve, a proclamation by the recluse of Jerboub that he is the Messiah. The intentions, the hopes, and the views, as regards his own rôle on earth, of Mohamed el Mahdi are not known. But it must be confessed that this mysterious personage has some excuse for believing himself to be, as his father said he was, the Mahdi whose coming is expected. A mystic being enshrouded in an atmosphere of saintliness, dwelling in a convent citadel remote from the world; a man of piety and prayer, who has, slowly and for a long time unnoticed, been at work regenerating whole races by means of emissaries quoting a few simple religious dogmas; a man given the name of Mahdi, but not claiming it; a man, moreover, fulfilling many of the conditions that the looked-for Messiah is to fulfil,—Senoussi the younger may really think that he is what his disciples hope him to be. Nor does it follow that the assumption by the sheikh of Jerboub, publicly and without reserve, of the position of Mahdi, would involve grave political consequences, or that it would greatly extend the influence of his sect. But it is characteristic of the Moslem faith that in its history and its development politics are ever blended with religion, and that it is when the imagination and emotions of its disciples are worked on, that startling and strange events occur. Senoussi the younger has for more than thirty years headed a great religious movement; he has reached the afternoon of life, and evening is stealing upon him: if he believes himself to be the Mahdi, or if he intends to pose as such, he should be up and doing. Will he be gathered to his fathers a prophet, or will he sink into the grave merely a high priest?

PLACE-NAMES OF SCOTLAND.

"THE face of a country," says Joyce, in his admirable book on Irish place-names, "is a book which, if it be deciphered correctly and read attentively, will unfold more than ever did the cuneiform inscriptions of Persia or the hieroglyphics of Egypt." Very true: the names of places, like the heraldic signature of an old family, tell their story through long ages, with an emphasis to which only the utterly crude and unlettered can remain deaf. Thus Constantinople tells to all intelligent people not the mere story of the Turks who now hold it, but the story of the Roman Emperor who, in the first half of the fourth century, virtually deserted Rome, and by planting himself in the midst of old Greek colonies, changed the empire of the Latins into an empire of the Greeks, which carried the language of Plato and St Paul through a whole thousand years as a living bridge betwixt the past and the present, centuries after the classical Latin of Cicero and Virgil had fallen into ruin, and been changed into an entirely new form by the genius of Dante and his Florentine followers. In like manner Adrianople, in spite of its Turkish dress, speaks to us audibly now, as it did through the long course of the middle ages, of the Catholic-minded omnipresence of the best of Roman Emperors, who ruled a mighty empire as a good

landlord does his estate, by living amongst his people, and caring for them individually as a father does for his children. In like fashion Alexandria in Egypt speaks of Alexander of Macedonia, and the wonderful military romance with which, in the course of a few years, he embraced the whole East as far as the Jordan with a sweep of Hellenic culture, destined in due season to open the whole world to the preaching of a Christian gospel in the language of the heathen Greeks. And again, the name of Cæsarea, the great harbour of Palestine, gives the signal to the rising power of Rome in the East from Augustus Cæsar downwards, the ejection of the Hebrews from their old sacred capital under Titus, and the gradual transformation of the western half of the old civil government of Rome into an ecclesiastical monarchy under the Pope.

It is no wonder, therefore, especially in this age of rapid movement and easy travel, that books on topographical philology should be in the hands of tourists; and Scotland is a country in this respect particularly happy, in being able to number such thorough workers as Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr Johnston, Professor Mackinnon, and Mr MacDonald, as her guides through this region of interesting localities of the past. For guides are certainly required, and hard workers too; for obvious

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as not a few names are which stand in the foreground of general history, the moment we descend into local designations, we find the significance of local names hidden from vulgar view by a mask through which only a curious historico-philological eye can pierce; and this difficulty is found specially in Scotland, a country which, from the time of the Picts and Scots with whom the Romans had to do, has been occupied by a race who speak a language now unintelligible to the great mass of book-making and book-reading people in the three islands. The language is Gaelic, the same as the dialect of the Celtic spoken by our brave Highlanders who fought at Waterloo, and who preach at Dingwall and Inverness, with a certain infusion of the cognate member of the Celtic family in Wales, and a close tie of sisterhood with the Irish of the present day. In addition to this, there came a strong linguistic contagion from the north, which, while it entirely de-Celticised Orkney and Shetland, left not a few distinct traces of its action in the Hebrides and all along the west coast of Scotland and of England, as far south as the Isle of Man. In the main, however, it is in Gaelic, the language used every Sunday by Christian preachers to Christian people in the regions north of Perth, that the places through which the Highland tourist passes tell their tale; and this makes their signature as unintelligible to the great majority of travelling questioners as if it had been Hebrew or Finnish or Chinese. But there is a certain amount of delusion here, natural enough no doubt both to Englishmen and Scotsmen, brought up, as they generally are, in total ignorance of their philological surround-

ings; the fact of the matter being, that in dealing with Gaelic the Englishman or Lowland Scot is dealing with a sister tongue, where, without pretending to any curious philological science, he must expect to find evident traces of near relationship. When a Scot goes across the German Ocean to Germany or Holland, Norway or Denmark, he must be very stupid indeed if, in every shop-window and in every flying newspaper, he does not know to meet an old friend in a new dress. And, though the relationship of Gaelic to English is much less close than the tie that binds English to German, still it is there, and presents itself with such striking features of family likeness as to secure recognition without any very formal introduction. In what class of words, let us ask, should we expect to find the original identity of the old stock most palpably preserved? Of course, in words of the most common and necessary use, denoting things and persons that belong to human life, from the cradle to the grave, and from the green meadow to the hill-top,—things which were not only near to the eyes and native to the life of the earliest speakers, but which are of a nature the very last possible to be affected by the invasion of strangers or the whims of fashion, such words as *athair*, *mathair*, *brathair*—words as plainly identical with the Lat. *pater*, *mater*, and *frater*, as the Fr. *père*, *mère*, and *frère*. Then lift up your eyes to the light when you awake from sleep, and you see *solus*, the light, plainly the Lat. *sol*, the sun, as opposed to the *dorchadas* or darkness out of which you have slept. You leap briskly up, and plant your foot on your mother earth—*talamh*—Lat. *tellus*, and

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consonant between two vowels is accompanied with the dropping of the initial consonant, as in *athar*, father, pronounced *aar*, where as in *lan*, for *plenus*, full, the initial *p* altogether disappears. The levelling influence of this *h* at the end of a word, as in *tigh*, a house, pronounced *taoy*, from Lat. *tignum*, is equally felt. A still more perplexing change on the body of the word as it is written appears in the liberty taken by an antecedent vowel or consonant to obliterate the initial consonant of a word, as in the case of *saor*, a carpenter, which when preceded by the genitive of the article becomes *taor*, familiar to the English ear in the proper name of Macintyre, the son of the carpenter. But perhaps, after all, it is not so much these consonantal changes and extrusions that occasion difficulty to the English ear, as the peculiar sounds of *ao* and *ui* diphthong, and the utterly un-English *ch*. For these he will find an analogy in the German *oe* and *ue*, as in Goethe and Müller; and the true sound of the Gaelic in this case, as in the German, he can learn only by practice. As to the aspirated form of *k*, or hard *c*, as it appears in so many Highland *lochs* and *lochans*, we can only say that, though unknown in Latin, it appears in Greek, in German, and in the beautiful musical dialect of English commonly called Scotch; and the sooner our esteemed big brother besouth the Tweed attunes his ear to this sound, the better not only for his sympathy with the Macs, but for his linguistic faculty generally, which in this, as in some other of his peculiarities, is altogether insular in its range, and pernicious in its exercise. Let him understand that this Gaelic *ch*, like the Greek *χ*, is not a rough guttural, as it is

sometimes called, but an aspirated (*spiro*, to breathe) or smooth form of the sharp *k* and the blunt *g*, which are the true gutturals.

So much for the peculiar features of the Gaelic species of the great Aryan family, worked out from an original identity by the internal varieties to which all languages, when left to themselves, without any foreign interference, are naturally subject. But there is a borrowed element also in Gaelic which, though small in geographical amount, is historically of great significance. In the Hebrides, and all along the west coast of the Highlands, as above mentioned, the Norse element asserts itself in local names with unmistakable prominence: thus *uig*, Danish *vig*, which appears in Wick and Wigtown, is the familiar Norse name for a bay; *ness*, a *nose* or jutting promontory; *fiord*, a firth or inlet of the sea; and *oe*, an island, as it occurs in Iona, and elsewhere. Noticeable also in this region is the *dale*—German *thail*, English *deal*, to divide—a part or portion of land, always in the last syllable of the name; known also in Gaelic as *dal*, but always as the initial syllable, as in *Dalnaspidal*, *Dalwhinnie*, &c., &c. But Latin, the language of the Church, the great medieval civiliser, was naturally much more powerful than the speech of the sea-marauders, over all the length and breadth of the hill country, where the original British inhabitants knew to hold their ground; and in this way in the language of common intercourse not a few words became current in the talk of Highlanders, borrowed either directly from Latin, the language of the Church, or from the Norman-French element of our English tongue, radically one with the speech of the Romans, who at an early period

had planted their foot on French ground, when they were only pointing with their finger to the more distant isles in the west. Such words manifestly are *spiorad*, spirit; *eaglais*, ecclesia; *priosann*, a prison; *litrich*, a letter; *ministrealach*, ministry; *leabhar*, liber; *seomar*, camera, chamber; *sagart*, sacerdos; *pobull*, populus; *reusan*, reason; *searmoin*, sermo—and soon. But what chiefly concerns us here is the word *kil*, which appears in a large number of sacred places, manifestly the Latin *cella*, a shrine, con-founded, in our insular habit of pronouncing *e* like *s* before a soft vowel, with *sella*, a seat. This *kil*, in the case of a shrine or church, appears in more than a score of familiar place-names in the index to Sir Herbert Maxwell's valuable book: as in Kilbride, the Church of St Bridget; Kilmalcolm, the Church of the shavelings of St Columba (*maol*, a bare poll);¹ and Kilninian, either from Ninian, the founder of the Church of Whithorn in Galloway, or from *Nennidius*, a later saint, a follower of the great St Bridget of Ireland. One of the most famous of these *kils* is *Kilribhinn*, the old Gaelic name for St Andrews, but in nowise signifying what it seems to mean, when printed as it is pronounced. Judging by the ear only, a person with a smattering of Gaelic might say that it meant the Church of the Virgin, *Ribhinn*, Mary of course; but the moment an appeal is made from the ear to the eye, *Kilrigh mhonadh* stands out in royal dignity, the *Church of the King's muir*, now St Andrews. Originally, before the bones of the great Scottish saint were brought by Regulus from Greece, in the

days of the Picts who peopled the east coast of our country in the oldest times, this learned city rejoiced in the most undignified appellation of *Muc Ross*, the PIG'S SNOUT! Instead of *kil*, we have sometimes in Scotland *eccles* from *ecclesia*, Gr. ἐκκλησία, as in Ecclefechan, Church of St Vigean, the birthplace of our great Scottish prophet, Thomas Carlyle. Strange enough, beside this *eccles* we have another Greek word for the name of the *Lord's house* in Scotland, *Kirk*, but so curtailed in its dimensions as that its Greek original, κυριακός, will only strike the eye of a scholar.

Of the Scottish names of places commencing with this so thoroughly naturalised Greek word, of which the topographical student will find at least half a hundred in the 'Ordnance Gazetteer,' we shall name only two that stand out with a special historical significance, *Kirkcudbright* and *Maiden-kirk*. The first of these bears the stamp of one of the most famous holy men of the seventh century, a Northumbrian by birth, but whose name stands enshrined in the Scottish memory, not only by the modern county and county-town which bear his name visibly on their front, but by his early connection with beautiful Melrose, and his position in the leading Presbyterian church of the west end of Edinburgh. In the second of these Galloway names local story has stereotyped the memory of a beautiful Irish girl, Madana, in the fifth century, consecrated to the service of God by the famous St Patrick in the severe monastic fashion of the age. Her great beauty had attracted the amorous regards of a Hibernian noble in

¹ Sir Herbert, in excluding the first *l* from the word, agrees with Johnston here, translating simply *ma*, our Columba,—a point which in nowise affects the historical significance of the name.

those passionate times, and he pursued her with importunate attentions, and with such persistent entreaty, that to escape from his importunity she was obliged to cross the water, and seek a home with a colony of chaste sisters in Wigtownshire. But even here, the story goes on to tell, her persecutor followed her; and she, to break the charm, by an act of self-sacrifice, put the question directly to her admirer, what it was about her that so enslaved him to her track? "Your bright blue eyes," was the reply. "I am drawn to them irresistibly, as the flower is to the sun." This was enough for the holy maid. Forthwith she plucked out her lovely orbs, and threw them at her persecutor's feet on the ground, and was for ever free from his unsanctified admiration.

Historical allusions of this patent kind of course speak for themselves as plainly as Fort William and Fort George in the north certify to all times the defences which William of Orange and our Hanoverian "wee German lairdie" were obliged to set up to keep down the fretful feeling of clanship with which the Highlanders clung to the abused royalty of the Stuarts. But not seldom in the names of old centres of medieval life allusions occur which require the patient research and the discriminating eye of men familiar with ancient records: and as Scotland is unfortunately almost a blank in these ancient annals of which Ireland boasts so rich a store, the curious in local names must betake himself to family charters, and local or general law registers; and these occasionally, for philological purposes, may become as slippery as for purely legal right of possession they are

firm ground and sure,—for an old charter of the fifteenth century may not always agree with an older one of the fourteenth, and both the one and the other may possibly have been put into the law Latin of the period by scribes altogether ignorant of the language to which the property owed its original title. In such cases, even a visitor starting on such inquiries with all the caution that Sir Herbert so strongly accentuates in his first lecture, may occasionally be mistaken; but such instances of topographical misinterpretation from documentary mistakes are quite exceptional, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the intelligent tourist may rest with perfect satisfaction on the analysis of the names given in the index to the book on 'Scottish Land-Names' which stands first on our list. Along with Sir Herbert, however, it will always be wise in doubtful cases to consult Mr Johnston's excellent work; for in topographical philology, as in the law courts, even in cases of certainty, two witnesses are always better than one. In cases of special difficulty belonging to Argyllshire, no wise topographer will fail to call into court a man of such professional skill in these matters as Professor Mackinnon; and the like deference will justly be paid to Mr MacDonald in all questions of places belonging to the far north district of Strathbogie: but for the significance of Scottish topographical names, as well as for large views on topographical philology generally, we know no book which we can more confidently recommend to the intelligent Scottish tourist than the work of the learned member for Wigtownshire.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

MORE ABOUT THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

"I PROPOSE in this paper to deal mainly with two considerations: how the home training can prepare boys for the temptations and difficulties of school life; and how, when the boys are at school, the home ties can be kept strong, and the home influence exerted for good." Most delicately and most sensibly does Mrs Creighton deal with her subject in that most charming and practical of periodicals, 'Mothers in Council.' If every mother in England joined this council, and carried into practice many of its precepts, the work of the preparatory schoolmaster would be materially lightened. And if in Mrs Creighton's paper we detect some impatience of the existence of the preparatory school, and here and there a faint note of encouragement to parents to dispense with this intermediate stage between home life and public school life, we readily admit that if all parents were as highly gifted as Mrs Creighton, or took the same sensible view of the responsibilities of their position in the matter of the education of their children, the *raison d'être* of the preparatory school would disappear. And with it would also disappear the possibility of the home-educated boy of twelve being placed at a disadvantage, real or imaginary, when called upon to compete against the school-prepared compeer in scholarship examinations or outdoor pursuits. Unfortunately, all parents are not by nature qualified to educate their children beyond a certain standard; and even if exactly the same holds good as regards schoolmasters, the latter, to whom teaching is a trade, have more opportunities of correcting natural deficiencies by practice;

and the conscientious member of the latter class—for there is conscience even among schoolmasters—will, if extended practice only serves to heighten the impression of his own incompetence to teach, sever his connection with scholastic life.

"What are you thinking of?" we once asked a man who was wrapped in deep and apparently painful thought.

"I am thinking," was the quiet answer, "whether it's I who am the fool or that boy."

He solved the question later on to his own satisfaction, and made a fortune on the Stock Exchange.

We are not among those who regard the parents—*quid* parents, we may be allowed to insert—as "their natural foes"; we should neither lay it down, as an American schoolmistress did the other day, as the first rule for our model school, that "all parents should be drowned," nor should we endorse the impertinent remark quoted by Mrs Creighton as emanating from an elementary schoolmaster that "there is nothing the average parent knows less about than what is good for the child." But we will plead guilty to a feeling that here and there a parent leaves undone much that he or she might have done to help us, or even does much to retard our work. We make liberal allowances, more liberal in some ways than Mrs Creighton does, for circumstances such as household cares, which must occupy more time in one establishment than another, large families which distract a mother's attention, and many other things besides; but as we contrast boy with boy as they come from home,

we often feel that much has been left undone for one which has been done for another in the way of preparing him for school life.

We will not advert to the question of the moral preparation. There the ground has been fairly cut from beneath our feet by Mrs Creighton, and we could not hope to rival the delicacy of touch with which she has handled this most important subject. Our question rather shall be this, What standard of knowledge is required of boys who come to a preparatory school? By the schoolmaster, we answer, a very modest standard. Great expectations are seldom found to exist in the mind of the teacher of the small boy. A few years' experience will have taught him that in his profession great expectations are synonymous with great delusions and precursors of great disappointments. And what are the attainments of the ordinary urchin of nine or ten? Commonly a something which falls short of the modest expectation; not unfrequently a something which might be termed a minus quantity; here and there a delicious surprise, a something to vary the monotony and make the life of a schoolmaster liveable. Without these occasional surprises the existence, except for the earthworm, who is content to let things slide, and only regards boys as representing so many £ s. d. in his pocket, would be intolerable.

First, then, in the matter of religious knowledge: first on all grounds,—first not merely because more has been said and more has been written lately on the subject of religious instruction in schools than about any other one branch of education; but first, perhaps, most of all, because we strongly feel that religious instruction in some form should be the earliest lesson of each day. And of re-

ligious instruction we recognise two distinct sides—church-teaching and knowledge of the Bible; and the former of these, at all events, it is a mother's province to impart. We are interested to note that Mrs Creighton is entirely with us in this matter; and we would gladly know whether this apparent agreement is only the accidental result of the circumstance that she was writing to *mothers* as opposed to *fathers* in council, or whether she feels as strongly as we do that a boy must, in most cases, either imbibe his views on church subjects from a woman or have no views.

It is not perhaps the case that religion actually does appeal more to the feminine mind than to the masculine, or that the existence of a religious feeling is more necessary to the one than to the other; it is rather that the woman has less solid work to occupy her time than the bread-winner, and that religious observances and church services seem to form part of her daily life. And we, as men, do not merely tolerate this difference, but we seem to expect more religion—outward religion, at all events—from our wives and sisters than we ever dream of exacting from ourselves. It is a sort of shock to our moral nature if women in the upper classes are not outwardly more religious than we ourselves are; and though our animal nature may admire, we cease, except in rare cases, to respect a woman who does not wear what may be a mere garb of religion. We do not condemn a man for staying away from church on a Sunday: we glance hurriedly at his pew to see if he happens to be present, but are prepared to find that he is absent. But if we miss his wife, we at once conclude that there is illness in the house, or that she is away

from home. In fine, we seldom fail to condemn in the one sex a shortcoming which we commonly condone in the other.

Another marked difference between the religion of the sexes is, that women are as a class high-church and fond of ritual. Men, on the other hand, even good churchmen—as we accept the term—though they like things to be done decently and in order, are more moderate, and if anything anti-ritualistic. It may be that we are less artistic and less imaginative, and that with an equal sense of decorum we care less for outward form and adornment. To a man a new coat is a nuisance: a new dress has a lively fascination for a woman. So the forms and ceremonies, the coloured stole, the changed altar-cloth, things which attract the fair sex, a man regards with an indifference which borders rather on contempt than irreverence. We might add, that if a woman crosses herself or bows to the altar it does not strike us as singular or out of place; similar acts on the part of a layman arrest our attention, and we instinctively suspect a motive.

Further it may be said, that however strongly a man may feel about religion, there is no subject on which he is more reticent himself or more disinclined to invite confidence from a brother layman. To our mind the scene in 'Tom Brown,' where East pours out his religious difficulties to his school-fellow, is at least as unnatural as it is striking and original. Abhorrence of uttering or listening to anything which could by any possibility be construed into cant, almost seems to form part of an Englishman's character. It is only on rare occasions that a clergyman will penetrate this barrier of reserve, and then only

because he is recognised as a duly accredited practitioner.

All this may sound foreign to our subject, but it may serve to emphasise our reiteration, and—as we think, though we may be wrong—Mrs Creighton's opinion, that it is from the mother that we must claim the early training of her children in church matters. Only in rare cases will the child satisfactorily learn from a man at school what it is so natural and so simple for the mother to teach at home. Honesty, truthfulness, straightforwardness—all these lessons a father may teach and a wise father will teach, but church teaching for her child is the mother's privilege and duty. And under the head of church teaching we would include such things as the knowledge of some short form of prayer on entering and leaving church; the habit of reverence in church; the knowledge—elementary knowledge indeed—that it is usual to kneel during the prayers and to stand at certain times; an acquaintance with the order of morning and evening prayer; the habit of giving something to the offertory; the recollection that baptism is a sacrament, that the churchyard is holy ground, that loud talking on the way to and from church is, if not wrong, at least unseemly; and the habit, to come nearer home, of private prayer and of private reading in the Bible at night. All these things are better learnt as a lesson of love from a mother's lips than later on as matters of school discipline; and we would fain hope that such lessons as the former are not things to be forgotten at the first convenient opportunity like the latter, but are rather sacred links in the chain of memories that bind the boy's mind to his home. We may even go beyond the hope. That churchgoing is often

irksome to boys is a misfortune partly of an age ever restless and impatient of restraint—more so, perhaps, of their sex. To the latter it is a repetition of Naaman's impatience. "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing!" To a sex intolerant of activity, mental or physical, to sit quiet and repeat the same simple words Sunday after Sunday partakes more of the nature of a penance than a service,—is even in some cases, and to some natures, a form of martyrdom more severe and more trying than any physical pain. But, on the other hand, take many a man who will occasionally make an excuse to stay away from church, try to compel him under threat of a lingering death to abjure that religion which he apparently does not value or practise, hold out to him fair promises if he will become a Mohammedan or a Brahmin—will he do it? No; rather death or bonds—anything rather than give up that which was his mother's religion before him, and which he learnt from her lips. "If our God and our country require," Englishmen, as their thoughts float back to childhood's days, will face death with as steadfast a heart as ever did Jephthah's daughter.

And yet we may be told—for parents, as we read not long ago in a bishop's address on this very subject, are inclined to "put off the responsibility of the religious teaching more and more on others"—the perfect schoolmaster, if there exists such an individual, will teach, or should teach, all these things. "But," said the same speaker, "the teaching never comes with the same force from strangers' as from the mother's lips." To strangers, at all events—we make this addition to Mrs Creighton's words—"most boys will not say much about their religious feelings." To teach for

the first time those very simple things which we enumerated, if not exactly beyond a master's province, is at any rate beyond what should be his province. Religious teaching in some form or other is clearly part of a preparatory schoolmaster's duty, but the soil he works on should not be virgin ground: rather is it his office and his responsibility to cherish the seedlings of home growth. Advice to keep up a habit; occasional reminding not to drop, or encouragement to continue, this or that practice,—these things we may with justice require and expect of the schoolmaster, but the habits and the practices themselves should be of an earlier date.

Even a little more than this we may fairly claim of the parent,—such a thing, for instance, as a little instruction as regards the holy days of the Church; why Easter Day and Christmas Day are feasts, and what events they commemorate; why a little difference should be made between Lent and other periods of the year. The most sacred days of the Christian year, as it happens, most small boys spend at home; and, apart from their school teaching, a fair proportion of the rising generation connect Christmas Day with little else beyond plum-pudding, mincepies, and turkeys, and regard Good Friday as the first day of the holidays, and, as such, "to be marked with white chalk." This is no exaggeration of facts, and we record it rather as a protest against the not uncommon cry that there is a decadence in the religious instruction of boys in higher-grade schools. The substitution of the word "homes" for "schools" would bring us nearer to the truth.

And now to turn to secular education. "What would you like my boy to be pushed on in?" is a very common and a very pertinent

question. The spirit of the British parent will, we fear, rise up in judgment against us as we humbly suggest a thorough grounding in the three R's — Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic. Modest indeed are our requirements, but the little we would have *known*, we desire also to have *well known*. "Some men," shrewdly remarked the Tichborne Claimant, "have plenty of money and no brains; others have plenty of brains and no money."

We would prefer our small capital, whether of brains or money, to be solidly invested in something after the manner of Consols or any other real security, rather than sprinkled over South American high-dividend stocks. In the investment of both the one or the other commodity we incline to soundness rather than showiness. If the British parent wants a more attractive programme, we will suggest that he should borrow from Miss Cornelia Blimber the time-tables designed for the use of Master Paul Dombey:—

"They comprised a little English, and a deal of Latin—names of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises therein, and preliminary rules—a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, a week or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, and a little general information. When poor Paul had spelt out number two, he found he had no idea of number one; fragments whereof afterwards obtruded themselves into number three, which slid into number four, which grafted itself on to number two. So that whether twenty Romulus made a Remus, or *hic hæc hoc* was troy-weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus, a bull, were open questions with him."

Or shall we transport our interlocutor back to Queen Anne's reign and introduce him to one Mr Switterda?—

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCCXLV.

"Who was formerly recommended by the late King William, and well known by their Excellencies my Lord Sparkin and my Lord Methuen," and "who offers a very easy and delightful Method by which any Person of tolerable Capacity who can but spare time to be twice a-week with him, and an Hour at a time, nay, Children of ten Years of Age, may in one Year learn to speak Latin and French fluently, according to the Grammar Rules, and to understand a Classical Author."

We have in our minds yet another time-table, neither borrowed from fiction nor dating from Queen Anne, but exhibited in a National School some twenty years ago. Thereon the master had proudly entered "English Composition," and it was with a somewhat aggrieved air that the worthy man pointed out to the Examiner—a voluntary, not one of those awful potentates H.M. Inspectors—that his pupils had not been tested in that, to embryo ploughboys, highly important subject.

"I am very sorry," said the offending Examiner; "but, eh—what do you mean exactly by English Composition?"

"Oh, sir!" was the reply, "my boys could write you a life of any famous man. We make an especial point of style."

So a life of Moses was given as a theme. The style, to judge from the first boy's essay, was laconic—so laconic as to be almost misleading:

"Moses broke the ten commandments, and his mother made an ark of bulrushes and put him in it."

It was all true, but the truth did not redeem it from being slightly libellous.

Nor have we to go far afield to find a companion for poor little Paul Dombey in a small boy who—whether at school or at home, it matters not—had been educated on the multiplicity of attainments

principle. For to a good-natured parson not so many years ago there came a neighbour with the request that the parson would allow the neighbour's small boy of ten to come to his study and do some examination papers in his presence.

"He's a sharp boy enough," said the fond father, "and he can do the work all right. But the regulations require that the papers shall be done in the presence of a benefited clergyman, who will send them straight up to the Office. Of course you won't give him any help—in fact, he's not likely to want any; but you might just keep him up to the work, and see that he spends a proper time over it. The people will send you the papers, and some sort of form to fill up."

The parson readily consented: papers and form to fill up arrived in due course, and on the appointed day a small tallow-faced boy of eleven was duly ushered into the study. The parson gave young hopeful a few kindly words of encouragement, arranged him comfortably at the table with a goodly choice of pens, and taking up a book himself, prepared for a lengthy spell of the boy's company. He had previously cast his eye over the contents of the paper, and thought it well suited to test a boy's powers, and to occupy most of the three and a half hours allowed for it. It was a fairly easy paper of the orthodox type—some miles to be reduced to feet, gallons to be added to pints, Troy pounds to be brought to cwts., pence to be subtracted from pounds, some decimal and some vulgar fractions, proportion, practice, a room to be papered, a yard to be paved, the rate of a ship to be calculated, &c., &c. It was lengthy, there being in all some sixteen questions arranged on a graduating scale—the sort of paper, in fact, in which an ordin-

ary boy might be expected to satisfy the examiners, a mathematical genius to make up for any deficiency in other subjects.

The parson was pleased to note that his young *protégé* apparently lacked neither diligence nor enthusiasm, but plunged at once into his work with that amount of snorting and grunting which, coupled with inkiness, denotes that a small boy is very much in earnest. Scratch, scratch, scratch went his pen without cessation for fully half an hour or more; then came a pause of a few minutes, and then, as the parson looked up, there, standing at his elbow with smiling face and folded paper, was the tallow-faced boy.

"Well, my boy, what's the matter?" quoth the parson, cheerily.

"I have finished it."

"Finished! Done all that you can do? Oh dear, no!" said the parson, mindful of his promise to keep his little friend up to the mark. "Don't give in, my boy; try again. Sit down and think a bit, and you'll soon be able to do some more—there's a brave boy."

"But," said the boy, with a superior air, "I have done it all."

"Done the whole paper?" exclaimed the parson, fully awake to the fact that he himself, in his very best day, could never have accomplished so stupendous a feat with such apparent ease and rapidity. "What makes you so awfully clever?" said the grandson to Father William, in that quaint book, 'Alice in Wonderland.' And some such thought passed through the parson's mind as he stared at that self-satisfied and tallow-faced boy. The fond father had indeed said that the boy was sharp enough, but sharp enough was only a feeble description of that youthful prodigy who could reel off those sixteen questions in little over half an hour.

"You've really done every single question?" interrogated the parson once more.

"Oh dear, yes," was the cheery reply.

There was clearly nothing more to be said: the paper was accepted, and the boy dismissed with a reminder that the Latin paper would be forthcoming at the same hour on the following day.

And the parson was left alone with the paper. Strictly speaking—for so said the regulations—he ought to have sealed the paper up at once and despatched it to London. But a spirit of envious curiosity had possessed his soul. Why or how came it that his neighbour should be blessed with such a genius in his son? Why should that man above all men be the sire of a "*natum tali ingenio præditum*"? It was unofficial, of course, but there could be no harm in peeping—just one peep. He peeped once and again, and lo! the whole contents of Pandora's chest were revealed to him. The gay young arithmetician had evidently studied reduction to some purpose, and had offered a practical illustration of its value by at once reducing that lengthy paper to some four or five questions. Troy pounds, quarts, pints, miles, and feet, had been accurately added together, reduced to farthings, and then subdivided by another lot of farthings, the result of the addition of pounds and shillings which had figured in Question I. In the decimal question the silly little points and a few preliminary noughts had been eliminated as obviously inserted "only to annoy," and the other figures had then been added together, and also called farthings, to be in their turn divided by another lot of farthings, the result of two long questions in vulgar fractions. And any apparent difficulty in producing this fourth

batch of farthings had been obviated by the simple process of removing the line between the numerator and denominator, and putting it into what was clearly the proper place for it,—*sic* $\frac{1}{2} \frac{2}{3}$

(ans.) The room had been papered by some half-dozen itinerant hay-makers, who had figured in the proportion sum, and had been added to some stray weeks and days from the same sum, and their forces had been further recruited by some ounces and penny-weights assisted by some odd pence and farthings, which had formed the burden of the practice sum. Then this large army having been raised for the express purpose of papering that room, had by some enchanter's wand been miraculously converted into inches, and in that form left to the mercy of the examiner to retain, disenchant, or further convert to feet and yards, as he might feel inclined. The time that the ship occupied in reaching some given place from Liverpool being clearly a problem, had to rest contented with the verbal answer, "Somewhere about a week."

In short, if regarded from the standpoint of an ingenious if somewhat reckless circumvention of difficulties, the result was a masterpiece. The perusal of this work of art so far upset the moral equilibrium of the parson, that on the following day he took a cursory glance at the Latin paper, the execution whereof had been equally speedy. The answer to the first question amply repaid his inquisitiveness:—

"What are the three concords in Latin? Give examples."

"The first concord is when you put an accusative case; the second concord is when you put a verb instead of an accusative case; and the third concord is when you don't

put either a verb or an accusative case."

Example of them, "Balbus murum ædificabat." Poor little mortal! in that "Balbus murum ædificabat" was possibly comprised his whole knowledge of the Latin language: it was his stock-in-trade, in virtue whereof the fond father fancied that he had sired a Latin scholar, just as the phrase "Pax vobiscum" was the one thing which qualified Wamba and Cedric the Saxon to play the friar.

Whether poor little tallow-face passed his examination, the kindly parson never had the courage to inquire. We trow not, for alas! ingenuity of that stamp is too often, like virtue, its own reward.

But with all due sympathy for Paul Dombey as well as for that tallow-faced boy, we may not utterly and altogether condemn Miss Blimber's time-table — and that for the simple reason that it bears an irritatingly ridiculous resemblance to the curriculum of a preparatory school, and that on the minds of a good many boys as they leave these establishments much the same effect in the way of confused impressions may have been produced as existed in the mind of Paul Dombey. We can, however, plead extenuating circumstances, and say that we are obliged to be subservient to those higher powers the Public Schools. And some of these, if we may judge from the papers set in their entrance examinations, apparently favour an *olla-podrida* of undigested knowledge in preference to a few subjects thoroughly known. Indeed, if the preparatory schoolmaster is to take a fair place in the competition-wallah, he too, like Miss Blimber, must be a "forcer" rather than a teacher. We will not, then, wholly

condemn either Miss Blimber or that governess who is forced to a certain extent to take her for a model by the circumstance that she is bound to carry out the wishes of—dare we use the expression?—an injudicious parent. With all due humility we venture to offer to the parent and governess our own idea of what we should like a boy of nine to be able to do:—

1. To read an easy book articulately and with intelligence, and to be able to point out the parts of speech of every word in a short given passage.

2. To write a bold round hand, crossing t's and dotting i's; and to be sufficiently up in the laws of spelling to do a simple piece of dictation with not more than two mistakes in ten lines.

3. To know his tables, and to be able to do multiplication, addition, division, reduction, subtraction.

"But," says the mother with conviction, "my child knows all that already." If, madam, you have taught him yourself, or even constantly examined him yourself, we may accept your conviction. But if your conviction is only based on a governess's report, pray try the following test. Go to some hard-hearted man, a schoolmaster for choice, and ask him to give you two papers,—one a piece of dictation (and in addition to doing that dictation, he must name what parts of speech each word in the first ten lines is), the other an easy arithmetic paper. Shut the boy up in a room with yourself, away from the governess; put yourself on your honour not to give any help, far less to peep at the answers like our friend the parson; and then send the result off to the hard-hearted man; and if he be an honest as well as a hard-hearted friend, his opinion

will have more weight with us than your conviction.

Another objection we can easily anticipate is, that nothing has been said about history or geography. To this we would answer, that to an intelligent child no story-book has such a fascination as the historical story-book; that the name of these is legion; and that if the selection be judiciously made, the child will learn more about history than at his age he would ever extract from a dry manual. And we will add, that short historical stories told by word of mouth—and who can tell stories of this sort better than an educated woman!—often make a more lasting impression on a child's mind than anything he reads himself. It may be a somewhat lazy form of acquiring knowledge, but not unfrequently the same feeling of curiosity which leads a man to look at the last page of a novel for the *dénouement*, will make a child search out the original story of which he has heard the outlines. So-called curiosity in a child may be appetite for legitimate as well as illegitimate knowledge.

We will suppose that the boy has satisfied the hard-hearted friend, and that the mother is triumphant. "There," she says, "I told you so." Well and good, madam. In the first place, we congratulate you on your governess, and would recommend you to raise her salary, and to do anything in your power to retain her until all your boys have gone to a *preparatory*, or, as we really do not want to press that point, a *public school*. And in the second place, we congratulate you on being the mother of a distinctly intelligent child. We may tell you that our experience has generally been that, if we asked a boy to write down the grammatical name of each word in six lines of an easy book, he has indeed picked

out a few stray nouns or verbs, and here and there an adjective, but that beyond these three his ideas have been so extremely vague that he might as well at once have been armed with a pepper-pot full of the terms "conjunction," "adverb," &c., and scattered the contents broadcast over his paper. And we may add that to this day, *pace* Mason, Morris, and other celebrities, we have never unearthed an English grammar which was the slightest help to a dull boy.

A Harrow master has for some years past, with the view of encouraging a knowledge of history in preparatory schools, offered prizes for competition, and sent round a series of papers A, B, C. A is for all competitors, but only a boy who answers A well is offered paper B, and only a select few who satisfy the examiner in B arrive at the dignity of having their names printed and circulated and being allowed to enter the final stage C.

Let us employ the same system, and now, as our young disciple has passed the qualifying stage A, we will promote him to B.

Let us then allow in our B a little more advanced history, comprising the names and dates of the kings and queens of England, in itself a good effort of memory; some idea of the causes of our great wars, as well as the names of the principal battles and commanders; and let all this be done with the aid of a historical atlas, which shall have not a great many names marked, but simply the names of the really important places. And let him once a-week give on paper in his own language his ideas of some great man, and let not the style be quite so laconic as that of our author of "The Life of Moses."

In geography, too, he should be able to put together one of those

admirable piece-maps of England and of Europe, which will give him an idea of the position of counties and countries, while as an exercise of memory he may learn the capitals of each.

And in this stage B, as he has now mastered the elements of his own language, let him, if you like, go on to French and to Latin, and if he really knows the verbs *avoir* and *être* in the one, and the declensions in the other, he may be sent to a preparatory school with the perfect certainty that he is, if not more apparently advanced, at any rate more thoroughly grounded than nine-tenths of the newcomers he will meet there.

And it follows that to map out all that would come under the heading C, would be for us a work of supererogation.

But—oh, how often have we been asked that question!—which style of Latin pronunciation, the new or the old, do you recommend? There was a time when that question really and truly did excite our expectations and raise our hopes. Now, alas! habit and inurement dictate an evasive answer; for when that question is asked, we have an inward conviction amounting almost to a certainty, that when young hopeful comes to school, the extent of his Latin knowledge will be two declensions badly learnt and badly taught. Provided the boy can transcribe *mensa* and *annus* without a single mistake, both he and his instructors may, so far as we are concerned, pronounce the words in any way their fancy may dictate.

We feel that we are a sort of fungus on the tree of civilisation, creatures at least as much of other people's necessities as of our own choice; that, like Ginx's babies, we are not even cordially accepted by the real authors of our exist-

ence, who talk glibly of our long holidays and short hours, and at the same time have only a very hazy notion of what our work really is. Briefly, then, we may say that our hours of work are from sunrise to sunset, and then from sunset to sunrise—not all teaching hours, we grant you, but hours every one of them in which a matron may come and rouse us from our light slumber to tell us that Master Dombey has got the croup, or Master Toots has developed a rash. Light our slumbers always are; for on the shoulders of the preparatory schoolmaster, from the very first to the very last hour of the school term, rests that anxious responsibility—the care of other people's children, for each one of whom he has to take, in the absent parent's interest, more thought and more precautions than any man would ever dream of taking for his own child. We are as a class far less dependent on the parents than the parents as a class are upon us. The coal strike lately paralysed the industry of the country: a combined strike of preparatory schoolmasters would have an even more startling effect. We are quite willing that for the whole year round the parents should have the full and undisputed benefit of the society of that vivacious young gentleman, who even now bores them so intensely before the end of the vacation. But whereas in the present for some two-thirds of the year they choose to employ our agency, and are often careful to impress upon us their own views of what boys should know when they leave our care, we in our turn have ventured to give some idea of what we should like the boys to know when they first come to us:—

“Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam
Vexatos toties rauci Theseide Codri?”

THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS.

THERE are on view, at the present time of writing, at Mr Rowland Ward's well-known establishment in Piccadilly, the only two full-grown specimens of *Rhinoceros sinus*, the so-called white or square-mouthed rhinoceros, that have ever reached this country. Second only in size among terrestrial mammals to the elephant, the immense and grotesque frames of these old-world creatures are built up and sustained by grass of the field, and might be pressed, one would say, into the service of the Vegetarian Society as notable examples of the result of a purely herbivorous diet. But, in truth, there is a special melancholy interest connected with these colossal forms, for the stuffed skins and the skeletons which once sustained them are all that any of us shall henceforward see of a remarkable race of our fellow-creatures. If it is not yet true that the white rhinoceros is no more, he is all but no more. It is believed that in south-western Africa there exist no more of this species than may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Over these

"Annihilation waves his dusky wing ;"

they must fall before the insatiate butchers who, under the grievous misnomer of sport, persecute those rare and brave animals which come under the head of "big game," and the white rhinoceros, once so plentiful in one corner of the mysterious continent of Africa, must share the fate of the American buffalo, and disappear before improved firearms and explosive bullets. The sole survivor of native British big game is the red-deer, which, though still plentiful in the Highlands and Islands of

Scotland, has there sadly deteriorated in weight of body and spread of horn, owing to the inclement regions in which alone it finds a refuge. Besides these, there are but two spots in the British isles where this noble beast still lingers unconfined — Exmoor and Killarney.

Meanwhile, those of us at home who may divert their thoughts from clamant social and political problems are beginning to be concerned about the impoverishment of our less imposing native fauna. We feel that somehow our wild birds ought to receive better protection, but we differ greatly among ourselves as to the means, or even the possibility, of effecting this. It is not from neglect that they are suffering, but contrariwise from over-abundant attention of several kinds.

Some hold the simple faith that the most desirable end is that wild birds should be protected from extermination in their native haunts, so far as that is consistent with the requirements of an ever-increasing population. Others find a somewhat selfish, if sympathetic, solace in the care of captives, and content themselves with observation of their habits, so far as these may be watched through the wires of a cage ; while a third, and, it is to be feared an increasing, class regard stuffing the empty skins as the only method of preservation worth attention. It may be of interest to examine how far the objects of these three classes may be reconciled and regulated, consistently with due regard to the liberty of the subject. This liberty is sometimes lost sight of in the anxiety of those who, with the best intentions, promote schemes

of legislation of which, while they see the merits, they are insensible to the defects. The difficulty of legislating on some subjects is often inverse to its importance, illustrating the old adage—*De minimis non curat lex*—the law cannot concern itself with trifles.

The most satisfactory outcome, so far, of awakening interest in our native birds, is the solicitude shown by certain landowners and others for the protection of harmless or beneficent species, and this has lately taken concrete form in the establishment of the Society for the Protection of Birds. This society held its second annual meeting last February, and the principal subject of discussion was the bill to amend and extend the Wild Birds Protection Act (1880). This bill has been introduced in four successive sessions of Parliament. In the first two of these years it was in charge of Mr A. Pease and Sir Edward Grey; in the last two it has fallen to Mr J. Pease and myself to conduct it. In its original form the bill made penal the killing of certain species, named in a schedule, in any part of the United Kingdom. Now, the wisdom of Parliament may be held to be beyond dispute, but, if one may speak and live, it is neither omniscient nor infallible; and to lay down a hard-and-fast rule in this matter, equally applicable to every district—to the woodlands of Warwickshire and the crags of Caithness, the heaths of Surrey and the bogs of Connemara—would be to bring the wisdom of Parliament into very hazardous repute. Not only do districts vary materially in their character and avifauna, but some of the species named for protection under the bill of 1892, though exceedingly rare in some

counties at the present time, would become, if strictly preserved, inconveniently common. Eagles, kites, buzzards, peregrine falcons and merlins, harriers and ravens (all of which were named in the schedule of Sir Edward Grey's bill), are objects almost as unfamiliar in English rural scenes as the proverbial black swan was to the Roman populace in classical times; but were it made penal to molest them, the air itself would be darkened with these birds of ravin. Grouse (the solitary species that we can claim as the exclusive property of the British Isles) would become very scarce, and the price of English partridges would rise far beyond the means of thousands of householders who are able under present conditions to number the little brown bird among the occasional luxuries of their fare. We should be called on to sacrifice not only the interests of field-sport, but the presence in numbers of beautiful and edible birds, in order to secure that of birds equally or more beautiful, but valueless to our comfort. Nor is that all. Pastoral industry in these islands is maintaining a mortal struggle with foreign competitors. How would it be with hill-farmers if they were commanded under pains and penalties to abstain from defending their lambs from the cruel assaults of eagles and ravens? Clearly it would be a gross act of tyranny to enact such a law.

Howbeit, as these proposals have been abandoned, it avails not to discuss them further, though it seems well to point out some of their objectionable features, lest, as may happen, they should some day be laid again before the House of Commons when that assembly is in one of its melting moods.

Seeing, then, that Parliament is a machine too little sensible of local peculiarities to be used for the adjustment of local regulation of this matter, it has naturally occurred to those anxious to effect some protection for rare or interesting species, to intrust county councils with powers to apply for prohibitive orders in favour of such birds as those best acquainted with, and most directly interested in, the various localities may deem it desirable to protect.

So far every one, or almost every one, seems agreed; but then arises the difficult question, What form of prohibition would prove at once most effective and least oppressive? The bill introduced into the House of Commons last year took up the subject *ab ovo*, and was an Egg Bill pure and simple. It provided that county councils should obtain power from the Secretary of State in England or the Secretary for Scotland, and, in Ireland (where there are no county councils), quarter sessions should obtain power from the Lord Lieutenant, to prohibit the taking of eggs of named species within the area of their jurisdiction or any part thereof. The bill passed through all its stages in the Commons with the hearty assent of all parties, with this further provision added in Committee, that powers should be afforded in like manner to prohibit the capture or destruction, during part or the whole of the year, of such species as the county councils should select for protection. It was not until the measure came to be considered in the less emotional atmosphere of the House of Lords that practical objections presented themselves to these proposals. Ornithologists of undoubted repute had been consulted, and expressed the discouraging view, which has since been

indorsed in the 'National Review' for April 1894, by Lord Lilford, who holds a very high place in natural science, and whose opinion cannot fail to carry great weight:—

"Some few of us may identify birds, but I think that I shall meet with the support of all conscientious ornithologists when I say that not one of them would swear to the specific identity of any British bird's egg, without having clearly identified the parent bird, as he or she left the nest that contained it."

It must be hoped that this statement admits of some modification, seeing that the existing laws prohibit the taking of eggs of certain species classed as game—pheasants, grouse, partridge, &c.

Professor Newton ably illustrated the difficulty of identification at the meeting of the Society for the Protection of Birds. Among many other examples he took that of the ruff, a beautiful bird once plentiful, now all but extinct on the British shores. He placed three eggs before the audience, one of a reeve (the female of the ruff), another of a redshank, and a third of a lapwing, and showed how closely they resembled each other, arguing therefrom that, in order to protect the eggs of the reeve, those of the redshank and lapwing, both common species, must be made *taboo* also. What would then become of the supply of plover's eggs? This evidence, and much more like it, must go far to convince the advocates of legislation that there is so much variability in the eggs of a single species, and so much resemblance between the eggs of different species, as often to make it impossible even for experts to pronounce with confidence upon their identity: how much more would it be beyond the power of rural con-

stables or gamekeepers to speak with authority!

The House of Lords took this view last year, and striking out the provision for protecting the eggs of species, substituted one for the total prohibition of all egg-taking in such areas as county councils might specify. Further, they refused to give powers to these local authorities to prohibit the capture or destruction of certain species of birds, but inserted a clause to enable them to add such birds to the schedule of the original Act, whereby they should be protected during the nesting season. But in thus avoiding one set of objections, another set, almost as fatal to the intention of the promoters of the bill, had to be encountered. If the protection of areas were adopted in lieu of the protection of the eggs of selected species, it would follow that in order to preserve the nests of interesting, useful, or rare birds, all other birds, however common or however mischievous, breeding within the protected area, would be brought under the ægis of the law.

Two or three instances will suffice to show the absurd results that might ensue. Suppose the County Council of London, inspired with the laudable desire of protecting the nests of nightingales on Wimbledon Common, were to obtain powers to declare that place a protected area, it would forthwith become illegal to take the eggs of any bird within defined limits. It happens that one of the most hurtful and least ornamental birds in the British list—the carrion crow—breeds in that neighbourhood, and has greatly increased in numbers of late years. It is a greedy and cruel marauder, and it would be a most undesirable result of legislation that it should

be allowed to multiply unchecked. It would be equally unreasonable to foster unduly the common house-sparrow, which is in no danger of extinction, and does infinite damage in villa gardens; yet both these species would be sacred within the protected area.

Again,—suppose the County Council of Northumberland were resolved to protect the kingfisher (and who but collectors or school-boys would find it in their hearts to gainsay such a merciful project?), would it not be utterly unreasonable to forbid the taking of all eggs on the banks of streams frequented by kingfishers?

Now, take a case from a more remote portion of the realm. In Foula, one of the Shetland Isles, and one or two other remote spots in that region, there still exist colonies of the great skua or bonxie. The rarity of their eggs has brought them into great demand with collectors, and the natives of these islands derive a good profit from their sale. But the skua that lays these golden eggs is in some danger of extinction by reason of the indiscriminate rapacity of the islanders. Who, indeed, shall blame the poor fellows for taking advantage of this means of adding to their slender incomes? but it were better, in their own interest, that some check should be set upon wholesale robbery of the nests, or the day will come when the source of profit will cease altogether, and the British fauna be deprived of a very interesting bird. Last year, it is said that not a single chick was hatched in Foula; every egg was taken and sold to collectors: and now there are in the islands less than one hundred pairs of bonxies to carry on the stock. The eggs will be taken each season, and some day bird-lovers will have to mourn the ir-

reparable fact that the bonxie has shared the fate of the great auk. This is just one of those cases which cause people to look to the Legislature to do something; but it is also one of those cases in which the protection of an area would be impracticable, or, in so far as it might prove practicable, tyrannical. It would probably be impracticable, or next door to impracticable, because of the difficulty of enforcing such a law in so remote a district as Foula; and it would certainly be tyrannical, because, to prohibit all egg-taking in Foula, where the annual egg-harvest is essential to the subsistence of the natives, would be to inflict a grievous hardship on the people.

It would almost seem, therefore, as if the alternative means of protection afforded under the bill in its present shape—the protection of species and the protection of areas—were equally unworkable. There remains this objection common to both of them, that the persons who are at the root of the mischief—the professional collectors—would not be much affected, and the offenders most easily overtaken would be the last whom any one would wish to punish. So long as birds persist in laying attractive eggs at the sweetest season of the year, so long will bird-nesting prove irresistible to school-boys, and no matter how the prohibited species or prohibited areas were marked off, it would be school-boys who would be pounced upon by the constable or gamekeeper. Experts in ornithology are not more commonly found upon county councils than in other assemblies; it would not, probably, be the rarest and most valuable species that would receive attention, but familiar song-birds—the thrush, the robin, and the chaf-

finch—universal favourites, and deservedly so, but absolutely beyond present need of protection. To such as these we are under no debt which may not be cancelled by a supply of crumbs, bones, and kitchen scraps in hard weather; because, having almost wiped out of existence the sparrow-hawk and others of their enemies, they are present with us in far greater numbers than they could ever have been had we not interfered to their advantage with the balance of nature.

For the third main provision of this bill, enabling county councils, with the approval of the Secretary of State, to add selected species to the schedule of the original Act, thereby affording them a close-time in the breeding season, there is more to be said; but it must be admitted that this would be but a sorry survival from what was originally an Egg Bill. There is little doubt that, had the county councils of the Scottish Border counties possessed this power, they would, during the plague of voles which devastated their upland pastures in 1891 and 1892, have decreed the preservation of kestrels and owls of all sorts, nor is it likely that the interests of game-preservers would have suffered much under the edict. It is true that the useful kestrel does occasionally, in individual cases, fall into depraved habits, and frequent the coops where young pheasants are being reared. Owls, also, are not above suspicion in that respect. But these are exceptions to the regular habits of these birds, and the good they effect in devouring vermin immensely outweighs the mischief. The fox is treated with consideration by game-preservers in hunting countries, because of his service to the noble science: not less considerate should sportsmen show themselves to these

birds, so helpful to farmers; for all wild sports must come to an end unless a generous system of give and take be maintained between sportsmen and agriculturists. It is a platitude often uttered at Agricultural Society dinners, that the interests of landlord and tenant are identical. This is as far from being the case as it is in any kind of barter or commercial transaction, but it is quite true that these interests are so inextricably interwoven that a good understanding between parties is essential to the weal of both.

The Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture to inquire into the vole plague received overwhelming evidence in support of the good work done by mouse-eating birds; but they also heard a great deal more than was proved to be trustworthy. The origin and development of the scourge of voles in Scotland had been commonly attributed to the destruction of birds of prey by gamekeepers, but in the course of the inquiry that idea was shown to be utterly unfounded. Not only do the chronicles show that from the earliest times of which there is any record, long before small-game-preserving was carried out in the modern sense, both in this and other lands, unaccountable swarms of small rodents have suddenly appeared and disappeared as suddenly; but when the Committee visited the plains of Thessaly, which in 1892 and 1893 were devastated by an outbreak of voles, they found that the plague had arisen in the presence of innumerable kites, buzzards, kestrels, and other mouse-eating birds, which nobody cares to molest in that country. Nevertheless, the presence of such birds in moderate numbers will undoubtedly

ly mitigate, and possibly in some cases altogether avert, such visitations.

To return to the problem of how the eggs of desirable species may be protected without tyrannical interference with rural liberty, it must be confessed that the right method does not yet seem to have been devised; and probably no more likely solution of the difficulty is to be found than that suggested by Mr Digby Pigott in a recent letter to the 'Times'—namely, that landowners should enjoy as much right to protect eggs laid on their ground as they have to protect gooseberries growing in their gardens. That might be effective in a few isolated instances. It would provide some safeguard for the only two eyries of the osprey which are still frequented in the Highlands of Scotland, and it would meet the views of a proprietor of one of the Western Isles, who, being laudably anxious to preserve the eyrie of a pair of white-tailed eagles which breed annually on his land, finds his desire frustrated year after year by the eagerness with which the eggs are sought after, owing to the high price given for them by collectors. Well-known and well-marked species like the osprey and sea-eagle might benefit by these means, but less conspicuous, though to the naturalist not less interesting, birds would hardly be in a position of greater security. Few landowners have acquainted themselves with any except the most conspicuous birds visiting their woods and fields. They are scarcely, as a class, qualified to administer prohibitive powers in this matter with discretion. Moreover, a very large number of them are absent from their homes at the critical season of the year.

In addition to all these objec-

tions, there remains the physical difficulty of protecting those birds which breed in solitary or desolate places. Probably no British bird undergoes at the present time more unmerited persecution than the red-legged chough. His eggs bring a good price, and so does his body, dead or alive, for none makes a more engaging captive than the bird of St Columba. He is already under the shelter of the Act of 1880; but inasmuch as his haunts are the lonely cliffs of the west, the law is practically a dead letter, for there is no one at hand to enforce it. The result is that this harmless and attractive bird is becoming annually more scarce, and is in proximate danger of extinction. And if it has proved thus impossible to protect the parent birds, how much more difficult it would be to protect their eggs. Nesting as they do on the same rocks as their vulgar cousins the jackdaws, who is to restrain the hand which does useful service in clutching the eggs of the daws from seizing those of the choughs?

On the whole, therefore, it would seem that all these benevolent schemes are foredoomed to failure, because none of them touches the root of the evil—the professional collector. Not that he is morally to blame; he is but earning his livelihood, and will continue to do so as long as amateurs are so thoughtless as to offer long prices for British specimens. It is a loftier ambition, perhaps, to possess a complete collection of the eggs of British birds than to be the owner of volumes of damaged postage-stamps: the associations connected with the egg-cabinet are more romantic than those of the stamp-album; but it does not follow that one pursuit is more intel-

lectual than the other. The instinct of annexation and the excitement of competition are in most cases the ruling incentive. Science must be served by complete collections in museums, but most private cabinets of eggs serve no higher purpose than recreation, and for one amateur oologist who has by observation contributed a single fact to the knowledge of natural history, there are hundreds who affect no perceptible result except the impoverishment of the native fauna. It is devoutly to be wished that they would direct their attention to old china or mineralogy.

Even more mischievous is the eagerness for having stuffed specimens. It is a just joy that the owner of land feels when he has become the temporary host of some rare visitant, which has lighted in his woods or on his waters; and if he is a true lover of nature, the very last act he will dream of is to aim at it anything more deadly than a spy-glass. For him it is reward enough to record the fact, with satisfactory evidence of manner, time, and place. This ought always to be done; but too often it is otherwise. The eagle draws notice to himself by his noble flight and bearing; the bittern is betrayed by his resounding boom; the hoopoe or golden oriole are irresistible in their gay plumage: season after season one has to read of the cruel reception awarded to such stragglers; and it is deplorable vanity, not patriotic pride, with which the victims are afterwards displayed, as if their fate reflected lustre on the local magnate. As long as this is so, the professional collector will be on the alert, and Lord Lilford has drawn timely attention to an additional incentive which is offered to him.

People with some pretension, it must be supposed, to serving science, will actually pay far more for specimens of certain birds killed in Britain than for those obtained in countries where they are more plentiful. For this there is not a shadow of excuse. The skin of a hoopoe is the skin of a hoopoe, whether the bird be certified to have been shot in Kent, where it is an exceedingly rare visitant, or in France, where it is of frequent occurrence. What reason, therefore, can there be in offering for the first four times the price that is given for the second? But such are the ways of amateur collectors, and until they become more intelligent there will always be found folk industrious to serve them.

Long ago John Ruskin sounded the coronach over the last small white egret killed in England in 1840. He compared its feathers to the "frostwork of dead silver"; it resembled a "living cloud rather than a bird." A labouring man bludgeoned it to death, rolled it up with blood and black mud in his handkerchief, and sold it to the local bird-stuffer. What penal enactment could have saved it? Not less shameful was the treatment dealt out to another beautiful summer resident, the black tern, which Pennant described in 1769 as frequenting parts of Lincolnshire in great flocks, and almost deafening him with their clamour. As late as 1818, Richard Lubbock recorded that it bred in myriads near Acle, in Norfolk. There is silence now where the joyful clamour once was: the terns have been massacred. The last pair bred at Sutton, in Norfolk, in 1858; their eggs were taken, and the parent birds were shot.

Colonel Coulson told another sorrowful story at the meeting of

the Society for the Protection of Birds:—

"A few months ago we were visited by a flock of twenty-four wild swans. They descended on our wild and beautiful Northumberland lakes, but barely had they got there when the cry went forth announcing their arrival, and everybody who could get a gun went out, even on Sunday morning, and every available day was spent in worrying and destroying these poor swans until there was no longer any trace left of them."

The murder of these four-and-twenty peerless birds may have afforded a spasm of triumph to four-and-twenty gunners; but if people were trained to see in a flight of wild swans one of the noblest spectacles in animated nature, enjoyment of a far purer and more lasting kind might have been shared by four-and-twenty thousand Northumbrians.

How is such knowledge to be imparted? Not by the action of Parliament, but, if in any way, by the missionary enterprise of such a Society as that for the Protection of Birds. It exists for the purpose of persuading people that there is a better way of receiving winged visitants than with powder and lead; that it were greatly more to the credit of our people that swans should come and go with never a bloodstain on their spotless plumes. Let every one who sighs over the destruction of harmless animals become a member of this excellent Society, which he may do by forwarding half-a-crown to the secretary, Mrs F. E. Lemon, Hillcrest, Redhill, Surrey.

Besides the actual slayers and purchasers of the slain, there remains a very numerous class of amateurs who contribute in some measure to the molestation of British wild birds, though not in

the same degree to the extermination of rare species as the collectors of eggs and skins. This is the class comprising all who keep birds in cages,—from the owner of the well-tended, scientifically ordered aviary, down to the humble householder in a back slum who takes pleasure in the song of a caged lark. It is an ungrateful task to speak harshly of any member of this class, for so keen is the delight afforded by the care of winged captives to many of those whose delights are few, that to secure this enjoyment it may seem a light matter to deprive even these, the freest of living creatures, of their liberty. Nevertheless, it must be owned that in order to keep up the enormous supply of cage-birds called for in this country, a vast amount of suffering is brought upon the fowls of the air. It may be admitted at once that this traffic has very little effect upon the numbers of really rare birds in this island. The ranks of larks and finches are replenished by each annual migration; and although one may feel justly indignant when the pretty goldfinches disappear from a favourite common, to reappear in very cramped quarters in the dealer's shop, still there is consolation in the thought that the effect on the general stock in the country is hardly appreciable. The instinct of the collector when he comes upon a really rare bird is not to catch and cage it, but to shoot and skin it.

It is from a humanitarian point of view that the matter is so sorrowful, and this is the view which, it is hoped, some of those who keep cage-birds may be induced to realise. These persons, of course, consist of two classes: first, those who may either be the masters of magnificent and well-

managed aviaries, or possess no more than a few tame pets, which are assiduously and intelligently tended, with ceaseless regard to their comfort and habits; second, those who like never to be without cage-birds in their houses, but keep them, as goldfish are kept in crystal globes, merely as elegant ornaments or for the enjoyment of their song. Persons in the first class shall have little laid to their charge; indeed, experts, such as Lord Lilford, who maintain large collections of living birds at great expense, are performing a service to science which can hardly be overestimated. But it is incumbent on those who keep winged creatures in captivity merely for their own amusement to atone by sedulous kindness for this insuperable initial objection to the practice, that it involves depriving them of the use of the special faculty distinguishing birds from all other warm-blooded animals—the power of flight. If the enjoyment of life to all animals consists in, or depends on, the exercise of natural faculties, it is difficult to see how birds, forbidden to exercise their distinguishing gift, can be otherwise than unhappy. How would it be with a pair of human creatures who, having fallen into the power of a being of immeasurably greater strength and intelligence than themselves, should be lodged and fed, caressed and protected, by him with unceasing care, but should nevertheless be prisoners, prohibited from travel or visits to friends, and, in order the better to guard against their escape, be deprived of the power of articulate speech? Would not every reasonable man or woman prefer speedy death to long life under such conditions? Yet this would not be greater punishment in proportion than is inflicted on every wild bird committed to cap-

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tivity. The great majority of birds are more or less subject to the seasonable migratory impulse:—"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." Who shall gauge the amount of mute misery that racks the little hearts of such birds as the skylark or the nightingale, when obedience to this imperious and immemorial influence is denied them? What exile from his country has ever fretted more hopelessly than the pair of snow-buntings which Bechstein says he kept for six years in his room? "During the night," he says, "they seem very uneasy, hopping and running about continually." These pretty little birds generally languish and die in captivity from heat; all possible precautions that may be taken to keep them cool are but trivial palliatives to creatures which naturally spend the summer among the icy wastes and frozen seas of the Arctic circle. To keep them pent in the stuffy atmosphere of a town is an act as stupid and unfeeling in its degree as it would be to export children from Lochaber to be reared in Sierra Leone.

Such reflections as these seldom enter the heads of the possessors of caged pets; but it does not require a very elaborate mental effort to realise that abundant food, although it is the first, is not the only element in the happiness of bird-life. The merle and thristle, typical grove-haunters, delight in the cool green brake and lush woodland grass; the skylark and pipit love the free air of the moor and the sunny expanse of meadow: it is not possible to suppose that, hung on the brick wall of a London mews, or confined in the dreary, dusty atmosphere of a street, they do not pine to regain their native

scenes. Lord Lilford says he has not the heart to grudge to hard-worked men and women the acquisition of a goldfinch or a linnet, because of the intense delight afforded by the possession of such a pet to people pent in crowded quarters. Well, I confess my sympathy is with the bird. The delight it affords its captors arises from association with the greenwood and the open field, dearer to the little prisoner than to its gaolers, but which it is doomed to see never more—surely a selfish delight at best. The simple fact that the little cages in which skylarks are imprisoned are provided with linen tops, to prevent these birds injuring their heads by their irresistible tendency to soar, is full of painful suggestion. It is tyranny of the kind that would tether a child's legs to prevent him running and jumping.

But here is a still more mournful consideration. Of all wild warm-blooded animals, birds are least subject to disease while at liberty. Bechstein, the acknowledged authority on caged birds, is obliged to admit that—

"all tame animals are much more subject to disease than wild ones; and birds so much the more, as they are often shut up in very small cages, where they can take no exercise."

Pip, rheum, atrophy, consumption, asthma, disease of the gland which supplies the cosmetic oil wherewith the bird anoints its feathers, epilepsy, diseases of the feet and pairing fever, are some of the ills to which birds in confinement are specially liable; and although owners generally exhibit plenty of anxiety to cure the maladies of their captives, not one in fifty possesses the requisite knowledge of their wants to avert them. Indeed, no amount of fore-

thought avails to protect some birds from disease and death, which are the inevitable consequence of captivity to certain species. Bechstein declared that with every attention and the greatest care he had never known a single instance of a golden oriole surviving captivity more than three or four months. Probably the instinct of migration is so strong in these and other birds, or their innate longing for their natural surroundings of foliage, herbage, or rocks so unconquerable, that they succumb to what may be justly described as a broken heart.

When a bird's constitution is so strong, or his spirit so stout, as to resist the depressing effects of imprisonment, it is possible that compensation for what he has lost in liberty may have been made in part by security and plentiful food. The eagles have been driven from their immemorial eyries in the Galloway hills. The last golden eagles were destroyed there about 1834, the last *ernes* about 1862. But of the last-named species there still remains at Cairnsmore a solitary descendant. For forty years this bird has been chained to a stake: he eats, he sleeps, he keeps his health, yet I, for one, cannot endure the hate that burns in his fierce eye, and his hoarse voice seems charged with curses on tyrant man, who has massacred his kindred and condemned him to ignoble cap-

tivity. It must be left to each one to decide for himself whether the lot of this bird is more to be desired, or more creditable to his captors, than if he had been done to death with the others. The eagle is not of a nature like the daw or the magpie or the parrot, which can humble themselves to become the companions of man. There is a long-standing vendetta, dating perhaps from the days of Ganymede, between the king of birds and the lord of creation. Men and eagles must always be enemies; but it is pleasant to think that, in some parts of the Highlands, means have been found to establish an honourable truce between them.

There is no writer more sympathetic with his subject than Bechstein: he was filled with intelligent affection for his favourites, yet even he could not disguise the suffering entailed upon animated nature by the traffic in birds. The most sorrowful chapter in his book is that which prescribes the methods of catching wild birds. The true lover of birds is he who is most diligent in acquiring a knowledge of their haunts and habits, and watching them, aided by a spy-glass, in the full enjoyment of liberty. It is by this means that knowledge of natural history may be added to and diffused, which is only hindered by the encouragement of indiscriminate collectors.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE RED BODICE AND THE BLACK FLY.

It was in the Highlands—no matter where—that the following adventure occurred.

I had weathered my thirtieth birthday heart whole, which phenomenon was probably due to the constant pursuit of sport from year's end to year's end; but hints as to the desirability of matrimony had of late been frequently dropped by would-be well-wishers of both sexes, till at last my oldest male friend tackled me seriously on the subject. After listening patiently to all the usual arguments in favour of "settling down," to him I replied: "My dear man, I have no objection whatever to marriage, but there are the hounds to be hunted and looked after all winter; horse-shows, dog-shows, steeple-chase-riding, and salmon-fishing in the spring; trout-fishing, racing, and polo in the summer; salmon-fishing, shooting, and cub-hunting in the autumn: now, how on earth can a fellow find time to discover and make up to a girl who, after all, might refuse him? But look here," I added, after a short pause, "if you will select the young lady, do all the love-making, and arrange the preliminaries up to the church door, I'll marry her—there now!" For some reason or other he smiled, but I was left in peace ever afterwards to "gang my ain gate" as a hopeless bachelor.

This conversation took place at midsummer, while I was in the act of packing up my tackle preparatory to starting on a trout-fishing expedition to the Highlands.

For three consecutive seasons a certain river had completely puzzled me, and though the creel was now and then well filled, its

contents on such rare occasions only acted as an incentive, and stimulated my piscatorial desires to the most acute pitch. For the fourth time, the previous summer, I had endeavoured to discover the feeding habits of the grand trout with which the river swarmed, and with sufficient success to encourage me to make a fifth attempt. In addition to the conviction that there were very heavy trout to be caught if one only knew how to circumvent them, the wild, weird nature of the river itself fascinated me. Its bottom is treacherous and shifting; and in some places the whole of the powerful current is contracted between high and perpendicular cliffs, so that deep rapid pools are formed between them; while in others the river is broken up by islands, the root-bound banks of which overhang mysterious and awful-looking eddies. Scotch fir and spruce fight their way from between the crevices in the cliffs; the banks of the broader streams and islands are bordered by alder, larch, and hazel; and when I arrived, the high and sharply rising mountains, which flank the valley on either side, had just received the first purple tinge of heather bloom. The beauties of nature and high-class angling are inseparable, and the wilder and the more romantic the scenery, the more exciting and absorbing is the sport in proportion; for who has ever caught either trout or salmon perfect in quality and beauty in an ugly country? As scenery deteriorates, so do fish, till at last we arrive at "miller's thumbs" in a muddy roadside duck-pond. But I am digressing.

My latest experiences had taught me several things: firstly, that at midsummer the trout rose either at noon or midnight, and frequently at both times; secondly, that the most killing flies were the yellow dun and black spider by day, and the partridge hackle and black spider by night; and thirdly, that the finest tackle was in all cases necessary. Though, owing to the smoothness of its bottom, it did not always appear so, the current of the river was everywhere very strong, and therefore I found it advisable to use a well-oiled checkless reel if one would avoid breakages; for, especially in the deep black hole between the cliffs, it was often impossible to see fish rise, as, lying near the surface, they sucked in the sunk fly, and then perhaps an unexpected and simultaneous "rug" by a brace of pounders would leave the angler with little besides his rod and running-line. Another novelty in the equipment was an extra-sized landing-net made of waterproof silk—for that substance is least likely to become entangled with the flies, especially at night; and this on an iron rim was attached to a stout ash staff so as to assist me in wading. The rod I had designed for the river was a 13-foot single-handed greenheart with one splice, and in case the tackle should be seriously injured after dark a "bull's-eye" was not forgotten. My attendant, William, was an expert oarsman who at one time had almost laid claim to championship honours. But beyond being a faithful servant, this was his sole qualification as a gillie, for he had never seen a fish caught with rod and line in his life; and I mention his accomplishment because, had it not been for his fine oarsmanship, I would probably have been drowned in attempting

to cast over the mighty trout the capture of which was destined to change the whole course of my life. Local gillies there were in plenty,—Black Hughs and Red Hughs, Red Sandies and Black Sandies, and Rodericks and Donalds galore of every size and colour, whose business it was to pilot visitors on the great black loch twelve miles long, or offer them sage advice on the banks of the river which flowed from it. Half a mile from the loch and close to the river my quarters were situated. I had engaged the best of these men some weeks beforehand, but at the last moment he threw me over; so having, as I opined, a sufficient knowledge of the loch, and being conceited enough to believe that I knew more about the river than any one else, William was imported.

Many an hour had I pondered, many a pipe had I smoked during the winter evenings over the mysteries of this unconquerable river, and once again I was tucked up in a "sleeper" and travelling northward; and I did dream of playing alligators on drawn gut; of quicksands and terrible waterfalls towards which I was irresistibly drawn; of rivers without bottoms, and lakes without ends, till suddenly a shrill, and, as it seemed, familiar whistle awoke me to the fact that the train was wending its way through the Pass of Killiecrankie, and that, so far as rail was concerned, the journey was near its end.

As we started on a long drive, after quitting the train, the creamy-looking mists were just dispersing up the mountain-sides under the influence of the rising sun, and perhaps the most lovely country in the world lay before us.

I am a violin-player, and so powerful was the influence of the

scenery over me, that it was impossible to deny the "cremona" an opportunity of speaking. As the view constantly changed, some old Highland air applicable to the spot we were passing sprang from the brain to the strings: for instance, while within sight of a cluster of thatched cottages, or a cultivated farm on the hillside, "Auld Robin Gray," "Jessie the Flower of Dunblane," and "My Heart is sair for Somebody," rang from the king of all instruments; while a turn in the road through a rocky pass would suggest "Lochiel's March" or "Charlie is my Darling"; and farther on, with the half-way roadside inn in sight, could one resist "Gillie Callum," "Tullochgorum," "Mrs M'Leod," and other blood-stirring "skirls"?

At half-past ten we arrived at our destination, and found the hotel empty, for by that time in the morning all the visitors were out fishing, either on the loch or the river; so having accepted the hospitable dram on crossing the threshold, the greenheart was spliced, and all speed made for the deep black pool between the cliffs previously referred to. The weather being very hot, to that particular spot I had pinned my faith, feeling sure that at mid-day trout would be on the look-out for fly in the cool shades. As we approached, what was my horror on perceiving a bright red spot, like a danger-signal, perched on the very apex of the cliff overhanging the pool! On a closer inspection the "danger-signal" proved to be a lady who was sketching, and so vivid was the colour of her bodice that its reflection could be seen in the depths below. The back of the sketcher alone being visible, in my indignation it was but natural to conclude that she also wore blue

stockings, spectacles, and a wig; for I had travelled four hundred miles to fish the Cliff Pool, only to find every trout in it scared by what I regarded as some hideous apparition. In the intense heat it was of no use fishing the open streams, so I returned in the worst of tempers, and sulked for the rest of the day on the loch. The next three days were passed in exactly the same manner, and I began to think that the sketch, which no doubt was a frightful daub, would never be finished.

Now, an angler who would do himself and his water justice must be absolutely free from all restraint, for his movements entirely depend on the whims of the fish—he should feed when they do *not*, rest when they *do*, and be at hand at all times, never leaving the water-side so long as a chance remains; consequently, what with fishing the river at mid-day, the loch in the afternoon and evening, watching the river at night (as yet there had been no sign of the night rise), and resting in the morning when fishing in the river was useless, I was never in at meal-times, and therefore had no idea who the other visitors in the hotel were till I met them at the five o'clock *table d'hôte* on Sunday. Arriving somewhat late for dinner after a wander by the beloved river, I felt dimly conscious, on being conducted to a seat, that there was something *red* in the room, and presently found myself placed opposite to that red something. Instantly it occurred to me that at last I was face to face with the "enemy" in the red bodice. Anon peeping over my soup-plate, I perceived that the hands belonging to the wearer of the objectionable garment were small and delicately formed; so after the approved manner of the

clown in the pantomime, who, having recently stolen a leg of mutton, suddenly discovers the baton of a policeman under his nose, my gaze gradually travelled upwards from her hands till, instead of beholding, as I expected, the countenance of a starched and grim "blue stocking," my eyes met those of the most lovely girl I have ever seen. To me the shock was almost galvanic. Next to Miss "Red Bodice" sat her father, a handsome old clergyman, and the general conversation chancing to turn on scenery and painting, there could no longer be any doubt that the young lady was the "danger-signal" of the Cliff Pool.

Though incompetent to do justice to the subject, I will attempt to describe her as she rose to leave the table. She had a great quantity of dead-coloured brown hair, growing low on the broad brows, from which it was simply bound back, a nose neither Grecian nor Roman, and a complexion clear and pale. The upper lip was perhaps a thought too long; but so wonderfully sensitive were the curves of the mouth that they seemed to lend to her large dreamy hazel eyes an expression almost mystical, so that I feared to look her in the face. Her voice was rich and musical, her name Nellie, and tall, with a beautifully proportioned figure *vera incessu patuit dea*.

I love beauty, whether visible in scenery, dogs, horses, women, or fish; but the latter were uppermost in my mind at the moment, and it seemed that the only chance of getting at the Cliff Pool would be by making friends with his reverence and his daughter, and then by some stroke of diplomacy persuading her to paint elsewhere. With this object in view, I regularly attended every meal for the next few days (much to the aston-

ishment of William, who could not understand such a change of procedure), and was soon on the best of terms with the father, who was not only a charming man, but as keen on fishing as a schoolboy out for a holiday. One morning, while strolling round a secluded angle of the hotel, I found the young lady in the act of assisting her father to put on his waders, and was about to retire when he called me back. As we chatted over the fishing prospects of the day, it was impossible not to observe the graceful simplicity of her movements, as, kneeling down, she buckled on her father's brogues, nor the evident strong affection between father and daughter. Presently handing me a bunch of trout-flies, he asked my opinion of them, and after a critical examination, I replied that they were the most daintily and best tied flies I had ever seen, but that perhaps some of the patterns were not quite suitable to the river.

"Nellie, do you hear that?" said the old gentleman, with a smile, as he laid one hand on her glossy hair; then turning to me, he added, "My daughter dresses all my flies." How often since have I thanked my stars that I found no fault with those flies!

Away trotted the happy father over the bridge in order to fish, as was his custom, some easily accessible streams from the opposite side of the river; while Nellie tripped into the house, but soon, as I observed from a coigne of vantage, reappeared laden with sketching materials, and took the path down the near bank in the direction of the Cliff Pool. Now, if ever, was my opportunity to come to some arrangement with the "Danger-Signal" as to the coveted cast; so having given her half an hour's start, I collected William

and the tackle and deliberately followed. When within sight of the red bodice, by a wave of the hand I signalled William to turn off to the right down-stream outside the plantation, and then alone I entered the shade of the Scotch firs. The sound of footsteps was rendered inaudible to Nellie by the murmur of the river, and as her back was towards me, she was quite unconscious that any one was approaching. In a soft contralto voice she was singing "Jock o' Hazeldean" as she painted, and this was followed by "Comin' thro' the Rye." Standing motionless within a few paces of her, who could resist remaining in concealment till the last rich note had ceased to vibrate? Then I felt what a selfish brute I was; for what right had I to intrude upon the privacy of this sweet songstress, or interfere with her happiness? But I had gone too far to retreat, and could now only make the best of the matter by presenting myself. On seeing me, as was to be expected, she started violently.

"Pardon me," I said, "I am most awfully sorry. I did not intend to frighten you—indeed I did not. Do forgive me. I only wanted to ask you something, if I may."

"Oh, certainly," she answered, smiling, and quickly recovering herself, but glancing rather nervously (as I thought) up-stream towards her father, who was within sight.

Seating myself on the edge of the cliff a few yards off, I continued: "This is the best pool in the river; would you mind sitting a little farther back, because" (pointing downwards) "your reflection scares the trout?"

A ruder, more bungling speech

no man could have made. Fancy bird, beast, or fish being scared by an apparition half so lovely!

"I am so sorry," she answered; "but why did you not tell me before? I have never seen any one attempt to fish this pool, and I did not think it was possible?"

"Yes," I said, "it is very difficult, but it *can* be done,—but pray do not move," I added, as she was about to rise, "for it is too late to do any good to-day."

After conversing on other topics as long as propriety allowed, I took my leave, only hoping that I had not seriously offended her. Conscious of my rudeness, and feeling, for some other cause (which I did not then understand), very shy and uncomfortable, both dinner that night and breakfast next morning were avoided. I turned out William early without a word as to our destination, which, it is needless to say, was the Cliff Pool; and with an involuntary sigh on passing the spot from which Miss — had been so ruthlessly driven, I climbed down the only accessible route to the water, and then in the shade of the overhanging rock awaited the movements of the fish. About eleven o'clock a nose, and then another and another, broke the perfectly smooth dark water, and the sport began. To reach the fish up-stream it was necessary to wade waist-deep, supporting one's self the while with one arm round any convenient root or bough—for the current was tremendously strong. The black fly did its deadly work, and in an hour and a half I had killed ten splendid fish,—six of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. each, and three of 1 lb., winding up with a perfect 2-pounder. He was a most determined fish, and must have fought for quite twenty

minutes, keeping me in suspense up to the last, as he tried again and again to foul the fine tackle among the roots and *débris*. There were still one or two heavy fish rising at the head of the pool where no man could reach them; but, well pleased with the contents of the creel, I went ashore and scrambled up the cliff.

About thirty yards in rear of her former position sat Miss Nellie, sketching, but she no longer wore the red bodice. Beside her lay what was evidently the original and nearly completed painting, while in her hands she held an almost blank sheet on which outlines were being patiently drawn. Instantly it struck me that the alteration in her position had necessitated a change in the whole picture; and then for the first time I fully realised how by brutal selfishness I had not only driven away the real and greatest charm of the Cliff Pool, but had also put a lovely and sweet-tempered girl to unnecessary pain and trouble. Hat in hand I walked up, and without a word turned out the fish at her feet.

"Oh! oh! what beauties! I am so glad," she exclaimed, while a flush like a rosy cloud at sunset tinted her fair face.

"They are all yours," I answered; "but I would rather not have caught them."

"Why not?" she inquired, looking up at me with that mystical expression which I positively dreaded to encounter.

"Because," I blurted out awkwardly, glancing at the nearly finished picture beside her, and the newly commenced drawing in her hands—"because I would rather never throw a line again than that you should not sketch from the top of the cliff, and dressed

as you were before. I have been most rude and inconsiderate, and humbly beg your pardon."

The flush deepened on her innocent countenance, while, dropping on my knees (only to turn over some of the trout, of course), I awaited her reply; but she only said simply, "Indeed there is nothing to forgive."

Looking at the painting, one could not but be struck by the wonderful power and boldness of the colouring,—it was the Cliff Pool to the life.

"You *must* finish *that*," I continued; "it is splendid."

"Do you think so? well, perhaps some day when you are out on the loch, or after you have gone away, I may come back and finish it." And so we parted.

I had said too much and made matters worse, like the stupid blockhead that I am; for I now felt perfectly certain that the *houris* of the Cliff Pool had been frightened away for good and all, unless by some *ruse* she could be tempted to return. The next day she was, as I expected, on the opposite bank with her father. I attacked the Cliff Pool, killed some fine trout, and went home miserable; but after much thought a stratagem had been decided upon.

That night at dinner I drew an extremely uninteresting neighbour into an angling conversation, and took particular pains to inform him several times in the most distinct language that I intended to fish the loch on the morrow. Glancing furtively at Nellie, I felt sure that she had heard enough; so presently, after a post-prandial pipe with her dear old father, I retired to bed, but not to sleep; for I could no longer disguise from myself the fact that I was, to say the least of it, uncomfortably in

love. At daybreak the unfortunate William was turned out, and having launched the boat, we pulled to the loch; for it occurred to me that if the boat was not taken out, any one might conclude we were on the river. Half a mile up the loch-side the boat was beached behind a conveniently projecting promontory. Then we cut across country to the Cliff Pool, and having descended the rocks, snoozed with one eye open till the sun was high. Only five fish were bagged, but they were all heavy, and the largest and last caught scaled nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Just as he was lifted in the landing-net, I saw the red flash of the "danger-signal" on the water; and climbing up the cliff as usual, I literally, over its edge, presented my head at her feet. If she had been frightened before, she was terrified this time, for she gave a half-stifled exclamation, and I saw with horror that she was actually fainting. Instantly I dashed off for water, and compelled her to drink some out of the cup of the flask, when she soon recovered. It was of no use attempting to apologise, for I was beyond the pale of forgiveness; so I sat down beside her in mute shame.

Presently, with a painful effort, she said, "You—you said at dinner last night that you were going to fish the loch to-day, and I saw your boat was out."

"Yes," I replied, "so it was, and I have been on the loch to-day."

"It must be a good day on the loch," she continued, looking skywards, while the soft zephyrs ruffled her hair; "why did you not persevere?"

"I changed my mind because I preferred the Cliff Pool, and because—and because I wanted

to see the sketch finished," was my clumsy answer.

Now Nellie's skirt was made of rough blue serge, and it had gathered a considerable quantity of thistle-down and burrs, and the edge of the skirt lay very near to me. I had commenced to pick off the thistle-down, when she said, "Oh! please do not trouble; all that will easily brush off."

Paying no attention to her remark, I continued my occupation with great contentment; for, for the first time I was touching something belonging to Nellie, and while the last burr was being lingeringly removed I said, "I will promise you faithfully not to come near the river to-morrow on any pretext whatever. An angling club is coming over to hold a competition on the loch, and all the boats have been requisitioned except mine, which, being very small, is considered dangerous; so I shall go out to see the fun." And then, after the trout had been inspected, I retired.

Next day two brakes full of anglers arrived, and the fleet of boats which had been collected overnight was soon dispersed over the loch. William and I slipped off early. It was a breathless morning, and there was not even a cloud to darken the shining surface of the water, but nevertheless the trout began to move; so, standing up in the bows with the finest tackle, and directing the expert William, I stalked the rises, and began picking up a few fish. Presently, observing our success, several boats visited us, and the boatmen, knowing me well, asked if I would give their employers a few small flies, for the equipment of the competing anglers was of the coarsest description. My stock

of black spiders with the silver twist was running very low, and as yet I had not even commenced night fishing; but I had telegraphed for more flies, and could not refuse.

I took the usual watch by the river that night, and from certain indications felt sure that there would be a rise within twenty-four hours. No flies had come by the evening mail, and nothing remained in the book which could be trusted to. Nellie, and only Nellie, could dress the flies I wanted; so after breakfast next morning I presented myself before her and her father. "I want to ask your daughter, sir, a great favour," I said. "I believe that the trout will rise on the shallow above the bridge to-night, and having given all my spiders away on the loch yesterday, I have no suitable flies left, as the new supply has not arrived. Would Miss — be so very kind as to tie me a few? I have all the materials."

After casting an inquiring glance at his daughter, he replied, "Oh yes, I am sure Nellie will, if you will give her a pattern."

"Thank you very much," I answered, bowing towards her, and adding, "Perhaps you will be going down the river to sketch presently? I have some letters to write, and could follow with the fly-box in about an hour. May I?"

The answer being in the affirmative, I retired jubilant at the success of my diplomacy; for I would not only obtain the flies, but also an interview with Nellie, with her father's full knowledge and consent. Of course I wrote no letters, and in considerably less than an hour arrived at the Cliff Pool.

"Well," I said, as I sat down beside her, "I have not frightened you this time, have I?"

"No," she answered, laughing merrily, "not this time."

Then we set to work on the flies.

Presently I said: "I want to beg your pardon for something. The first morning I saw you here I stood close behind you for a considerable time while you were singing 'Jock o' Hazeldean' and 'Comin' thro' the Rye.' It was very rude; but I love music, and your voice is so sweet. Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," she answered, "you are forgiven; but you must not flatter me. Give me the wax, please; and just see what a dreadful tangle you are getting the silk into!"

So, by way of keeping my hands occupied, I discovered some particles of thistle on her dress, and felt very happy. The tiny black spiders with the silver twist and the partridge hackles were works of art.

During the afternoon I put one of my finest casts together with elaborate care, attaching thereto two black spiders with an intermediate partridge hackle. Then the rod was overhauled from butt to tip, the checkless reel oiled, and the tackle complete, placed where I could get at it at any moment.

Night came at last, warm, quiet, and starry, for there was no moon, and I took up my old post below the nearest arch, through which a view of the shallows above could be commanded. There were several people standing on the bridge, and amongst them I recognised the figures of Nellie and her father. As I was about to give up hope, he came running towards me saying, "There is a fish as big as a grilse rising above the third arch."

"I see him," I answered, and then made all speed for William's

room. He was asleep, and I shook him by the shoulder.

"William," I said, "tumble on some clothes; there is a big fish rising. I am going to try to wade through the first arch. If I cannot do it, drop the boat back and pick me up. Be quick and quiet."

William no doubt looked upon me as eccentric; but he was always up to time, so I scrambled down-stairs, seized the rod, and hurried back to the river. The wading required extreme caution, for it was necessary to enter the arch on the very verge of, and within the suck of, the swirling eddies below. My progress was very slow, and when half-way through the arch the current was too much for me, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the position could be maintained. I whistled, and was most thankful to see a dark object approaching. Having laid the rod carefully in the boat, I scrambled in over the stern, saying, "Row for your life." Such words were, however, unnecessary, for the sculls were being dashed through the water as if they were a couple of walking-sticks. For a few moments it was any one's race, so to speak; but gradually William got the best of the "suck," and we emerged above the bridge. Poor fellow, he is gone now, and I do not think in his best days he ever made a pluckier spurt "between the bridges." We were now in easy water close to the bank, and I saw the great fish moving just above the buttress between the second and third arches; so, letting out line, I began to try the distance. In the darkness the reach of the fly could only be estimated by the weight of line

out and the swing of the rod; and knowing the water well, I assumed the fish to be nearly twenty yards off. The first cast in a diagonal and downward direction across the stream produced a heavy wave and a light touch. With a little more line the throw was immediately repeated, and I held him fast. If the fish had bolted down through the bridge my chances would have been slender indeed; but fortune favoured me and he moved upstream, quietly at first, and then dashed several times across the river and back, but always working higher up after each run. Presently he sailed straight up the river, and following in the boat, we were soon out of sight of the spectators on the bridge. The river above us was broad, with a gravel bottom, and I feared nothing except some weeds near the opposite bank. The tactics of crossing the river from side to side were repeated many times, but at last I was sensible that the fish's efforts were becoming weaker, and that he was beginning to come to me. Gradually we dropped down stream, being careful to keep well below the trout, till the place from which we had started was reached, and then I directed William to let the bow of the boat just touch the shingle, so that in case of need he could push off with a single stroke. The spectators had collected behind me, and I called to one of the hotel servants to bring my landing-net. He promptly returned with a thing not fit to land roach in. "No, no," I cried, "my big net—quick, it is hanging up in the hall." Then I heard a voice say, "Run, Nellie; you know where it is," and in a minute or two there was

a light step in the boat and the net lay beside me.

"Now," I said, "come in front of me."

"I cannot, I cannot," she answered. "I have never landed such a fish."

"I am sure you can," I replied; "only do exactly what I tell you. Kneel down and put the net in the water with just the top of the rim out—that's right; now a little slanting—that will do; keep perfectly steady till I tell you to lift."

The fish was dead beat, and not more than twenty yards off, for I could now see the black line of his back on the surface of the water as I cautiously wound him in. It was a moment of intense excitement, such as no man who has ever had a similar experience could ever forget. The trout was coming down the stream wide of the net, but an old trick did me good service in the hour of need. If you would draw a fish towards the bank without disturbing him do not increase the pressure, but move gently back yourself. This piece of strategy I performed by stepping backwards over the mid-thwart of the boat, and now the fish was in line with the landing-net. Nearer and nearer came the broad black back. "Now," I said, and the next moment the great trout was floundering in the bottom of the boat. "Well done! I knew you could do it," I said, and then I knocked the fish on the head and cut the gut a few inches from his mouth, leaving the fly therein. Nellie stood on the bank beside her father; and, carrying the fish in the net, I joined them. Together we entered the empty dining-room of the hotel, and having hunted for lights, the scales, and a dish, inspected the capture.

The back of the trout was dark-green, with black spots; he had three rows of large bright red spots on his sides, which were golden, gradually fading into silver, below; his shape was perfect, and he turned the beam at 5 lb. The battle had lasted an hour and a half, and it was now nearly an hour after midnight. After the long suppressed excitement, my hands trembled so much that I could scarcely hold the weights. Nellie's face was flushed, and her eyes more brilliant than ever. Her enthusiastic father gave me a mighty slap on the back, with this remark, "Well done, boy! well done! I have seen and performed many difficult angling feats, but I never met any one who could touch you either in fine fishing or perseverance."

"No, sir," I answered, pointing to the fish, "do not say so. I did not dress *that* fly, nor did I land the trout: I have to thank your daughter for both."

"Well, well," he replied, glancing at my dripping garments, "you had better drink a glass of toddy and turn in."

"Yes," I said, "as soon as I have packed up the fish, for he will be preserved with the fly in his mouth."

The praise was of course far more than I deserved, but the source from which it came made it gratifying. I am afraid I drank more than one toddy and smoked innumerable pipes that night (or rather morning), for sleep was impossible, and I had made up my mind to ask his reverence's permission on the first opportunity to become a suitor for his daughter's hand. He came down to breakfast, but she did not, having, as he told me, a headache; so I promptly offered to accompany

him to the river, and there, as we were putting the tackle together, I said what I believe is usual on such occasions.

He replied, "I tell you, candidly, I have liked you from the first, and have not been blind to the occurrences of the past three weeks. I love my daughter, as you know, very dearly, and, of course, wish to see her happily married: provided, therefore, that your worldly position is such as to ensure her comfort, she shall be left perfectly free to decide for herself."

A long and uninteresting discussion on business matters then ensued, which need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that it terminated in my favour.

"Then I have your leave, sir, to propose to your daughter," I presently said.

"You have," he answered, gravely.

"Where shall I be likely to find Miss ——?" I inquired.

"Not at the Cliff Pool, I think," he said, with a smile, "for the picture of that place is finished; but," he added, with exasperating deliberation, "I rather fancy Nellie said something about commencing another sketch about a mile up the loch-side."

"Which side?" I asked, impetuously.

"The left bank, I think," was the answer; and then, as I rose to go, he looked up wistfully in my face and said, "Should she accept you, you will be good to my girl, will you not?"

There was something very touching in this appeal, and in the tone of his voice. I answered, "I swear to you, sir, I have never loved before, and would do my best."

"Then go, and my good wishes

are with you," he said, in a voice which trembled with emotion.

Now, I have a harmless wee black doggie named "Laird." His chief characteristic is fidelity, and his greatest accomplishment "begging" and sneezing for cakes or whatever he may want. He never notices any one unless they are friends of mine, and was of course on intimate terms with Nellie and her father. With Laird at my heels I strode along. The road along the loch-side is almost level, so that one can see a long way in front; and when only a short distance had been covered, I sighted the "Danger-Signal" seated on a rocky promontory. Presently, in turning a corner, I found the object of my search had suddenly vanished, and I stood still, completely at fault. In my perplexity I decided to consult the Laird.

"Laird, where is my lovely, darling Nellie? where is she? you *must* find her—I cannot live without her. Where is my sweet angel? Find her, Laird, and you shall have more cakes than you can ever eat." The doggie on hearing the word "cakes" sat up and sneezed violently several times. I went on, "Nellie has lots of cakes,—find Nellie." By way of reply he put his head on one side, with one ear up and the other down, winked at me with both eyes, and then made off for the bushes above the road. I followed, and not ten yards off sat Nellie among some old heather under the birks. Seeing me approaching, from a distance, she had naturally in her nervous modesty intended to conceal herself till I had passed; but the Laird had upset her calculations. I sat down at her knees, while Laird, curling himself up against

her dress opposite, peeped slyly across at me as much as to say, "Now we have got her between us; it is all right, isn't it?" Nellie was blushing painfully; for of course she had heard every word of my conversation with the dog, and knew that I must be aware of the chief cause of her confusion. So distressed was she, that her eyes began to fill with tears. My mouth was parched as with a fever, but I succeeded in addressing her by her Christian name for the first time.

"Nellie, I have not come here without your father's sanction: you must know, at any rate now, how dearly I love you. Will you marry me?"

The pent-up tears ran down her face, and presently I heard an almost inaudible "Yes"; so I threw my arms round her and drew down her pretty head on to my shoulder.

What an afternoon that was amongst the heather!

As I write this, beautifully preserved with the fly in his mouth, the trout stands on a table at my right, while the sketch of the Cliff Pool hangs on the opposite wall.

We revisit our happy fishing-ground every summer, and never pass the Cliff Pool without a kiss, and indeed a great many (Nellie is pulling my hair, and says I have no business to mention all those kisses—but I shall), in commemoration of our first meeting.

I do not fish quite so hard as I used to; for every now and then I find myself leaving the water when Nellie is sketching from the bank above, and then dropping down beside her, I listen to the sweet songs of Scotland till the tears of joy spring to my eyes.

ARTHUR CRAWSHAY.

SIX WEEKS IN JAVA.

I EXPERIENCED so much difficulty in obtaining trustworthy information regarding the present means of travelling in Java, and what there was to be seen there, that perhaps a short account of a visit recently made to that island may be of use.

Except a 'Visit to Java' by Mr Basil Warfold, whose personal experiences appear to have been confined to Batavia and Buitenzorg, I know of no book in the English language, though there are several in Dutch, which treats of Java as it exists to-day; and thus it has come to pass that this most interesting of islands, though easily accessible, is usually omitted from the globe-trotter's programme.

Mr Boys, an Indian civilian, lately published at Allahabad an excellent little essay on the Dutch Administration of Java,¹ which deserves to be more widely known than it is; Miss North, in her 'Memories of a Happy Life,' gives a good description of her tour in the island; and Baron Donwes - Dekkar's well-known novel, 'Max Havellaar,' gives much valuable information about Java: but none of these books contains the detailed information required for practical travelling. The 'History of Java,' in two large volumes, by Sir Stamford Raffles, published early in the present century, still remains the standard work on Java, and is a mine of information regarding the country and its inhabitants; but the book has long been out of print, and is difficult to procure, though it should cer-

tainly be read by any intending visitor.

Mr A. R. Wallace in his classical 'Malay Archipelago' has a chapter about Java, which is as accurate and delightful as his writings always are; but he made only two short excursions into the interior, and as nearly forty years have elapsed since his visit, his descriptions necessarily take no account of the present facilities for travel. The Dutch are energetic rulers, who fully appreciate the advantages of roads and railways, and in this respect there is probably no country in the East which has more changed during recent years than Java. Good hotels may now be found in nearly every place where the ordinary traveller wishes to stop, and ladies could travel from one end of the island to the other without experiencing any serious discomfort.

As regards climate, the towns on the sea-coast, such as Batavia, Samarang, and Soerabaja, are always hot, with the moist heat of Calcutta or Singapore in July; but the whole of the interior is hilly, and possesses a cool and pleasant climate. It is very remarkable at what low elevations in Java the stagnant heat of the plains is exchanged for cool fresh breezes. At Buitenzorg, for example, which is only 800 feet above the sea, the mornings and evenings are always cool, and the climate resembles that of Subathoo in the Himalayas, which is situated at the height of 4000 feet. At greater elevations it is, of course, proportionately cooler; and on Ardjoeno, at 8000 feet, we longed for fires and more

¹ Some Notes on Java and its Administration by the Dutch. By H. Scott Boys. Pioneer Press. Allahabad, 1892.

blankets. The dry season in Java commences in April, and the most favourable time for travelling is from the beginning of that month to about the end of June. July and August are hot, especially in eastern Java, where the rainfall is less than in the western provinces, and where drought is apt to prevail during the autumn. In October the rainy season begins.

Before railways were constructed, travellers had to hire or buy their own carriage, and to drive long distances by post over rough mountain roads. This is not necessary now. Much of the travelling is done in railways; and where posting is resorted to, a carriage can always be hired for the day's journey. Posting is expensive, but it is a delightful way of seeing the country, and we quite agreed with Mr Boys that few of the pleasures of travel can compare with bowling along a good road through the magnificent scenery of the Javan highlands on a fresh April morning. There is no country in the East which can boast of better roads than Java, or where the carriages and system of posting are so good. The principal roads are divided into two portions, one of which is metalled and strictly reserved for carriages, and the other, usually unmetalled, is used by the heavy country carts. Both halves of the road are maintained in good repair. This regulation works well in practice, and is certainly economical, as it saves the carriage-road from being cut up by the wheels of the clumsy waggons, generally drawn by oxen, for which speed is not necessary.

In a few years Java will possess a railway extending from Batavia on the west to Soerabaja on the east—that is, throughout nearly its entire length. At present the difficulties of construction through a

hilly country leave a gap of over one hundred miles between Garoet and Tjilatjap on the southern coast. The journey between these points is somewhat difficult, and requires arrangement beforehand; we therefore found it most convenient, when leaving the western for the central provinces, to return to Batavia and go by sea to Samarang.

The train service in Java is very regular and punctual, and even an unlocked portmanteau appears to be quite safe in the luggage-vans. The carriages are built on the American plan, which ensures good ventilation; and we found the second class sufficiently comfortable. The speed is slow according to European ideas, and the stoppages prolonged and frequent; but in Java no one is in a hurry, and as the scenery is always interesting, small delays are rather welcome than otherwise.

The cosmopolitan port of Singapore is the most convenient starting point for Java, as weekly steamers belonging to a Dutch Company run thence to Batavia. The British India Company's steamers from London also call at Batavia; and during the sugar export season a steamer sailing to Soerabaja may usually be found at Hong-Kong. The Dutch vessels are small, but well found and comfortable; and the food provided is liberal, and quite good enough for ordinary people. We sailed from Singapore harbour at 8 A.M. on Wednesday 26th April, and after a pleasant voyage over calm seas studded with wooded islands, landed at Batavia at 3 P.M. on the following Friday.

Land was visible nearly the whole way, as, after passing through the archipelago of small islands which stretches to the south of the Malayan peninsula, the track lies along the northern coast of Suma-

tra, and passes through the narrow strait separating that shore from the small island of Banca, famous for its tin mines. On our return voyage the steamer stopped here for a few hours to land passengers and cargo, and the view of the wooded heights rising behind the small town of Mintok was very pleasing. If the traveller is fortunate enough to get clear weather when approaching Batavia, he will enjoy a view of the three volcanic peaks known as Gede, Pangerango, and Salak, two of which are still more or less active, though the small clouds of steam they emit cannot usually be seen from the sea.

Batavia is the capital of Java, but in commercial importance it is closely approached by the more modern port of Soerabaja. The part of the town where the hotels, the shops, and the palatial residences of the Dutch merchants and officials are situated, is six miles from the wharves of Tandjoeng Priok, where passengers land; but frequent trains run between the two places, and within an hour after leaving the ship the traveller ought to find himself at his hotel.

We stayed at the *Hôtel des Indes*, a very comfortable establishment, the proprietor of which speaks English. The important matter of language is the most serious of the few difficulties to be encountered in Javan travel: Dutch and Malay are the two languages principally used, but a knowledge of the latter is the most important, as it is understood by all the servants in the hotels, and more or less throughout the country. It is also the native language spoken by the Dutch residents, and may therefore be regarded as the *lingua franca* of Java, as Urdu is in India. We had provided ourselves, while at Singapore (through

the good offices of the manager of the Raffles' Hotel), with a Malay-speaking Madrasee "boy," who had also a practical acquaintance of English. He was an excellent lad, quite honest, and willing to put his hand to any kind of work, including cooking. We never ceased congratulating ourselves on having secured his services; and indeed it is hard to say how we could have managed without him. I think that our plan of getting a servant at Singapore is the best. There are, of course, plenty of lads to be found in Batavia who can speak Malay, but their second language is pretty sure to be Dutch, and Dutch only, which would not be of much use to the ordinary Englishman.

The principal business to be done at Batavia is to get a passport from the Dutch Government with permission to travel *throughout* Java. Local passports are also issued, but these are not necessary if care is taken to ask for a general passport. This document can be easily obtained through the kind offices of the English consul. The only places worth visiting in Batavia are the Museum, which is most interesting, and the Zoological Gardens, where are a small collection of local birds, two ourangs from Borneo, and some monkeys and other animals peculiar to the Malayan islands. Perhaps the most novel sight in Batavia can be obtained by a drive through its brilliantly illuminated streets between six and eight o'clock in the evening, when all the world and his wife are abroad, and the shops display their varied wares in the most alluring fashion.

We left Batavia for Buitenzorg by the afternoon train on the day after our arrival: the journey is about an hour, and the rise in

elevation is less than 800 feet, yet in this short space one passes from oppressive heat to a cool climate. The line traverses a highly cultivated country, and as Buitenzorg is approached, glimpses are caught of volcanic peaks towering over rich tropical vegetation. There is a good hotel at Buitenzorg, which is a pretty little town, with shady well-kept roads, and the headquarters of the Dutch Government in the East Indies. The Governor-General has a palace situated in the famous Botanical Garden, and approached through a grand avenue of Kanari trees (*Canarium commune*), with their stately trunks entwined by creepers of strange and beautiful aspect. A small park with a herd of fallow deer lies to the north of the palace, and is remarkable for a grove of ancient Waringin (*Ficus sp.*) trees, with their boughs and roots twisted and knotted in a most extraordinary manner.

The neighbourhood of Buitenzorg furnishes several pretty drives, and as the traveller will probably have to wait two or three days for his passport, he cannot do better than spend the time here. The view from the verandah of the hotel looking towards the west has become celebrated even in Java. It comprises luxuriant tropical vegetation, a foaming river tumbling over big black rocks, and a background formed by the jagged peaks of the Salak volcano.

The Botanical Garden may perhaps somewhat disappoint the expectation of the unscientific mind, as more attention is paid therein to the requirements of botany than to the picturesque. But the garden possesses more named species of plants than any other similar establishment, except perhaps Kew; and its collection of palms, all growing in the open

instead of being crowded under a glass roof, is certainly unrivalled. The plant-houses are poor, and not much money is spent on them. The orchids also are in the open, and there is nothing at Buitenzorg to compare with the orchid-house in the Calcutta Gardens, where ferns and foliage plants combine with gorgeous flowers to produce a scene of vegetable beauty that is, I think, unequalled. But as a botanical garden for the scientific study of plants, Buitenzorg possesses facilities that cannot be enjoyed elsewhere, and this, it must be remembered, is the end that the able director, M. Treub, has exclusively set before himself, and which he has attained to a degree that has earned for the Dutch nation the gratitude of botanists all the world over. The garden is liberally equipped with the necessary facilities for study in physiological, systematic, and economic botany; and the Dutch Government hospitably invite botanists of all nationalities to avail themselves of the resources and treasures of Buitenzorg. This offer has been freely accepted, and several German, Italian, and English botanists have made the long journey to Java, in order to prosecute original investigations into one or other of the numerous botanical problems now awaiting solution.

A visit should also be paid to the Government experimental plantation, about two miles from the hotel. The two varieties of coffee (*C. arabica* and *C. liberica*) commonly seen in cultivation, several species of the plants producing gutta-percha, mahogany-trees, cardamoms, and numerous other interesting plants possessing economic value, may be seen there.

We left Buitenzorg by railway on the morning of the 3d May,

and arrived at Bandoeng,¹ the capital of the Preanger Regency, the same afternoon. The scenery was always interesting, and sometimes fine, as the train passed along deep ravines draped with tropical vegetation and seamed with waterfalls. It was interesting to note the dark-green Nipa palms (*N. fruticans*) standing with erect fronds in marshy hollows, and to remember that in Tertiary ages the same palm grew in the Thames valley and dropped its fruit into the muddy waters. The sugar palm (*Arenga saccharifera*), one of the most useful of plants, is always to be seen growing near villages, with enormous bunches of berries pendent from its lofty stem. This palm produces at the bases of its leaves a black fibre, like horse-hair, which is put to a variety of uses, and may be seen covering the ridges of the native huts all over the island.

Bandoeng is the headquarters of the provincial administration, but except a drive of five miles to the pretty Dogo waterfall on the Lambeng road, it does not possess much interest, except as the starting-point for the active volcano of Tangkoebanpraho. This rather alarming name is the Dutch spelling of the Malay words signifying an overturned boat (*prao*), and is given to the mountain on account of its resemblance to a long flat-bottomed boat which has been upset. It is about twelve miles north of Bandoeng, and is well worth a visit. The crater lies on the north side of the forest-covered mountain, and is not seen from

the town. We left the hotel at six o'clock, and after a couple of hours' drive arrived at Lambeng, where we mounted ponies and started for the crater. The ponies one gets in Java are as a rule sturdy little beasts, and up to any reasonable weight. The saddles supplied are usually native, and not very comfortable. Side-saddles I never saw. Dutch ladies seldom ride. The path passes at first through cinchona plantations, and as it rises from the plain commands fine views of the fertile valley and of the mountain-ranges to its south. The cultivation of the cinchona-tree is one of the principal industries of Java, and the chemical process adopted by the Dutch for the preparation of the drug is said to produce the best sulphate of quinine procurable. This is carried out in Holland, whither the bark as stripped from the trees and dried is exported. Cinchona plantations are frequent on the lower hills throughout Java, and the trees are of all sizes from mere saplings up to 30 feet high. The price of quinine has fallen so low in the European markets that its production is said to barely pay the expenses, and most of the cinchona now grown is Government property. After about an hour's ride through the cinchona clearings, the path enters the forest that clothes the hill-sides up to the very edge of the crater. The trees, and the shrubs of which the undergrowth is composed, are mostly of a temperate type, and remind one of the vegetation met with at similar heights in the Eastern Himalaya. The com-

¹ The spelling of Javan names, which are generally Dutch forms of Malay words, presents difficulties. Throughout this paper the spelling of the Dutch official map has been adopted. This useful map, on a scale of 1,950,000 (nearly fifteen miles to the inch), is published at Amsterdam (Dr J. Dornseiffen: Seyffards Boekhandel, 1890), and can be bought in Batavia.

mon bramble of tropical highlands (*Rubus moluccanus*) is abundant; also another handsome bramble with five-parted leaves (*R. alpestris*). An oak (*Quercus javensis*), bearing large flattened acorns an inch and a half in diameter, is also common. Pink and yellow flowered balsams, and ginger plants (*Hedychium*), with tall spikes of fragrant white flowers, light up the forest shades, and frequent tree-ferns spread their fronds over the jungle. After crossing the summit of the ridge (6400 feet), the path descends for a short distance on the northern side, and the immense twin crater comes into view. The ordinary conception of a volcanic vent is founded on the inverted-cone type of crater. But the craters before us are vast areas of desolation, lying open to the sky, and look more like the effects of a landslip than volcanoes. They are separated by a raised ridge which is easily accessible, and whence a near view of their surfaces can be obtained. Their united length is more than a mile, and their breadth, where crossed by the ridge, about half a mile. The whole area is broken up into hillocks and hollows, the latter holding pools of rain-water, while on the former innumerable cracks and small cones give vent to steam and sulphur fumes. Yellow and white are the prevailing surface colours; and the blackened foliage of the bushes overhanging the precipitous edges of the crater attest the poisonous nature of the exhaled gases. It is difficult to imagine a more dreary and desolate scene than this spot presents, a real Phlegrean field, in marked contrast to the wooded slopes and smiling valley below.

We left Bandoeng by rail, and in three hours arrived at Garoet, the present eastern terminus of the line

from Batavia. During the journey we passed through some of the finest hill scenery in Java, and finally descended by a series of zigzags and viaducts into a broad plain, green with rice-fields, and dotted with clusters of thatched cottages. It is curious to see the rice in every stage of development at the same time. In temperate climates agricultural operations are clearly divided by the seasons into seed-time and harvest; but in Java, where an equable temperature prevails throughout the year, there are no such divisions, and we often saw all the different stages of rice-culture in simultaneous progress even in adjoining fields. In one buffaloes were painfully churning up the soil into liquid mud; in the next, women were planting out the seedlings which had been raised in an adjoining nursery; while in a third field men were reaping, and the children tying up the ears for transport to the threshing-floor. Few sights are more picturesque than a Javan peasant, with his rich brown skin and dark-blue waistcloth, staggering under a load of tawny golden rice-sheaves; and in the evenings strings of these men are to be met with on the way to their villages from the fields.

Garoet is a capital place to make one's headquarters for some days. Several interesting excursions can be made from thence, and the climate is cool and pleasant. A drive of three miles takes the visitor to some curious hot springs at the base of a mountain, covered with the weather-worn remains of an ancient lava-flow. The springs are much resorted to by people suffering from skin-disease, who appear to spend hours sitting under the gushing spouts of hot water. Another drive of about

eight miles may be taken to the Wanaradja Lake, a picturesque sheet of water; but the best excursion from Garoet is to the active crater of the Papindajan volcano, 8500 feet above the sea. We started at 6.30 A.M., and after two hours' drive arrived at the village of Tjiseroepan, where we mounted ponies. The path for the first mile is through cinchona plantations; and, after passing along the edge of a deep ravine, crowded to the brim with tree-ferns, bamboos, orchids, and other tropical vegetation, enters a forest, through which it leads directly into the floor of the crater. The character of the forest flora bears a general resemblance to that found at similar elevations in the Eastern Himalaya. The path is carpeted with violets, buttercups, and dandelions, and a little Himalayan *Pratia* (*P. begoniæ-folia*) with purple berries is common on the grassy banks. In the forest undergrowth, *mussaendas*, large-flowering *melastomas*, two or three species of brambles, *artemisias*, and *vaccinium* bushes were abundant. The trees are lofty, and as an example of the mountain flora in equatorial regions, I do not think that this forest is surpassed in interest anywhere in Java. The crater presents much the same general features as that of Tangkoebanprao, but is more interesting from the greater activity of the subterranean fires, and from the fact that you ride right on to the floor through a gap in the walls. There is no preliminary looking down from above, but you step at once from the shade of the forest into a desolate plain, enclosed by high precipices of splintered rocks, and with clouds of steam issuing, with a noise like the working of an engine, from open funnels in the

ground. The generally white surface is coloured here and there with bright yellow patches of sulphur, which is also deposited in the form of acicular crystals in the mouths of the caverns whence the fumes issue. Numerous streams of hot water, quite clear, but with a strong taste, have cut a network of channels in the soft sinter of the floor; and in several places the sulphur crystals have consolidated into pillars four or five feet high, that loom large through the thick clouds of drifting vapours. The ground nearly everywhere is more or less hot. The general form of the crater, as seen from a distance, resembles a huge scar in the mountain-side, but when viewed from the interior, its precipitous walls show that it is really a pit broken through at one end.

The next morning we left our hotel at six o'clock for the curious so-called "milky lake" of Talaga Bodas, driving first for one hour along a shady road and through several villages, and then riding up the hill on ponies for three hours. The path is very good going throughout, and passes several plantations of teak-trees that seem to be common in this district.

We also saw much rice, coffee, and cinchona cultivation, often separated by hedges of *erythrina*, the "Indian coral-tree." The views of the valley and distant mountain-ranges as the path ascended were very beautiful. After about an hour's ride we passed over some open grass-land, where a prettyspecies of iris (*Xiphidium*), with orange-coloured flowers, was growing in company with scattered tree-ferns and thickets of the common English bracken. This fern is remarkable for its wide distribution, and may be seen in

suitable elevations all round the tropical zone, imparting everywhere a homelike aspect to its surroundings. The path then enters a forest of much the same character as that on the flanks of Papandajan, but possessing taller tree-ferns than we had seen elsewhere, some attaining a height of at least sixty feet. A handsome fern (*Dipteris Horsfieldii*) grows abundantly in shady nooks, and is remarkable from its large deeply-lobed fronds, dark-green above and pale-coloured below. After a couple of miles through the forest we emerged on the shore of a small oval lake, about 300 yards across, filled with water of a dirty milk-white colour, the surface of which was covered with gas-bubbles constantly bursting up from below. This is certainly the crater of a volcano which may be regarded as still partially active; for though the water is cold, the bubbles, and the steam which escapes from cracks on its margin, sufficiently attest its origin. The walls of the crater slope steeply down, and are covered with *vaccinium* and other common jungle bushes. The lake is supplied by the drainage from the enclosing hills, and the overflow escapes by a channel cut through the gorge into the valley below. The scene is quiet and peaceful, though at some former period the now thickly wooded hills must have presented much the same desolate appearance as the Papandajan crater. A rough path, used by wood-cutters, passes round the lake, and though difficult to clamber along at some places, is well worth exploring from the variety in the points of view to be obtained from it.

On our return to the house where we had hired ponies, the Javan gentleman to whom it be-

longed provided tea for us, and a native band performed some airs on the curious bamboo instruments, and sets of modulated gongs, peculiar to Java and the adjacent countries. The music produced was soft and pleasant.

We left Garoet the next morning by rail at 6.30 A.M., and arrived at Tjiandjoer at 12.20. There is a good refreshment-room at this station, and after lunch we drove in two hours to Sindanglaja. This place is the "hill station" for western Java: it is situated at an elevation of 5000 feet above the sea, and the climate is cool and pleasant,—indeed for Java it may almost be called bracing. The village is on a spur of the Gede volcano, and fine views of that mountain and of its sister peak, Panggerango, are obtained from the garden of the hotel. The Governor-General has a house here, and the public are admitted into its pretty grounds, which contain many trees and plants brought from the neighbouring mountains. Just outside the gate is a bath-house supplied by hot water from the Gede volcano.

Several excursions can be made from Sindanglaja, and we stayed here nearly a week with much enjoyment and benefit. About four miles from the hotel, on an elevated spur of Gede called Tji Bodas, is the Government "mountain garden," containing plants that do not flourish at lower elevations. It is very well kept up by the Dutch gentleman, Mr Lefebvre of the Buitenzorg garden staff, who has been deputed to the charge of it. The extensive grounds contain quite a multitude of interesting plants and trees, including a series of the several varieties of cinchona used in cultivation, some tree-ferns, and several of the oaks and coniferous trees

peculiar to the Malay archipelago. We spent two mornings in this garden enjoying the fine views and the fresh cool air. There are two paths to Tji Bodas from the hotel; one leaves the road near Government House, and the other at about half a mile down the Buitenzorg road: either affords a delightful walk or ride. From the latter the cone of Papandajan can be seen on a fine morning. There is much cultivated land round Sindanglaja, and it is curious to observe the mechanical scarecrows which the ingenious Malayan mind has evolved. The natives are also fond of keeping birds in cages. Every house has at least two or three; but instead of hanging against a wall, the cages are hoisted up high above the roofs on bamboo poles: and thus the little prisoners obtain fresh air and sunshine, and are clear of the mosquitos and other baneful insects that swarm below.

Another excursion (about two hours from the hotel) is to the Tji Burram waterfalls, in a deep glen to the right of the path that leads to the Gede crater. The route passes Tji Bodas, enters the forest, and climbs by a steep rough track up the mountain-side. A tall species of cypress with dark foliage towers supreme among the trees, and the path is so covered in that it is difficult to obtain views of the country below. The tree-trunks are clothed with soft folds of moss, and filmy ferns (*Hymenophyllum*), the latter with large fronds of exquisitely delicate texture. Among the branches overhead rattan palms (*Calamus*) hang in long loops, throwing out on either side their graceful shiny leaves, the stalks of which are

prolonged into tails that look like gigantic whip-lashes. The falls are situated in a glen full of glorious vegetation, kept moist with the spray from three falls that tumble in sheets of foam over a limestone precipice. The view is superb in its combination of foliage, grey precipices with masses of golden moss and ferns, and falling waters. If the visit be made sufficiently early, and the morning be fine, the spray will be coloured by rainbows. After leaving the falls, a short detour should be made to a curious cavern of the kind common in limestone formations: it is nearly full of water, and is worth the short scramble necessary to reach it.

Another pleasant drive or walk may be made to the summit of the Megamendoeng Pass, called Poentjak, on the Buitenzorg road, about three miles from the hotel. A fine view is obtained from near the toll-bar, and a short walk through the forest leads to a small lake, or rather mountain tarn, called Telaga Warna, evidently an old crater like that at Telaga Bodas. The return from the lake should be made by another path, which descends through the forest and comes out on the road about a mile below the toll-bar.

But the most important excursion from Sindanglaja is the ascent of Gede. This has been admirably described by Mr Wallace,¹ and as local circumstances have altered but little since his visit, the details he gives still hold good. The climb was beyond my walking powers, but I made careful inquiries as to distances and times, and the following table of stages will be found useful by any one undertaking the expedition:—

¹ See his 'Malay Archipelago,' vol. i. p. 179.

1. From the hotel to the small plateau above the Tji Bvram waterfall, two hours. Ponies can be ridden up to this point.
2. To Lebaksaät, one hour. There are the remains of a hut here.
3. To Kandung Badak (Rhinceros field), one hour. A habitable hut, but in bad repair, here.
4. To the crater, two hours.

The best plan would be to sleep at the Kandung Badak hut (bedding and food being taken), and to start early for the summit, whence the return to Sindanglaja can be made the same day. A good chance would thus be secured of obtaining the view from the crater (9924 feet), which is almost always enveloped in clouds soon after sunrise. If an ascent of Panggerango (8670 feet) is also made, a second night must be spent at the hut. This volcano is now extinct, but Wallace considers it more interesting than Gede, though he does not add for what reason. The ascent of either of these mountains is seldom undertaken, and as no attention is paid to keeping the paths open, they soon get blocked with jungle and fallen trees. But the trip presents no difficulties to a good walker, and from Wallace's account these volcano summits must be among the most interesting in the island.

From Sindanglaja to Buitenzorg is a drive of twenty-four miles through charming scenery and over an excellent road. It takes about four hours. We returned from Buitenzorg to Batavia, and sailed at 9 A.M. on the 17th May in a Dutch coasting steamer for Semarang in Central Java. The steamer was comfortable, but was rather crowded, as in addition to the ordinary passengers we carried

twenty Dutch young ladies, on the way to their homes for the holidays. The girls were in high spirits, and kept us amused with playing games and singing chorus songs until the ship became a little lively, when they disappeared below. The Anglo-Indian in Java is much struck by the manner in which the Dutch make themselves at home in their Eastern possessions, as contrasted with our habits in India. Few fathers of families in Java think it necessary to send their boys and girls to Holland for education; and it is common, even in Batavia, to see troops of little pale-faced children creeping unwillingly to school. The Dutch ladies also seem to resign themselves quite willingly to perpetual exile. The difference is no doubt partly due to the superior climate which the interior of Java possesses, as compared with the burning plains of India; but it is also in some degree attributable to the sensible manner in which the Dutch adapt their dress and daily habits to the conditions of life in the tropics. In Java the Europeans seem to make up their minds to live their lives there, while in India we are all birds of passage.

Early the next morning the steamer anchored off the port of Tjeribon, and we enjoyed a view of the fine cone of the Tjeribon volcano, sweeping up in grand curves behind the low hills, and barred with masses of grey clouds. Later in the day we called at the ports of Tegal and Pekalongan, and during the night anchored off Samarang. Unfortunately the morning broke thick and cloudy, and we thus missed seeing the "glorious view of the five volcanoes" described by Miss North.

Semarang is the centre of much commercial activity, but was chief-

ly important in our eyes as affording access to the temple of Boro-boedar and the many other curious Hindu and Buddhist ruins in the central provinces. The town was hot, and we left it by the 2 P.M. train for Amberawa, where we arrived the same evening. The ascent into the hilly country commences almost immediately after leaving the coast; but the journey offered no novelties except a few pepper plantations and some native burial-grounds, which contained the largest and oldest *Plumiera* trees we had seen. This tree (*P. acutifolia*) bears white sweet-scented flowers, and is often seen in India and Burmah planted near temples. In Java it appears to be appropriated for cemeteries; and in this instance, to judge from their massive trunks and thick gnarled boughs, the trees must be of great age. At Amberawa, the terminus of the railway branch, there is a small fort occupied by a military garrison. It is a pretty little place, provided with the well-kept and shady roads always to be found in Dutch settlements in the East.

I cannot pretend to express an opinion on the general merits of the Dutch system of government in Java, but the results are certainly apparently satisfactory, for the vast native population seem contented and happy. From early dawn until late in the evening, the numerous villages, and the roads connecting them, are thronged with natives coming and going, and buying and selling. The people live much in public; and the poorer classes, instead of eating their meals at home as is the manner of the unsociable Hindoo, seem usually to breakfast and dine at one of the itinerant cook-shops to be found at every street corner. More exclusive people may be seen

buying the small packets of curry and rice wrapped in fresh plantain leaves, and pinned with bamboo splinters, which are intended for home consumption. To stroll down a village street and watch the culinary operations in progress at wayside eating shops, was an unfailing source of amusement; and very clean and appetising they looked, though the smell was occasionally somewhat trying to the European nose. The Javans, like all rice-eating people, are fond of pungent and evil-smelling sauces; and equivalents of the Burman *gnapee* and Japanese *bean soy* are in constant requisition. The natives, and especially the children, look fat and healthy, and appear to enjoy life under easy conditions; though they are, generally speaking, of grave demeanour, and are not endowed with the unfailing vivacity which distinguishes the Burmans and Japanese. During the six weeks that we spent in the island we did not see half-a-dozen beggars, and except in cities, certainly not that number of policemen. The conditions of life for the poor who dwell within the tropics are easy as compared with those of northern climates. A poor man in Java requires but little in the way of clothing, and no fuel to keep himself warm, while a beneficent nature supplies him throughout the year with an abundance of cheap food. These circumstances may fail in developing the highest forms of human energy, but on the other hand, for the persons concerned, they are more tolerable than cold and hunger.

While at Amberawa we called on the Dutch Resident to obtain the necessary authority for a visit to the Dieng plateau, which we had proposed to ourselves, but did not succeed in carrying out. We found that the Resident was

absent in the district, but on hearing of our wish he did all that was possible to aid us, and had it not been for bad weather we should doubtless have accomplished the expedition.

The Dieng is an extensive plateau at an elevation of about 6000 feet on the flanks of Mount Prahu. It is the site of some ruined temples of great interest and antiquity, which Mr Fergusson says form a good introduction to the more elaborate structures at Boroboedar. We did not succeed in getting there, but an account of our attempt, so far as it went, may be of use to more fortunate travellers.

We left Amberawa in a carriage at 8 A.M., and after a pretty drive arrived at Temanogoeng at noon. The road was hilly, and for the steep ascents the ponies were replaced by bullocks. It was on the trees that border this road that we saw for the first and only time the curious little animals known as flying lizards (*Draco volans*), which are only found in these regions, and whose strange appearance is supposed to have been the origin of the dragon of the medieval Eastern imagination. The reptile is like an ordinary lizard, but is provided with folds of extensible skin, which are spread out by the long ribs, and enable the animal to glide through the air from tree to tree in pursuit of the insects on which it preys. When lying prone on the mottled surface of a bough it is an excellent example of "protective resemblance," as it is most difficult to be seen unless it moves.

Temanogoeng is a small village under the shadow of the Sindoro and Soembing volcanoes. It seems quite out of the world, and we were surprised to find here a good hotel kept by a nice old woman of Dutch-Javan extraction, who

gave us excellent accommodation. Javan hotels are always good, and they are often kept by the class known in India as half-caste or Eurasian, a somewhat unjustly condemned race in British possessions, but who appear in Java to be treated with as much respect as the whites. At two o'clock our carriage, drawn this time by six ponies, drove up to the hotel with much cracking of whips, and we started for Ngadiredjo, a village at the foot of the hills, and the end of carriage roads in this direction. Though it was against the collar the whole way, the ponies maintained a good pace, being urged thereto by the wild shouts and incessant cracking of whips maintained by our coachman and the two ragged boys who acted as grooms, and who, in the intervals of running alongside the ponies, clung breathless to the back of the carriage. The drive was quite exciting, and after two hours we pulled up at the house of the native official on whose hospitality we depended for food and shelter. Unfortunately we found that he also was absent in the district, and no one seemed to know where he was or when he might be expected to return. His servants, however, after some palaver, arrived at the conclusion that we were people of respectability, and made us fairly comfortable for the night in the verandah of the official residence. The next morning we succeeded in procuring four rather weedy-looking ponies, and started for the "Dieng plateau," but without having any clear idea where we were to spend the night. The road climbed for several miles over bare hills; and as the country was particularly uninteresting, and the weather became threatening, we finally abandoned the expedition and returned to Temanogoeng. It

was lucky that we did so, for pouring rain came on which would have quite prevented our reaching Dieng.

The next morning was brilliantly fine, and at seven o'clock we started in a carriage and four for Magelang, the Dutch military headquarters in central Java, where we arrived at 10 A.M. The road lay due south, down the valley of the Kali Progo, through green rice-fields, with magnificent ranges of rugged mountains on either hand. The principal peaks were Sundoo and Soembing on the west, and Merbaboe and the active cone of Merapi, crowned with white clouds, on the east. There is a marked difference in the aspect of the higher mountains in central and in western Java, the former being bare of vegetation, while the latter are clothed with forest to their summits. The difference is no doubt due to a diminished rainfall, which has been attributed to the proximity of Australia to the eastern end of the island.

Magelang is a pretty little town, possessing a fine climate, and is a favourite quarter with the Dutch officers; but there is nothing to detain one there, and we left in the afternoon for Boroboedar, where we arrived after a three hours' drive. Here we found a small hotel, kept by an old German who had formerly served in the Dutch army. The house is within a hundred yards of the central entrance to the great temple, and commands fine views of the romantic scenery that surrounds it. We stayed here

three days; and for the artist or the archaeologist, or, indeed, for any intelligent being, it is difficult to imagine a more delightfully retired spot in which to rest from the fatigues of travel. The wonderful temple of Boroboedar is conjectured by Fergusson¹ to have been erected in the seventh century of the Christian era, the golden age of Buddhism in Java, "just when the Buddhist system had attained its greatest development, and just before its fall. This temple thus contains within itself a complete epitome of all we learn from other sources, and is a perfect illustration of all we know of Buddhist art and its revival."

The temple is built on the summit of a commanding hill, and has the form of a pyramid with its apex removed. Each side of the base measures 370 feet, and on the upper platform are placed the seventy-two small shrines (or dagobas), each with a seated statue of Buddha in it, which formed the temple proper. In the centre of these rises a larger shrine, now empty, but which no doubt once contained relics or a statue. Four galleries, or procession paths, encircle the structure, and lead to the upper platform, where a grand view of the fertile plain enclosed by rugged mountains is obtained.

"It is not, however," Fergusson writes, "either from its dimensions or the beauty of its architectural design that Boroboedar is so remarkable, as for the sculptures that line its galleries. These extend to nearly 5000 feet, almost an English mile,

¹ See Fergusson's 'History of Indian and Eastern Architecture' (London, 1876), pp. 637 to 662, for an account of the Javan buildings, and for an interesting summary of Javan history. Another, and in some respects fuller, account of the Boroboedar temple may be found in his 'Handbook of Architecture.' I have borrowed freely from both.

and as there are sculptures on both faces of the galleries, we have nearly 10,000 feet of bas-reliefs; or, if we like to add those which are in two storeys, we have a series of sculptures which, if arranged consecutively in a row, would extend over nearly three miles of ground. Most of them are singularly well preserved; for when the Javans were converted to Muhammadanism it was not in anger, and they were not urged to destroy what they had before revered: they merely neglected them, and, except for earthquakes, these monuments would now be nearly as perfect as when they were first erected."

The outer face of the basement is extremely rich in architectural ornaments and figure sculptures, but is not historically important. The first enclosed gallery is the most interesting, and contains on its inner wall 120 elaborate bas-reliefs portraying scenes in the life of Buddha, among which may be recognised his marriage, his domestic happiness, his departure from home and assumption of the ascetic garb, his life in the forest, and his preaching in the deer-forest at Benares, — scenes which have been rendered familiar to the English reader by the brilliant pages of Sir Edwin Arnold's '*Light of Asia*.' In the three upper galleries Buddhism is represented as a religion. Groups of Buddhas, three, five, or nine, are repeated over and over again, mixed with representations of saints and sages. The carvings have been executed in a hard trachytic rock, and if the covering of moss and lichens is scraped off, the finest tracings of the artist's chisel are still to be discerned.

The custom of placing their temples on commanding sites is characteristic of the Buddhists, and Boroboedar reminded us in

this respect of the ruined temples on the hill at Takht-i-Bahi overlooking the Eusofzai plain on the North-West frontier of India, the builders of which were probably contemporaries of the workmen who carved the bas-reliefs in Java. We are accustomed to regard Buddhism as a widely-spread religion even in these days; but the faith is now in its decadence as compared with the golden age which witnessed the nearly contemporaneous erection of temples in Afghanistan, in India, and in Java — countries where the tenets of Sakya Muni have long ceased to hold sway. It is interesting, while sitting on one of the ruined dagobas, with the fertile plain spread out below and the clouds of steam curling up from Merapi, to try and realise the scene that Boroboedar must have presented, say, a thousand years ago. The clamour of populous towns then rose from the plain, and the slopes of the eminence on which the temple stands were thronged with crowds of worshippers. The sculptured galleries, now black with age, then shone white in the sun, decked with banners, and gay with processions of richly robed monks engaged in the stately ritual of Buddha. But the scene, faintly evoked, soon fades into realities, and it seems impossible to realise that the grey pile before us, shattered by earthquake and silent in its desolation, has once been the centre of busy religious life.

Two and a half miles from Boroboedar is the temple of Mendoot, conjectured to be of about one hundred years later date, and of extreme interest as illustrating the compromise between Hinduism and Buddhism, which has many examples in Java, but the want of which leaves a gap in the

history of architecture in India. No one can doubt as to the purity of the Buddhism in the temple of Boroboedar; but at Mendoet two of the colossal figures are distinctly Hindu, and it might be fairly argued that the temple belongs to either religion. The temple is forty-five feet square, and stands on a basement raised about ten feet. It has been much injured by earthquakes, and appears likely to fall soon into a heap of ruins. Inside is a cell with a roof of very curious design, described by Fergusson as "an inverted pyramid of steps," under which are seated three colossal images, each about eleven feet high. The centre one is Buddha, curly headed, and clad in a diaphanous robe; and the two other *colossi* are almost certainly intended for the Hindu deities Vishnu and Siva. Outside the entrance is a bas-relief of Lakhshmi, eight-armed, and seated on a lotus; and on another face is a four-armed figure, also seated on a lotus, the stem of which is supported by two figures, each with its head composed of seven hooded snakes. Fergusson compares these bas-reliefs with those at Karli in India, and considers them to be "as refined and elegant as anything in the best days of Indian sculpture." It is a pleasant shady walk to Mendoet, and a small bridge near the temple commands a very beautiful view of the Soembing cone.

We left Boroboedar at 7 A.M. on 25th May, and arrived in three hours at Djokjokarta, a large town on the line of railway to Soerabaja. Every yard of the country through which we passed was cultivated, the principal crops being sugar-cane and manihot. Sugar is the staple export from eastern Java; and the cane-fields, with

their waving plumes of silvery-grey inflorescence, form a charming addition to the landscape. In India the cultivated sugar-cane bears no flowers, and the plants are propagated by cuttings, and even in Java the seeds do not mature. Manihot (*M. utilitissima*) is grown on dry elevated land not suited for rice, and its queer-shaped tuberous roots are seen in every bazaar. From these the meal known as cassava is prepared in tropical America, and tapioca for the European market. The manihot is a handsome plant, with large deeply-lobed leaves; but the raw root is bitter, and more or less poisonous until the juices have been expelled by pressure.

The temples at Brambanan are quite as interesting as those at Boroboedar, and are most conveniently visited by an excursion of half-an-hour by rail from Djokjokarta. There is no hotel at Brambanan, and no refreshment of any kind can be obtained there; so the best plan is to bring a luncheon-basket and spend a happy day among the temples, returning to Djokjokarta in the evening. Brambanan has two distinct groups of temples, known respectively as Loro Jongram, and Chandi Siwa or the thousand temples. Both groups are of Hindu character. The former is considered by Fergusson to be the older, about the ninth century, and consists of six large temples surrounded by fourteen smaller cells, now completely in ruins. The buildings and their enclosure walls are crowded with sculptures, including some grotesque figures of animals. The other group, known as Chandi Siwa, is of later date, but is the more interesting. It consists of a great central temple raised on a richly ornamented square base, and

is surrounded by a multitude of smaller temples 238 in number. Fergusson writes :—

“The central building is richly and elaborately ornamented with carvings, but there is a singular absence of figure sculpture, which renders its dedication not easy to make out. When looked at closely, it is evident that Chandi Siwa is neither more nor less than Boroboeadar taken to pieces and spread out, with such modifications as were necessary to adapt it to that compromise between Buddhism and Brahmanism that we call Jaina.”

Both the groups of temples are within a walk of the Brambanan railway station, but it is advisable to take a guide, as it is quite possible to miss the ruins in the jungle that has grown up about them.

From Djokjokarta we went by railway to Soerakarta (called Solo in the time-tables), a large town with a fort and military garrison. A native prince resides here, who still maintains some semblance of royalty, and possesses a palace which is shown to visitors. Beautiful specimens of the national *sarong*, the large cloth worn as a petticoat by the Malays, and by Dutch ladies, can be obtained here at from twenty to fifty guilders each. From Soerakarta we travelled straight through to Soerabaja, a twelve hours' railway journey, and a weary time we found it in spite of the beautiful scenery. Soerabaja was extremely hot, quite as bad if not worse than Batavia, and without the advantage of having an airy and well-arranged hotel. The city is the Liverpool of Java, and during July and August, the season of sugar export, the small harbour is full of shipping. The streets are broad

and shady, but the place contains no object of special interest. We left it the day after arrival, going by rail (three hours) to Passoeroewan, a pretty town with a much cooler climate, on the coast opposite the island of Madura. An excursion can be made from here to a waterfall known as Blancoe water, with a Hindu temple near it. Miss North describes the place as pretty and worth seeing, but we were unable to visit it.

The next morning at 7 A.M. we started for Tosari and the Bromo volcano. A drive of two hours through the low country, presenting the scenery characteristic of the ever-fertile Javan plains, brought us to the village of Paserpan at the foot of the hills, where we exchanged our carriage for a *sadoh*.¹ After another hour's drive uphill we arrived at Poespo, the present end of the road, where we procured riding and baggage ponies for the remainder of the journey. During the ascent frequent views are obtained of the straits of Madura and of the island. The deep blue of the sea, the vivid green of the rice-fields, the foliage of the trees and palms, and the grey clouds that hung in long bars across the sky, combined to form pictures of tropical beauty such as we had seldom seen even in Java. Immediately after leaving Poespo the forest is entered, and the rough pathway ascends through it by steep zigzags. Coffee-bushes, covered with their pretty red berries and white flowers, commenced at about 4000 feet elevation, and continued, mixed with occasional forest-trees, until we reached nearly the level of Tosari. The forest was extremely picturesque, and contained the usual temperate

¹ The cab of Java, seen everywhere; drawn by one or two ponies.

forms of vegetation, but with fewer and smaller tree-ferns than in western Java. Among the trees was a *Casuarina* with fine dark foliage, the beef-wood of Australian colonists, crowning the hill-tops like pine-woods in temperate latitudes. An *Engelhardtia*, a tree allied to our walnut, was also common, and remarkable for its pendent spikes of fruit, sometimes more than a foot long, with pretty pink-coloured bracts. The trunks and branches of these trees were often completely covered with a thick growth of orchids, ferns, and a lichen (*Usnea*) that formed long grey streamers. Occasional teak-trees were scattered about the forest, of insignificant size as compared with those in Burmah, but bearing beautiful panicles of flowers. After riding about three hours, we came out on open hills where the forest had been cleared to make way for fields of potatoes, cabbages, and Indian corn, and in half-an-hour more we arrived at the Tosari Hotel. This place is 6000 feet above the sea, and is much resorted to during the dry season by the families of the Dutch merchants and officials at Soerabaja. In this respect it answers to our hill-stations in the Himalaya; but the visitors all live at the hotel, and one misses the well-kept roads and trim cottages of Mussoorie or Darjeeling.

Tosari certainly possesses the advantage of being cool, but otherwise the climate is disagreeable. The mornings, and occasionally the evenings, were fine; but about noon dense clouds of cold wet mist, usually accompanied by storms of driving rain, swept up the valleys, and rendered life somewhat of a burden. These conditions, however, affected the Dutch to a less

degree than ourselves, as, like their countrymen throughout Java, every one disappeared soon after the mid-day "rice-table," and went to bed till they woke about four o'clock for the afternoon tea. The view from the hotel garden over the forest-clad spurs running steeply down to the plains, with the blue sea and its islands, was superb, but could only be enjoyed by the early riser. We made several delightful rambles over the hills, and met among the flowers many old friends of the Himalaya, and even of distant England. The temperate character of the mountain flora in the tropics suggests questions regarding the geographical range of plants that do not concern us here; but it was pleasant to see wild strawberries, St John's worts, stitch-worts, and many other familiar plants, growing by the wayside in eight degrees south of the equator. During our few days' stay here I amused myself by making a list of the Himalayan flowers which I recognised, and it amounted to over sixty species.

One fine morning, on climbing to the top of a ridge, we caught sight for the first time of the truncated cone of a huge volcano, towering above the sea of clouds that shrouded its flanks. This was the famous Smeröë, 12,000 feet high, and only about fifteen miles distant from us in a direct line. The air was so clear that it seemed as if we could see every stone on the crater's edge. We were watching this scene, and speculating how long it would be before the summit became hidden by the clouds, when suddenly an immense column of steam and black ashes was shot up into the blue sky, and, spreading out like a flat cloud, drifted away to leeward. We

afterwards discovered that these sudden eruptions occurred periodically at irregular intervals, varying from ten to forty-five minutes, and were visible from a distance of over fifty miles. The explosions resemble those of a geyser, and, like them, are probably due to subterranean accumulations of steam. The ascent of Smeru is quite practicable; but as the expedition required five days from Tosari there and back, and involved a good deal of rough climbing, we did not attempt it, but contented ourselves with a visit to Bromo. The crater of this volcano, like that of Kilauea in Hawaii, consists of an irregularly-shaped outer crater, in this instance about twenty miles round, with smaller and more recent craters situated at one end. It is probable that the outer crater may be due to subsidence rather than to explosion, but either theory seems to fit the facts. The floor of that at Bromo is covered with ash in the form of coarse sand, instead of with lava as in Hawaii.

We started for Bromo at half-past five in the morning, and two hours' ride over a good track brought us to the edge (7320 feet) of the outer crater, where a wonderful view is obtained of the so-called "Sea of Sand" (Dasa), with the singular extinct cone of Batok rising from its midst. The crater, which is now active, is distinguished as Bromo (7080 feet), but it is hidden from view at this point by the slopes of Batuk. The descent to the sandy floor is about 500 feet, and is very steep. It affords some interesting sections of the crater-wall, composed of nearly vertical sheets of lava and scoræ, that must have been ejected from volcanic vents existing in this vicinity ages before

the present system of craters was formed. From the bottom of the descent the route crosses the sandy plain, which resembles the bed of a dried-up lake, and passes close under Batuk, whose steep sides have been cut by the rain into deep vertical furrows, and are now covered with bushes. The summit must originally have been much higher than at present, and the denudation it has suffered is shown by the irregular talus formed round the base of the cone. We left our ponies at a shed to the east of Batuk, and after half-an-hour's climb arrived at a flight of steps leading up the steep sandy side of the Bromo crater. This is an example of the inverted-cone type, and is about 600 yards diameter at the rim, and 300 or 400 feet deep. At the bottom are some small fumaroles and cracks giving vent to steam, and the sides are streaked with bands of yellow sulphur. Over the lower slopes of Bromo large amorphous lumps of vesiculated scoræ are scattered that appear to have exuded from cracks, and masses of similar material, of a roughly spherical shape, occur on the surface of the "Sea of Sand." The sandy plain is almost devoid of vegetation, except a *polygonum* and some grasses and sedges; but the cracks and furrows on Bromo are already tenanted by ferns, a vine, a bramble, *vaccinium* bushes, and other stragglers from the surrounding forest.

The scene from the top of Bromo is grandly weird, and not even the lake of surging lava at Kilauea impressed me with an equal sense of the forces pent up within the apparently solid globe on which we live. I know of no scientific description in the English language of the wonderful system of craters, overlapping each other like those in

the moon, to be seen at this spot; but a Dutch friend was kind enough to translate for me portions of a work¹ on the plants and volcanoes of this district, which appeared to be very well done. From the hotel to the Bromo crater is a walk of about four hours, and the whole excursion is of the greatest interest.

We left Tosari at seven o'clock the next morning and rode to Djaboeng, a village at the foot of the hills, where we arrived at 2 P.M., and got *sados* for the drive to Malang. The path, except for a few rough places, is good. It passes at first through the lower hills, then traverses a characteristic Javan forest with tree-ferns and waterfalls, and for the last few miles lies through coffee plantations. Here we saw the berries being picked; the girls and boys climbing into the bushes, and the old women gathering berries on the ground. It was a very busy and pretty scene. At Djaboeng we took shelter in the verandah of a Government coffee storehouse, thronged with natives bringing their quotas of berries, which the officials weighed and paid for. The cultivation of coffee in Java is a Government monopoly, and like certain other valuable products, such as tea, cinnamon, pepper, &c., the cultivators are obliged to sow at least one-fifth of their holdings with the prescribed crop, the product being paid for at fixed rates. The advantages of this system appear questionable; but Mr Boys, an experienced observer, who paid particular attention to the subject, considers that, on the whole, the results are beneficial. The coffee used by the

Dutch residents is prepared as an extract with cold water, which is run off into small decanters and served with sugar and hot milk. A very little of the extract goes a long way; but the beverage thus prepared possesses an aroma and freshness of flavour that is superior to the coffee one gets even in France or Egypt.

Malang is a large town with a military garrison, and is the terminus of the railway running south from Soerabaja. It is situated in the fertile valley of the Brantas river, and commands fine views of the volcanic ranges enclosing the valley on the east and west. An excursion should be made from Malang to Singosari (half-an-hour by rail) to see a Hindu temple and some curious statues, assigned by Fergusson to the tenth century.

From Malang we went by rail (one and a-half hour) to Soekar-edjo, a roadside station, whence we drove (in two hours) to Prigen, a small sanitarium possessing a delightful climate, and beautifully placed on the elevated plateau which gives rise to the volcanic peaks of Ardjoeno and Penang-goengan.

Many pleasant walks and rides may be taken in this neighbourhood, but the principal attraction is the excursion to Lalidjiwa, a small house 8000 feet above the sea, from whence the ascent of Ardjoeno, and of its sister crater, Welirang, may be accomplished. We left Prigen on ponies at 7 A.M., and arrived at Lalidjiwa at half-past ten. The path is very steep, but ponies can be ridden nearly the whole way. The scenery is most beautiful, but presents no

¹ Java. Zune gedante, zun plantentooi, en inwendige bonw-door. Fraus Junghunh. 2 Deel.

particular features that have not been already described. The house is on a plateau, close under the Ardjoeno peak, and was built about ten years ago by a Scotch sugar-planter who has since left Java. A small charge is made for its occupation, and there is sufficient furniture in it, but the visitor has to bring food and bedding. The ascent to the crater of Ardjoeno is a three hours' rough scramble through forest and over blocks of lava, and presents no difficulties for a good walker. The descent takes two hours. The Welirang crater requires four hours there and back. Both these volcanoes are now extinct, but in the latter sulphur fumes still rise and deposit crystals on planks which are placed for the purpose over the crevices. The masses of crystals thus obtained sometimes attain a length of nearly two feet; and we met several natives carrying baskets of them down to the plains for sale. The Ardjoeno

flora contains the temperate plants usually found at similar elevations, with some additions not observed before, among which was a small geranium (*G. ardjoense*), closely related to an Australian species, and remarkable as the only geranium found in the Malay archipelago.

The visit to Prigen brought our Javan tour to an end, and we left the hotel at 5 A.M. in *sados*, arrived at the Porong railway station at half-past six, and reached Soerabaja at nine o'clock. The same evening we sailed in a Dutch steamer for Batavia, calling *en route* at the small island of Bawéjan, where we stayed a few hours. This is of volcanic origin, and its hills are covered with dense forest, giving place on the lower slopes to sugar-cane and other cultivated crops. On the third day we landed at Batavia, whence we sailed in the weekly steamer to Singapore, arriving there on 12th June.

H. COLLETT.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE BATTLES OF PRESTON AND FALKIRK.

CHARLES EDWARD had landed at Borrodale in Arisaig in the last week of July 1745. His hopes of support from the French Government had been greatly disappointed, but the enthusiasm and persistent purpose of the man had led to this bold—apparently most hazardous—initial step. The same qualities, joined to considerable sagacity and insight, and great physical endurance, sustained him to the last through many discouragements, led him even to more than one victory, and after the final disaster of Culloden, stood him in good stead in his wanderings and terrible hardships. His standard had been unfurled in the vale of Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel—a banner of red silk with a white space in the centre—destined to draw many hearts to it, to evoke much chivalrous devotion, to be identified for a time with heroism and victory, but the precursory symbol of the wreck of many a noble life and the ruin of many an ancient home. Highland clan after clan furnished contingents for the enterprise. At length he found himself strong enough to set out on the march southwards. Sir John Cope was sent with peremptory orders to intercept him. Cope got as far as Dalwhinnie, within sight of Corriearrick, whose summit the Highlanders had already occupied from the other side. Instead, however, of facing the foe, Cope thought it prudent to turn to the right and march on to Inverness, thus leaving the Prince free to continue his march

on Edinburgh. In the capital internal dissensions prevailed. There was a struggle for municipal office. The tradesmen of the guilds were much more interested in the question as to who should be Deacon, than in that of who should be King.¹ No proper precautions had been taken to meet the emergency, and Provost Stuart and Captain Drummond, of opposite political leanings, did not work in harmony. The result was that no competent force was sent out from the capital to stay the march of the Pretender; and in the end, Lochiel and other chiefs with 900 Highlanders contrived to enter by the Nether Bow Port at five in the morning. The citizens were asleep, and the city was now at their mercy. The valiant Scottish officials of Bench and Bar, to say nothing of municipal and ecclesiastical dignitaries, had almost universally fled. The Highlanders might do as they chose, but here at least they behaved well. The Prince entered Holyrood in the course of the day amid great enthusiasm. He and his army remained in the capital until Cope had returned from Inverness, and was threatening them from Dunbar on the east. On Friday the 20th September the Prince, at the head of his army, set out from Duddingston, where they had bivouacked during the night. Cope was advancing from Dunbar. The Royalist army reached Preston a little after noon. At first Cope drew up his line fronting the west. Finding the Highlanders passing him to the south, he changed his position

¹ Chambers, *Rebellion, 1745*, vol. i. p. 95.

so as to front southwards. In the morning of the battle he returned to his first position, with his line, however, facing the east. He had Cockenzie and the sea on his flank to the north. On the south of his line was a boggy morass traversed by a deep ditch or drain, that made for the sea by the east of Seton Castle. The Highlanders lay down for the night in an open stubble-field to the west and south of Cope's position. Towards evening a thick mist or easterly haar settled down on land and sea. The Prince, along with his officers and soldiers, slept under the open heaven in this field of cut pease—a sheaf of pease-straw serving each man for pillow. The attack was to be made in the morning, but the difficulty for the forces of the Prince was how to get across the morass and ditch with safety and without exposure to unreturned fire. A scheme for doing so was brought to Lord George Murray and the Prince, in the early hours of the night, by a son of Anderson of Whitborough, a proprietor in Lothian. It was at once adopted, and it was resolved to follow his guidance through the bog, and attack the Royalists in the early morning. The force began to move about three o'clock, some three hours before sunrise. Following Anderson in dead silence, they stole down the valley that runs through the farm of Ringan Head,—concealed by the darkness of the night, and, as day broke, by the mist. When nearing the morass, they were discovered by an advance-guard of dragoons; but they were able to cross and form on the firm ground on the other side without molestation. Cope was meanwhile riding in hot haste from Cockenzie, where he had been wakened from his sleep. The sun had now risen, and was breaking the mist into cloudy masses that rolled from the Firth on their right to the fields on their left. But neither army could be seen by the other. The line of the Highlanders hastily formed was somewhat irregular, but advance to the attack was at once made. Before they got half-way, the sun had partly dispelled the mist, and displayed the glittering array of the bayonets of the Royalist line. Lochiel and the Camerons led, and pierced impetuously through a fire of cannon and musketry. Nothing could withstand their onset. They met a squadron of dragoons under Colonel Whitney, who panic-struck merely fired a few shots and fled. The famous Colonel Gardiner then advanced to fill the place of the vanished squadron, but his cavalry too fled in panic and precipitation, much to their leader's grief. In a similar manner Hamilton's dragoons on the left flank turned from the field in terror before the MacDonalds, without, it is said, even firing a shot. The defenceless infantry was thus left to the sweep of the Highland broadsword and the thrust of the dagger. As was their custom, the Highlanders when within range fired one volley of musketry, then threw away their pieces, and, having the broadsword in the right hand and target and dirk in the left, made a torrent-like rush on the opposing line. The gleam of the terrible steel burst through the smoke of the fire. Receiving the thrust of the enemy's bayonet in the target, where it stuck, each man cut down his fronting foe. The assailants were speedily within the opposing line, pushing right and left with sword and dagger. The battle was decided in a few minutes. What followed was mere but terrible car-

nage,¹—made by broadsword and the scythe-headed pole. Though the number of combatants on either side was not great, yet the sun has rarely shone on any battle-field that presented a more gory or ghastly spectacle than that of Preston on that September Saturday.

Sir John Cope, after in vain trying to rally the dragoons, who had behaved so shamefully, and boggling on horseback amid the lanes of Preston, rode from the field with 400 cavalry. The panic of the day had evidently permeated him, for he never halted until he had put more than twenty miles behind him, and got to Lauder, where he halted for refreshment.² Thence he rode to Coldstream, and next day reached Berwick, carrying through the Lowlands like a flying courier the first news of his own defeat.

The following letters were written after the battle, and they contain reports of eye-witnesses. They do not add materially to our information, but they confirm and illustrate points in the ordinary narrative. They are of interest as the resuscitation of the feelings and mood of mind of people who were living at the time, and as citizens eager, even personally anxious, for news of the fight. There are, further, picturesque touches in them of real human interest. The writer of most of them was a Mr James Christie, indicated in one of the letters as of Durie, in Fife. But he was now living at Neidpath Castle, by the Tweed, about a mile from Peebles. The ancient castle had been let to strangers after the sudden death of the second Earl of March in 1731, when his son,

afterwards Duke of Queensberry, succeeded. This personage, known as "old Q," preferred the joys of London to the simple pleasures of the scenery of the Tweed. But the castle itself had not as yet been denuded of its furnishing and ancient tapestry, and the old trees of many generations stood round it untouched. It was still a suitable residence for a country gentleman. Mr Christie's neighbour and friend, to whom the letters are addressed, was James Burnett of Barns, an adjoining property, the representative of a very old family which was still in the full enjoyment of its ancestral lands. His descendant had not yet begun to "improve" the estate and the family off the roll of landed gentry. Mr Burnett was, I rather suspect, like a good many others of the Lowland lairds, a Jacobite at heart, though he took no outward part in the rising. His close correspondent was Mr David Beatt, a teacher of writing in Edinburgh, and an ardent Jacobite, who officially proclaimed King James the VIII., and read the commission of regency in favour of his son Charles, before the palace of Holyrood after the Prince's entrance. The Barns family were evidently in cordial sympathy with Mr Beatt and his views. He continued to correspond with them for several years after Culloden. From one of his letters we learn that he had one interesting pupil in 1747. The heroine, Flora Macdonald, freed from her restraint in London, came to Edinburgh for instruction in penmanship, a part of her education which had apparently been neglected. Mr Beatt excuses himself for

¹ Compare the accounts of John Home and R. Chambers in their respective Histories of the Rebellion in 1745.

² Report of Cope's Trial, p. 43.

not visiting Barns in these words (September 25, 1747):—

"As I have enter'd with Miss Flory M'Donald, who waited five weeks for my return to Town, and who needs very much to be advanced in her writing, confines me to daily attendance, and must do so till she is brought some length in it, which obliges me to keep the Town close."

Mr Christie had a son a lieutenant in Colonel Murray's Regiment, which took part in the battle of Preston. He writes to Mr Burnett the day after the battle, under date "Sunday morning" (22d September), and says:—

"A sentinel of Colonel Murray's Regiment, in which my son is lieutenant, is just come to our house [Neidpath], and is a little wounded in the leg. He says that Colonel Gairdner and Captain Leslie in Murray's Regiment are killed, and 'tis said that Cope is killed. Many of the dragoons are killed. Gairdner's Dragoons and the men were not to blame. Their horses being young, and the Highlanders throwing up their plaids, and the sight of their broadswords so frightened them that they threw many of the riders, and killed many of their own foot. Many of the dragoons were also shot. Hamilton's Horse behaved better. My son John, he says, commanded one of the platoons of his own regiment in the rear of his own regiment, and his captain commanded another on the right. My son went off with the remaining part of the dragoons towards Berwick, where it is now said there are six thousand Dutch landed. This man says that they were but three thousand five hundred, and the Highlanders nine or ten thousand. He says they stood within pistol-shot of one another some time, and neither horse nor foot of them had orders to fire one shot, but did it of their own accord, and fired but one. They have thirteen hundred prisoners, eight cannon, and all the baggage."

John Walker, Lieut. Christie's servant, rode to Neidpath from

Preston to inform the father of the disappearance of his son, and of the fruitless search he had made for him on the field (Sept. 23). Walker said that he did not hear that the Dragoons got any orders to fire, but that they did so of their own accord,—some of them five, three, and four times, others only once. There is no account, he says, of Cope.

The following is written September 23—the Monday after the battle. The servant sent out for news about the son has not yet returned, and the father and family are "still in great pain for Johnie." Some soldiers had come from the battle-field on Saturday to Etlstoun (Eddleston), and on to Peebles on Sunday. One of them, who was in the same regiment and company with young Christie, came up from Peebles to Neidpath Castle on the same day. He reported to the anxious father that the Lieutenant had gone off with the Dragoons, believed to be for Berwick:—

"But we are still at an uncertainty about Johnie till John Ker comes back. The young man said that several Highlanders were killed by their comrades, and that the Highlanders still fired, and charged for about two hundred yards, as they (the Highlanders) were approaching them; that he saw Colonel Gairdner fall, and that Lieutenant-Colonel Clayton, their Lieutenant-Colonel, was also killed, and that he saw Captain Leslie fall upon his knee, and there is no certainty about Cope. He seemed to be much surprised when he saw the number of Highlandmen, for he was made believe that they were not above three thousand. The young man said that after their first fire the Highlanders surrounded them, being triple their number, and that the Dragoons fought as well as possibly they could, for their horses threw many of them, and killed them and several of their foot; and after the Dragoons had gone a little off, three or four troops of them

returned, but when they were again attacked, the men were not to be blamed, for they could by no means get their horses kept in nor to hand, so went off the best way they could.

"A gentleman who saw the battle says that Cope's army fired twice before we came off, and that Cope's men fired too soon without orders, for their officers had discharged them to fire till they thought it a proper time. This is all I can learn."

The excuse here about the rawness of the horses may pass for what it is worth; but the other statements in both letters about the numbers of the Prince's forces are gross exaggerations. According to trustworthy authority, the whole troops under his command amounted to 2400. Of these only about 1456 were actually engaged in the battle. Cope's army reached 2100, but the whole were not in action.

Three days after the battle we have further news about it. Mr Christie, anxious about his son, had sent a servant, John Ker, to Edinburgh, to ascertain, if possible, certain tidings regarding him. Mr Christie writes to Mr Burnett (Tuesday, 24th September 1745), giving these interesting particulars about the battle:—

"My servant, John Ker, came here from Edinburgh betwixt five and six last night (Monday, 23d September). He brought me a letter from a gentleman there, who writes me that he spake with one Doctor Hepburn, who spoke with my son and General Folk [Fowke], when they had got safe about a mile from the field of battle,¹ and that Hepburn was very well acquainted with my son, and rode a mile with them towards Dunbar, where they say he is at present safe and not wounded. This makes us a little more easie. My son's servant went off about six this morning from this [Neidpath] towards Dunbar and Berwick in quest of his master. The

gentleman writes me that on Saturday morning the two armies met near Preston, just by Colonel Gairdner's house, where, after a fight of about twenty minutes, the Highlanders got the most compleat victory ever was heard of. They did not lose 30 men, and they killed many officers and 300 soldiers and took 1200 prisoners, and amongst the killed are Captain Rogers and Captain Stewart of Phisgill, besides those that I have already named to you in the inclosed, and the Master of Torphichan is much wounded."

Public means of communication through the country there seems to have been none—at least to such an outlying district as Peeblesshire. People resident there had to look to exceptional and accidental sources for news. "Our lasses," Mr Christie tells us, were at Peebles yesterday (September 26), where they learned from

"a gentleman from Edinburgh that all is quiet there, and the officers who are prisoners are going in the street on their parole, and that the Prince should have said that he was ready to forgive all the gentlemen, clergymen, and others who took arms against him as volunteers, providing they would beg his pardon, and do so no more; and that they were carrying up what they wanted to the Castle, and no opposition made by the P. [Prince] or the Highlanders. A great many more Highlanders are expected, and hundreds of them coming in every day."

Mr Christie heard in a day or two, by express from Lady Cranston, that his son the lieutenant, and her son George, in the same regiment, were well at Berwick.

The Prince at length, after his gay sojourn in Holyrood, resolved to march south on London. It was a daring enterprise, and, with the materials at his command, most hazardous. Still it was quite in the line of his temper and

¹ Corroborated in Cope's Trial, p. 73.

the mood which had led him to the advance on Edinburgh and to victory at Preston. The Highland forces proceeded to England in three divisions. On the evening of Friday, 1st November, a portion under the Marquis of Tullibardine set out from Dalkeith for Peebles. Their design was to march up the Tweed to Moffat, so as to reach Carlisle. The contingent under the Prince made for Lauderdale, and the third division went by Galashiels, Selkirk, Hawick, and Moss-paul.

The western division under Tullibardine arrived at Peebles on the evening of Saturday, 2d November:—

"The sun was setting as the first lines devolved from the hills which environ the place on every side, and throwing back a thousand threatening glances from the arms of the moving band, caused inexpressible alarm among the peaceful townsmen, who had only heard enough about the insurrection and its agents to make them fear the worst from such a visit. 'There's the Hielantmen! there's the Hielantmen!' burst from every mouth, and was communicated like wildfire through the town."

The "Hielantmen," however, behaved, on the whole, very well. The leader certainly imperatively demanded payment of the cess, but asked from the householders only such a contribution of provisions as they could afford. The citizens were, however, forced to bake and kirk, and the miller was compelled to set his mill agoing on the Sunday, for the needs of the troops.¹ The mere exaction of food was comparatively nothing, but the burghers were thus compelled to break the fourth commandment!

On leaving Peebles, this western division went up the Tweed val-

ley by Stobo and Tweedsmuir. A detachment of it, according to what seems a well-founded tradition, took the route by Traquair and crossed the hills to Yarrow, making their way to Moffat by St Mary's Loch and Moffatdale. Possibly the Highlanders had become aware of the fact that one laird near Peebles, who had been requisitioned for supplies, had sent his horses and cattle for safety to the seclusion of Meggatdale, which lay on their way. There was but one Jacobite residing in the parish of Stobo at the time. All the other people, fearing the Highlanders, had withdrawn, and hidden their horses and cows. This solitary believer in the Pretender disdained to put his cow out of the line of their march. The result was, that notwithstanding his belief in the trustworthiness and lofty motives of the band, his cow was carried off by them—the solitary trophy from the parish of Stobo. Sir David Murray of Hillhouse, where Stobo Castle now stands, was, however, to be later one of the most marked sufferers from his devotion to the rebels, saving his head, but losing his fine estate.

Some weeks after this, disquieting rumours were in Peebles to the effect that the report of guns apparently firing from the Castle in Edinburgh had been heard in the town. But a messenger—James Nicholson—who was in Edinburgh (1st December), says there was no ground for the statement. Three to four thousand Highlanders are reported as being at Perth. This was probably the contingent under Lord Strathallan, who did not succeed in getting south to join the Prince on his march to England. This failure

¹ R. Chambers, *Rebellion, 1745*, vol. i. p. 210.

led in great measure to the abandonment of the final stroke of the enterprise when only ninety-four miles from London.

The Prince was now on his way back from Derby, having managed to evade the Duke of Cumberland in the retreat—except on the one occasion when Lord George Murray, turning on the pursuers, made his bold back-stroke, and put a party of the assailants to flight. The Prince was making for the north to recruit his somewhat shattered following. Under date December 24, Mr Christie writes to Mr Burnett—

“As the Provost of Peebles got a letter last night (23d) from the Prince’s army acquainting him that they were to be at Peebles to-morrow, and desired that the town might have provisions ready for them, you will therefore excuse us if we don’t wait upon you to dinner to-morrow, for we cannot leave our house.”

The Highlanders do not seem, however, to have turned up on that date, as on December 25th Provost Alexander of Peebles writes that—

“The Highland army was yesternight at Lamington, and where they go is not well known. The foot were yesternight at Linlithgow; the horse rode back from Haddington to Edinburgh. Carlisle is besieged by the Duke of Cumberland, and briskly defended by the garrison.”

The destination of the division of the forces at Lamington seems to have been changed: there is no evidence of their having turned aside to Peebles.

The battle of Falkirk was fought on the 17th January 1746 (old style, or 28th new). The various features of it are well known. We have the negligence of General Hawley, arising from his contempt, constantly expressed,

for the Highlanders and their mode of warfare. He breakfasted and spent the forenoon with Lady Kilmarnock, away from his troops. Thus we find him partly taken by surprise as Cope was, and there was the repetition in great measure of the sudden and shameful flight of the Dragoons as at Preston. The Highlanders properly claimed the battle, though the momentary uncertainty of the issue, and the valiant stand of a portion of the Royal forces, prevented them following it up as they might have done.

The following letter is of interest as from an eye-witness. It gives a clear and succinct account of the sharp brief struggle, and helps us to settle one or two points somewhat in doubt. It is dated Edinburgh, 23d January, but bears no signature. It was probably sent, in the first instance, to Mrs Burnett, Barns himself apparently being from home:—

[*To Mrs Burnett of Barns.*]

“MADAM,—When your last came to hand I happened to be at Falkirk out of curiosity to see both armies and the engagement, if any should happen; and as the accounts in the newspapers are very lame and in some things false, I shall give you a short account of the action, as near the truth and to the best of my memory, in the great hurry and confusion most people, as well as myself, were then in.

I came from Borrowstoness upon the Friday morning to Falkirk, about 8 o’clock, and saw the forces belonging to the Government regularly encamped upon the north side of the town. About ten of the clock the Highland army was seen upon the south side of the Torewood with colours flying, and seemed as if they had been marching backwards, but about 2 hours after they were espied by glasses, upon the low ground, having taken a circuit round the high part of the wood, and were then marching on the straight post-road towards Fal-

kirk. General Hawley had many informations of their approach, but could not be prevailed upon to march out of his camp till about 2 of the afternoon, when the last account came, as he was sitting at dinner in the town, and when he rose in great haste, saying, 'Come, let us disperse this mob.' The alarm had been given in the camp some time before, and the men were all under arms, and about half an hour after two they all marched out of the camp, and were forming the line of battle fronting to the west. Expecting the Highland army to come that way, but perceiving that the Highlanders took their route more southerly, they, viz. the King's army, faced about and marched in great haste up the hill to the south-west of Falkirk, and formed the line of battle upon the summit fronting southwards. By this time the Highlanders were likewise forming upon another summit, within a good musket-shot; but neither of the armies were fully formed, when Gardener's and Hamilton's Dragoons began the battle by falling in amongst the Highlanders. A tempest of wind and rain blowing incessantly at that instant, that no body could either see or almost keep their feet, and a regiment of foot, said to be Poulteney's, finding that the fire came from that quarter, and not perceiving that the Dragoons were betwixt them and the Highlanders, kept a running fire did more harm to the Dragoons than the enemy. And in an instant of time the Horse broke and put their own left wing in great disorder. I was unluckily situate behind the centre of the army, and was almost trode down by the flying Dragoons and horses wanting riders. I happened to be standing on foot with my horse in my hand at the time, not being able to keep my horse back with the storm; and before I could retreat about a hundred paces, to be further from the shot which was whistling about my ears, the Foot were broke, and many of them at Falkirk before me, some with arms, some none. I stopt about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Falkirk opposite to the Callendar House, being informed that General Husk had rallied two regiments of foot and was making a

gallant stand, and men on horseback were sent off to recall the flyers, but to no purpose, for neither horse nor foot would return. The Highlanders, who were advancing disorderly, seeing Husk's men draw up in order, immediately retreated to their first ground and formed themselves in order for second attack; but General Husk, not being reinforced, marched down the hill, keeping a retreating fire all the while, which retarded the Highlanders from advancing very much, and saved the most part of the army from being cut to pieces, and gave time to carry off 3 of the smallest of the train of artillery, a great deal of the baggage, and some of the tents from the camp; and what they could not carry off they set fire to, but the tents being wet did not consume so suddenly but that the Highlanders, who were close upon them, extinguished a great deal of the tents and got some baggage. The drivers, upon seeing the army fly down the hill, cut off the draught-horses from the artillery and covered waggons, and rode clear off with them, which was the occasion of 7 of their best pieces being left behind, which fell in the Highlanders' hands.

"The flying army were some of them at Edinburgh that same night before 8. But most of the Dragoons and foot stopt at Linlithgow, and came next day to Edinburgh. I can give you no particular accounts either of the killed, wounded, or prisoners, so that you may expect that afterwards with more certainty.

"Some of the foremost and heaviest of the artillery were embogued [stuck in a bog or moss], and none of them ever got up the hill to the field of battle.

"Since writing the above, I am informed that the Highlanders have about 700 prisoners, of which 200 militia, and amongst them 5 ministers, who, mistaking their trade, had taken the sword of the flesh instead of that of the spirit. There are likewise 30 of the Argilesire Campbells prisoners; the others are all military.

"The French Brigades keep their outguards at Linlithgow, and the military at Corstorphin, so that there is but 10 miles betwixt them. The main

body of the Highlanders lie at Falkirk, Bannockburn, and Stirling, and are bombarding the Castle strenuously, and flatter themselves that they shall soon carry it; after which they give out they are to attempt this place, where the main body of the military lie.

"There are constant desertions from them here to the Highlanders, notwithstanding the strict discipline kept here, for they are constantly whipping them for the loss of their arms and accoutrements, and this day they hung up four for desertion in the Grassmercate, and it's said as many more will be hanged to-morrow in the same place, and 7 more in chains at the Gallilee. You may transmit this to Barns, after you peruse it. This is wrote in great haste, which you will excuse."

General Hawley's one dominating idea was that the rude Highlanders were to be dispersed by dragoons. Hence the order to them—some 700 or 800 in all—to charge a whole army of 8000 foot drawn up in two lines. This was a fatal blunder in tactics; but it appears further, from the letter now printed, that the order was precipitately given, ere either of the armies was fully formed, or the movements and position of the Dragoons were properly known even on their own side.

This was the last success of the Prince. We know what rapidly followed,—the march to the north; the futile siege of Stirling Castle by the way; the stand made on the plain of Culloden, and the disaster of that dreadful day. The Pretender episode was the last rising in arms in Britain that was inspired by the ideas of abstract justice, the divine hereditary right of kings, personal loyalty to a head or chief, disinterested risk and sacrifice, in many cases at least, of life and estate. The spirit of chivalry was its redeeming feature. This was confronted with a strong democratic belief in representative government as opposed to personal rule, attachment to the Protestant succession, and the contentment which was gradually springing up from a state of settled trade and commerce. Hence, though the issue of the contest, as it turned out, was for the best, it did not deeply stir the national heart; and we find the spirit of ballad and song, the power of the imaginative ideal, sympathy for its hero, as the inheritor of "the old Scottish glory," nearly wholly on the side of the down-trodden cause.

J. VEITCH.

MEMORIALS OF OLD HAILEYBURY.

PUBLIC men sometimes direct that their papers shall not be given to the world till after a period of years dating from their death. Time tries all; and before the tribunal of a later day they await impartial judgment. But, with the years, the business of review accumulates; and, when half a century has elapsed, few but the most eminent, or the most notorious, can expect to have escaped oblivion. The brief life of the East India College of Haileybury dated from 1809 to 1857, a period of forty-eight years. Thirty-six more have gone since the gates closed on the last student who passed from between her portals. Eminence she could not in so brief a span obtain; notoriety she may have hoped to escape: on what ground are her chronicles submitted to the judgment of a later generation? The only plea can be that, like the mothers of other historic figures, she sent out into public life notable men, whose record during eighty years or more of not the least eventful periods of the history of British India, filled the annals of Leadenhall Street, and of its successor in Whitehall. They who had held the reins of empire in India throughout the troubled days of the first sixty years of this century, whose wills had moulded such great events, and whose hands had controlled issues so momentous, had all passed through the Haileybury quadrangle, and had submitted themselves to the instruction and discipline of the Company's College. Among the trivial storm and stress of student life, in the seclusion of Hailey Heath, and in the thin atmos-

phere of the college lecture-rooms, somewhere, somehow, they had received that impress which they were to bear with them to their graves. The contrast between the Alma Mater and such alumni is, at first sight, astounding. Some may think that their achievements were in spite, not in consequence, of their training; some again, that their training was not at Haileybury, but in India. Others will remind us that, if among the Civil servants of the Company there were some great and many considerable men, there were also men who were good for nothing. A few may ask whether the men turned out under the open competition system which in 1855 challenged, and in 1857 extinguished Haileybury, have proved themselves as superior in ability, in character, and in resource, to their predecessors, as the Universities which they frequented, and the education which they received, were superior to the teaching of the Company's college.

Before passing to the 'Memorials,' a few words as to the place of Haileybury in the economy of the East India Company are required. If we are to try rightly to read the secret of Haileybury we must recall the days in which the college existed, and the circumstances of the lads who went there. The life of the East India College (including the three years during which the college was at Hertford) was from 1806 to 1857; and during that period a succession of amazing events had occurred, with extreme rapidity, under the Company's rule. Nepal had been despoiled. The Pindaris had been dispersed; the Mahrattas

broken. Lower Burmah had been annexed. Kabul, violated, had avenged herself. Sindh, the Panjab, Oudh, had successively passed under the Company's dominion. Rarely had spring succeeded spring but there came to the lads in the college some fresh talé of peoples about to be subjected, and brought within the field of their future labours. It was in these years, among these chances and changes, this tumble of kingdoms, this clash of arms, these whisperings of diplomacy, this fashioning of administration, that the Haileybury student prepared himself for his duties. To other English lads of his age the repeal of the Corn Laws, the struggle for Reform, the succession of Whig to Tory or of Tory to Whig, spelt history; to the student at Haileybury the abiding subject of interest was the expansion and the maintenance of British rule in India. And who was the Haileybury student? If not himself son or grandson of men whose praises were in all mouths, or whose names were registered in the most stirring pages of Indian history, he was pretty sure to be closely akin to them. Nothing that was passing in the great Indian epic could fail to be of vital interest to him. Such a one had lost a father in the retreat from Kabul. A brother had gone down before Khálsa sabres on the Sutlej. Another had been treacherously murdered, or had fallen to the knife of a fanatic. The river of Sindh, the Gangetic flood, the Persian sands, the snows of the Himalaya, the forests of Burmah, the valleys of Ceylon,—what region in India, or in adjacent lands, was not rich with the blood of Anglo-Indian families? Many a Haileybury lad had been dandled as a child in arms which had

helped to bind a province to the empire, or to bring savage tribes into subjection. From lips which had dictated an equal code of law to turbulent soldiery and to the patient peasant, or for long years had shaped the decrees of the Council chamber, he may have first learned the lessons of self-reliance, and of unquestioning self-sacrifice to duty. His people were probably still in India; and month by month, week after week, letters reached him full of Indian sketches, of incidents of Indian life,—the salám of some grey-headed old bearer to the Bábá—his brother's first tiger—the return of a daughter from England—a few dry blades of grass from a grave. Above all, from his earliest youth, from his cradle onwards, the name of the Indian had sounded in his ears as the name of a friend. The house in which he lived was itself frequently a museum of Indian art. The Bhundéla shield, the Mahratta lance, the Rajput's matchlock, the Ghúrka's kúkri, the coat of mail of the chivalrous Sikh, were among the trophies on the walls. The miniatures of the Táj Mehál and the Dewan-i-khas, painted by cunning hands in Delhi, were enshrined in velvet cases in the drawing-room. Krishna, azure-tinted, marble-limbed, played, standing on his serpents, upon the pipe for him; elephant-headed Ganes, the grotesque, the kind, the comfortable, promised protection. Sheets of talc, with their portraiture of creamy steeds, full of fat and fire; the humped bullocks; the bedizened elephants; the swarthy whiskered faces surmounting the garments of divers brilliant colours; the clay figures of household servants—the gardener with his little basket of vegetables, the grass-cutter with his big bundle

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of grass, the syce with his
fly-whisp, the khansama with his
long account,—all these were
his daily life. As evening
arrived and was approaching, the
was diffused into the air, and
and there passed the
of English roses, and the
that aroma of the
dal, of spices, of the
aroma, in a word, the
which, packed with the
is pleasant and
nose, but when it comes
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vigour of the
decay of the
intolerable
able.

From such a
such a scene
the Hindu
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of grass, the syce with his short fly-whisp, the khansamah with his long account,—all these were of his daily life. As each fresh box arrived and was unpacked, there was diffused into the atmosphere, and there passed with the scent of English roses into his nostrils, that aroma of cinnamon, of sandal, of spice, of pepper—that aroma, in a word, of the East, which, packed with Indian fabrics, is pleasant and pungent to the nose, but which, diffused among its bazaars, or mingled with the vigour of its animal life and the decay of its vegetable matter, is intolerable, undefinable, unquenchable.

From such homes, and among such occurrences and traditions, the Haileybury students came together, to compare family histories, to speculate on passing events, and to await with impatience the hour when they should be despatched to take their share in them. Their childhood and youth had been in themselves an Indian education. Haileybury was the last chapter in a training which had been formed *non tam in sermone, quam in gremio*. Haileybury gave them the seal of their profession,—segregating them, at seventeen, from other English youths, and setting them, not without misgivings, apart from the familiar influences, as apart from the customary occupations and well-trodden ways, which were henceforth to engage their contemporaries. The one, as a rule, looked forward to a life of law, medicine, the Church, commerce, or country pursuits; the other, only to the business of government. The degree in which the college succeeded in finally hall-marking him and in equipping him for future life, is the measure of its usefulness, and its

title to recognition. So far, and no farther, may it commend its pages to posterity. With these few words of preface, we turn to the book before us.

If the success of a book may be conjectured from the number of those who are bound to be interested in it, these 'Memorials' will have but a limited circulation. The number of old Haileybury men now alive is believed to be about three hundred and fifty. The book is divided into eight main sections. Of these, Sir Monier Monier-Williams' "Reminiscences," with their sketches of Professors of whom many were eminent in English thought, will alone appeal to a general audience. The origin of the college, its native literature, a long and rather irrelevant list of "persons belonging to the Government of India," even Miss Harriet Martineau's virginal ecstasy over the figure of Malthus, will fail to tickle the ears of the public. Mr Percy Wigram's "Lists of Students Educated at Haileybury" possess interest only for those survivors for whom the 'Memorials' were put together. To the general reader, these lists of students, occupying 251 of a total of 637 pages, will prove impossible. But the 'Memorials,' of course, are not for the general reader. This is essentially a work of a Service—and, what is much more odious in the eye of your general reader, of an Indian Service. To others may be left the ungrateful task of pointing out errors and omissions; but, if only for the sake of the reputation of Haileybury men, it is to be regretted that in these lists accuracy was not more regarded. A sheet of *corrigenda* has indeed been circulated, subsequently to the publication of the 'Memorials,' but it is still very far from exhaustive. To many old

Haileybury men, Mr Wigram's lists will give the first intimation which has reached them since, on leaving college, they separated at the old Shoreditch station (now itself a thing of the past), of the career, and too often of the death, of many of their contemporaries and friends. It will seem to them a scroll of destiny, a roll-call. Men who were last seen in all the first vigour of manhood, dead in the prime of morning; men who fought through the livelong day, fallen when success was assured them; some promoted to great honour; many undistinguished; a few, happily but very few, deserters or removed with ignominy. Not many years can elapse before dates still happily wanting will be filled in, and the lists may be then closed. With this, and with the removal of the last name from the pension-roll of its military officers, the final record in the archives of the East India Company will have been completed, and the vaults to which they are consigned may be then sealed up for ever.

The "Mutiny Services of Civilians" may, with more confidence, be commended to the attention of such Englishmen as still care to be told how their countrymen carry themselves abroad in the day of disaster and in the hour of despair. Of 159 officers there mentioned, it would seem that thirty-two were killed in those fateful days, that six were wounded, and that ten died from the effects of exposure or sickness,—forty-eight in all, or considerably more than a quarter of the number. Of five Thornhills, three perished. Two civilians gained the Victoria Cross. Herwald Wake and James Colvin at Arrah, the brothers John and James Power at Mainpuri, Spankie at Saharanpur, M'Killop at Cawn-

pur, Tucker at Fatehpur, Turnbull at Bulandshahr, Ricketts at Ludhiána — these among many are names which stand foremost in England's annals of courage and of endurance. Wherever brave deeds, a fearless carriage, or a noble death in the presence of hopeless odds find praise on the tongues of men, these names will not be forgotten. From Mr Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, who died because, in spite of the solemn sentence of his physicians, he would not be parted from the wreck of his charge in the sight of subordinates who with him were breasting the crisis; to young Galloway, the tale of whose heroism is briefly told in the ensuing paragraph, — these all in their deaths, as others, more fortunate, in their lives, showed themselves worthy of the great traditions in which they had been cradled, the great lesson in which they had been instructed.

"Arthur Galloway," runs Mr Wigram's narrative, "was Assistant Magistrate at Delhi. On hearing of the disturbances in the city on the early morning of Monday, May 11, Galloway went to his post at the Treasury, and only quitted it for a time to procure aid from the main guard at the Kashmir gate, as the Sepoys of the Treasury guard were almost in a state of mutiny, though up to the time they had not attacked him or broken into the strong room. The officers at the gate, deserted by their men and many of them wounded, could give no assistance, and Galloway was repeatedly urged to remain and take his chance with them, as he could do no good by returning to the Treasury, and would certainly lose his life. He said he knew what the result would be, but it was his duty to stick to his post. He did so, and stood on guard at the Treasury door, armed with a sword, one solitary Englishman, among a mass of infuriated, howling Sepoys, who soon overpowered and cut him down, resisting to the last."

In Arthur Galloway, as in all his brothers of the Civil Service, Haileybury, when her own final moment had come, at "the last visitation of the Chairman and Court of Directors," on that chill 7th of December 1857, may well have found comfort. "I am persuaded," said the Chairman, Mr Ross Mangles (whose son had gained the Victoria Cross for a splendid act of humanity and of valour), "that it is to the enlargement of the intelligence imparted, and to the stimulus given by the education they have received at this college, that those members of the Civil Service in India who have most distinguished themselves in every stage of public life may trace their character and habits of feeling. I cannot on this occasion refrain from alluding to a still higher honour which has been conferred upon that Service during the great crisis which is now taking place in India. I would speak humbly, after the words which have fallen from the lips of the Queen with regard to that Service. She has coupled them in her Royal speech with their military brethren, and they well deserve to be so united, for they have stood shoulder to shoulder with them in every scene of danger, and have shown that high civil moral courage which is a more rare and a more valuable quality than mere military virtue, and is, I trust, common to our race." Then, after passing a splendid encomium on the late Lieutenant-Governor, Mr John Colvin, "in whom the Government of India had sustained an almost irreparable loss," on Sir John Lawrence, on Sir Robert Montgomery, on Wake, on Galloway, and on others, he exclaimed, "This is the sort of stuff of which the Civil Service in India is made! I call upon you to emulate these great examples!"

With the echo of these words and of the cheers which greeted them ringing in her ears—with this *viaticum* between her lips—Haileybury may well have departed in peace. It was a proud "Nunc Dimittis"; nor was the tumult of 1857 an incongruous requiem to the college whose career had been contemporary with such stormy and eventful times.

With the extinction of Haileybury there passed, too, from the page of Indian story the cotemporary figure of the "Qui-hye." He had derived his name more particularly from the Bengal Presidency; but he was, in truth, not of a Province, but for all India. The fire of Burke, and the Bengal fire of Sheridan, had killed the Nabob of the previous century. The trial of Warren Hastings was the trial, not of a man, but of a system. The man may have been acquitted; the system perished. Open corruption, greed without conscience, indolence without excuse, the rapacity of the Mahratta, the licentiousness of the Mogul, fled for ever from high places in the British administration of India before the thunders of Burke. The eighteenth century, with the Nabobs who "were astounded at their own moderation," was dismissed. With a new century, new manners; and, simultaneously with Haileybury and with Addiscombe, the Qui-hye. In type he was one, in character multiform. He was composed of many distinct qualities, instinct with conflicting virtues. With Henry Lawrence he was magnanimous of spirit and of a high courage. With Thomason he was shrewd and penetrating. With Yule he was a mighty hunter. With Outram he was chivalrous. With Metcalfe his hospitality was unbounded. With Donald Macleod

his guilelessness, if it exposed him to the designs of many, endeared him to the hearts of all. But, in truth, it is not necessary to describe him. It was given to the Indian Civil Service to number in its ranks the father of England's greatest novelist; and they who wish to see, even as they moved among us, the Nabob and the Qui-hye, need but study the portraits, limned by the consummate hand of genius, on the one page of Jos Sedley, on the other of James Binnie and Thomas Newcome. Burke killed the Nabob; Mangal Pándé slew the Qui-hye. He lies beneath the *débris* of the Delhi arsenal. The ingratitude of his brother, the Brahman; the ruin of half a century's labour; divine despair; the severance of the vital ties which had bound him, his forebears and his children, to India and its people, consumed him as with fire. His body died with Haileybury, with Addiscombe, with John Company. But his spirit lives for evermore in the immortal pages of Thackeray.

With Sir Monier Monier-Williams' "Reminiscences," we pass to a more cloistered atmosphere. Sir Monier had been for a short time a student in Haileybury, entering it in January 1840, and leaving it during the course of the summer term of 1841, at the same time throwing up his nomination to the Indian Civil Service. But from 1844 to 1857 he filled the Sanskrit chair at Haileybury, and his "Reminiscences" are mainly those of a Professor. Dealing as they do with such familiar names as Malthus, Empson, Jones, Stephen, and Melvill, these pages will appeal to a far larger English circle than Mr Danvers', Mr Wigram's, or Sir Steuart Bayley's pages. But they contain comparatively little which is special to Haileybury, and with

little modification might have formed part of a Dictionary of Universal Biography. These Principals and Professors were mostly men well known in their day, who had taken part in one or other section of English life, where, in fact, their record lies. Their names are familiar; their lives have been written. If there is any one to whom Sir Monier's pages will furnish information regarding them, it is probably the Haileybury civilian himself. To him the private life of his Professor was unimaginable. That any one so set apart, so pillared in dignity, and so shrouded in an almost divine obscurity, could have, in the vulgar sense of the word, a private life at all, must cost him some effort to realise. To the student of Haileybury, with few exceptions, his Professor was an arrangement in cap and gown, from whose mouth at certain hours on certain appointed days there issued, as from an oracle, Sanskrit, Persian, Telugu, Arabic, or other strange sounds; whose business it was at intervals to pass or to pluck him; and whom he, by all lawful and by some unlawful means, might, Providence permitting, circumvent. To find now that it would appear that this man was human,—that if you tickled Stephen he would laugh; that if you pinched the author of these "Reminiscences" he would bleed; that Malthus had organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; that if you wronged Johnson, he would be revenged,—will raise a smile of incredulity on the lips of more than one grey-haired annuitant. For the Professor, though in Haileybury, was of Haileybury only in the sense that the Napoleons were of France, the Cæsars of Italy, the Great Mogul of Hindustan, or the Great

Cham of Tartary. He bestrode the college like a Colossus; the stream of students passed unheeded between his legs; the lads pursued their diversions, the Professor his problems. The aspirations, the anxieties, the trials, the temptations of the youth were his own, as the misery of the *plebs* was the contribution of that unconsidered section of society to the story of Imperial Rome.

Some echo of the old student life is to be found in the first chapter of the "Reminiscences"; but it is an echo reaching us from one who never finished his time as a student, and was for thirteen years a Professor. It bears to life at the East India College a resemblance of such a nature as Aitchison's 'Treaties and Engagements' bear to the events of Indian history. It may excite interest or provoke curiosity; it is authentic; it is accurate; it is unquestionable. But the movement, the grouping, the strange figures, the capricious pleasures, the wilful indolence, the pouring of most ancient Eastern wine into the newest of Western bottles, the lost language of the local life, if (which may be doubted) it were describable at all, mayhap might have been more graphically described by other though less worthy hands than those of the kindly and honoured professor who, as he himself tells us, had acquired among the students the sobriquet of "Solemn Moneo." Such a one, albeit once a student, can only look back on much in past student's life through a Professor's fingers. Sir Steuart Bayley aptly says, that if one wished (which, haply, no one ever will wish) to reconstruct old Haileybury days, he should turn to the pages of the college periodical, the 'Observer.'

"The local colour is, of course, the principal point. From the papers dealing with the local slang, with beaks, pros, Dis, extra, Rentals, G^{ts}, and G^{ts}, with gates and Solemn Moneos, with exams, with quad, with A, B, C, and D, a complete restoration of the life and times of a Haileybury student might be reconstructed: we learn how he spent his time, how he 'vexed the souls of Deans,' what he thought of lectures, and of the rules under which he lived, of the functions and appearance of Patience, Coleman, Jones, and Lynes, of his breakfasts and his dinners and his wine-parties, his assimilation (sufficient for purposes of parodying) of the Hitopadesa and the Anwari Suheili, his assumption of knowledge of the world, and his frequent outbreaks of indiscipline."

This is excellently put: from its words there reaches us the echo and the odour of Haileybury days. But in truth the old order has so wholly passed away that neither reconstruction nor rehabilitation can be desired. The college was neither all good nor wholly bad. It improved, probably, in discipline and in instruction as the years passed. The "distinguished Haileyburian who had returned from India and became an M.P.," and who wrote to Sir Monier Monier-Williams, "when about to enter Haileybury as a student, a letter of warning advising him to avoid making any friendship except with the professors," in his correspondent's judgment, as in the sight of all men, wrote himself down an ass. On the other hand, the pious worship with which that eminent publisher and most worthy man, the late Stephen Austin, regarded Haileybury, even to the very walls of the college (which he was mainly instrumental in preserving), was probably peculiar to himself. There were elements in the composition of the college which were

fatal to perfectly healthy growth. Authority, which is the foundation of discipline, was unstable. Sir Monier Monier-Williams has indicated the forces which weakened authority. The chief impediment arose from the constant clashing between the resolutions and decisions of the college council (latterly the Principal, the Dean, and two Professors), and the judgment and wishes of the Court of Directors, most of whom had sons or relations among the students, and disapproved of any verdict of the council unfavourable to their nominees. Principals, Professors, and students were alike appointed by the directors. The former were not expected to ruin a director's son or nephew, who was the prospective holder of a good appointment. Then the lads were too young to be left in the large collegiate liberties conceded to them. The previous school training of many of them had been defective. There were but few among them who had passed through the ranks of a great public school. There were no students of more advanced age to give a tone, and to keep in their place the blackguard and the cad. There was too little touch, and there were no intervening links, between the student and the Professor. The students had no society or resource or control of opinion other than that which their own ranks furnished. The tone of the college, too, was sensibly affected by its isolation. There hung over the college the consciousness of that chilling mist of disfavour and distrust through which the English mind ordinarily regards the unfamiliar, the otherlandish, especially the nominated servants of great monopolies. Finally, the Civil servants of the Company never wholly emerged

from the discredit cast upon them by the invective of Burke, the malignity of the elder Mill, and the romance of Macaulay.

"According to my own individual experience as student [writes Sir Monier Monier-Williams], the mental training which I gained at old Haileybury was so varied and excellent, that nothing at all equal to it—at any rate in the diversity of subjects which it embraced—was to be had, either at the Universities or elsewhere. Many, too, of my cotemporaries and fellow-students, whose opinion on this subject I have endeavoured to ascertain, are ready to testify that they learned more during their two years' course of study at the East India College than in any other two years of their lives."

This may not be saying much. Sir Monier Monier-Williams' personal testimony is rather to quantity than to quality. The sum of the matter probably is, that the subjects of education were too numerous, and that facilities of private tuition were entirely wanting. Studious lads acquired much, and would have acquired more if there had been any means of private tuition. Except in the case of such lads, the instruction given in the lecture-rooms was of little avail, and the majority were not studious. Mr Lockwood, an old Haileybury man, whose views are recorded on page 228, points out (the Civil Service Commissioners might profit by the hint) that a lad destined for India should "give a good deal of attention to agriculture and land-surveying." With rare exceptions, it may be added, the men who distinguished themselves in India—Halliday, Thomason, Lawrence, Cust, Seton-Karr, for example—had all profited by the instruction of Haileybury, and had achieved distinction in its class-rooms. Their training,

if completed in India, had certainly commenced in Haileybury.

To Sir Steuart Bayley has fallen the ungrateful task of furnishing a chapter on the College Literature (the first page of which, by the way, is wrongly numbered in the list of contents). That the college should have supported a periodical, appearing at fairly regular intervals from 1839 to 1857, is proof of itself that the lads were not wholly given to beer and skittles. Sir Steuart has dealt with his subject in a sympathetic and judicious spirit, and he has succeeded in conveying a very just idea of the subjects, and of the quality of their handling, which are to be found in the 'Observer's' pages. Some who survive will nevertheless be thankful to find that their grinning skulls and shallow brain-pans will not come under the notice of the anatomist. Whom the gods love, die young. To others, whose allotted life is longer, it is still of divine affection granted that all that they have written in their youth shall perish so soon as it has seen light. It is they only whom the gods pursue with the especial malignity of divine fury who are confronted in later years with the compositions of their early days. It is singular that, though the last number of the Haileybury 'Observer' was published in October 1857, there is no allusion to the events of the Mutiny—a curious illustration of the value of doubts as to the occurrence of alleged facts from the silence of those who were peculiarly identified with them. Some notice is due to the illustrations, which are mostly from photographs taken by Sir Monier Monier-Williams in the last years of the college. Distinguishable among the student-group opposite page 48 is so much of Mr Wigram, one of

the joint-compilers of this volume, as could appear from beneath a hat surpassing in proportions the monstrous "mushroom" of later Indian hours.

Any one who has so far followed this article may perhaps be enabled to put himself at the point of view from which Haileybury appears to those who knew it, and who learned to see its better as well as its weak sides. There were inherent defects in its constitution, and the atmosphere which surrounded it was not altogether kindly. Neither instruction nor discipline were possibly of the best; but either might have been very much worse. The unique value of the college was that it gathered, as into a focus, the light which streamed from India on the lads who were to pass their lives in the Civil Service there. As a whole, they formed a body animated by the spirit of the best of those in whose steps they were to follow, and desirous of emulating their example. Lads whom no such influences could touch were sure to be bad, and in truth were among the worst of "bad bargains." There was a *genius loci*, in its way no less distinct and ennobling than that which presides over a great University. The young men who were brought together learned, too, at Haileybury one another's character, and throughout their career relied securely on the knowledge so obtained. It proved often in after-life not the least valuable lesson acquired there. That so many Haileybury men should have been interested in reminiscences of their college as to justify the publication of these Memorials—that there should be still, not an annual Indian Civil Service, but an annual Haileybury, dinner—is evidence of the hold which the East India College established

on the affections of many of its old students. There must be real strength in the sentiment which year by year not only brings many together after a lifetime of separation, but many more who but for this annual function would probably never meet at all.

The years since 1857 have been years of internal peace in India. The men of the competitive system have been brought up in less exciting times and under the shadow of more ordinary events. Nor, had it been otherwise, would the history of India during the growth of such men towards manhood have greatly interested them, until they had made up their minds to enter its Civil Service. They come from all corners of the empire—from London, from Quebec, from Calcutta, from Malta, maybe from Australasia. They are birds of various feather, who have flocked together from widely different nests. To them India has been, with rare exceptions, no patrimony; they have an acquired, not an inherited, interest in it. To many it will seem that nothing in their education can entirely compensate for the absence of that high sense of a family reputation to be guarded, of that legacy of kindly rule and of sympathetic relations with the people, which were the birthright of their predecessors. These, though he may smile or sneer at them, no Civil Service Commissioner can provide. In attainments, though not in self-reliance or force of character, the rank and file of the competition men are above the level of their Haileybury brothers. But, judged by the standard of success in life, there is nothing to choose between the first flight of either set of men. Thirty-eight years have elapsed since the first batch of competition

men reached India. They were cotemporary with the last men of Haileybury, the men of 1855-57. In the years 1887 to 1892, the last of the Haileybury and the first of the competition men were in the closing years of their Indian service. In that period four of the six highest appointments open to a civilian in Upper India were in the hands of Haileybury civilians. In the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay it was much the same. From 1809 to 1894, when the last Haileybury men are leaving India, is a period of eighty-five years. Competition opened her doors in 1855; so that she has barely entered on her fortieth year, and more extended comparison is impossible.

Take another and a higher standard than that of mere success. Under the present system we look for greater variety of antecedents, and may therefore expect a larger range of view. The men are drawn from a wider net; and if we cannot demand the tone and temper which were created by the family traditions of the former service, we may hope, on the other hand, for greater freedom from the prejudices and from the narrowing influence which the system of nomination from among a small body may be expected to exert. The spirit of English political thought should have freer play. Among men who are drawn from all classes of Englishmen but the highest and the lowest, much should be seen of the sympathy with liberal ideas which characterises our middle classes. If we look for this, so far, among the competition men we may meet with some degree of disappointment. With the lapse of time, under British rule in India, the method of administration must inevitably be modified. The base must be further

strengthened. "Regere imperio" was the motto of the Indian Civil Service from its birth to 1857. Now, education, a growing press, greater facilities of visiting Europe, the admission of natives into the Civil Service, the opening given by the Indian bar, closer intimacy with men and minds in England, have made that motto less rigorously appropriate. Is it not the peculiar business of the civilian of the present hour to weave for himself a fresh device? It must be one in which the gradual changes that are occurring are recognised—one in which government, not indeed by, but with, the people, rather than the mere ruling of the people, rather than mere *dominium*, will be indicated as the goal to be attained. He must turn from the old administrative roads, not because in their day they were other than safe guides, but because they are superseded by later highways, and are commencing to be so crossed and recrossed by a network of independent paths that they no longer point to progress. The success of the competition men in accomplishing this, and in keeping such aims steadily in view, will be the measure of their achievement—it may be, the condition to them of life. There are many to-day, and there will be more to-morrow, who would gladly welcome the destruction of the Indian Civil servant. A popular Government, based on general suffrage, can regard with but little confidence a great system of centralised officialdom. The men in women's garments, the women in men's garments, the philosopher

who loves mankind in general and hates his neighbour in particular, the average ass, the man with a fad, the demagogue with a following, the creature of sentiment, the enthusiast, who would rig out his coloured brothers with a pair of breeches each and a ballot-box,—all these the Indian civilian may count as his enemies. Their name is legion. Between this many-headed adversary and its aims he alone, and he so long only as he commands regard, interposes. He will fail to command regard if he fails to do as much justice to the liberal system under which he enters the service as did the Haileybury man to his close nomination. He cannot do justice to that liberal system till he has recognised, and has accepted as the groundwork of his new design the recognition, that, like India herself in 1857, he must part company with whatever is no longer appropriate or possible; that he must devote his efforts more and more unreservedly as the years pass to teaching the people to take an active and intelligent part in the conduct of their own affairs, and must in the same degree relax the attitude of sole authoritative rule. If he clings blindly to the administrative scheme of the old service, when the conditions no longer exist in which that scheme could operate, without doubt he will perish miserably. He will not be shrivelled by Burke; Mangal Pándé will not murder him; he will be done to death by the elector of Finsbury.

AUCKLAND COLVIN.

AGRICULTURE TAXED TO DEATH.

Two bills are now before Parliament involving the most serious dangers to the landed interest. By the Finance Bill the duties payable to the imperial Exchequer on death are multiplied manyfold; and by the Local Government Bill for Scotland new duties, involving new charges on land, are created, and old duties are placed in new hands under conditions which make increased expenditure inevitable. It is supposed that these measures may raise little popular opposition because they directly attack landowners, a class possessing but slender power at the polls, and traditionally detested by the dominant political faction. It is forgotten that the landed interest includes much more than landowners, that tenants and labourers are affected in an equal or even superior degree, and that the proposals of the Government are not only unjust in themselves, but destructive of the prosperity of every family living by or on the land. Our purpose is to examine, with the utmost brevity, the existing burdens, imperial and

local, upon land, to show how and when they were first imposed, and to sum up the effect which the two bills now under discussion would have if passed in their present form.

The clearest method by which we can state and prove our point is to give details of the taxation actually paid in a given year at the commencement of the present reign, and contrast it with the last year available—1893. We have received, by the courtesy of those responsible for their management, information in regard to estates situated all over Scotland, and shall make use of many of the details given a few pages lower.

In the first instance we give a comparative table of the outgoings on an estate situated in the north-east of Scotland, where the management has been on a large, not to say a princely scale. In the last 40 years the total expenditure on improvements to land and houses has been £710,000. The estate is now practically the same as in the year of contrast—1839; but what little difference there is, is in the direction of contraction of area.

COMPARISON of PUBLIC and PAROCHIAL BURDENS for the years 1839 and 1893.

Class I.—Imperial Taxes.

1839.		1893.	
1. Property and income tax,	£...	1. Property and income tax,	£1870
2. Land tax,	320	2. Land tax,	304
	£320		£2,174

Class II.—Parochial Burdens.

1839.		1893.	
1. Ministers' stipends,	£3153	1. Ministers' stipends,	£2695
2. Churches and manses,	735	2. Churches and manses,	1094
3. Schoolmasters' salaries,	540	3. Education rate,	£1365
4. Poor rates,	Nil	Do, paid by tenants,	1260
	£4428		2625
		4. Poor rates,	2193
		Do, paid by tenants,	2080
			4278
			£10,692
Carry forward,	£4748	Carry forward,	£12,866

Class III.—County Assessments.

1839.		1893.	
Brought forward, £4748		Brought forward, £12,866	
1. County rates, military and parliamentary road assessments, rogue-money, rural police, &c., . . .	£358	1. County assessment, police, registration of voters, lunacy, roads and bridges, &c., . . .	£2603
2. Commutation road money, . . .	228	2. Police assessment, registration of voters, roads and bridges, &c., paid by tenants, . . .	1180
	586		3,783
	<u>£5334</u>		<u>£16,649</u>

The property and income tax was imposed in its present form by Sir Robert Peel in 1842. As a tax on incomes of all kinds, whether derived from land or from personalty, there is no need to enter into detail. The Exchequer wanted money, and it placed a tax on wealth, and landowners had no ground for complaint, except in so far as the tax on lands is levied on gross income, and that on personalty on net income. Thus the payment on account of income tax on the estate above mentioned in 1893 was £1870, being levied on the gross rental, after deducting land tax and owner's rates—a very much larger sum than the landlord ever received as income. Sir William Harcourt now proposes to remedy in part this injustice. He says:—

“It is obviously just that if real property is to be assimilated in burden to personalty under the death duties, it has a claim which cannot be neglected to be relieved from the exceptional charge which, in most cases, it bears under its assessment to the income tax. The fact that real estate is, as a general rule in Great Britain, assessed upon its gross and not upon its net income has long been a ground of complaint.”

Proceeding on these lines, the Chancellor of the Exchequer provides for a reduction of 10 per cent from the gross rental. This will reduce but not remove the present injustice.

Very little need be said about the land tax. It originated at a very early period, and was made permanent—subject to redemption—in 1798. As its name implies, it is exclusively a tax upon land, and is therefore an element in any comparison between the taxation of land and money; but in a comparison between the years about 1840 and the present day no change has to be noted. Ministers' stipends, though appearing in every estate account, are not, strictly speaking, a burden on the rental, because teind is really a separate property in the soil of the parish. This, and the item for maintenance of churches and manse, are ancient heritable obligations on the proprietor, and require only the most casual notice, since they are not in any true sense taxes.

Schoolmasters' salaries amounted to no more than £540 in 1839, and this sum had increased to £2625 in 1893 in the shape of education rates, of which half was paid by the landlord and half by the tenant, but the whole out of the produce of the land. The obligation on the heritors to provide school buildings and to pay schoolmaster's salary originated in very early times. In 1616 the bishop, with consent of the heritors and commissioners, was authorised to impose a tax for the school on every plough of land.

In 1646 an Act was passed providing for the foundation of a school in every parish at the expense of the heritors, but the principal Education Act before the Union was that of 1696. This Act requires the heritors to "provide a commodious house for a school, and settle and modify a salary to a schoolmaster which shall not be under one hundred merks nor above two hundred." The cost was to be provided by a stent laid on each heritor according to his valued rent, and one-half the outlay could be recovered by him from the tenants.

So things went on till 1872, when Parliament determined, on grounds of public policy, that school attendance should be compulsory; that there should be a school board in every parish; and that the ultimate source from which the necessary money was to come to supplement school fees and grants was a rate upon the land. This rate has varied with the circumstances of each parish. In some it is trivial; in others it is crushing in its severity; and in a few it has grown so intolerable that parochial bankruptcy ensued, and the Education Department was obliged to step in in order to prevent the schools being closed wholesale. In 1893 there are many parishes where this burden, this new rate on land produce, exceeds 1s. in the pound; while in an appreciable number,—such as Glenbucket, in Aberdeenshire; Harris, Glenelg, and North Uist, in Inverness-shire; and several Shetland parishes,—2s. and over is levied. The rates to meet the expense of education grew to the enormous total of more than 5s. in the pound in at least one parish before the Scotch Education Department came to the rescue and took over both the burdens and

the duties of distressed school boards. In the estate which has been taken as an example, the burden amounts, in some parishes more, in some less, but over the whole to more than 8d. in the pound.

We now come to the most serious of all the charges that have been cast upon the land during the last half-century — the poor assessment as levied under the Act of 1845. Before the passing of the Poor Law Act of that year, the primary source of maintenance for the poor was church collections. Compulsory power of assessment was indeed given by an old Act of the Scottish Parliament passed in 1579; but no instance of advantage having been taken of this power can be found before the year 1693. Gradually the large urban parishes began to find assessment necessary, and in 1820, out of the 885 parishes in Scotland, 192 were subjected to assessment, and in 1839 this number had risen to 238. Still it is in the main true that as an effective principle compulsory assessment was not in force in the rural and agricultural districts of Scotland until after 1845. The Report of the Poor Law Commission in 1844 says—

"Throughout the Northern and Western Highlands, and nearly the whole of the parishes comprised in the Synods of Shetland, Orkney, Sutherland, and Caithness, Ross, Glenelg, Argyll, and Moray — embracing in territorial extent almost one-half of Scotland — the church collections, with such small sums as may accrue to the kirk-session from fees, fines, &c., aided in a few instances by occasional donations from heritors or casual visitors, form the only public fund to which the poor can look for relief."

Landlords and tenants, therefore — in other words, the agricultural

interest — were not practically called upon to contribute a rate for the relief of the poor. The present rates, whatever they are, are thus the product of Victorian legislation. The return [No. 104] presented to Parliament by the Secretary for Scotland on the 4th May shows what is the effect of this new burden. The variation is enormous,—far more considerable than is the case with education rates. Fifty years ago the charge on every parish in the Highlands, and on the vast majority of rural parishes throughout Scotland, was *nil*; now it varies from as little as 3d. to as much as 7s. Parliament sought to obtain a national good, and the result has been that in some cases the burden is scarcely felt, while in others it is absolutely ruinous.

There are fifty-nine parishes in Scotland where the poor rate stands at 2s. in the pound or over; and while the great majority lie in the Highland counties, instances can also be adduced in such counties as Aberdeenshire, Banffshire, and Linlithgow. The extreme cases in 1893 were as follows:—

	s. d.
Argyllshire, Kilbrandon, .	4 1
Inverness-shire, Kilmuir, .	4 9
Ross-shire, Barvas, .	7 4
Zetland, Walls, .	7 4½

Out of the twelve parishes in Zetland there are only two where the poor rate is less than 4s. in the pound. Instances such as these are rare; but even in the case of the estate selected for illustration, the average rate in all the parishes concerned is 1s. 2d. in the pound, being a new burden within the last half-century of close on 6 per cent of the gross nominal rental.

The county rates, consisting of rogue-money and assessments for certain roads, amounted, in 1839, to £586. By legislation within the last fifty years the burden has increased sevenfold, and now amounts to £3783. Rogue-money was first authorised by an Act passed in the eleventh year of George I. for “the more effectual disarming the Highlands in that part of Great Britain called Scotland.” Notwithstanding the limitations in the title of the Act, general power was given to the freeholders to assess themselves in order to provide funds for the apprehension of criminals generally throughout North Britain. Up to fifty years ago no general addition to county burdens took place, but since 1840 the following statutes, which have imposed successive burdens upon land, have been enacted:—

Name by which Rate is Assessed.	Statute of Imposition.	Highest Rate of Assessment in 1893.
1. County General, ...	{ 31 & 32 Vict. c. 82, 1868	{ 2½d., Orkney.
2. Police, ...	{ 20 & 21 Vict. c. 72, 1857	{ 3½d., Bute.
3. Registration of Voters, ...	24 & 25 Vict. c. 83	Inconsiderable.
4. Lunatic Asylums, ...	20 & 21 Vict. c. 71	2d., Peebles.
5. Valuation, ...	17 & 18 Vict. c. 91	Inconsiderable.
6. Other Rates, including Sheriff Court-houses and Militia, ...	{ 23 & 24 Vict. c. 79, 17 & 18 Vict. c. 106	{ Inconsiderable.
7. Contagious Diseases (Animals), ...	41 & 42 Vict. c. 74	Inconsiderable.
8. Roads Rate, ...	41 & 42 Vict. c. 51	19½d., Orkney.
9. Public Health, ...	30 & 31 Vict. c. 101	{ 4½d., Linlithgow-shire.

Of these rates the first six were payable wholly by owners, and the last three equally by owners and occupiers; but by the Scotch Local Government Act of 1889, which placed an elective body under the name of the county council in control of county government in the room of the old Commissioners of Supply, owners were to continue to pay the whole of the rates which they had up to that date imposed upon themselves, but any excess was to be shared equally between them and occupying tenants. It is interesting to note, before leaving this branch of the subject, as illustrative of the tendency to extravagance of elective bodies, that though county councils have only been in existence four years, there is already a striking increase in the grand total of their expenditure. In twenty-six counties there has been an increase, as compared with the taxation in 1889-90 under the old *régime*, in many cases of very serious moment, while in seven only is there a decrease, and that of trivial amount. The increases range up to 6½d. in Renfrew, 8d. in Peebles, and 1s. in Nairn; while the largest decrease is a fraction under 2d. in Caithness. The total burden for county rates varies from 7d. to 1s. 11d., and 1s. to 1s. 2d. of every pound of gross rental may be accounted a fair average. These details are extracted from a paper presented to Parliament by the Secretary for Scotland on May 2 [No. 100].

The instance of the particular estate which has formed the groundwork of analysis is in no way extreme: it is situated in counties where the rate is not excessive, and fairly illustrates the fact that Victorian legislation has multiplied manyfold the taxation on land for the purposes of county government.

Here, again, in county rates as

in education rates and as in poor rates, Parliament has desired to do a number of excellent things for the wellbeing of the people and of the nation at large, and it has done them at the expense of one interest—an interest now beyond measure depressed and small in comparison with the general wealth of the country. It will be argued that Parliament has not thrown the whole burden of these many services on the land or real estate, having given large grants in aid of local taxation. Yes, but from what source do these grants come? From the National Exchequer, which, independently of the rates which I have been detailing, is filled as much by the landed interest as by any other: they, landlords, tenants, and labourers, drink as much tea, smoke as much tobacco, consume as much beer, pay as heavy house duty, as corresponding classes in other branches of life, and, as Sir William Harcourt himself admits, they have paid a heavier income tax. Reserving the question of the death duties for the moment, the agricultural interest is more, and not less, heavily taxed than other interests; yet when burdens amounting to several shillings in the pound on gross revenue, and to half as much again on net income, are imposed, it is thought to be an answer to any complaint to say, "You have no grievance, because if the taxpayer at large—you included—did not pay something towards these services, you would be still more severely oppressed than you are."

So far, we have dealt solely with one great estate. In order to prove that this is no peculiar instance, we summarise the information placed at our disposal in regard to other estates, situated severally in the Western Highlands, in Mid-Lothian, in Ayrshire, in Wigtownshire, and in the Hebrides.

1. *Estate in the Western Highlands.*

	1840.	1893.
Poor, ...	Nil	£307
Education, ...	£40	204
County assessments, .	227	432
	£267	£943

The land rental of this estate, in spite of considerable capital outlay, is now no larger than sixty years ago. The figures given are for an average of years, and the poor and education rates paid by the tenants are not included. If these were added, the whole burden would be not less than £1500, or six times the amount that sufficed in 1840.

2. *Estate in Ayrshire.*

	1840.	1893.
Poor, ...	£144	£427
Education, ...	33	251
County assessments, .	68	572
	£245	£1250

The rental of this estate has fallen one-eighth since 1840, but the money the land has to find in discharge of public duties is five times greater.

3. *Estate in Wigtownshire.*

	1844.	1893.
Poor, ...	£673	£1528
Education, ...	83	968
County assessments, .	380	1189
	£1136	£3685

This estate affords an unusual instance of considerable outlay in the maintenance of the poor before the Act of 1845.

4. *Estate in Mid-Lothian.*

	1840.	1893.
Poor, ...	£45	£184
Education, ...	42	192
County assessments, .	19	309
	£106	£685

The increase in this case is more than sixfold.

5. *Estate in the Hebrides.*

	1840.	1893.
Poor, ...	Nil	£1492
Education, ...	£139	558
County and district assessments, ...	512	430
	£651	£2480

The poor rental in this case has slightly decreased within the last half century, but the burdens have increased fourfold.

These instances might be multiplied without number, and by a selection of telling cases such as could be found in many Highland parishes, augmentations of burden twice as severe could be adduced. We have purposely avoided making use of extreme examples, since the facts here given prove our point over and over again, that personality and reality, starting, so to speak, fair half a century ago, have not since met with equal treatment; and that if equalisation is to be the order of the day, it is the agricultural interest that may justly cry out for redress.

Such being the effect of recent legislation on landed wealth, it is time to consider what the result will be if the measures now before Parliament become law.

The Local Government (Scotland) Bill provides for the abolition of the existing parochial board, and the establishment in its place of a parish council in every parish, elected, in the words of the Secretary for Scotland, "on the widest suffrage that exists." By this bill as introduced every householder, notwithstanding total failure to pay his rates, was allowed to control by his vote the raising and expending the money of those who do pay. Deferring to the spirit of an amendment by Mr Hozier, the Secretary for Scotland has carried a compromise excluding from the franchise those who are more than a year in arrear with their rates.

The noisiest section of Scotch Radicals are wildly furious with Sir George Trevelyan for deserting the banner on which they have inscribed the strange device "Representation but no taxation;" and it may be that they will seriously set themselves to wreck the bill, or that the compromise may prove unworkable in practice. For the moment an amendment, which will appeal to the common-sense of every householder of honest purpose, has been adopted. This, however, is not sufficient to avert a very serious danger arising from the constitution of the electorate, as the following argument will show.

The parish council is to exercise power in two directions: first, it is to assume all the powers and duties of parochial boards, and, above all, to dispense money for the maintenance of the poor; second, it is to undertake a multitude of new duties all costing money. The latter will involve a certain and considerable burden in every county in Scotland; but the former, in the poorer parishes where there is much poverty and little wealth, where there are many mouths and little scope for profitable industry, will result in utter destruction of rich and poor alike,—of the poor because of the demoralisation attendant on the power to relieve themselves by dipping their hands into the produce of the rates; of the rich—or, to speak more accurately, of those who make a loyal effort to meet their many obligations—because the balance now remaining after the discharge of very onerous public burdens will be swept away. Are these alarms without foundation? In a large number of parishes where the population is moderate, wealth large in proportion, and plenty of employment at good wages, it may be

that they are; but Parliament is legislating for Scotland, not only for the happier districts therein. Either it must provide for the whole of Scotland a legislative scheme which will work everywhere, or it must safeguard the weaker, the poorer, and more backward districts by some amendments or provisions peculiarly applicable to them. The former was the opinion of Mr J. P. B. Robertson, who, when Lord Advocate in the Unionist Ministry, laid it down as the basis of his scheme for the reform of local government, that it "must be applicable to the whole of Scotland, and it must, therefore, be fitted to stand the strain of the various social and economic conditions which extend from the English border to the farthest Hebrides."

Examining the social and economic conditions which exist over many of the northern counties, are the alarms we have expressed without foundation?

The answer may be left to any one who will take the trouble to examine the condition of an average Highland parish. Here is the account given of parishes chosen as fair examples by Lord Napier's Commission in 1883:—

Farr, Sutherland.

Gross rental, ...	£10,337
Paid by 27 large tenants,	9,656

Balance to be divided among 293 small occupants, ...	£681
--	------

Of these, 160 were rented below £6, and 128 below £2.

Uig, Lewis.

Gross rental, ...	£5229
Paid by 25 large tenants,	3708

Leaving to be divided between 420 occupants, . .	£1521
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Of these last, 393 pay under £6 a year.

Since this report, rents have

been reduced on large farms and small plots alike from 30 to 50 per cent. There is no manufacture and no regular home trade or occupation for the people. The landlord and the dozen or two large tenants will be utterly powerless to influence the election which must result in a council desirous to do what the electorate wishes—viz., generously and largely to relieve the wants of the mass of their constituents.

In these parishes the poor rates are already 2s. and 3s. 2d. in the pound respectively. To predict that they will grow beyond endurance when 90 per cent of the electors are existing on a holding under £3 or £4 a-year in value, is neither hazardous in itself, nor does it involve any attack on the worth of the people as a class. They will naturally do as Parliament invites them, and relieve themselves out of the profits of their neighbours until the last penny is exhausted. The idea of shame in becoming chargeable to the parish has already almost vanished, and it will utterly disappear when Parliament sends, as they will interpret it, a message: "Choose men to relieve the poor on a scale which you poor men deem suitable."

Mr J. P. B. Robertson wisely said in 1889—

"It is all-important that the administration of poor relief should, in the interests of the people, be in firm and steady hands; and one of the considerations which must be looked to, in all proposals for electing parochial boards, is the necessity of saving the people and saving the parochial boards from their being, in the discharge of their invidious and delicate duties, under pressure of the most creditable sentiments."

The scheme proposed at the conclusion of this speech provided for the election of the board half

by the owners and half by occupiers. Since the rate is divided in this manner, it does not seem an unreasonable proposition. The alternative is to provide for the exercise of drastic powers of interference and control by the Local Government Board.

In addition to undertaking all the duties of the old parochial board, the new councils, elected on the "widest suffrage that exists," have power to spend the produce of the rates, without stint or limit, on the following objects, after obtaining, in some cases, the consent of the county council and the board:—

- (a) To provide buildings for public offices and for meetings or other public purposes.
- (b) To provide, maintain, lay out, and improve grounds for public recreation.
- (c) To acquire land for the foregoing objects.
- (d) To acquire rights of way.
- (e) To execute suitable works.
- (f) To purchase lands compulsorily at the expense of the rates.
- (g) To acquire land compulsorily on lease for allotments.
- (h) To levy a special rate to cover the expenses thus incurred.
- (i) To borrow money on the security of the special rate.

Others will arraign the policy of conferring these powers on the new councils. The object of this article is only to invite those who will have to pay the piper to consider in time the way the particular class of wealth they possess is being treated by Parliament.

The second measure which promises shipwreck to the landed interest is the Finance Bill now working its tedious way through the House of Commons. This

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The scheme proposed at the conclusion of this speech provided for the election of the board half

by the owners and half by occupiers. Since the rate is divided in this manner, it does not seem an unreasonable proposition. The alternative is to provide for the exercise of drastic powers of interference and control by the Local Government Board.

In addition to undertaking all the duties of the old parochial board, the new councils, elected on the "widest suffrage that exists," have power to spend the produce of the rates, without stint or limit, on the following objects, after obtaining, in some cases, the consent of the county council and the board:—

- (a) To provide buildings for public offices and for meetings or other public purposes.
- (b) To provide, maintain, lay out, and improve grounds for public recreation.
- (c) To acquire land for the foregoing objects.
- (d) To acquire rights of way.
- (e) To execute suitable works.
- (f) To purchase lands compulsorily at the expense of the rates.
- (g) To acquire land compulsorily on lease for allotments.
- (h) To levy a special rate to cover the expenses thus incurred.
- (i) To borrow money on the security of the special rate.

Others will arraign the policy of conferring these powers on the new councils. The object of this article is only to invite those who will have to pay the piper to consider in time the way the particular class of wealth they possess is being treated by Parliament.

The second measure which promises shipwreck to the landed interest is the Finance Bill now working its tedious way through the House of Commons. This bill

seeks primarily to recast the death duties in their application to land, and enormously to augment their severity. Under the specious guise of equalisation, it aggravates to a point beyond bearing the existing inequality of burdens taken as a whole imposed by the Imperial Parliament on real as compared with personal estate. It behoves us to use the utmost brevity in dealing with this branch of our subject, and to assume that every reader knows the cardinal features of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme, so far as it affects land: (1) graduation of probate—or, as it will be called, estate duty—until a maximum of 8 per cent is reached, every sort of property, real and personal, invested at home or in the colonies being aggregated prior to assessment; (2) the payment on death on the capital value of estates of every kind, even though entailed, and though the beneficiary has a life-interest only; (3) abolition of privileges hitherto accorded in the case of real property.

We need not dwell on the origin of the death duties. A trifling stamp duty on probate was first imposed in 1694; the principle of progression, according to the value of the estate, was introduced in 1779; and in 1815 the amount payable to Exchequer was substantially increased. Legacy duty was first imposed in 1780, and in 1815 was placed upon its present scale, varying from 1 per cent payable by lineals up to 10 per cent by strangers in blood. These duties were payable on personalty only, and it was not till 1853 that duty was imposed on successions to landed estate. Mr Goschen made in 1888 and 1889 the last changes that have to be recorded. He increased the rates of succession duty payable on realty—

making them $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in the case of lineals, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in that of collaterals, and so on up to $11\frac{1}{2}$ in that of strangers in blood. He also imposed a new duty of 1 per cent on all estates, real and personal, exceeding £10,000. The net result is that a child succeeding to an estate over £10,000 in value pays, if it be in free personalty, probate duty 3 per cent, and estate duty 1 per cent—total, 4 per cent; if it be in real estate, he pays succession duty $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and estate duty 1 per cent—total, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Real estate, then, now enjoys the following privileges:—

1. It pays in the case of lineals $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent instead of 4 per cent.

2. The capital value of the succession on which duty is paid is calculated according to the age of the successor; and life-interest in a sum being always less than the sum itself, duty is never paid on the total value.

3. Four years are given to discharge the duty by instalments, without interest.

Why were these last concessions given? Because Mr Gladstone, for the first time imposing duty on succession to real estate in 1853, deemed it right, and earnestly argued that it was necessary to treat land more lightly than personalty, for two reasons—first, because land bore an undue proportion of local taxation, and second, because an analysis of the income-tax schedules proved that the profits of trade were not taxed at an equal rate with the profits of rent. Where the former paid 7d., the latter—so said Mr Gladstone—paid 9d.

The severity of local taxation in 1853 was as nothing to what it has since become, yet it was deemed sufficient by the hero of Liberal

finance to require an important concession. The balance therefore as between land and personalty has been that the former has provided year by year in ordinary cases from 10 to 20 or even 30 per cent of gross revenue, and frequently the moiety of net revenue in the form of local taxation, and has paid 9d. in the pound to income-tax when 7d. only was fairly exigible. On the other hand, when a landed estate passes on death to lineal descendants, the important advantages already named as to amount and time of payment are enjoyed. It is a great outrage that these last should be abolished, while no redress is afforded in the matter of local taxation.

What, then, are the changes proposed by Sir William Harcourt's bill, and their effect?

1. If the privilege of payment by instalments is claimed, it is to be accompanied by 3 per cent interest from the date of death.

2. Heirs to landed estate are to pay on the whole capital value, even where they succeed to a life-rent only under entail, and cannot make their interest absolute without the expensive process of disentailing and compensating the heirs. They are to pay on a capital sum greatly in excess of that which they enjoy.

3. The scale of duty paid on the corpus of the estate, under the name of estate duty, is to be placed at a progressive rate of great severity. For instance, an estate over £50,000 would pay 5 per cent, and over £100,000 6 per cent estate duty, besides succession duty varying from 1 per cent by lineals to 10 per cent by strangers in blood.

"The golden rule of all Chancellors of the Exchequer," said Mr Disraeli, "is that they should beware that no tax, whatever form

it may take, whether that of a customs duty, an excise duty, or a direct impost, should, in its nature, be excessive." The tax as proposed by Sir William Harcourt in the case of personal as well as real estate stands condemned by this axiom, for it is excessive. To give one moderate instance, brothers and sisters taking anything from an estate with a gross value in excess of £50,000, would have to pay 8 per cent, or more than *three years' income*. This is surely an excessive sum to pay out of personalty. But in the case of land it is more than excessive, it is ruinous and intolerable. A man with money invests and enjoys the fruits of every penny he possesses. The man with an estate will be charged his 6, 8, 10, or, in the most extreme case, it might be 18 per cent on the capital value of his pictures, his heirlooms, his trees, his model farm-steadings and labourers' cottages, on property of many kinds which brings in no effective revenue. Multitudes of obligations attach to the possession of land from which owners of Consols are exempt, and the brother succeeding to a landed estate of £50,000, and paying 8 per cent, would, unless his duty to his tenants, labourers, and neighbours were neglected, be disbursing, not three years', as in the case of personalty, but at least six years' free income. In the case of the largest proprietors, where agriculture has suffered least, where the houses are best, where the tenantry are most prosperous, the outlay on things for the general good has been much larger than this estimate would indicate, and the margin for personal expenditure smaller.

The Duke of Richmond told the Royal Commission that on his Goodwood estates since 1873 he had spent upwards of £30,000 on

labourers' cottages, and as an investment his expenditure showed a loss. On his Scottish estates he has expended during the last fifteen years on buildings and improvements £198,000, besides granting abatements in rent of £286,000. The Duke of Devonshire has stated that on his vast family estates it has been the custom to expend 30, 50, 60, or 70 per cent on local purposes, unconnected with personal or family enjoyment. In these cases, the estates being very large, the graduated duty would be infinitely higher than that taken as an example, and would presumably amount to a charge of 11 per cent in the case of collateral succession. The conclusion, therefore, at which he arrives, that the new duties would be equivalent to six, ten, or even twelve years' income available for personal or family expenditure, appears well within the mark. The effect must be that landowners will be utterly unable to discharge in future the duty they have gladly held themselves to owe their tenantry and neighbours. They must retrench, and as they and their families must live, the general welfare of the countryside will be affected. The Exchequer will absorb a large share of the revenue of every estate which now forms the wage-fund of the district. Landowners will indeed suffer; but the result of Sir William Harcourt's Budget will be that tenants and labourers and agriculture will suffer first and in the hardest measure.

Night after night the Chancellor of the Exchequer revels in taunting landowners with a desire to escape taxation. We would ask, Are the facts with which we have been furnished from several of the best-managed estates in Scotland capable of disproof? Are the re-

turns of burdens on land just presented to Parliament by the Secretary for Scotland fallacious? Are landowners and tenants only dreaming that they receive periodic visits from collectors of county rates, of school-rates, of poor-rates, and of income-tax, on incomes which they never make? If all these things are sad and sober realities, we submit that the new legislation, the Finance Bill with its new taxes, the Local Government Bill with its new rates, are impolitic, unjust, and oppressive. Every penny that landlord or tenant derives from land ought to pay a full and equal share with other wealth to the State, but not more. At the beginning of this reign the agricultural interests were fostered by protection, and the taxation levied for local purposes by Imperial Acts was trifling. Now, agriculture, weighed down with multiplied burdens, has to undersell the free produce of other countries. It is a farmers' question, for they cannot struggle on unless there be capital to put into the land; it is a labourers' question, for as their wage-fund goes into the coffers of the State they will gradually be discharged; it is a question for working men at large, for farm-servants will drift into other callings and depress wages. Fair treatment, neither more nor less, is wanted. Agriculturists honestly believe they now suffer from excessive taxation as compared with other classes; Sir William Harcourt thinks otherwise. The whole question should be examined by a competent Commission; and until this is done, the most strenuous opposition should be given at all stages and at every opportunity to those sections of the two bills which seek to lay fresh burdens on the produce of the land.

IN 'MAGA'S' LIBRARY.

THE loan collection of paintings in the first Manchester Exhibition came as a revelation of the rare treasures in our picture-galleries. We have almost ceased to be surprised at the seemingly inexhaustible stream which sets annually towards the exhibitions in Burlington House. Surely much the same may be said of the Letters and biographical Reminiscences with which we have been inundated for the last fifteen or twenty years. We must pick and choose among them as amongst the pictures: the portraits are not all masterpieces by a Titian or a Velasquez, nor are the *sujets de genre* invariably gems of brightness from domestic interiors by a Van Ostade or a Gerard Dow. But it may be predicted that not a little of this exuberant personal literary work will live and be read or consulted for one reason or another. In this article, as it happens, we can bring together specimens in four characteristic styles, and each in its manner is excellent. There are the highly dramatic recollections of a distinguished soldier; there are the letters of a famous London wit and man of fashion; there is the bright and sparkling correspondence of a lady of wit, refinement, and moderate culture, the graceful and gracious hostess of *salons* at home and abroad; and, finally, there are the discreet revelations of a veteran diplomatist, full of valuable materials for the historian of the future.

There is much that was note-

worthy in the adventurous life of that dashing cavalry officer, Sir Hope Grant; but nothing perhaps has impressed us more than his habit of keeping regular and voluminous journals.¹ In overcrowded transports, in pestilential Chinese swamps, in beleaguered cantonments in revolted India—he chronicled minutely the events of each day, as the clerk or the tradesman posts up his ledgers. He was by no means what Captain Costigan calls “a literary cyracter.” But whatever the motive for the pains he took, his labours have borne fruit he could scarcely have foreseen, and we feel we have good reason to be grateful for them. We have no doubt that great part of the attractiveness of these volumes is due to the editing of Colonel Knollys, who has recast and rearranged selections from the mass of raw material, as with an able running commentary of his own he has filled in the missing links of the history. In any case, the whole of the thrilling narrative is instinct with spirit and colour, and incidents are described with all the graphic picturesqueness of the observer on whom they made a profound impression. No man can write history, and especially war history, like him who has played his part in the scenes. Necessarily he throws in those telling touches which escape the clever literary artist; nor does he overlook the by-play and even the suggestive trivialities which may seem beneath the dignity of the solemn chronicler. In fact, in his man-

¹ *Life of General Sir Hope Grant. With Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by Henry Knollys, Colonel (H.P.) R.A. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

ner of narration Grant is what Macaulay would have been, had Macaulay enjoyed similar opportunities.

More than fifty years have elapsed since young Grant embarked for service in the East. We are taken back to other times and the ancient military memories, for he sailed as brigade-major to Lord Saltoun, a distinguished Waterloo man, with a marked and rather eccentric individuality, of whom many good stories used to be told in the north. Grant owed his appointment to their common passion for music. Among the furniture of the young officer's cabin were a piano and a violoncello. The chief prided himself on his performances on the guitar, and the pair used to indulge in serenades, to the astonishment of the sailors. A military passenger by the present flying service of the P. and O. would scarcely dream of pianos as part of his outfit. But the *Belleisle*, 74, was to be Grant's home for the best part of a year. There was accommodation on board for about 800—half as many again of unfortunate souls were huddled together between decks; and yet those soldiers' wives had deemed themselves lucky who were permitted to follow their husbands' fortunes. When we think of the fare and the miserable quarters, we marvel that troops who had gone through such an ordeal should have disembarked in high condition and eager for hard fighting. But the seasoned soldier of those days was uncommonly tough, and nothing short of a Walcheren Expedition seems to have been too much for his stamina. Grant was even less of an orator than a writer. There is a telling anecdote of his failing to make himself intelligible when he tried to explain that he was really the winner in

a war-game at Aldershot, when the umpires had unanimously pronounced against him. But we cannot help thinking he had much of the artistic sensibility of his illustrious brother, the President of the Academy. For he seizes instinctively upon anything picturesque or characteristic, and dashes it in with a vigorous realism which profoundly impresses the imagination.

The first Chinese war was really an armed expedition of discovery. Then, for the first time, the detested foreigners fairly penetrated behind the veil which had shrouded from time immemorial the eccentricities of that mysterious empire. If we knew comparatively little of them, the Chinese people knew absolutely nothing of us. They would have looked with superstitious terror to the contact of their venerable civilisation with Western barbarism, had they not been reassured by the sublime confidence of the mandarins, who had hitherto disregarded treaties with impunity. The mandarins' faith in their natural defences was not surprising. There were no roads on which troops, if landed, could march, and the great river which led to the capital and the interior was unnavigable, or at least it was considered only practicable for small craft. Surprise following surprise was in store for them, and the unconventional fashion in which these Europeans made war was beyond the experiences of their listless temperaments leavened by Buddhist philosophy. The mighty Yang-tze-Kiang comes down in perennial flood, sweeping in a succession of swift currents among a labyrinth of sand-banks and shifting shoals. The wondering Celestials had the privilege of witnessing one of the most daring feats of seamanship

on record. Seventy-three British warships, from three-deckers downwards—by a strange coincidence precisely the same number conveyed the troops which Grant commanded in the second war—were seen stemming the stream under sail. We are not told whether the Admiral secured the assistance of native pilots. The *Belleisle* and another vessel grounded, but both were soon afloat again. The troops got ashore somehow, in spite of the strength of the currents: probably the Chinese were too much taken aback promptly to oppose the disembarkation. But then they prepared to attack in Tartar fashion, with a sonorous clashing of cymbals, with shouting, and an immense display of tawdry banners. The British walked up to them in blazing sunshine—"trussed up in a network of strangulation belts and thick leather stocks"—and in five minutes the position was abandoned, and the vociferous defenders were in full flight. The city of Chin-Kiang was next carried by assault. "The subsequent fate of the defenders was a cruel one. Those who escaped slaughter by our soldiers for the most part committed suicide." Nothing can be more strikingly illustrative of the strange Chinese idiosyncrasy. A few shot and shell had scared them out of a strongly defensible position, and yet when the fighting was over they deliberately sought death, in the fear that a worse fate might befall them. As for the miserable non-combatants, their terror was extreme. In their horror at what might happen to them at the hands of the foreign devils, many women were slaughtered by their own relations. After describing how a silken-clad mandarin was discovered swinging from a beam in his own stable, Sir

Hope, by way of relief, tells a pleasant story. The Admiral was strolling through the town in decidedly unconventional costume, when the master of one of the transports, mistaking him for a comrade, unceremoniously accosted him, "Well, old boy, you've come rather late. The white's all gone, but there is some brown left." In defiance of severe orders against plundering, they had been looting a storehouse filled with sugar.

Hong-Kong fifty years ago was a very different place from what it is now as the third seaport in the empire. "It was a recognised resort for pirates and land-marauders, and the incessant robberies were outrageous. I never went to bed without a loaded pistol under my pillow." But the Spaniards had similar troubles with their Malay subjects in Manila, and they adopted more summary methods of repression. A village revolted, and the governor sent out an expedition, which massacred one thousand souls, including women and children. One of the native regiments expressed disapprobation by mutinying, and forthwith one hundred of the mutineers were summarily passed under arms.

Then Sir Hope joined his regiment at Cawnpore, and the 9th Lancers were to the front in all the fighting that was going forward, from the first Sikh war to the stamping out of the Mutiny. At Cawnpore he had an opportunity of observing the methods of revenue administration in the kingdom of Oude, the monarch's territory coming down to the opposite bank of the Ganges. He was roused out of bed one morning by the report of cannon. "By-and-by a round-shot came bounding across, and lodged under our house, followed by two or

three other projectiles. Soon we made out three 6-pounder pieces, blazing away at a large boat in line with our residence." It was only the king's collectors getting in his taxes, and taking pot-shots at the warlike and impetuous peasants, who much preferred fighting to paying. When the cannonade grew hotter, they took to the water, and struck out for the English shore. "Ten of the fugitives were killed, seven were wounded, and only three reached the bank, so severely mauled that their escape was a marvel. Such was the rule of the Oude Government,"—which certainly was doing its best to provoke annexation.

Since Clive decided for battle at Plassey, the English Raj had never a more narrow escape than in the night that followed the drawn battle of Ferozeshah. The victory was won by British bluff, and by the indiscipline that followed success among the disorderly Sikh levies. Sir Hope's personal experiences in these thrilling times, though he was not actually present at the three days' battle, were interesting and sensational. It gives some idea of the encumbrances of an Indian column on the march, when we are told that his personal transport consisted of six camels, of two bullock-carts, with spans of four bullocks each, and of a private cart besides. Sleep was made difficult to any but a seasoned campaigner by the bellowing of tens of thousands of cattle and the groaning of innumerable camels. He does not say much of Sobraon, though he was in the thick of the charges,—possibly, as Colonel Knollys suggests, because there he had nearly made shipwreck of his fortunes. Yet no action in his career is more characteristic of his sturdy manhood than that in which he assumed an unprecedented re-

sponsibility. His colonel had gone drunk into action. Grant asked the second lieutenant-colonel to put their superior under arrest. That gentleman angrily declined the invidious duty. "So early next morning I went to the colonel in his tent, . . . and I spoke thus to him. 'You know you were very drunk yesterday, sir, when you led us into action. I have come to tell you that if you do not at once leave the regiment, I will now put you under arrest and report your conduct.'" The colonel, not unnaturally, took the initiative, and it was Grant who went under arrest, charged with a false and calumnious accusation. There was "a great to-do," followed by a court of inquiry, and Grant had reason to congratulate himself on the upshot of a game in which the honours were left doubtful. He was quit for six weeks of confinement, with the slow torment of harrowing suspense. He had a good deal in common with Sir Charles Napier, who had come up from Scinde at the head of a *corps d'armée*. "Sir Charles was an extraordinary looking person,—short, slight, and with a handsome cast of countenance. He wore large spectacles, and had small eyes, large, dark shaggy eyebrows, an aquiline nose, and a most fearful quantity of grizzly grey whiskers, beard, and moustache, with hair streaming down his back." Like Mr Peggotty, he was a most agreeable man when he happened to be in good humour, and was fond of talking about the difficulties he had surmounted. He told Grant afterwards that, till he was sixty, he had never known what it was to be out of poverty. As a general officer, with a wife and daughter, he managed somehow to make ends meet on his pay. When he landed at Bombay, to

take command of a division, he had only a couple of sovereigns in his pocket. After his victory at Meeanee he got £60,000 of prize-money, and subsequently, as Indian Commander-in-Chief, he drew his £15,000 a-year. But not even that ample income could bind the fiery old man, whose very aspect struck superstitious terror into the Sikhs, to a decent show of subordination. Quarrelling with the Governor-General, he resigned the lucrative command, and so Grant implies that it was Napier's impetuous temper which was at fault in the regrettable feud with Outram.

Passing over the second Sikh war, with the terrible Sikh atrocities and the severe retaliations, we come to the grand drama of the Mutiny. And we may read the chapters which vividly depict the scenes with pride as well as pleasure. Had the scattered handfuls of English shown a less unpromising front everywhere, they would have been deserted in the dark hour of their extremity by their formidable fighting allies. Their unflinching courage inspired the conviction that they could not be beaten, and relied on inexhaustible reserves. Yet Grant, in his simple but soldier-like language, gives all the excitement of a sensational novel to his narrative of the sieges of Delhi and Lucknow. Both Sikhs and Goorkhas were beginning to waver; each day was pregnant with new anxiety, as expected succour was delayed; and perhaps we owe our triumph to half-a-dozen heroic men, who had asserted their individual ascendancy over the fierce warriors who followed them under fire. At Delhi the Sikh Guides and the Goorkhas did noble service. Ammunition was so scarce that to load the heavy guns they had to pick up the enemy's round-shot

and return them. But if shot was scarce, beer was plentiful, for all the agents of Bass and Allsopp made a merit of necessity, and swamped the camp in the liquor they could not hope to sell. Sir Hope says that he believes he should never have pulled through had not the Bass given new vigour to his exhausted frame. The duty was incessant, and the heat intense. In June, "the weather was so fearfully hot that the gunners could not handle the shot wherewith to load the guns." The fighting in the assaults, and the repelling of the sorties, was at least as warm as the weather. Grant records a heroic deed of his native orderly. With a few men he had charged in the dusk a strong force of the enemy. His horse had fallen, shot through the body. "I was in rather an awkward predicament, unhorsed, surrounded by the enemy, and ignorant in which direction to proceed, when my orderly, by name Rooper Khan, rode up to me and said, "Take my horse: it is your only chance of safety." Grant refused the noble offer, but laid hold of the tail of the sowar's horse, and so was dragged out of the *mêlée*. And the trooper refused the rupees which his grateful officer pressed upon him. Afterwards there was a touching scene, when on an order for the disarmament of the native levies, the orderly, in melancholy and resentful mood, brought Grant the sword he had used so loyally; and, we are glad to say, the weapon was returned to him.

The mortality from disease in the siege force was very great, and, thanks to the heat and malarious damp, the injuries from shot for the most part proved fatal. Among the early victims to cholera was Barnard, the Commander-in-Chief, and his burial,

with the impressive circumstances, reminds us of that of Sir John Moore. "We were unable to procure a coffin for him: the funeral service was rapidly though reverently performed, and the earth was thrown into the small space allotted to him as quickly as possible, for every moment we expected to be obliged to turn out to repel an attack by the enemy; but peals of musketry and the roar of cannon paid a grander tribute to poor Sir Henry than the usual formal discharge of blank cartridge." Among the most dashing leaders of irregular horse to whom our outnumbered countrymen were so greatly indebted, Hodson has frequent and honourable mention. Grant gives the story of the shooting of the princes as it was told him by Hodson himself. He went on the next day to visit the Great Mogul in confinement. The old man, who had been coerced into conniving at the Mutiny, had been seized and carried off by Hodson from a swarm of armed ragamuffins—an act of extraordinary courage and coolness.

"He was an old man, said by one of his servants to be ninety years of age, short in stature, slight, very fair for a native, and with a high-bred, delicate-looking cast of features. . . . It might have been supposed that death would be preferable to such humiliation, but it is wonderful how we all cling to the shreds of life. When I saw the poor old man, he was seated on a wretched charpoy or native bed, with his legs crossed before him, and swinging his body backwards and forwards, with an unconscious dreamy look. I asked him one or two questions, and was surprised to hear an unpleasant vulgar voice answering from behind a small screen. I was told that it proceeded from his begum or queen, who prevented his replying, fearful lest he should say something which might compromise their safety."

But we must not linger longer among those thrilling scenes, though we should gladly say something of Grant's adventures when travelling unprotected through a country still seething in turmoil and infested by bands of fugitive rebels; of the dashing exploits when, with flying columns of horse and field-batteries, he followed up the scattered forces of the mutineers; and of his descriptions of those picturesque and lonely forts in the jungle, which were difficult to discover without local guides, and might have been almost impregnable had they been resolutely defended, being generally unapproachable by artillery on wheels.

Nor can we say much of the second China war, where Sir Hope not only showed his military skill, but his shrewd diplomacy, in outmanœuvring and yet conciliating his susceptible French colleague. To Grant, as Colonel Knollys satisfactorily demonstrates, is due the credit of the plan, which saved an incalculable sacrifice of time and life by taking the formidable Peiho forts in rear. The capture of Peking, the burning of the Summer Palace, the treacherous murder and the tortures inflicted on our countrymen, avenged somewhat arbitrarily by that fire-raising and pillage, are all graphically related in due sequence. But two episodes should be singled out for notice. One is the almost miraculous escape of Lieutenant Lumsden, now Sir Peter, who was upset in a yawl four miles out at sea. He held on for two hours to the bottom of the boat, when he let go and struck out for the land. "Darkness came on, and he could only trust to a strong wind and tide." He floated and drifted for five and a half hours, when at last he felt ground in the shallows, and then, by way of restoring the circula-

tion, he walked ten miles to the camp. The other episode forcibly illustrates the anxieties of a commander when campaigning in such a country as China. English and French were crowded together into the small town of Peh-tang, which had been previously cleared of its inhabitants. As the town was surrounded by pestilential swamps, there was no possibility of encamping outside :—

"The occupation was fraught with the most fearful risks it has ever fallen to my lot to encounter. The town was very small, not much more than 500 yards square, and in it were crowded 11,000 of our men, exclusive of the French force, amounting to about 6700 more, and about 4000 of our horses, mules, and ponies, all stored away in houses and in narrow lanes. The buildings were almost all thatched, fires burning, dinners cooking, men smoking—in fact, all the accessories for the outbreak of a blaze. After the storm, the weather became very hot, and the thatched roofs as dry as tinder. Had a spark fallen on one of them, it is difficult to say what would have been the result."

Why have some men marvellous success in society, beyond their birth, their connections, or their apparent abilities? Granted that all these are above the average, still the success of certain favoured individuals is remarkable. It might seem that Joseph Jekyll gave himself airs, yet we believe there is no affectation in his letters.¹ Those written in England are addressed to his sister-in-law, who was one of the Carlisle family, and to her he would never have paraded false assumptions of fastidiousness or untenable pretensions. We may take it, then, that he was the familiar friend and con-

vive of George IV. and his royal brothers; that two of the princes gave his sons a standing invitation to their tables, and that Jekyll the elder could pick and choose without giving offence among invitations from the very highest nobility. Yet, so far as we can judge, though bright and ready with repartee, he was by no means extraordinarily gifted. He nursed his wit carefully, as was the fashion in those days, and some of the jokes and puns, reported for the pleasure of his correspondent, strike us as scarcely worth repeating. But his manners probably were excellent; he had rare tact, and having quickly and surely established his social ascendancy, he speaks of all and sundry with the easy confidence of established superiority. He may have known little of the law by which he got the best part of his income—as a placeman—but he had a fair acquaintance with books, of which he was inordinately fond; and so he formed a sort of connecting-link between the dandy aristocrat and the *littérateurs* who were the rage. The best proof of his attainments as scholar and bibliophile is that the Abbé Morellet, when ruined by the Revolution, charged him to negotiate the sale of his curious library. His own criticisms of the books of the day are slight and perfunctory in the extreme; nor does it give us a high opinion of the soundness of his judgment when he summarily dismisses Victor Hugo's '*Notre Dame*' as unintelligible nonsense. Latterly, the veteran diner-out said that, like old Gilpin, he was one of the odd fellows who preferred his own

¹ Correspondence of Mr Joseph Jekyll with his Sister-in-law, Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley, 1818-1838. Edited by the Hon. Algernon Bourke. London: John Murray, 1894.

society, and he was almost as much wedded to West London as "old Q." But sitting in his own chimney-corner he still diligently gathered in gossip, retailing it for the benefit of his sister-in-law by marriage, Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley.

That correspondence is prefaced by some letters written to his father from France nearly half a century before. Young Jekyll had gone to Touraine in 1775 to perfect himself in French, and, with his usual social luck, found himself received at once by the very *élite* of the nobility of the old *régime*. There are strange pictures of the state of the smouldering French volcano in these pre-Revolutionary days. He met courtiers, parasites, and mistresses of Louis the *bien aimé*, who were lavishing their ill-gotten wealth, or were in receipt of handsome pensions. Money went very far in France at that time, for young Jekyll could live like a gentleman on four louis a-month. Such private *châteaux* as Chenonceau were sumptuously fitted up; but Chambord, a royal residence, was absolutely bare. For the kings still followed the barbarous medieval custom of carrying all their household plenshing about with them. Crime was so rife in the good city of Paris, that half-a-dozen corpses were shown most mornings in the Morgue; and nets were lowered each night from the Pont Neuf to catch the persons thrown over by the cut-throats. Yet the punishments were by no means lenient, and Jekyll gives a horrible description of how he had seen a criminal broken on the wheel, without stirring from the balcony of his own apartment, when "Monsieur de Paris" discharged the duty of his office in bag-wig and ruffles and *bien poudré*.

Among the literary men he either met or mentions in the London letters are Byron and Scott, Moore, Rogers, and Crabbe. The Waverley Novels are always noticed as they come out, and the brief remarks are generally sagacious. He had met Moore at Bowood or elsewhere, and took a great fancy to him. "Little Moore has amused us inexhaustibly with humour all the day, and his tasteful singing of an evening. . . . It is a good little fellow, with so much sense and talent, and a most independent spirit." *Apròpos* to Moore's biographies he says: "As he was forced to slur Sheridan's treachery to his party, so he was forced to slur Byron's treachery to his wife. But what can a man do who, like the Newgate Calendar, selects only rogues for biography?" There are sundry specimens given of Byron's bitterness, and no love was lost between him and Rogers. "Lady Blessington recited to me most dreadful verses by Byron against his friend Rogers, but will not publish them, or the poet must plunge into the Serpentine." That was after Byron's death: the verses subsequently appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and were maliciously shown to Rogers when he was suffering from the death of a favourite brother. "The cleverness of the libel almost equals its bitterness and cruelty, especially as the public believed they were linked in friendship." As to Rogers, at whose breakfasts Jekyll was a frequent guest, there are endless jokes about his constitutional ill-nature, cadaverous aspect, &c. Tom Moore told how a common friend of theirs had observed that Rogers lived on viper-broth, as being nutritious for persons of weakly habit. Somebody said the

soup must be expensive. "No," was the reply, "for Rogers finds his own venom." Of Crabbe it is said that in private he overacted simplicity of character. There are sundry jokes and impromptus by Theodore Hook, the best of which we have heard before; and various clever epigrams by Horace Smith, which now for the first time appear in print.

In politics there is an interesting account of one of the first speeches delivered by Lord Palmerston, and with the popular conceptions of the peculiar talents of that brilliant statesman, the praise bestowed seems exaggerated. "Sturges Bourne said to me (and he is a most competent critic) that he thought eloquence in the House of Commons had expired with Canning, but that it had actually and positively revived in Palmerston." If the praise were well deserved, his genius has been underrated. There are constant notices of the disturbed state of the country: in 1830 there was a dangerous movement among the masses; riots and disturbances were frequent, and the discontent was as general as the distress. Cobbett, who was industriously throwing fuel on the fires, excites Jekyll's burning indignation. "The miscreant is read in every cottage where the march of intellect has enabled them so to do." "Cobbett's last number is high treason, and his address to the yeomanry more atrocious than all his atrocities." But indeed the existence of flagrant and irritating abuses gave too good reason to the agitators, and one glaring example is mentioned of the waste of the public money. Even Jekyll, with his personal experiences as a place-man, is puzzled to guess how a certain Mr Cholmondeley should

have left his son £10,000 a-year, besides bequests of £120,000 to be distributed in charity. The gentleman, being son of a poor parson, had no patrimony, but for long he had been Receiver-General of Excise. So the nation had made most munificent provision for the numerous descendants and connections of Pretymann, who had been Pitt's tutor, and for the kinsfolk of Lord Chancellor Eldon.

Of George IV. Jekyll speaks with the gratitude of one who had been his "familiar" for forty-six years. Yet latterly the Nemesis of his vices had overtaken the old voluptuary, and his last years were passed in a lamentable decay, which could only be mitigated by enforced asceticism. "The corpse was scarcely cold before his memory was fiercely assailed," and on the day of the funeral "the 'Times' published a tirade of the most savage and atrocious character." Almost the only good thing we hear of the much-hated Duke of Cumberland—Lady Granville alludes to him in very similar language—is, that almost alone among the mourners he showed himself genuinely affected at his brother's funeral ceremony. As for King William, "instead of gravity and silence during the procession of a good hour and a half, he talked incessantly and loudly to all about him, so that most frivolous things were overheard. . . . There was a general impression made to the disadvantage of his understanding." Subsequently we are told, "William IV. has read Smollett's novels most profitably, and plays Tom Pipes the boatswain to the admiration of the newspapers, who are ready to swear he can make his tea with tar-water." As for the Duke of Cumberland, nothing could

exceed his unpopularity. "That pious prop of a Protestant religion has not yet regained any popularity, and it is said that the King declares if he stays in England, and subjects himself to any insult from popular indignation, he cannot protect him." To the last the letters were lively as ever; and the old gentleman writes complacently in the autumn of 1833, "I am in high feather for a gentleman who on the 23d of next January will complete the age of eighty years, and has survived almost all his contemporaries, after a happier life than most men have experienced."

We can do little more than touch on the charming letters of Lady Granville,¹ for they cover a vast extent of ground, and embrace an endless variety of subjects. Politics, personages, and social gossip are passed in rapid review, and it is of their very essence that they are delightfully inconsecutive and desultory. There are many links to connect them with those of Jekyll. Necessarily the same people are often mentioned, and, in particular, both writers had a common object of admiration in Lord Morpeth, afterwards, as Earl of Carlisle, the most popular of all Irish Viceroy's, and still remembered in Dublin for his famous "beauty dinners." Jekyll always mentions him with unusual warmth; and Lady Granville says of her favourite nephew, "How anybody exists, anyhow, anywhere, without Morpeth, I do not know." For those letters have a double charm and interest. They are not only lively and gossiping annals of the day, but they paint the writer's portrait in a double aspect; and

in either of the lights she reveals herself unconsciously to singular advantage. A perfect hostess, she discharged her social duties with a grace which effectually concealed all appearance of effort; but her real pleasure was in the free indulgence of those family affections to which we are indebted for the copious flow of correspondence. A devoted wife, she confides repeatedly to her sister that she is married to the best man in the world. To that sister—Lady Morpeth, afterwards Lady Carlisle—she unbosoms herself unreservedly in the intervals of her gaieties; and as for her brother, the Duke of Devonshire, she worships him with a fond adoration, largely mingled with reverence. We are never suffered to forget that "Hart" is the *grand seigneur*. The Lord of Chatsworth and more than half-a-dozen other magnificent seats was doubtless flattered to the top of his bent, and spoiled into selfishness and lavish self-indulgence. Yet we gather from these letters that there must have been a great deal of good in the Duke; and probably had he been born a younger son, he might have been distinguished as a statesman, as he was as a fastidious *viveur* and the cynosure of the most exquisite fashion. As it was, with the mere weight of his position he exercised no little influence in political combinations, and possibly it was policy as much as the habit which is second nature which led him everywhere to keep up a sort of ceremonial state. For example, once when he went on a walking expedition in the Oberland, he was attended by his doctor, a couple of powdered footmen, and another member of his

¹ Letters of Harriet Countess Granville, 1810-1845. Edited by her Son, the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower. London: Longmans & Co., 1894.

suite, all got up to pattern in correct pedestrian costume. By nature Lady Granville was not only domestic but serious. From the whirl of dissipation in the Embassy of the Rue St Honoré, she writes to her sister that she has been reading the Bible regularly with notes. "I always liked serious reading: to me so much more light in hand than much that is called lively." She often quotes from Mrs Fry, whose life of active beneficence she seems to have envied: of all her Parisian acquaintances there was none she admired so much as Madame de Broglie, the gifted and pious daughter of Madame de Staël. "She is really an angel. Think of a very beautiful, still young woman, and without one shade of peculiarity, no cant, no humbug, passing her life in acts of charity and thoughts of piety, but living in the world; going to theatres, admired and praised by everybody." That somewhat wistful eulogium is a conclusive tribute to Lady Granville's own matronly virtues, which throw out shoots and tendrils in many directions, though in her peculiar circumstances they seldom had fair play till she withdrew from the world, when death had deprived her of the husband she adored. She was conscientious and seriously minded, yet a woman of sparkling *esprit*. In her pretty feminine touches and the playful turns of her phrases, she constantly reminds us of the illustrious mother of her friend Madame de Broglie, who stung Napoleon so sharply in a war of pin-pricks as to earn the questionable distinction of banishment from France. Many of her sketches are pleasantly satirical, but it must be remembered they were written in sisterly confidence, and never intended for general

circulation. Among those that come to us, taking them at random, there is that of the bilious dean, endeared to her by a common sympathy, because both were subjected to an austere *regimen*. And that other of the French baron, who protested against being considered in love with his wife, though he was constantly following her all over a country-house, *Le style, c'est la femme*. We delight in that constantly recurring expression of "Lady Morpeth," introduced *à tort et à travers* in the middle of a sentence, as if she were on terms of distant ceremony with her sisterly confidante.

Needless to say that throughout the volumes we are in the best and most brilliant of company. Lady Granville, through her husband and herself, was related to the *élite* of the English peerage. A Whig aristocrat of the aristocrats, her husband owed his high diplomatic position to the flattering friendship of George Canning. So the premature decease of the illustrious statesman stunned them with a crushing sense of irretrievable calamity. Gratitude, as well as natural and not altogether disinterested regrets, inspired the sorrowful tribute to his memory: "His loss has so deprived the political existence of his friends of its spirit and its charm, that to do right seems to me the only stimulus and object left." It was not without reluctance that she first accompanied her husband to The Hague, and afterwards to Paris. But no one was better fitted to do the honours of an English *salon* in foreign lands. She did not much like the Dutch—she found them somewhat *triste*, dull, and monotonous; but while at The Hague we have a remarkable example of her quick but incisive study of character. Young

Mr Wortley would have felt even more uncomfortable than he looked, had he known how searchingly he was being analysed, and how cleverly dissected, by the hostess, while she was doing the honours of her grand ball. At Paris, where she reigned supreme for long years over the English, she was surfeited and sated with a succession of gaieties. But she ruefully consoles herself for having to dress and go out to dinner, when she would very much rather have stayed quietly at home, with the thought that she may be seated between Thiers and Talleyrand, with Pozzo di Borgo and Madame de Lieven for her *vis-à-vis*. Talleyrand had always a great fascination for her. She felt she was being humbugged, but was attracted to him all the same. One day, after long acquaintance, she writes: "I never knew before then, as Mr Foster says, the power of his charms. First of all, it is difficult and painful to believe that he is not the best man in the world, so gentle, so kind, so simple and so grand. One forgets the past life, the present look." She was no great worshipper of the Duke of Wellington, whom she met continually, first on her early visits to Paris, and afterwards in English country-houses. At Paris there were lion-hunting ladies, who were shamelessly stalking the hero, and he is said not to have been very shy, and to have swallowed freely their doses of flattery. *Apropos* to his intercourse with Lady Caroline Lamb, it is written: "No dose of flattery is too strong for him to swallow and her to administer." But allowance must be made for Lady Granville's Whig principles; and her admiration increased with more intimate acquaintance. She writes five years later: "I quite love the

Duke of Wellington. He is neither an agreeable man, nor in my eyes a *héros de roman*; but he is the most unpretending, perfectly natural, and amiable person I ever met with." The Duke's straightforward and soldierly integrity always contrasted well with the statesmen with whom Louis XVIII. saw himself surrounded. The Revolution of July was being prepared for him from the day of his second return. There was the irrepressible Fouché, whom he was compelled to accept. "Had he had him last time, Puysegur is convinced it would have prevented all that has happened; but Mon. De Blacas was violent against him, and carried his point." "Puysegur thinks Talleyrand as false as hollow: *Chateaubriand est un bavard et écrivain boursoufflé*." There is an amusing anecdote of Lord Castlereagh's French, which was certainly not his strong point. "How he gets on I cannot imagine. He called out to the *maître d'hôtel*: 'A present, monsieur, servez la dîner.'" There was a reception about that time at which she met "Talleyrand waddling out: he did not speak to me, so I had only the satisfaction of seeing his dirty, cunning face, and long coat. After him came Fouché, a little, spare, shallow, shrewd-looking man, who seems to unite all parties in one common feeling—horror of his character, and the policy of not betraying it." The lady sometimes etches in her sketches with strong acids—as when she says bluntly that Sir Hudson Lowe, the gaoler of Longwood, had the countenance of a devil. *En revanche*, in the very next page we hear that Lord and Lady Errol have the faces of angels, and look as if they should wear wings under their chins. The young Queen Victoria

in 1837 was "found perfect in manners, dignity, and grace." But really we must break off, abruptly as we began, or we might go on dipping and quoting indefinitely.

We are told that modern diplomacy has been revolutionised by the telegraph, and undoubtedly there is some truth in that. The tendency now is to shirk personal responsibility, and to seek instructions from headquarters in each critical emergency. Yet we are reminded by this second series of the *'Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus'*¹ that very much still depends on the sagacity and tact of the Envoy. If he have genial tact and the knack of working pleasantly with his colleagues, remarks and objections are received in a friendly spirit, even when passions are at fever-heat. A word spoken softly in season may throw oil upon troubled waters, and suggestions adroitly insinuated may avert the calamities of war. For example, when the Powers assembled in Congress at Berlin to revise the intolerable treaty of San Stephano, England and Russia were in open antagonism. Had their representatives met unprepared in a ring of neutrals, the failure of the Congress would have been almost a foregone conclusion. But before that, Lord Augustus chanced to meet General Ignatieff in the ante-chamber of M. de Giers. He seized upon the opportunity in a chance conversation with a very unlikely man to help him, and threw out the suggestion that Russia and England would do well to come to a preliminary understanding. The result bore fruit in the private con-

ferences between Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff which fortunately made the proceedings at the Congress a solemn farce, assuring arrangements which were accepted by all parties. During the seventeen years covered by these *'Reminiscences,'* he availed himself quietly of many similar occasions. But the first duty of an Ambassador is discreet self-suppression, and even now much of his story is necessarily told with reserve. Nevertheless there are many most interesting revelations; and few men were more thoroughly behind the scenes when, through the dramas of three momentous wars, the stage scenery was being shifted in Europe.

The four first years of the seventeen were passed in a position of secondary importance at Munich; but even in easy-going Bavaria the minds of the Germans were nearly as much excited as in the North. There was no mistaking the warnings of the impending storm, and the burning "question of the Danish Duchies was in reality the prelude to the war which followed." There was a succession of popular meetings to induce the king to put himself at the head of 50,000 South Germans, and lead them into Holstein to instal the rightful heir, Prince Frederick of Augustenburg. But the musical monarch, who had other irons in the fire, would not thrust himself between the Austrian anvil and the Prussian hammer. When Lord Augustus returned to the English Embassy at Berlin, he saw at once that war was inevitable. Already Bismarck, in a confidential despatch to his German allies, had informed them that "the outbreak of a serious conflict with Austria

¹ *The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G.C.B. Second Series. 1862-1879. London: Cassell & Co., 1894.*

was only a question of time." Thenceforward we see in each chapter of the first volume that Bismarck's master-mind and iron will controlled everything. Where he did not directly or indirectly originate, he guided the course of events. Subtle as strong, adroit and unscrupulous, he had the best of the game of diplomacy throughout. At first, realising the peril of the stake, he seems to have shrunk from precipitating the war with Austria. He knew that war was inevitable, but he was inclined to wait. He would have been content to annex Schleswig-Holstein, which would have given Prussia important naval stations, and he would have paid liberally in cash. When he saw that Austria would listen to no proposals of the kind, he was resolved to fight for something worth the having. He resolved to raise the whole question of the suppression of the antiquated Confederation and of the military supremacy of Prussia to the north of the Main. The king, with his old-fashioned ideas of divine right, was slow to be persuaded, and only reluctantly yielded when irritated by the Austrian rejection of his amicable advances. The Chancellor had a free hand, and he carried his resolution into effect. Lord Augustus relates a memorable incident:—

"I was with Count Bismarck late on the evening of June 15. We had been walking and sitting in his garden till a late hour, when, to my astonishment, it struck midnight. Count Bismarck took out his watch and said, 'À l'heure qu'il est, nos troupes sont entrées en Hanovre, Saxe, et Hesse Cassell.' He added, 'The struggle will be severe. Prussia may lose, but at all events she will have fought bravely and honourably. If we are beaten,' Count Bismarck said, 'I shall not return here. I shall fall in the last charge. One can but die

once, and if beaten it is better to die.'"

Every one knows that the seven weeks were over before the neutrals had time to think or interfere. Lord Augustus suggests that the result might have been different had Austria grasped the situation and departed from her traditions of procrastination. She knew that Italy had sent an envoy to Berlin to arrange an alliance. She learned in April 1866 that a formal treaty was signed. Only then did she offer to give up Venetia in exchange for neutrality. "Had the offer been made before the signature of the treaty, the distrust then entertained of Prussia would probably have induced General La Marmora to accept it. But it was too late, and he was too honourable a man to violate his pledge." The result was that Austria parted with many of her staunchest soldiers to fight the Italians, while mutinous Italian regiments swelled the forces of Benedict. The Prussian artillerymen were surprised and delighted at the murderous effect of their cannonade. Whole ranks of the enemy fell prostrate. As it proved afterwards, the fallen were Lombards and Venetians, who had no mind to be killed for a cause they detested.

No one was more taken aback by the sudden cessation of hostilities than the Emperor of the French. It seems to have been his policy to create a moderately strong Italian confederation which would owe him gratitude and rely on him for support, and to set Central Germany by the ears. No one will probably ever know what actually passed between him and Bismarck at Paris and Biarritz. There is little doubt that Bismarck befooled him with delusive promises, which he had neither the

power nor the wish to keep. Yet it is noteworthy that in a French despatch, dated in 1861, and proposing a Congress for the pacification of Europe, it was stated categorically that "France had no claim to make for herself." Be that as it may, the unification of Italy and the enormous accession of strength acquired by Prussia threw the minds of the French into a natural ferment. The Emperor by grace of a plebiscite must do something to satisfy patriotic excitement. Thenceforth he made appeal after appeal to Bismarck for political compensation and territorial concessions. Some of the ever-fluctuating demands were simply extravagant. When he asked for the cession of the northern banks of the Upper Rhine, comprising several of the most formidable of historical federal fortresses, Bismarck had no difficulty in answering that German sentiment made the proposal inadmissible. The only alternative was the annexation of small independent States. Thence arose the troublesome Luxemburg business—though Luxemburg itself was an almost impregnable federal fortress—which Lord Augustus had a considerable share in settling. Then came the famous secret treaty with respect to Belgium, in regard to disclosing which Lord Augustus chanced to be anticipated by the 'Times.' He fully confirms Bismarck's version. The treaty was drafted in foolish confidence by Benedetti, though very probably at the dictation of Bismarck. As to who was responsible for the French war, Lord Augustus assures us that Bismarck never desired it. On the contrary, both he and his royal master went to great lengths in the way of reasonable concession. He says that the French preten-

sions grew steadily, till they became aggressively intolerable; and he declares that the Ems incident, used with such calamitous effect in the French Chamber, was the shameless invention of imaginative audacity. Throughout the war England's neutrality was regarded with distrust, if not with resentment, by both the combatants; and Lord Stanley's diplomatic advances for mediation were coldly or contemptuously received. From which Lord Augustus draws the moral, that we are generally far too eager to proclaim our neutrality. We should do more good if we went on the golden maxim of keeping silence, leaving it to be inferred that upon occasion we should be willing to strike in. And if France paid a terrible penalty for her folly, England by no means escaped scot-free. She lost the best part of the fruits which had very inadequately repaid her for all the blood and the treasure expended in the Crimea. Before the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Prince Gortschakoff had paid an unofficial visit to Berlin. Lord Augustus could learn nothing precise at the time as to the matters in discussion between the Chancellors. He understood it better when, before the surrender of Paris, Prince Gortschakoff repudiated the treaty which had guaranteed the neutrality of the Black Sea. Bismarck wished that his too astute friend had waited, when he might have dealt with him as he had dealt with the Emperor of France. The Germans then had more on their hands than they could well manage, and England might perhaps make trouble. But England in her isolation was content to acquiesce, and so the treaty was torn up.

Transferred after the peace from Berlin to St Petersburg, the position of Lord Augustus was still

country of which we have never been in effective possession, with the power of leasing it to a third party while it was yet occupied by a hostile force? By drawing our line at Fashoda, we have in fact opened the way for a paper annexation of all the Northern Sudan by any other Power. The French objective will doubtless be Dem Suliman, on a navigable tributary of the Bahr el Gazal: the latter river is also navigable, and a main affluent of the Nile at Fashoda. This point is only some 320 miles from the present position of the French force.

5. This leads us to the last point on which we shall touch in our examination of the treaty itself. Our ostensible reason for selecting King Leopold as our lessee was, that he was supposed to be in actual effective occupation. We desired to utilise this position as against the advance of France. To do so it was necessary that the king should transfer to us the treaties concluded in the territory, and so put us—as lessors—in effective occupation, and this transfer should have taken place, *pro forma*, before the actual completion of the treaty, and should have been stated in the body of the treaty as the basis on which the lease was negotiated. For our rights accrue solely in virtue of prior occupancy by our lessee, and we have no other claim which is valid against France. The lease to the king is merely as a life-tenant,—the treaties are the property in perpetuity of the sovereign Power. Only by thus acquiring the treaties could we claim the right to lease at all. But though we presume that such a transfer must have been made, there is no mention anywhere of it.

The article in this Magazine last month (“Imperial Interests in East Africa”) insisted on the danger lest a cause of quarrel arising in East Africa should precipitate a war in Europe. It was written before the Anglo-Congo treaty was published, and it pointed out the delicacy and the peril of this Nile Valley question. It suggested an arrangement with King Leopold, but the arrangement has been so clumsily made that already the warning is more than justified.

We will, in conclusion, examine two other matters which have an important bearing on the question—viz., the French claim of the right of pre-emption in the Congo State, and the position in Abyssinia.

I. The French right of preference in the Congo State accrues in virtue of an agreement made by Colonel Strauch on behalf of the “International Association of the Congo” (now the Congo State) on April 23, 1884, as an act of defence against the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of that year (February 1884), which threatened the existence of the infant State. It runs as follows:—

“The International Association of the Congo, in the name of the free stations and territories *which it has established* on the Congo and in the Valley of the Niadi-Kwilu, formally declares that it will not cede them to any Power, under reserve of the special conventions which might be concluded between France and the Association with a view to settling the limits and conditions of their respective action. But the Association, wishing to afford a new proof of its friendly feeling towards France, pledges itself to give her the right of preference, *if through any unforeseen circumstances, the Association were one day led to realise its possessions.*”¹

¹ The Congo State (H. M. Stanley), p. 388.

The italics are ours. From this it is obvious that the right of preference is not one which accrues on the death of the king (who had not even at that time formally become sovereign of the State), but only in the event of the possessions of the State being realised. It is also to be noted that this declaration was made prior to the Berlin Act, which took no cognisance of it. France, on the other hand, maintains that the king is debarred from bequeathing the State to Belgium or any other Power under this agreement, the more so that King Leopold in his declaration to the Powers, of August 1, 1885, expressly stated that "the union between Belgium and the Congo State would be exclusively personal" (to himself). The king, however, on April 22, 1887, had notified to France, as his interpretation of the meaning of the letter of Colonel Strauch, quoted above, that the right of preference of France could not be opposed to Belgium, since he (Leopold) was King of Belgium; but Belgium, in turn, must respect the French right of pre-emption. France appears to have taken no exception to this view at the time, but merely to have acknowledged the king's letter on the same date without comment. The king's argument was, of course, that he and Belgium were one and inseparable, and in virtue of this contention he afterwards made a will bequeathing the State to Belgium, which thereupon subsidised the State.

But these contentions are beside the point. France maintains that the State being an artificial creation, incapable of initiating acts affecting its own existence and extension (or even, according to France and Germany, of leasing a small strip of territory) without the recognition of the signatory

Powers which gave it birth, it follows that an agreement such as this, giving reversionary rights to France, is invalid and *ultra vires*, unless recognised by all the Powers. It has never been so recognised, and it is highly improbable that those with contiguous possessions—especially England and Germany—would consent to the appropriation by France of this vast territory on so shadowy a title. France urges that the lease of the strip between Tanganyika and British East Africa violates her rights of pre-emption. But, as we have seen, these rights do not apply to this area; and, moreover, the lease being only current so long as the State is independent or a colony of Belgium, it lapses *ipso facto* if French rights of pre-emption are ever exercised.

II. A final word regarding Abyssinia; for we firmly believe that the indignation of France at her exclusion from the Nile Valley is based upon the fact that she is thereby frustrated in her desire to extend her dominion across Africa to Obock on the Red Sea. The Italians concluded a treaty with King Menelik of Abyssinia, and notified (in accordance with the Berlin Act) to the Powers that he had accepted their protectorate. The treaty was published in Italian. France, having herself some experience of such "diplomacy" with savage kings, sent to Abyssinia to see the text in the native language. It was merely an agreement between equals, and did not confer the powers which Italy claimed. This was explained to the king, and he thereupon expelled all Italian subjects from his dominions, diverted his trade from Massawah to the French port of Obock, began to buy rifles, &c., from the French with which to protect

more delicate. Socially he was made welcome in the capital; personally he was on excellent terms with Prince Gortschakoff and M. De Giers, and the Emperor was not only invariably affable, but encouraged him to speak his mind with unreserve. The fact remained that, both in Europe and Asia, Russia and England were invariably antagonistic. Prince Gortschakoff used courteous language to conceal his thoughts, and answered expostulations with piquant epigrams. The Emperor was always complaining of the unfriendly mistrust of his intentions displayed by the English Cabinet and press. On one occasion he placed Lord Augustus in sore embarrassment by begging him to explain a satirical cartoon in 'Punch.' Undoubtedly the mistrust was too well founded. The discouraging prospect in our relations with Russia is, that there seems no rational possibility of putting them on a satisfactory footing. Lord Augustus is optimistic in the extreme, and hopes good things for the future. Unfortunately, all that he says goes to dispel such fond illusions. We regard the Czar as an absolute autocrat; but, setting Nihilism and Socialism aside, there are other forces which even his authority cannot control. It was religious fanaticism and the enthusiastic sentiment of Pan-Slavism which forced him reluctantly into the last Turkish war. Had he fol-

lowed his instincts, he would never have reared a barrier of free Danubian and Balkan States to block any future advance by land on Constantinople. He always protested that he did not covet Constantinople — a declaration which may be received as a pious opinion, and taken in any case for what it is worth. For Lord Augustus acquits the Czar and his War Ministers of any deliberate design of aggressive Asiatic ambition. He says they always ridiculed the idea of a Russian invasion of India, and that may be very true. The fact remains that they are always keeping us on the alert, and forcing us into vast expenditure, by stirring up troubles among the frontier tribes and making dangerous demonstrations. The explanation is, according to Lord Augustus, that they are bound to keep their enormous army in good-humour. Central Asia is to Russia what Algeria was to France, and aspiring officers covetous of fame and advancement are not to be controlled. They might be coerced were they to be disgraced in place of being promoted and decorated, but that is a step on which neither the Czar nor his Ministers dare venture. So it seems that we must still stand on our defence on the fortified line of the Indus, with Herat and the highlands of Afghanistan as outlying bastions which may be betrayed to the enemy at any time or carried with a rush.

THE NEW AFRICAN CRISIS WITH FRANCE AND GERMANY.

It appears to be hardly appreciated in this country how very serious is the difficulty with Germany and France which has arisen over the Anglo-Congolese agreement recently concluded. The Franco-German war arose from a less serious dilemma, and the tone of the Ministerial announcement read in the French Chamber—previously carefully prepared—proves that France considers that she has very serious grounds of complaint, and means to act with vigour and decision to “defend her rights”—even should that involve a conflict with Great Britain. While France has thus declared before Europe that she considers the treaty “null and void,” and has voted without discussion a sum of £80,000 to reinforce her posts on the Oubanghi, and has ordered the despatch of gunboats to support them, the attitude of the authorities in England appears to be one of comparative indifference. The situation has evoked remarkably little discussion in Parliament, and the whole British press unites in scoffing at French sensitiveness, and in asserting without investigation that the arguments urged in the Continental press are quite valueless. It is well, therefore, that the British public should hear how the matter really stands, and should understand that the difference is one which has arisen over a question of very great political importance, and not merely concerning a “few square miles of African desert or swamp,” so that an independent public opinion may be formed on the matter, since we are already committed to a grave international crisis.

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCCXLV.

The reasons which led to the conclusion of this treaty are as follows: Great Britain in 1890 claimed the Nile valley as part of her African “sphere of influence,” Egypt having withdrawn from it. The value of the Nile waterway, and of the Sudan as a recruiting-ground and a territory rich in ivory and other products, was overshadowed by the political importance of its relation to Egypt and the Red Sea ports, and the predominant influence which the Power in control of the Upper Nile would necessarily exercise in the Delta provinces. In the treaty with Germany (July 1, 1890) England, as we have said, notified her claims, to which Germany (having in return for Heligoland shut herself out from any extension northwards) of course agreed. France did not protest, as she did in the matter of the Zanzibar protectorate established by the same treaty. But the treaty was not with France, and it is feasible for her to argue that she reserved her rights; and as there was no idea of a British occupation of the Nile valley, it was not imperative upon her to raise any disclaimer, since she was not a party to the treaty. Great Britain, then, having excluded Germany and Italy from the Nile valley by treaty, found that King Leopold had despatched an expedition thither from the Congo State, and had occupied certain points on the Nile. The king was fully justified in doing this, for, anterior to the German treaty, an agreement had been drawn up, signed, and ratified, between himself and Sir William Mackinnon (President of

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the Imperial British East Africa Company), by which access to the Nile was permitted to him, in return for the cession of a strip of territory connecting the north of Lake Tanganyika with the British sphere. Lord Salisbury, however, forbade the Company to acquire sovereign rights, as representing England, though he had no objection to their acquiring a lease of a private nature purely as a Company. For, as now appears, Germany in the treaty of 1890 expressly stipulated that her frontier should march with the Congo State. "The British Government," says the 'Cologne Gazette' (15th June), "strove with great persistency in 1890 to obtain the cession of a strip of country in this same region, and Germany absolutely refused it, as involving a serious detriment to her Colonial interests." Lord Salisbury's veto to the Company, however, did not cancel the right the king had acquired under the agreement of extending towards the Nile. No sooner, however, had the king (availing himself of our assertion that we would "raise no objection" if he went to Lado) acted on the implied permission, than he was met by protests from the Foreign Office. Lord Kimberley in his letter to Mr Hardinge (recently published as a Blue-book) states officially that these protests were made and renewed from time to time. The king, however, preferred not to show his hand, but temporised, and meanwhile pushed on his forces into Equatoria. This, then, was the position in the beginning of 1894. We had spent two years in vacillating as to whether or not we would retain Uganda, and had sent up a commissioner to acquire

information on the spot, at a cost which would have gone a long way towards occupying the Nile Valley. The information was not required,—even the basis on which the Commissioner formed his conclusions was not accepted, for the railway is not to be made, and (subsequent to the receipt of his despatches in England) a policy of extension into Unyoro was adopted contrary to his recommendations. Having thus continued absolutely inactive, and having done nothing whatever to substantiate our claims in the Nile Valley between 1890 and 1894, when the commander in Uganda could with ease have done what was required at small cost, the Government suddenly awoke to find that a large French expedition had massed at Abiras (junction of the Wellé and Mbomu rivers), and its destination was apparently the Nile Valley. Something had to be done, unless we were to be content to see our assertion of suzerainty in the Nile Valley set aside, and France, our rival in Egypt, obtain possession of the Hinterland of Egypt. A forward policy—the despatch of an expedition from Uganda—would not be tolerated by the Radical supporters of Government, and so once more, as in the case of East Africa and Uganda, a timid compromise had to be accepted to save a few thousand pounds,—and it has landed us in a serious quarrel with France, and a difficulty with Germany and Turkey. Such are Radical methods of economy!

King Leopold was supposed to be in effective occupation up to Lado. It was decided to reverse our policy, withdraw our protests, and ask his assistance to secure our sovereign rights. Since it was England herself who had laid

down the principle that effective occupation could alone confer sovereign rights in Africa, and since Government was too timid to effectively occupy the district, there was in fact no other course open; and those who, like the writer, are anxious to see British supremacy maintained over the Sudan, had cause to congratulate themselves that Government had found a means—however unsatisfactory in itself—of declaring before Europe our sovereignty over the Sudan, and our determination to hold it against French aggression. King Leopold had to choose between a French alliance or a British. Already the French delegates had arrived in Brussels to negotiate regarding the Congo State boundaries in this direction, and it had practically been conceded by France that the matter should be settled by arbitration. Suddenly, without apparent reason, negotiations were broken off, and the French delegates returned much incensed to Paris. A few days afterwards the Anglo-Congo agreement was published, and it became evident that France had been fooled by King Leopold,—his negotiations had been delusive, and while playing with France he had in reality been negotiating a treaty with England in the opposite sense. Naturally France was furious, and denounced the treaty as “null and void.” The sum voted to reinforce the expedition on the spot (£80,000) was sufficient to occupy Lado. Two gunboats (with six smaller craft) were ordered for the Congo, and it was decided to construct a telegraph. Monteill—the best man the French have—was appointed to the command, with orders to defend French rights, and reconquer any places where

they had been invaded. The tone of the debate and the unopposed vote showed that France really meant business, and that her *amour propre* had been very deeply wounded. This we expected, and it was the more necessary that the treaty, which, it had been foreseen, would give rise to a serious crisis, should have been framed with extreme care, so as to be unassailable. We need not have violated any French rights by this agreement,—all we meant to do was to score a very signal diplomatic victory, and checkmate French ambitions and the probable scheme of French extension over the Nile Valley and Abyssinia to Obock on the Red Sea. The cards were in our hands, but we could hardly have played them worse!

1. To begin with, we alienated Germany by introducing the question of a lease of the strip between Tanganyika and British East Africa. This acquisition was quite unnecessary; we already possessed rights of free transit along it, with no differential treatment, &c. Lord Salisbury had already condemned the scheme, and we now know that it involved a breach of faith with Germany, who in 1890 had made it a *sine quâ non* that her frontiers should be coincident with those of the Congo State. It is needless to point out that the “Cape to Cairo” claptrap is a mere sentimental jargon, which means that Great Britain desires to possess the central line through the length of Africa; but this line never can be a commercial highway. The commercial watershed radiates to the east and west. A private lease to a Company is one thing, and it is quite a different thing to a first-class European Power. But granted that for some inscrutable reason

the Foreign Minister was bent upon the acquisition of this strip of country, what reason was there that Germany, whose interests were affected, should have been kept in ignorance of the matter, and that the treaty should only be sprung upon her as *un fait accompli*? It was, to say the least, grossly discourteous, in view of what had passed in 1890; and although it is obvious that it was necessary to keep the treaty, as regards the northern lease, a profound secret until its completion, there was no reason whatever for not informing Germany that we were in process of negotiation with the Congo State for a lease of this southern strip, and consulting her upon it. As it is, we have quite needlessly exasperated Germany, and we have no option but to withdraw from the untenable position we have taken up and acknowledge our error.

Germany, however, must not overlook the fact that she recently was herself guilty of a not very friendly act towards us (though by no means so discourteous as this of ours); and this proves that we cannot count on her support in Africa at the present moment. For having got us to waive in her favour our claims in the Niger region, she transferred what we had abandoned to France, the very Power she knew that we thought we were warding off by the cession to Germany. It would appear as though our diplomats hardly appreciated the reasons why Germany sets such value upon the contact of her possessions with the Congo State, or they would surely not have attempted this fiasco, and replied to Germany's protest by a "most unsatisfactory" rejoinder, which has necessitated something

like an apology. She foresees that when the king dies the State will be disintegrated, and probably the Powers contiguous to it will share in its appropriation. Moreover, the existence of her East African possessions depends upon the trade—principally the ivory trade—and if Great Britain acquired a strip of country with sovereign rights, cutting off the Congo State from German territory, the whole of the ivory and other trade from the west would be diverted to British East Africa, especially when the railway is built. It is therefore a matter of vital importance to Germany, nor will she be satisfied until we have withdrawn our pretensions.

2. As regards France. It was a tactical blunder not to have foreseen the argument which France has put forward, and which the 'Times' in a leading article, which looks as though it had been inspired by high authority, vaguely intimates that we may find to be a valid one, in which case the whole treaty will be valueless. The Congo State was created in 1885 by the Powers of Europe, and the Act which gave it birth was the Berlin Act of that year (February 1885). Its frontiers had been carefully delimited and laid down in treaties concluded by "The Association" with various European Powers. The Congo being thus a State of artificial creation, depending for its existence upon the recognition of the Great Powers, France maintains that it had no competency to step beyond the boundaries accurately defined by treaty, and that any such act of self-extension is wholly illegal in itself, and may even jeopardise the existence of the State, since that depends upon the mutual observance of the pledges and guarantees undertaken

at its initiation, and that such action would moreover be a breach of its neutrality. The Congo State itself, in its treaty with Belgium, defined its own frontiers as "founded upon treaties," quite apart from the areas to which neutrality or other clauses should apply. This was dated February 23, 1885 (*vide* Af. No. 4, 1885, p. 246). France, on August 1, 1885, similarly recognised the *treaty limits* of the State, and King Leopold as its sovereign repeated on that date the boundaries in a declaration to all the Powers. Those treaties limited the State on its north-east frontier to the intersection of the 4th degree N. lat. and the 30th E. long. What right, asks France, has a State so constituted to extend beyond its assigned limits? And if in territory beyond those neutralised limits its forces come into collision with those of a contiguous Power, what becomes of its neutrality? Its existence depends on its recognition by the Powers. It was a political creation, born of international treaties, bound to neutrality. Beyond the limits assigned by those treaties it has no legal or political right of extension, nor is it conceivable that the Powers would have created by their own act a rival in the scramble for Africa. We must admit that this argument is a strong one. Germany, however, in her treaty with "The Association," recognised its power to cede territory (the converse of extension) and safeguarded her interests in such a contingency. (Af. No. 4, 1885, p. 263.)

If it be conceded that the Congo State could legitimately extend east of long. 30°, France could not claim that lat. 4° should be its northern frontier *east of that parallel*, for the definition is clear

that the 4th degree N. lat. forms the northern frontier of the State only so far as long. 30°. Prior to this extension, however, our treaty with Germany of July 1890 had notified to Europe that Great Britain claimed exclusive influence east of long. 30°. The bulk of the territory, however, now leased to the Congo State lies to the west of long. 30°, and extends to long. 25°. France has a perfectly legitimate ground for considering this a violation by the Congo State of her treaty of April 29, 1887, by which the State was not to exercise any *politique* north of lat. 4° (west of long. 30°). She would probably be within her rights in ousting the forces of the State from all country north of lat. 4° (and west of long. 30°), and she will claim that this is a matter which she has a right to settle with the State without reference to us, for by this view our lease is founded on a trespass if the State is in occupation, and is therefore invalid. For our reversionary right, being founded on a trespass, would not hold. If the State is not in occupation, we have no claim which France will admit to lease at all, and her prior occupation would be valid against us. The case for France appears a strong one in this matter, and is borne out by the spirit of the treaties. France may thus urge the violation of the Franco-Congo treaty of 1887 as a reason for attacking the Congo forces west of long. 30°. But she can urge no such reason for crossing that parallel of longitude, and ousting them from the Nile Valley. East of that degree our lessee violates no treaty, and the only question at issue is, whether the extension was competent *quâ Congo State*. Here it

is essential that we should maintain our rights. It is thus obvious that a foolish mistake was made. Any arrangements concluded should not have been with King Leopold as sovereign of the Congo State, nor with the Congo State, and therefore subject to the limitations and disabilities of the State, but (in default of our own occupation) with King Leopold as an individual. He could then have been simply our agent, and any assistance afforded to him by individuals in the service of the Congo State would have been a matter for private arrangement.

Great Britain, as we have said, protested originally against the "aggression" of the Congo State in what we had declared to be our sphere of influence. It suits us now to suddenly withdraw those protests, and recognise the aggression as a useful factor for our own ends. But until we know whether the protests were in any way based on the present French argument, it is impossible for the public to know the extent of our inconsistency. Was not this argument also used by us against the extension of the Congo State to the east of the Luapula river? If our Government had acted in a straightforward and courageous manner,—had taken Uganda at once, when secured for it without bloodshed or cost by the British East African Company, instead of hesitating for two years, while other nations advanced,—there would never have been any need for this unfortunate and most clumsy treaty, which has, with good cause, exasperated Germany and enraged France, while our present attitude cannot fail to make an enemy of our one ally, King Leopold. Uganda was ours.

The Company's officers had established peace in place of anarchy, a force of excellent and cheap soldiery had been secured, of whose admirable qualities Lord Kimberley spoke enthusiastically on June 11, in reply to Lord Salisbury and Lord Stanmore. But Mr Labouchere was right when he said that a "Liberal" Ministry spelt disaster in Africa, and had always produced a crisis and a *fiasco* in that country. The Company, who had secured the peaceful occupation of Uganda, who, at the expense of its own capital resources, had intervened "in the nick of time" to prevent a horrible civil war, uncontrolled by any central Power, and had thereby saved the English and French missionaries, and a state of things which would have necessitated European interference, has been hounded as though it had committed a gross indiscretion in going to Uganda. The inevitable *fracas* between the rival negro factions, when it did at last come, was controlled by the Company's agents, and resulted in a minimum loss of life, and a peaceful settlement; and this matter disposed of, the Company was available, if granted the assistance they had been led to expect in the construction of a railway, to carry out the Government wishes with regard to the Nile Valley, without cost to the nation, and before the present difficulties had arisen. But Government "reserved their action" in 1892. What that reservation meant we now know—two years of vacillation; the systematic discrediting of the Company, so as to buy them out cheap; the replacement of Captain Lugard and his officers by those who have not borne the burden of the task; the adoption of a policy of disinte-

gration in East Africa, by which Uganda alone is declared a Protectorate, and is to be left "in the air," unconnected by a railway with the coast; the neglect to deal with the slavery question and other matters for which the opportunity is ripe;—and now a treaty to endeavour, by a smart trick, to recover the ground lost during the two years of indecision, a treaty which has set both Germany and France against us, and brought us perilously near to war!

France's second argument as against this treaty is, that it violates the rights of Turkey and Egypt. On what grounds, we may ask, does France pose as the champion of Turkish rights? The rôle ill befits her, since, as the 'Précurseur' remarks, she has set those rights aside by seizure of Algeria and Tunis, while even now she covets Tripoli. The 'Times' adds the important point of Obock, annexed by France without reference to Turkish rights. M. Hanotaux announced with great effect that Turkey had lodged a protest,—a statement which proved to be not in accord with fact. Turkish claims, "whatever they may be," are reserved by Great Britain under the treaty,—though apparently by an after-thought, in a despatch of later date. Does not the very fact of France's indignation at the conclusion of this treaty prove—if proof were necessary other than the presence of Monteill's expedition—that she herself intended to violate these supposed rights by occupying the country? The French press has long been urging the protection of "French rights" in the Nile Valley, and the anticipation of Great Britain. Sir Edward Grey's statement that "Lado is in the British sphere," and Colonel Col-

vile's action in hoisting our flag at Wadelai, did not raise from France any indignant protest on behalf of Ottoman rights, because she still thought that her own advance would anticipate any effective occupation on our part. It is, moreover, capable of proof that the Egyptian Sudan provinces extended to within some seventy miles of Abiras (where the French expedition is),—the extreme corner of Zandeh having been acquired by Egypt by purchase about 1877. The French expedition has been laboriously transferred above the rapids in the direction of this old Egyptian frontier, and if we are not mistaken, it has already invaded the Ottoman rights it holds to be of so inviolable a nature. The argument, therefore, as applied by France, is not worthy of serious consideration. She has, in fact, excluded herself from occupying any part—north or south of Fashoda—by this argument of Turkey's prior claim. It was advanced apparently with a view to reopening the Eastern question; and that it was preferred by astute French diplomatists to the more valid line we have indicated, denotes the gravity of the crisis, since it is apparent that France desires to complicate the issues by combining them with European politics, and securing thereby the co-operation both of Germany and Turkey against us.

But let us briefly examine what Turkish claims are worth. It is popularly supposed that Egypt, on the advice of Great Britain, abandoned the Sudan by proclamation. The Khedive did sign an Arabic proclamation in January 1884 (though its official publication is very doubtful), but the English translation furnished to the British Foreign Office, and published in

our Blue-books, and conformable to our own peremptory suggestions, is not correct. The Arabic text, by a slight alteration, reserves sovereign rights, and makes the proclamation a grant of autonomy to the old hereditary sheikhs within Khedivial frontiers. In this way the Khedive evaded an act which would have given the Sultan the legal right to depose him, for breach of the express conditions of his tenure of Egypt. Later, when claims were put forward for the arrears of pay of Sudanese soldiery from Equatoria, British officials in the name of Egypt repudiated any responsibility for the Sudan, but Tigrane Pasha in a later despatch reaffirmed Egyptian claims, being in fact bound to do so—however illogically—for the reason given. All this is, however, beside the point, for it is too preposterous to argue that a Power which has withdrawn from the exercise of any control for a period of nine years, and has abandoned its governors and its garrisons to their fate, can, by virtue of any mere *ipse dixit* on paper, claim to exercise at any moment its sovereign rights, to the exclusion of any Power which is in a position to effectively occupy and reclaim the province. The territory for this period has been in the hands of the Mahdi, and the scene of anarchy and barbarism and of independent conquest which threatened the existence of Egypt itself, while as regards the southern province (with which we are concerned), it is separated from the Egyptian frontier by 1000 miles of country in the possession of a hostile Power, and is therefore wholly beyond the control of Egypt. Egypt would, however, have a more tenable claim to the northern province if she now for-

mulated her rights to Khartum and Fashoda before any European Power came upon the scene, and simultaneously announced her intention of at once re-establishing those claims by effective control.

Such are the main arguments put forward by France. Irrespective of the mistakes to which we have alluded, the treaty need not violate any French rights. It was to be expected that an assertion of our rights, supported by effective occupation (by proxy), would be most unwelcome to France, the more so as being a complete surprise, and as effectually frustrating her ambitions. Had she taken advantage of our mistakes in detail, and urged that our occupation was not valid, her case would have been stronger than the one she has chosen to adopt—with a good reason, however, for her choice.

3. There are in this treaty apparently no provisions made regarding the claims which may be preferred by King Leopold's heirs for money expended in the territory leased, for its development or improvement. Since France claims to be the heir by purchase of the Congo State, she would become the king's executor, and will claim, under this treaty, to take immediate possession of the territory and assets on behalf of the king's heirs, on the death of the king; and in this capacity it would devolve upon her to surrender the lease. Supposing she surrenders it, she will then present the bill. The cost will not be minimised, and we shall find we could have effectually occupied the country ourselves, on both banks of the Nile, for less than what it will thus eventually cost us to lease a part of it—the more so that for very shame we cannot do less on

the right bank than the Belgians do on the left. But France—*quâ* France, and independent of her position as the king's heir—repudiates our right to lease the country at all, and has troops on the spot to make good her position. Hence we can foresee a disagreeable dilemma ahead. But even if the lease were duly surrendered, claims for "tenant's improvements" are certain to be preferred, and where will the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day obtain the sum? In result, therefore, the lease becomes a permanent cession, and that—if the French right of preference is exercised—to the very Power (France) which we have been at all these pains to exclude!

It would also be interesting to know how the Government view of the reading of the Brussels Act—a strained construction invented to embarrass the East African Company—would apply to this lease. It is now maintained that duties are not leviable at the coast on entering the "conventional basin of the Congo," but on the frontiers of each state within the area. Would King Leopold then have the right to demand free transit from the frontier of the leased province, and the power to levy import and export duties on that frontier? The point will be an important one when the railway is made. And further, who is responsible for the due fulfilment of the pledges under the Brussels Act in the leased territory, King Leopold or ourselves? It is obvious that a host of analogous questions might be raised, of which apparently the framers of this treaty took no note.

4. The "British sphere" has always been supposed to extend

to Wady Halfa, the confines of Egypt. Sir Edward Grey, however, recently declined to state how far it extended, and when pressed, he denied that Khartum was included in our sphere! Hence the presumable limit is Fashoda,—the farthest point coloured British in the map presented to Parliament. From Lado to Fashoda in the leased territory is impassable swamp and *sudd*. Beyond lie the commercially rich and valuable countries which are also the immediate Hinterland of Egypt and the Suakim coast. Khartum, the capital and trade emporium of the Sudan, on the junction of the White and Blue Nile, and Berber, the objective of the railway from the Red Sea, are included in this province. Lord Salisbury, in the Anglo-German treaty of 1890, specifically put forward British claims "as far as the confines of Egypt," and it was to be expected that these would now have been strongly reiterated, since they form the only rational ground for the conclusion of this treaty at all. Except on the hypothesis that we mean to hold the whole Nile Valley, our recent action is too inane and foolish for words! Yet it has been denied officially that Khartum is in our sphere! The only alternative was that, as the protecting Power in Egypt, we should at once reassert the lapsed claims of Egypt as far south as Fashoda; but we have not done this either. What, then, is to prevent France from claiming this country, either by occupying it herself at once, or by leasing it in turn to King Leopold, or for the matter of that to the Mahdi himself, since we ourselves have by this treaty created the novel and most dangerous precedent of claiming sovereign rights over a

country of which we have never been in effective possession, with the power of leasing it to a third party while it was yet occupied by a hostile force? By drawing our line at Fashoda, we have in fact opened the way for a paper annexation of all the Northern Sudan by any other Power. The French objective will doubtless be Dem Suliman, on a navigable tributary of the Bahr el Gazal: the latter river is also navigable, and a main affluent of the Nile at Fashoda. This point is only some 320 miles from the present position of the French force.

5. This leads us to the last point on which we shall touch in our examination of the treaty itself. Our ostensible reason for selecting King Leopold as our lessee was, that he was supposed to be in actual effective occupation. We desired to utilise this position as against the advance of France. To do so it was necessary that the king should transfer to us the treaties concluded in the territory, and so put us—as lessors—in effective occupation, and this transfer should have taken place, *pro formâ*, before the actual completion of the treaty, and should have been stated in the body of the treaty as the basis on which the lease was negotiated. For our rights accrue solely in virtue of prior occupancy by our lessee, and we have no other claim which is valid against France. The lease to the king is merely as a life-tenant,—the treaties are the property in perpetuity of the sovereign Power. Only by thus acquiring the treaties could we claim the right to lease at all. But though we presume that such a transfer must have been made, there is no mention anywhere of it.

The article in this Magazine last month (“Imperial Interests in East Africa”) insisted on the danger lest a cause of quarrel arising in East Africa should precipitate a war in Europe. It was written before the Anglo-Congo treaty was published, and it pointed out the delicacy and the peril of this Nile Valley question. It suggested an arrangement with King Leopold, but the arrangement has been so clumsily made that already the warning is more than justified.

We will, in conclusion, examine two other matters which have an important bearing on the question—viz., the French claim of the right of pre-emption in the Congo State, and the position in Abyssinia.

I. The French right of preference in the Congo State accrues in virtue of an agreement made by Colonel Strauch on behalf of the “International Association of the Congo” (now the Congo State) on April 23, 1884, as an act of defence against the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of that year (February 1884), which threatened the existence of the infant State. It runs as follows:—

“The International Association of the Congo, in the name of the free stations and territories *which it has established* on the Congo and in the Valley of the Niadi-Kwilu, formally declares that it will not cede them to any Power, under reserve of the special conventions which might be concluded between France and the Association with a view to settling the limits and conditions of their respective action. But the Association, wishing to afford a new proof of its friendly feeling towards France, pledges itself to give her the right of preference, *if through any unforeseen circumstances, the Association were one day led to realise its possessions.*”¹

¹ The Congo State (H. M. Stanley), p. 388.

The italics are ours. From this it is obvious that the right of preference is not one which accrues on the death of the king (who had not even at that time formally become sovereign of the State), but only in the event of the possessions of the State being realised. It is also to be noted that this declaration was made prior to the Berlin Act, which took no cognisance of it. France, on the other hand, maintains that the king is debarred from bequeathing the State to Belgium or any other Power under this agreement, the more so that King Leopold in his declaration to the Powers, of August 1, 1885, expressly stated that "the union between Belgium and the Congo State would be exclusively personal" (to himself). The king, however, on April 22, 1887, had notified to France, as his interpretation of the meaning of the letter of Colonel Strauch, quoted above, that the right of preference of France could not be opposed to Belgium, since he (Leopold) was King of Belgium; but Belgium, in turn, must respect the French right of pre-emption. France appears to have taken no exception to this view at the time, but merely to have acknowledged the king's letter on the same date without comment. The king's argument was, of course, that he and Belgium were one and inseparable, and in virtue of this contention he afterwards made a will bequeathing the State to Belgium, which thereupon subsidised the State.

But these contentions are beside the point. France maintains that the State being an artificial creation, incapable of initiating acts affecting its own existence and extension (or even, according to France and Germany, of leasing a small strip of territory) without the recognition of the signatory

Powers which gave it birth, it follows that an agreement such as this, giving reversionary rights to France, is invalid and *ultra vires*, unless recognised by all the Powers. It has never been so recognised, and it is highly improbable that those with contiguous possessions—especially England and Germany—would consent to the appropriation by France of this vast territory on so shadowy a title. France urges that the lease of the strip between Tanganyika and British East Africa violates her rights of pre-emption. But, as we have seen, these rights do not apply to this area; and, moreover, the lease being only current so long as the State is independent or a colony of Belgium, it lapses *ipso facto* if French rights of pre-emption are ever exercised.

II. A final word regarding Abyssinia; for we firmly believe that the indignation of France at her exclusion from the Nile Valley is based upon the fact that she is thereby frustrated in her desire to extend her dominion across Africa to Obock on the Red Sea. The Italians concluded a treaty with King Menelik of Abyssinia, and notified (in accordance with the Berlin Act) to the Powers that he had accepted their protectorate. The treaty was published in Italian. France, having herself some experience of such "diplomacy" with savage kings, sent to Abyssinia to see the text in the native language. It was merely an agreement between equals, and did not confer the powers which Italy claimed. This was explained to the king, and he thereupon expelled all Italian subjects from his dominions, diverted his trade from Massawah to the French port of Obock, began to buy rifles, &c., from the French with which to protect

his independence, and wrote letters to the sovereigns of Europe denouncing the Italian treaty, their style suggesting French assistance. He has now repaid all moneys lent him by the Italians under that treaty. He has dug wells and put posts along his road to the frontiers of the French possessions at Obock, and the French have done the same for 200 miles to meet him. He commands a very large and very brave and well-armed army, which has proved almost invincible against Mahdists, Egyptian troops (with white officers), and all Sudanese tribes alike, and which has, moreover, proved too powerful for any force the Italians can bring against it. Whatever be her relations with the King of Abyssinia, Italy, however, claims exclusive influence in the country as regards any other European nation. Her claims have been duly notified and her treaty published and accepted, and she has spent vast sums in the country. France, however, poses as the king's champion, and repudiates the Italian protectorate, and she has betrayed great indignation at the recent Anglo-Italian treaty delimiting British and Italian frontiers in the neighbourhood of Harrar. Meanwhile British diplomacy has irritated the Abyssinians against us, and aided the French aims. By our treaty of 1884 Bogos was restored to Abyssinia, and free trade to Massawah guaranteed; and we have set this aside, and encouraged Italy to annex both Bogos and Massawah. Nor did we please Italy by our futile interference in December 1887. The cost of her operations has been so enormous to Italy, that the cession or sale to France of her claims in Abyssinia in the near future would not be a surprising event. We

may add that a private Russian expedition is now about to start from Berbera. Its destination is the Shilluk country on the Nile opposite Lado.

Space forbids us to go into greater detail on this question. Enough has probably been said to prove that French intrigue has been very busy and very successful in Abyssinia. Taken in conjunction with the advance from the west towards the Nile Valley, the inference is irresistible that France intended to establish an empire from coast to coast. She already possesses a coast area along the Red Sea, with an excellent harbour at Tadjurah, opposite Aden. It is needless to point out the importance of such a strategic position, and the effect on our communications through the Red Sea, if France realised her objects. It might, moreover, be possible for France to set the Abyssinian army in motion against the Mahdi, to support her advance from the west. They would only be too glad to kill dervishes for a consideration, as they are reported to have done for us in October 1885. If she thus swept the Mahdi out of the Sudan, Khartum and the frontiers of Egypt would be in her hands. In that case we may make up our minds to pack up our traps and leave Egypt, not because we consider our task concluded, and with the honour and dignity of a great Power who has achieved a great enterprise, but because our position has been made untenable by France, and the blindness and ineptitude of the present Government will have compelled us to retreat with humiliation and dishonour. If France became paramount in the Sudan, with power to levy unlimited numbers of black regiments, composed of as

good fighting material as can be found when drilled and disciplined, the balance of power in Western Asia would be altered if it should be found feasible to pour these levies into Asia Minor.

From all this it is apparent that the issues are very serious, the crisis a very grave one, and our mistakes not few. Germany, as we have seen, is very justly exasperated, and in consequence of our mistakes France has some valid arguments against us. She is, moreover, naturally more irritated at our attempt to assist the Congo State to violate her treaties than if we had ourselves gone in and taken the country. Sir Edward Grey stated that the French Government had given no undertaking not to invade the leased territory pending discussion with Great Britain of the points at issue. This means, of course, that if she does not advance on Dem Suliman towards the Northern Sudan, she will at least attack and oust the Congo State forces north of the 4th degree—setting aside Turkish rights on the precedent of our initiative. As we are pledged to King Leopold, and he is merely our lessee, such action will be an overt act of hostility towards England, at any rate east of long. 30°. West of long. 30° there appears no course open to us but to acknowledge that our lease to the Congo State is in violation of the treaty between France and the State. In the actual valley of the Nile (east of long. 30°), it is essential that we should substantiate our claims, defend our rights, and fulfil our pledges to King Leopold (whom we have placed in an awkward position) by at once sending an expedition into the country from Uganda. This portion was leased to the king,

and not to the Congo State. As regards the Northern Sudan, we can only preserve it from French occupation by at once reconquering it from Egypt as a base, or by constructing the Suakim-Berber railway and occupying it in our own right from that base on the Red Sea. There is no doubt that the latter course would be infinitely preferable, for the rule of Egypt is detested in the Sudan, and an attempt to re-establish it would meet with the combined hostility of Mahdists and tribes alike; whereas British rule would probably be welcomed and assisted by the tribes as a relief from the oppression of the Mahdi. It could therefore be established at a less cost and with less bloodshed. Moreover, if we held the Sudan up to Wady Halfa as a British possession, we should completely safeguard our position in Egypt, for that country would not then be tenable by any other Power. If, however, we occupy the Sudan as an Egyptian province, our tenure is dependent only on our occupation of Egypt, and ceases with that occupation. We argue, in fact, that a British occupation of the Nile Valley above Wady Halfa would be a final solution to French intrigue in Egypt.

These views may appear "advanced," but we are face to face with a very grave crisis. It is no longer a question of the expenditure of a few thousand pounds to occupy Lado as it was two years ago, but of averting a contingency which may cost us many millions and many lives. This is not the place to enlarge upon the great benefits to British trade, or the real blow to the worst forms of slave-trade which are now at stake. The former was ably dealt with in a recent paper read by

Mr Wylde before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. The latter can be gauged from Father Ohrwalder's accounts¹ and Gordon's and Gessi's books.

A Brussels paper of June 16 states that King Leopold's forces have never effectively occupied either Lado or Wadelai, but only pushed reconnaissances to those places, whence they were driven back by the attacks of the dervishes. Our claims, as we have emphatically stated, depend in the event upon effective occupation, and it is a new proof of the haphazard way and lack of information with which this treaty was framed, that its very *raison d'être* is now found to be chimerical;

while the news affords but a new argument for immediate action on the spot ourselves.

Such, then, is the dilemma in which the present Government's policy has landed us, and such is the cost of the parsimonious *régime* which two years ago grudged a few thousand pounds to hold Uganda, and disregarded the urgent representations of those who had local knowledge, and who proved the necessity of at once occupying Equatoria at a merely nominal cost. The alternative is to "eat dirt" with dishonour, and to stand by and see the whole Nile Valley, to the frontiers of Egypt, pass into the hands of France, and our final ejection from Egypt assured.

¹ Wingate's Ten Years with the Mahdi.

DESTRUCTIVES AND CONSERVATIVES.

THE position of the Government at the present moment abundantly justifies all the predictions concerning the progress of public business which were uttered by political writers at the commencement of the session. The public were then given to understand that there were three measures which the Ministry certainly intended to carry through the House of Commons before Parliament was prorogued — three at least—the Registration Bill, the Evicted Tenants Bill, and the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. These stood first, and constituted the fixed programme from which there was to be no departure. Next to these came the Scotch Local Government Bill and the Scotch Disestablishment Bill, which were represented as having strong claims on the Government, and fair prospects of being sent up to the Lords before the session was concluded. Then came the Local Veto Bill, the Equalisation of Rates Bill, and such other “pretty little tiny kickshaws” as William Cook might see his way to serving up. On the top of them all we were to have a highly sensational Budget, which would, it was believed, impose such heavy additional burdens on an already overburdened interest as to call for the most strenuous opposition on the part of the Conservatives; and all this work was to be accomplished in little more than four months with a majority of only twenty-six, liable at any moment to be reduced to seventeen. We have now reached the beginning of July. The Budget Bill is still in Committee, and only one of the leading Government

measures has been read a second time.

Ministers have not yet announced their intentions with regard to the arrears of legislation. But if they are to carry through the Commons any other measure of importance after the Budget is disposed of, it can only be by an unsparing application of the closure, or by a supplementary session in the autumn. It is generally understood that they have abandoned all idea of the latter, and are very unwilling to have recourse to the former. Yet if their financial business is not concluded before the middle of July, and they neither gag the House of Commons in August nor assemble it again in November, they must throw over their whole programme to another year; and this, it now seems likely, is what they are prepared to do. Whether in that case a dissolution would take place at once, or be deferred till next April or May, is a point with regard to which every succeeding day brings its fresh crop of rumours. Ministers may be of opinion that, with the Budget in one hand and Conservative obstruction in the other, they may cut as good a figure before the public as they are likely to do at any other time; and it is quite upon the cards, therefore, that they may resolve on a dissolution when the Budget is once out of danger. But of a Government which is at the mercy of every petty clique in the House of Commons, and obliged to twist and double like a hare before the greyhound, it is waste of time to attempt to calculate the course. It is enough that they are now where we always said they neces-

sarily must be by the middle of the session; that the bubble has burst, and that the sessional programme is discovered to be a heartless hoax.

The victims of it—the English Radicals, the Irish Home Rulers, and the Welsh Liberationists—may make the best of a bad job, patch up the concern, and resolve to give the Government another chance. But what will the nation at large be saying all the time? What the Government require is a great accession of strength. It will be useless for them to come back, after a general election, with only the same majority which they possess now; and it is difficult to suppose that their career during the last two years can have made the public think any better of them than they did before. It is no wonder, therefore, that they dislike the prospect of a dissolution; and at this moment the prevailing opinion seems to be that they will prorogue Parliament in August, without passing any more of their bills, and trust to something turning up in their favour before the New Year. They are in desperate straits; and there, for the present, we will leave them. We have said enough in previous articles in exposure of their weakness, insincerity, and trickery; of their breaches of faith; of their clumsy and slipshod measures; of their sacrifices of honour and dignity to the sweets of office; and of their contempt for parliamentary precedents. We may on this occasion, perhaps, look a little further forward, and consider what the Unionist party has to offer to the country should the verdict of the constituencies put an end to the existing mockery, and with what degree of cordiality a Conservative programme is likely to be received.

And here we may pause for a moment to point out that the word Conservative is wide enough to cover both Liberal and Conservative Unionists, as distinguished from Destructives, by which name the motley host of Parnellites, Dis-senters, Teetotallers, Puritans, and Levellers who support Lord Rosebery's Administration may most fitly be described. By the word Conservative, then, we would henceforth be understood to mean both the followers of the Duke of Devonshire and the followers of Lord Salisbury. The policy of the Liberal Unionists is a Conservative policy in the broadest sense of the term. Mr Chamberlain himself defines true Liberalism to be that "which endeavours to found the great institutions of the country upon the firm basis of the welfare and contentment of every class in the community." If this is true Liberalism, it is certainly true Conservatism. The final cause of Conservatism is the maintenance of the national institutions; and if they do not rest on the welfare and contentment of the people, they cannot be maintained at all. The Destructives, on the other hand, are determined to destroy these institutions—the Church, the House of Lords, and the territorial aristocracy—on *a priori* grounds; and to facilitate the process, they resist every attempt at improving or reforming them, for fear it should tend to make the people too well contented with them. We shall offer no further apology, therefore, for distinguishing the two parties into which the country is now divided as Conservatives and Destructives.

It will be expected here, perhaps, that we should make some reference to the fact that Mr Chamberlain is not himself in favour of the principle of Estab-

lishment. But it is quite evident that he holds the contrary opinion merely in an abstract form, and is not in any way prepared to reduce his theory to practice, if by doing so he is likely to endanger the *entente cordiale* of which he is so warm a supporter. It may be remembered, also, that Lord Palmerston always voted for Mr Locke King's and Mr H. Berkeley's resolutions in favour of parliamentary reform, merely to acknowledge the principle—though he took very good care, as long as he lived, that it should go no further.

Now the first thing to be impressed on the working classes of Great Britain is the fact that what the Conservative party *can* do for them, the party now in office *cannot*. This was clearly brought out by Mr Chamberlain in his speech at Bradford on the 2d of June last. "I have said enough to show you that, in spite of Lord Rosebery's sneers, there is plenty for Unionists to do, plenty which we are willing and able to do, inasmuch as we are not hampered by the necessity for breaking up the empire, and for mending and ending every one of our institutions. You cannot expect to get these social reforms," he adds, "from the Gladstonian party, because, even if they are well disposed towards them, it is absolutely impossible for men committed as they are to all these political and constitutional changes to give any attention to social and constructive reform." These words sound the keynote of the argument which ought to be continually addressed to the working men of Great Britain. Mr Chamberlain enumerates four questions on which the Unionists would be prepared to legislate immediately, uninterrupted by schemes for abolishing the constitution and

dividing the empire—schemes which would do the working man no earthly manner of good. These are: Employers' Liability, the Dwellings of the Poor, Old Age Pensions, and the Immigration of Pauper Aliens. He declared that the Employers' Liability Bill introduced by the present Government would only have given compensation in three cases out of ten, and would have left the working man to the chances of litigation.

"Now, my principle—and I believe I am justified in saying that it is the principle of the Unionist party, because I have had the opportunity of talking with the leaders of the Conservative party on the subject—our principle is that every man should have a right to compensation as a certainty and without the necessity of litigation and without wasting money. If you will give us your support, that is one of the first questions to which the attention of the Unionist party will be given."

The second boon which, speaking for Conservatives and Unionists alike, Mr Chamberlain offers to the people, is a great extension of the Artisans Dwellings Acts passed by Lord Beaconsfield's Government in 1875 and in 1879, the greatest step in the right direction which has hitherto been taken. He pronounces the extension of these Acts to be, as it certainly is, a thoroughly Tory proposition. It is so in two ways: because, first of all, it would carry still further the provisions of the Acts aforesaid, giving "larger powers to municipalities and local authorities to deal with great areas—crowded and insanitary areas—in their midst, and to clear the ground for the provision of a better class of dwellings;" and secondly, because it would also apply to the dwellings of the English poor the principle already applied by

the Irish Land Act of 1887 to the Irish peasant, so that by a similar process of State assistance the artisan should be enabled to become the owner of his house. The Unionist Government conferred this "enormous, this unparalleled boon" upon the Irish; and why should it not be conferred upon the English by the same hands? On the third proposal—namely, old age pensioners—Mr Chamberlain only repeats what has been said several times by the Conservative leaders, by Lord Salisbury and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—namely, that in the matter of outdoor relief we ought to distinguish between the thrifty and industrious poor, whose failure to provide for their old age has been due to no fault of their own, and the lazy loafer who has never done a good day's work in his life. Some reform of the Poor Law based on this distinction is likely to be among the first things undertaken by a Conservative Government. Of Mr Chamberlain's fourth article—some restriction, namely, upon the influx into this country of pauper aliens—we are also warranted in saying that it is one which meets with the approval of the Conservative leaders. In regard to the hours of labour, which Mr Chamberlain would also include, there might be more difference of opinion. But it is a question on which the Destructives are quite as much divided as their opponents; and, what is more, it is one on which the working classes themselves are by no means unanimous. But the four measures we have already named will, we have good reason to believe, be taken into immediate consideration by the next Conservative Ministry. They will ensure compensation without litigation to every working man injured in his employer's service. They will secure him a

decent house, and help him to become the owner of it. They will provide for his old age by a better system than the workhouse; and they will relieve him from the competition of that crowd of foreign paupers whom we have no right to support while our own countrymen are starving.

We have quoted from this speech of Mr Chamberlain, not because we necessarily agree with everything contained in it, or believe that all his suggestions could be adopted off-hand without mature consideration; nor yet because we suppose him to have exhausted the programme of social improvement to be expected from Conservatives: but because it points to a great truth, which all recent history illustrates—namely, that measures of this nature can only be carried out by a political party which considers the objects of them to be of primary importance in themselves, and does not subordinate them to political and ecclesiastical revolutions which must necessarily block the way for years. Between 1874 and 1879 Lord Beaconsfield's Government passed fifteen measures for the amelioration of the labouring poor, and was publicly thanked for them by the labour representatives in the House of Commons. When Mr Gladstone came into power in 1880, the process stopped. When Lord Salisbury took office in 1886 it was renewed; and when Mr Gladstone returned again in 1892 it was again abandoned. Surely these facts, if no other, should come home to the minds and hearts of the working classes.

In referring to the probable policy of the next Conservative Administration, we are not speaking altogether without knowledge. In his own views in regard to Employers' Liability, Mr Chamberlain declares that he is already

assured of the support of the Conservative leaders. With regard to the dwellings of the poor, old age pensions, and alien paupers, proposals almost identical with those of Mr Chamberlain have been submitted to the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Salisbury, and by them approved. They will, in all probability, constitute the immediate business of the next Tory Government, and be to them what Home Rule was to Mr Gladstone. But the programme of social reform sanctioned by the leaders of the present Opposition extends considerably further than the measures above mentioned. Their attention will probably be directed to some important modifications in the present system of London municipal government, including, perhaps, the creation of several subordinate municipalities, possibly coextensive with the metropolitan boroughs, and expressly intended for the protection of local interests and local influence, now too often swamped in the London County Council. The Rotherhithe election and many other indications seem to show that London is ripe for such a change. Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire may be expected also to take up that long-agitated and much-needed reform of local taxation, which shall compel personal property to bear its fair share of the local burdens. They will probably introduce measures for the equalisation of rates and the division of the cost of public improvements among the various interests concerned on fair and equitable terms, without extorting money beforehand for advantages which may never accrue.

Here, then, we have seven great measures of social and administrative reform which, if we are not mistaken, will form the programme of the next Conservative Cabinet :

Employers' Liability ; Labourers' Dwellings ; Reform of the Poor Law, so as to relieve outdoor relief from the various objections, both moral and economical, now attaching to it, combined with State assistance in aid of old age pensions ; a check placed upon pauper immigrants, whose numbers would be largely increased by Home Rule ; decentralisation of Metropolitan government ; the equitable rating of personal property ; and the readjustment of local burdens and local expenditure throughout the Metropolis. When do the working classes expect to get such measures as these from the Destructives,—men who live only for ruin and rapine, and who would scorn to devote whole sessions to measures of mere practical utility ? Again we repeat, that if the Conservative leaders promise these things, they may be relied upon to do them. The Gladstonian leaders will promise anything they are asked to promise ; but that is only carrying coals to Newcastle, already somewhat overstocked with Radical commodities. Nothing will come of that process while Home Rule and Disestablishment are alive. But the Conservatives will have their hands free to carry out these useful measures ; and of their anxiety and their ability to do so they gave abundant proof when they were last in office. The people of this country have the choice before them. They know best whether the measures we have enumerated are what they want or not. The Conservative policy does not deal in blazing questions, food for Hyde Park demonstrations, and fustian rant. But if what the working man wants is plenty, comfort, and security, "to eat what he plants in safety under his own vine," this programme is the one that he will certainly prefer. It may be deficient in that healthy

hatred of all who are better off than himself, which is the whole duty of man in the Radical eye. It may be ignoble enough to seek rather to extinguish class animosities than to fan them. But it will make the British workman a happy man, which Home Rule, Disestablishment, death duties, and the like will never do. The Conservative leaders may well say to the English people in the words of Sir Robert Peel, "Do not lightly refuse these offers." The merit of them is, that they are capable of being fulfilled at once. It is a cash transaction. Place the Conservatives in power, and the money will be told down. No waiting for something or somebody else, —till a church has been robbed here, or a senate sent adrift there. These social boons will be a first charge on the Conservative estate, and take precedence of everything else.

The Gladstonian party were obliged for very shame to complete the work of their predecessors in the matter of parish councils. But if we compare with the above the three distinctive notes of the Radical party at present, we shall see that the working man has very little reason to wish for its continuance in office. The ultimate object of Home Rule is the expropriation and consequent expatriation of the Irish aristocracy, a policy well worthy of the Destructive party. This means the disappearance from the island of the great mass of the Irish country gentlemen and noblemen, the closing of their country houses, and the abandonment of the soil to a population of squatters. The English and Scotch peasantry know very well what this would signify in Great Britain. They know well enough what a demand

for labour is created by the Hall, the Castle, or the Abbey, and what a number of people would be thrown out of work if they were closed. The same thing would happen in Ireland. The land could not support all the extra population thrown upon it; and what would be their natural resource? Why, England, to be sure, as she has always been. The Irish labourer would flock across the Channel in five times larger numbers than we have ever witnessed before, and pull down the price of labour in every town and village in the kingdom. What is the use of stopping pauper immigration in one direction, if we create a fresh stream of it in another?

But we are threatened with something still worse. What Home Rule would do for Ireland, it seems only too probable that democratic finance will do for England. It is impossible to read the speech of the Duke of Devonshire at Buxton on the 13th of June, without feeling that we are within sight of a social revolution, likely in the long-run to be scarcely less disastrous than the effects even of agricultural depression. The Duke told his audience that if Sir William Harcourt's Budget passed in its present form, the long-standing relations between his own family and their friends, neighbours, and tenantry on the Yorkshire and Derbyshire estates must undergo a great change; that the sums annually expended by himself and his predecessors on local objects must be seriously curtailed, if not entirely withdrawn; that Chatsworth and Bolton must be shut up; and, in short, that all those things which, in the neighbourhood of a great landed proprietor, tend to beautify and enliven English country life, to

sweeten the intercourse between high and low, to encourage local trades and handicrafts, to give employment to the poor, and to exercise a wholesome influence on the rich, will be swept away at one blow. "*Hoc Ithacus velit*:" but is this what the British people want?

We say that this disastrous consummation is what we are threatened with. The Conservatives are doing their best to avert it; and the amendment to the 6th clause of the Budget proposed by Mr Balfour, and accepted by the Government, on the 15th of June, may perhaps go some way in that direction; and it still remains to be seen whether the hands of the House of Lords are so completely tied upon money bills as it has been customary to suppose. In a letter written by the Duke of Rutland to the editor of the '*Standard*,' and published in that journal on the 14th of June, we are reminded of a statement made by Mr Gladstone in 1861—namely, that the House of Lords had never, so far as he knew, "surrendered the right of altering a bill, even though it touch a matter of finance." And Mr Gladstone went on to say: "If I might say for my own part, though anxious to vindicate the privileges of this House against the House of Lords where need may arise, yet I think the House of Lords is right and wise in avoiding any formal surrender of the power even of amendment in cases where it might think it justifiable even to amend a bill relating to finance." The public are greatly indebted to the Duke of Rutland for calling attention to this statement. But we have no intention of pursuing the subject any further. We only wished to point out, or to help others to point out, to the working classes

that the operation of Home Rule in Ireland, and of the new death duties in Great Britain, tend very much to the same end, and this an end which would be distinctly injurious to all the classes who live either by manual labour or local trade.

Now let us take the third leading note of the Government policy, Disestablishment. What can the working man ever hope to gain by that? Of course, if the tithes were taken from the Church and given to the landowner, the labourer might suppose that rents would be reduced and wages increased. But he ought to know by this time that any such settlement is impossible. The tithes would be devoted to public purposes, and neither the landlord nor the tenant would be a whit the better for it. The clergy would be all the poorer, while nobody else would be any the richer. The rector or vicar who had hitherto spent a large part of his income in charity would be unable to do so any longer, and the working man would have lost one benefactor without having gained another. The relief to the rates from a portion of the tithes being devoted to local purposes would be very trifling, and whatever it was it would not benefit those from whom no rates are collected. Add to this that, little or much, it would be expended on objects to which the labourer is totally indifferent; and we think we have said enough to show that he would be a loser rather than a gainer by the spoliation of the Church of England: for of course he must understand this, that the process, once begun in the Welsh bishoprics, would speedily be extended to the English.

Let him, then, place the two programmes side by side, and com-

error, which, if statesmen and legislators are misled by it, may be disastrous. It would be news to us that, among either the artisans or the peasantry of Great Britain, any such feeling as this last existed. We do not mean to say that early in the present century, when the factory question first came to the surface, there was not a very bitter feeling between employers and employed in some of our great centres of industry. But although the old controversy between labour and capital still survives, nobody will pretend to say that it is still marked by any of that personal animosity which is represented in the pages of 'Sybil.' In the rural districts there have been periods when a very angry feeling prevailed among the agricultural labourers; but that was roused by the introduction of machinery, and was chiefly directed against the farmers. The peasantry have quarrelled with the farmers, and the farmers have quarrelled with their landlords. But there has been no feud between the landlords and the peasantry. In some of the most recent reports of the Assistant Agricultural Commissioners there is evidence to show that the labourers in England fully appreciate the position of the gentry, understand the losses they have endured and the sacrifices they have made, and thoroughly sympathise with them. Again, there has been no hostility of any kind between the peasantry and the clergy. The clergy have done nothing to injure or to irritate them, even though we allowed, what is scandalously false, that they had done nothing to benefit them. Neither in towns nor country, therefore, would it be natural to expect any of that violent class feeling—beyond what is directly stirred up by Noncon-

formist agitators—which by many very superior persons is alleged to prevail in them. If we can find no reason *a priori* why such feelings should exist, still less do we find any signs of them in contemporary facts. Discontented, disaffected men, longing for extensive changes and social revolution, do not usually vote for Conservatives. Yet this is what a large majority of the English working classes do.

We do not anticipate, therefore, that the "new democracy" will rise up *en masse* of its own accord and destroy the British Constitution. Three centuries of kindly relations between class and class leave an impression behind them which is not to be effaced in a day. But at the same time we are never permitted to forget even for a moment that we have a new force to reckon with at the present day unknown to our forefathers, and that is agitation. By the use of this machinery small but resolute minorities are enabled to exercise a degree of influence out of all proportion to the real amount of public opinion by which they are supported. By noisy demonstrations attended by large crowds, which can be collected at a few hours' notice, they acquire among the thoughtless part of the nation a reputation for power and popularity which they do not really possess, and contrive to impress upon the same unreflecting class a vague kind of idea that it is useless to resist them. Behind all this noise, all these numbers, all this fiery indignation, there must, they think, be some amount of truth. Whether there really is any or not, they are too indolent to inquire; and in this way a kind of spurious public opinion is generated, which it is difficult to distinguish from the genuine, and is made to pass for such so often

pare what he has to expect from the success of the Radicals with what he is likely to obtain by the success of the Conservatives, and we will cheerfully leave the issue to himself.

It seems to be assumed by a certain class of Radical declaimers that "the English democracy," as the phrase runs, is one homogeneous body, animated throughout by the same sentiments, and distinctly hostile to the existing order of society. Absurd as such a theory is, it is either held or assumed for party purposes by men of education and intelligence; though notably rather by men of the cloister and the gown, than by men of the world who know much about the country. Not long ago the head-master of one of our great public schools, writing a letter to the 'Times' on the subject of Disestablishment and the Welsh Church, declared the new democracy would rise in its wrath and sweep away the English Establishment as well, if the Church in Wales was still maintained. The silliness of this language is only equalled by the ignorance which it displays of the actual state of opinion. What and where is this new democracy which is to do these great things? Why, much more than half of it is decidedly Conservative; and its centres are our large towns. This is the new democracy, which returned a Conservative majority for Great Britain at the two last general elections, and has given no evidence of having changed its mind since. This democracy is composed of many different strata, and represents a wide variety of interests. It is no more unanimous or homogeneous than the bourgeoisie or the aristocracy. To expect this new democracy, forsooth, to rise in its majesty as one

man to sweep away anything whatever, is one of the most ludicrous ideas that ever took possession of the brain of a flimsy pedant. The "new democracy" are no more likely to combine for any one object than the whole nation is. But at present they have certainly a strong leaning in one direction, and that is towards Conservatism. Such nonsense as Dr Perceval's is all very well in the mouths of illiterate demagogues and tub orators. We may laugh at it in them. But scholars must blush to hear it uttered by a scholar.

Very erroneous ideas prevail about the English working classes, distinguishing them for the moment from the Scotch, by those who suppose it to be a law of nature that the toilers should be at war with the thinkers, and that every labouring man must be a Radical at heart. We have already noticed the evidence to the contrary supplied by the two last general elections, so persistently ignored by Radical theorists. But apart from that, why should the present generation of working men be necessarily hostile to Conservatism? Our towns and villages are divided into parties just as the whole nation is. In each there will be found a section of the inhabitants, sometimes a majority, sometimes only two or three individuals, discontented with what exists. As no human institution can ever be perfect, this is inevitable. It always has been so in the past, and always will be so in the future, however near we may approach to the golden age. But to confound this sporadic discontent, which springs up as naturally as weeds among the corn, with that widespread sense of injustice and oppression which constitutes a real danger to society, is to fall into a grave

error, which, if statesmen and legislators are misled by it, may be disastrous. It would be news to us that, among either the artisans or the peasantry of Great Britain, any such feeling as this last existed. We do not mean to say that early in the present century, when the factory question first came to the surface, there was not a very bitter feeling between employers and employed in some of our great centres of industry. But although the old controversy between labour and capital still survives, nobody will pretend to say that it is still marked by any of that personal animosity which is represented in the pages of 'Sybil.' In the rural districts there have been periods when a very angry feeling prevailed among the agricultural labourers; but that was roused by the introduction of machinery, and was chiefly directed against the farmers. The peasantry have quarrelled with the farmers, and the farmers have quarrelled with their landlords. But there has been no feud between the landlords and the peasantry. In some of the most recent reports of the Assistant Agricultural Commissioners there is evidence to show that the labourers in England fully appreciate the position of the gentry, understand the losses they have endured and the sacrifices they have made, and thoroughly sympathise with them. Again, there has been no hostility of any kind between the peasantry and the clergy. The clergy have done nothing to injure or to irritate them, even though we allowed, what is scandalously false, that they had done nothing to benefit them. Neither in towns nor country, therefore, would it be natural to expect any of that violent class feeling—beyond what is directly stirred up by Noncon-

formist agitators—which by many very superior persons is alleged to prevail in them. If we can find no reason *a priori* why such feelings should exist, still less do we find any signs of them in contemporary facts. Discontented, disaffected men, longing for extensive changes and social revolution, do not usually vote for Conservatives. Yet this is what a large majority of the English working classes do.

We do not anticipate, therefore, that the "new democracy" will rise up *en masse* of its own accord and destroy the British Constitution. Three centuries of kindly relations between class and class leave an impression behind them which is not to be effaced in a day. But at the same time we are never permitted to forget even for a moment that we have a new force to reckon with at the present day unknown to our forefathers, and that is agitation. By the use of this machinery small but resolute minorities are enabled to exercise a degree of influence out of all proportion to the real amount of public opinion by which they are supported. By noisy demonstrations attended by large crowds, which can be collected at a few hours' notice, they acquire among the thoughtless part of the nation a reputation for power and popularity which they do not really possess, and contrive to impress upon the same unreflecting class a vague kind of idea that it is useless to resist them. Behind all this noise, all these numbers, all this fiery indignation, there must, they think, be some amount of truth. Whether there really is any or not, they are too indolent to inquire; and in this way a kind of spurious public opinion is generated, which it is difficult to distinguish from the genuine, and is made to pass for such so often

that the difference between them is forgotten. Agitation is now reduced to a system and raised to the dignity of a profession. And this is the new power, and not the new democracy itself, which Conservatives really have to fear.

They have to fear it more especially for this reason, that it is a force with which they are not well qualified to cope. Agitation is not their rôle; yet it is difficult to fight the agitators except with their own weapons. It is their business to show that no good thing can come out of the Conservative party; to blacken every boon which they offer to the people; and to declare that, if they ever pass any measure for the benefit of the labouring class, they are only seeking to betray them with a kiss. It is the poison thus instilled into the minds of that numerous class who hold the destinies of England in their hands, which is the only thing likely to operate against their cordial reception of the new Conservative programme. And we fear it is to the natural common-sense and love of fair-play to be found in Englishmen of all classes that we must look for an antidote, rather than to anything which Conservatives themselves can do to counteract the evil. The hopeful sign, on the other hand, is this, that both north and south of the Tweed there are evidently large sections of the population which are proof against this system of falsehood, and that more than half the working men have begun to find out that the Radicals have been only making cat's paws of them.

As for such flaring demonstrations as the Leeds Conference, we do not believe for a moment that a single convert will be made to the Gladstonian party by so transparent a device as this. The House of Lords has just saved the people from two great dangers: it has secured for them an opportunity of speaking their minds freely on certain great questions in which they are deeply interested, and has assisted to complete the work of local government begun and nearly finished by the previous Administration. And for this, forsooth, those who figure as the people's friends demand their condign punishment. What the House of Lords has done is not to injure the demos, but to discredit the demagogue. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* But there is nothing to be feared from this kind of thunder, as harmless as Mons Meg herself. It is the daily work of slander and calumny which is carried on by the emissaries of Radicalism in every pot-house in the kingdom which constitutes our real danger, and not the unwieldy and antiquated weapons fired off by Sir W. Lawson and Mr Labouchère. It is this creeping, crawling, but ubiquitous agitation which will come between the working man and the real practical benefits intended for him, if anything can have that effect. All that Conservatives can do is to try to brush away the lies as fast as they are spun. They cannot pelt the Radicals back again with their own mud. But they may hold aloft the Conservative banner, and take care that the people understand what is written upon it.

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THE CAVALRY ARM OF THE BRITISH SERVICE.

SINCE the days when Ziethen and Seidlitz contributed so brilliantly to the victories of Frederick the Great, the cavalry arm has undergone considerable vicissitude. Quarter of a century ago the conviction was all but universal that there was no longer any *métier* for cavalry on the battle-field. At every field-day, in every newspaper, the cavalry was told that its sun had set for ever; and it was little wonder that under pressure so powerful the mounted arm came to distrust its own potentialities. But under the test of actual battle the theories of the pessimists went to water; and at Mars-la-Tour the charges of Bredow's brigade and of the 1st Guard Dragoons proved triumphantly what results well-led and well-disciplined cavalry could accomplish, even in the most unfavourable conditions, and against infantry still unshaken. The great fact came then to be realised, that the very intensity of the infantry

struggle creates moments of crisis, when the influence of control no longer has sway, and when, in spite of the fire of breechloading rifles, the bravest infantry, if assailed at the right moment, may be ridden over like a flock of sheep. Mars-la-Tour created a revolution in the estimate of the cavalry arm held by the Great Powers of continental Europe. Since that memorable day they have been unanimous in the conviction that an adequate force of highly trained cavalry is absolutely indispensable to the safety and success of a modern army in the field, and they are exerting earnest and continuous effort to perfect the efficiency of their mounted arm in every detail.

The approaching cavalry manoeuvres, which are to be held this year for the first time under the independent command and direction of the inspector-general of cavalry, may advantageously direct the attention of the country to

sundry questions of great importance alike to its protective and its financial interests. It is proposed in this article to inquire whether the cavalry arm of our military service has attained and continues to maintain the standard of efficiency demanded by the requirements of modern war, and therefore justifies its existence as a very costly item in the annual Army Estimates. If such inquiry shall result in the demonstration that the standard of efficiency in the cavalry is below that undoubtedly attained by the other arms, it seems eminently proper to determine to what extent this is so, and to attempt to ascertain on whom rests the blame for the injury inflicted on the country in being burdened with an unduly large charge for an inferior production.

In the consideration of this subject, it may be useful to the general reader to be briefly told what is the *raison d'être* of cavalry in modern war. Its rôle is twofold: on the march, and on the battle-field. On the march its cavalry are the eyes with which an army sees, and the ears with which it hears. From the beginning of an advance the cavalry is out in its front and on its flanks, at once protecting and informing the army, which marches safely and trustingly within the screen which it affords. The information which the zeal and the forwardness of the cavalry gathers and sends in has the advantage over that furnished by spies, in that it is furnished by professional soldiers who, because of their superior intelligence and conversance with the features of war, are capable of forming an opinion as to its value. As the advance proceeds, the cavalry divisions which precede the

respective armies presently come into collision; and it is the cavalry which has succeeded in defeating that of the enemy that thenceforth will achieve important successes in gaining intelligence. "Then only," in the words of Von der Goltz, "will individual officers and small detachments be able to penetrate to the enemy. A superior strength of advance-cavalry is master of the situation, the superiority not wholly consisting in numbers, but also in a just proportion of efficiency and numbers; and the weaker cavalry must accept the fate of being driven back upon its main body, to which it becomes rather an encumbrance instead of an advantage."

Valuable as are the services of the cavalry while acting as the eyes and ears of an army, its tactical duties on the battle-field are not of less importance. These may be briefly summed up as follows: To endeavour to gain the flank or rear of the enemy, with intent to gain information and create a diversion: to assist and support any movement of the other arms made with the object of outflanking the enemy: to prevent, retard, or give timely notice of any attempt of this nature made by the enemy: to push forward detachments along the roads by which reinforcements to the enemy may be expected, to give early notice of the approach of such, and to harass and impede them should they appear. It may be added that, as in the province of strategy, so in the sphere of tactics must the hostile cavalry be overthrown before any useful end can be obtained. The *raison d'être* of cavalry, then, may be shortly summed up as follows: (1) To carry out its strategic and

tactical rôle as generally outlined above; and (2) to everpower and paralyse the enemy's cavalry.

The necessity to an army of to-day of a sufficiently numerous and powerful cavalry force having been thus indicated, the reader may fairly desire to ask for a definition of the characteristics which constitute a perfectly efficient cavalry. The succinct reply is, that a cavalry force may be held to possess all the necessary attributes whose men and horses are physically fit in all respects for the cavalry service—the men good riders and the horses thoroughly trained; which is equipped in the most serviceable manner; which is commanded and led by competent officers and leaders thoroughly known to their men, by whom they have been instructed and trained in peace-time, and in whom they have full confidence; which is possessed of an organisation lending itself most readily to the kind of work required in war, and requiring no radical changes on mobilisation; and, finally, which has been thoroughly trained and instructed in all the duties it may be called upon to undertake in war by the officers who will lead and command it.

The first two of these attributes are simply the ordinary requirements of every reasonably efficient fighting body. But some comment is worth being made on the three latter, since in their fulfilment a principle is involved which is peculiar to this arm, and which is to it what fire-power is to the other arms, yet which is habitually disregarded in the preparation of our cavalry for war. It is an unquestioned fact—proved by history and testified to by leaders of experience in the most recent Continental wars—that when two

cavalry forces of fairly equal strength engage, victory will certainly belong to the side which possesses the higher *morale*. No one who cares to picture in imagination the conditions of a cavalry combat can fail instinctively to recognise that in it this quality must exercise a far more powerful influence than in any other kind of fight. What, then, are the elements which go to constitute this *morale*? They are various and they are cumulative. The leader must be known and trusted by his men. The character and value of each individual man must be known to the leader by virtue of the latter's experience in the training and instruction of the former. The superior officers must be possessed of tried and acknowledged competence to command. An organisation must exist which shall keep close together in action men who have been trained and instructed together in peace-time. A spirit of mutual confidence must pervade all ranks, accompanied by the highest discipline and an individual and collective resolution to conquer or die.

While a high standard of *morale*, engendered by a sound organisation and a careful system of training and instruction, must imbue the whole body when acting together, this thorough military education is calculated to inspire in the individual non-commissioned officer and private trooper the noble virtues of self-command and self-reliance. In one of the most important duties of cavalry—the service of reconnaissance—the experience may befall a small scouting party, consisting mayhap only of a corporal and two men—nay, it may occur to one lone man—to be isolated in the midst of dangers, extrication from which can be ac-

complished by the acuteness, intuition, and self-reliance impressed by thorough training in peace-time. *Morale* in the collective body, and self-reliance in the individual, are, then, the qualities which it is of paramount importance to develop and maintain in the cavalry arm, and this essential result can be attained only by the sedulous cultivation of the specific attributes which have been detailed above.

We come now face to face with the more particular inquiry which it is the object of this article to discuss: Does the British cavalry fulfil these essential requirements of modern war?

It is not intended to dispute that the class of man and horse furnished to our cavalry service is sufficiently good, although there is obvious room for improvement as regards the ages of both men and horses, especially of the latter. It may be granted that, in a volunteer army organised on the principle of short colour-service and large reserves, it is quite possible to keep up an efficient cavalry force with the material at disposal. The same remark holds good as to equipment. If it is the fact that our cavalry has failed to reach and maintain the standard of efficiency attained by the other arms of the service, the blame does not lie altogether at the door of the taxpayer. Discussing the question on the basis of the characteristics which go to constitute an efficient cavalry, we have dealt with men, horses, and equipment; and we now proceed to consider whether the commanders and leaders of our cavalry are sufficiently competent.

There unfortunately is a very widespread feeling of doubt and uncertainty on this point among those best qualified to judge.

Whatever qualifications the superior officers of cavalry may possess as a body, it is quite certain that they appear to have signally failed to impress the highest military authorities with their use as members of the staff. In the head-quarter staff of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, not a single cavalry officer is to be found, although in that staff every other branch of our military service, inclusive of the militia, yeomanry, and volunteers, has its specific representative in the shape of a deputy adjutant-general. The inspector-general and the assistant adjutant-general of cavalry do not belong to the headquarter staff. In war the purveyance of intelligence would chiefly devolve on the cavalry arm; yet in the Military Intelligence Department there is no officer of cavalry. In the district staff of the United Kingdom only one colonel of cavalry is employed, and it is by a mere chance that he is serving in a district command in which cavalry is comprised. It would seem that the British cavalry arm is, to use a familiar expression, "no man's child," the result being that there is a total lack of a uniform system, that commanding officers are mostly left to their own devices, and that, as regards the cavalry, "go-as-you-please" is the order of the day.

The impending cavalry manoeuvres in Berkshire will be the fifth of a consecutive series in which several regiments have been brought together for manoeuvre purposes. But can any experienced soldier who has watched the working of the cavalry throughout this series of manoeuvres venture to assert that those of last year showed the least improvement in any respect on the first of the series in 1890? On the contrary,

it appeared to many that there was a decided falling-off. Excuses may be found in the lack of supervision and in other causes for the defects in organisation and training which manifest themselves in regiments isolated in provincial quarters. But surely we have a right to expect that in a station such as Aldershot, where there is every facility of ground, and where three regiments (for some months in the year four or five regiments) are quartered in the same camp, some marked improvement should manifest itself—some real training and preparation for war. The Aldershot brigade has been under the same supervision for the last four and a half years, during which time no regiment has belonged to the command for a shorter period than two years. Yet it is a notorious fact that throughout that time matters have gone backward rather than forward, and that, if at any time during the period named a German cavalry general had gone down to inspect that brigade with the same thoroughness as he would have inspected one of his own, he would have found it unfit for its duties in war, because of its organic want of uniformity in training and instruction. During the greater part of the period in question the Aldershot division was commanded by a distinguished soldier, who, having himself experience of the mounted arm, could not but have realised that his cavalry brigade

was the one weak spot in his otherwise most efficient command, and whose greatest among his many merits perhaps was, that by dint of his own personal exertions he was able to prevent actual deterioration in the cavalry arm of the division.

At manoeuvres, at Aldershot, at the Curragh, and elsewhere, faults and mistakes are readily observable, which prove beyond possibility of doubt that methodical training and instruction in correct principles by brigadiers, commanding and staff officers of the cavalry are the exception rather than the rule. It is an unfortunate but unquestionable fact that our cavalry officers as a body are not so competent as they should be, having regard to the immensely increased requirements of cavalry in modern war. But that this is owing in some measure to causes over which only the very superior officers, as for instance the Inspector-General, have any power of control—and that only by the pressure of their advice—we propose to prove in proceeding now to the consideration of organisation.

There are 31 regiments of cavalry in the British service, of which 20 are on home service. These 20 are organised in no less than six different establishments. Let us take two regiments, one in the highest establishment, one in the lowest:—

	Officers.	Warrant Officers.	Troop Serg.-Majors.	Sergts.	Corpls.	Rank and File.	Horses.
Highest establishment	24	2	8	24	32	545	410
Lowest establishment	"	"	"	"	"	315	280

The establishment in officers, warrant and non-commissioned officers, and units (4 squadrons) is the same in each regiment. The difference is in the number of men and

horses. In the regiment on the highest establishment 1 major, 1 captain, 3 subalterns, 2 troop-sergeant-majors, 6 sergeants, and 8 corporals are maintained to super-

vise a squadron strength of 140 men and 103 horses. In the regiment on the lowest establishment exactly the same supervising strength is maintained over 78 men and 70 horses. Of the horses in both categories a considerable proportion are more or less untrained, and, of course, unequal to field-service; and in this respect the regiment on the smaller establishment is obviously much more heavily burdened than is that on the higher. As regards the men of the former, there has to be deducted from the given total those employed as officers' servants, band, storemen, young horsemen, &c.; and this done, we arrive at the astounding fact that in a squadron of a regiment on the lowest establishment a staff of 21 officers and non-commissioned officers is maintained to supervise, train, and instruct about 40 available men, nearly one-half of whom are probably recruits. In no less than 7 of the 20 cavalry regiments in Great Britain and Ireland does this state of things exist. How then can any of these 7 regiments be possibly said to possess an organisation which lends itself most readily to the kind of work required in war, and which needs to undergo no radical change on mobilisation? And so from this condition of emaciated exhaustion a regiment moves up the long ladder of successive establishments, till in the course of years it arrives at the topmost rung. By then the captain has probably become a squadron-leader, the subaltern a captain, the sergeant a sergeant-major, the corporal a sergeant; and under what a system of organisation and training have they been prepared to fulfil duties which fall to their lot, now that for the first time

they really can attain to some similarity to the conditions of service in the field!

What happened in 1882, when but a single brigade and one regiment of divisional cavalry were required for service in Egypt, ought to have been sufficient warning (if that were required) of the state of chaos in which our cavalry organisation is allowed to stagnate. As the lesson seems to have been neglected or forgotten by the authorities, and perhaps never brought fully home to the comprehension of the general public, it may not be inapposite to recapitulate what then occurred. Three squadrons of the Household Brigade were sent out,—not seemingly a very severe call on three whole regiments, yet some difficulty was experienced in the matter of horses. The three regiments chosen to constitute the line-brigade were found, as they stood, to be quite unfit for service, by reason of deficiencies as regarded alike officers, men, and horses. The remainder of the cavalry had to undergo extensive depletion in order that a single brigade for the field should, after a fashion, be made up. No fewer than 28 officers had to be withdrawn from their duties and attached to the regiments for service, one of which had actually to borrow 3 captains and 11 subalterns. Volunteers to fill the ranks had to be called for from all quarters; in the first reinforcements 21 regiments were represented, and one regiment alone had to part with no fewer than 200 of its trained horses. Will any one with the smallest acquaintance with military details, not to speak of knowledge of cavalry requirements in the field, pretend to hold that our cavalry brigade in the Egyptian campaign

was fit to confront a well-trained and homogeneous brigade of Continental cavalry, flooded as it was with officers and men who had never been together before the day of embarkation, every fraction of the force—commander, staff, regiments, regimental officers, non-commissioned officers, and men—all strange one to the other? After such an all-round conscription, how could real discipline exist, either in the brigade on service or in the attenuated regiments at home? No doubt, had occasion demanded, since no proper reserve remained available to supply the waste of men and horses at the front, the original expedient would have been had recourse to, of sending out reinforcements improvised by levying in scraps and handfuls on regiments already well milked of the best men of their scanty numbers.

Closely linked with that of organisation is the important question of supervision. This at present is all but solely provided for by the appointment of two inspector-generals of cavalry, one for the United Kingdom and one for India. These general officers are charged only with the duty of inspecting and reporting to the respective adjutant-generals. They have no responsibility whatsoever in respect of the due efficiency of the cavalry service, that responsibility being vested entirely in the general officers commanding districts. These for the most part belong to the infantry, and their staffs chiefly consist of infantry officers. The habitual complement is a colonel on the staff commanding artillery, and another commanding engineers. Just as in the headquarter staff in Pall Mall the cavalry arm is unrepresented, so in the district staffs there is no such appoint-

ment as that of colonel on the staff for cavalry, even where, as in each of the Eastern, the North-western, and the Dublin and Cork districts, there are included in the command two cavalry regiments. The general commanding a district, surrounded as he is by superior officers belonging to every other branch of the service, has at his side no adviser of the cavalry arm. It is true that of the district commanders and their chief staff officers one or two may be by chance themselves cavalry officers. This casual circumstance, however, when it occurs, does not in the least degree tend to afford to the cavalry within the command a continuous organised supervision and the maintenance of a uniform system of training and instruction. The Home district furnishes a striking example of the absence of adequate cavalry supervision. Within its very restricted area there are quartered no fewer than four regiments of that arm, yet there is not an officer belonging to it on the staff of the general commanding. And this is an illustration of the normal state of things in the case of an arm of the service which has been shown to require more than any other the maintenance of a thoroughly uniform system of training and instruction, supervised by the most competent and experienced officers.

A vivid illustration has been given of the chronic boycott of the cavalry arm on the part of the military authorities acting in apparent combination. Another illustration may be apposite—that of the inevitable result of the policy, in case of a sudden outbreak of war. A “paper” cavalry division is being hastily mobilised. Divisional commander, brigadiers, colonels, adjutant-general, brigade-

majors, and staff officers meet on duty for the first time. Those who should know each other's military character and capabilities most intimately are total strangers in the military sense. Leaders alike and units are associated for the first time, when they are called upon to take the field. What in such conditions is the likelihood of that "rapid mutual understanding" described by one of the greatest of modern cavalry chiefs as the most necessary attribute of cavalry in war? That understanding is all the less probable when it becomes evident that, owing to the lack of adequate uniformity and supervision, the regiments brought together are utterly dissimilar in the character and amount of peace-training which they have received. In such circumstances, where is likely to be found the crowning cavalry essential of high and confident *morale*? The answer must be: In the ranks of our enemy, of whatever Continental nationality he may be, for he knows its value, and has ensured it in peace-time; but absent from us, for we have neglected and despised it.

It may be contended that the inspector-general of cavalry has been appointed expressly to see to it that a uniform system of training and instruction is maintained throughout the cavalry service. But apart from the fact already mentioned, that his functions are purely advisory, it is simply impossible, zealous and experienced officer though he is, that from his office in London he can bring to bear on each separate regiment all over the kingdom such a continual and watchful influence as will effectually ensure this result. All that he can do is to rely on what he sees at his periodical inspections, the exact

date of which is known to all concerned long in advance. No periodical reports are furnished to him of the work done by regiments during the year, all responsibility in regard to such matters vesting entirely in the general officers commanding districts, between whom and commanding officers of regiments no intermediary cavalry authority exists. In India the same system has prevailed for the past few years, under an inspector-general of exceptional capacity and energy, who has strained every nerve to improve our cavalry in the East. But although by the influence of his commanding ability and strong personality this strenuous officer accomplished much, it is impossible to say that the cavalry throughout India is up to the standard required by modern war. Had the Emperor Napoleon realised his dream and brought all Europe under his sway, as well might he have stationed his most able cavalry general at Berlin or Vienna and expected him to ensure uniform instruction and training at the Curragh on one hand and in the Urals on the other.

Finally we come to the crucial question: Is our cavalry thoroughly trained and instructed in all the duties it may be called upon to undertake in war? Have its leaders that intelligence and knowledge of war on a large scale laid down by Von der Goltz as absolutely essential to cavalry officers of the present day, if they are to render that service to the other arms which is the justification of their military existence? Are its non-commissioned officers and men so trained and practised in peace-time as to fit them for moving independently in an enemy's country in small groups far from

any direction or support? Are the commanders of its formed bodies, from the division to the squadron, so trained and practised in handling their troops and reading the ground as to make certain their ready seizure of that "resolute initiative" which is so essential to success in a cavalry encounter, and upon which its ability to fulfil its duty in relation to the other arms almost wholly depends! Do the troops possess that mobility, alert manœuvring power, and measured governed speed, which alone can make them efficient and intelligent instruments under the guidance of a master-hand? To any candid observer of our cavalry at work in masses by itself in the manœuvres of 1890, 1891, 1892, and with the other arms in 1893, the painful truth must have forced itself home that it is sadly lacking in each and all of the specified requirements. And this not by reason of indifferent material, but simply owing to a faulty organisation, a want of competent leaders, and the utter absence of a uniform, rigorous, and energetic system of training and instruction.

If what has been said is in the main true, it is important to inquire into the causes to which such a state of affairs is owing.

It is a fact which the bitterest pessimist cannot deny, that although our army as a whole cannot be said to have kept quite abreast of our Continental neighbours, nevertheless our infantry and artillery services during the past fifteen years have made great progress in the right direction. To what cause, it may be asked, is this improvement mainly due? The answer is: To the exertions of Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir Evelyn Wood at home; of Lord Roberts and Sir

George Greaves in India, and of the earnest men who have worked with them, have the marked advances in the efficiency of the infantry and artillery arms in chief measure been brought about in the course of recent years. But unfortunately the reforming influences have not been brought to bear on the cavalry arm; and to their comparative absence may be traced the main cause of the continuance to this day of the imperfections on which we have found it necessary to dwell.

Lord Wolseley has been the leading spirit of our recent military reforms. Up to the time when he obtained independent command, although he doubtless recognised to the full the need that existed for reform in all branches, he was not in a position to bring such influence to bear as would gain him a hearing; and his 'Soldier's Pocket-Book' lets us into the secret that, although he regarded the cavalry as a highly important arm, he had not studied the details of its requirements with the same minuteness as he had devoted to the other branches of the service. The countries in which he conducted his earlier campaigns were of such a nature as to preclude the use of cavalry; and when he was in a position from his own experience in more recent campaigns to urge on the authorities measures of reform as regarded the infantry and artillery, he was not impressed in the same degree with the necessity for corresponding reforms in the cavalry. He had gathered round him certain officers, whose value he had learned to appreciate in connection with their own particular arms, and it is not surprising that when his mantle fell upon them the cavalry

remained and still remains inadequately reformed. It is true that in the circle of his habitual followers there were two or three officers of cavalry, and one of them, Sir Herbert Stewart, had given promise both of will and capacity to devote himself to the reform of the arm which he loved and ornamented, when he died of his wounds in the Bayuda desert. It remained that no man whose influence could sway the leading army reformers was left to bring home to their minds the true nature of the cavalry service, and to guide them in the direction of its reorganisation; and so all that has been done in this way is but a pale reflection of some reforms introduced into the other arms—such, for instance, as improvement in musketry instruction. But it would be ungrateful indeed on the part of the cavalry service to forget its indebtedness to Sir Evelyn Wood, through whose instrumentality was accomplished the institution of annual cavalry manœuvres.

Reform in the other branches of the service has meant the selection of the most capable men for important posts in command, and on the staff. In the cavalry it must be said that the feebleness of reforming agencies, and the attitude of indifference on the part of the reformers, has still left wide open the door of favouritism. It is a melancholy fact that when in this arm an important post falls vacant, there immediately arises the cry, "What a capital billet for So-and-so!" The question is regarded as subordinate, "Is So-and-so the best man for the place?" Under such a system individual effort to attain efficiency has obviously its marked discouragements. It must be added that the superior cavalry officers are by

no means free from responsibility for the misfortune that the cavalry has not had its due share in the military revival. When efforts have been made in this direction, they have been too often discountenanced; the standpoint has been asserted that in the British cavalry there is no room for improvement; and a species of "stand off!" attitude is but too common.

It is now proposed briefly to indicate how the faults and shortcomings which we have endeavoured to expose may be remedied.

I. It is suggested that the cavalry depot at Canterbury be abolished, and that the present number of 31 cavalry regiments may be reduced to 28. That the men and horses so rendered available be distributed throughout the 19 regiments on home service, at the Cape, and in Egypt, in such proportions as shall bring 7 regiments up to the full war-strength laid down in the 'Field-Service Manual' of 1888 (viz., 666 men and 456 troop-horses per regiment); and the remaining 12 to a strength of not less than 550 privates and 400 horses—all the above to be thoroughly trained men and horses, fit to take the field. That to 11 of the regiments at home a squadron be attached—consisting of recruits, remounts, and a sufficient number of trained soldiers to serve as young horsemen and take part in the training of recruits—to constitute the depot for its own regiment and for one of the 11 regiments on foreign service. That to the remaining 6 regiments at home a depot troop (or half squadron) be attached for the recruits, remounts, &c., of its own regiment.

It is calculated that more than sufficient men will be available for these purposes. Putting each depot squadron at the strength of

80 horses, and each depot troop at 40, the total number of horses required for the above-stated service will be roughly 9100. The number of horses at present on the strength of the cavalry elsewhere than in India is 7720. There will therefore be required 1380 additional horses, the cost of which will probably be more than met by the saving effected in the proposed reduction of regiments and Canterbury depot.

II. It is further suggested that the 7 strong regiments forming the cavalry division for immediate service should consist of the 3 regiments at Aldershot next for foreign service, the Household regiment at Windsor, and the 3 regiments last returned from foreign service, to be quartered respectively at Hounslow, Brighton, and Canterbury. The four outlying quarters named are suggested because of their comparative proximity to Aldershot, where their respective occupants would assemble annually for manœuvres under the inspector-general of cavalry, in combination with the Aldershot brigade. Normally the 2 regiments at Windsor and Hounslow would form a brigade in the Home district, and the 2 at Brighton and Canterbury another in the South-eastern district. Of the remainder of the cavalry at home the 2 regiments at Colchester and Norwich would form a brigade in the Eastern district, the 2 in Albany and Knightsbridge a London brigade, the 2 in Manchester and Preston a brigade in the North-western district, the 2 in Dublin a brigade in that district, and the 2 in the south of Ireland a brigade in the Cork district.

III. To supervise and command these seven brigades, it is proposed

that a colonel of cavalry should be attached to the staff of the general commanding each district in which a cavalry brigade is quartered. The duties of this officer would be analogous to those of the artillery and engineer staff-colonels; and the yeomanry brigades in the districts where they exist would also be under his command and supervision. His principal duty would consist in acting as the cavalry adviser to the district general, and in thoroughly supervising the uniform system of training and instruction which will presently be recommended. The regiments should be brought together in brigade at least once a year, and worked under the colonel in command. Objections may be raised to the extra expense incurred in making these seven new appointments to the staff. But a large economy will have been effected by the reduction recommended, and it is a question whether it is necessary to maintain so large a number of regimental districts. One thing is certain, that the cavalry is entitled to claim an equal right to adequate supervision and representation on the staff with other arms of the service.

IV. A thorough uniform system of interior squadron organisation should be maintained, whereby the same non-commissioned officers and men would be kept together, having regard as well to interior economy as to duties in the field. The essential cavalry requirements of *morale* and self-reliance would thus be greatly fostered; and it is all-important that non-commissioned officers and men, who have been trained together in peacetime, should find themselves in the same relative position when in presence of the enemy.

V. Instead of regiments being allowed to follow the haphazard method of training which now prevails, under a new order of things there should be prescribed a thoroughly uniform system of training and instruction. The present regulations as to "squadron training" stand in great need of amendment. To any practical cavalry soldier the endeavour to cram the whole military education of the trooper into a period of twenty-eight days is nothing short of ridiculous. Regular periods of instruction should be fixed and maintained, the work done in each period being carefully prepared, supervised, and reported on by the staff-colonel charged with this duty. The yearly course would be somewhat as follows: During the winter months, squadron instruction in reconnaissance service, outposts, other detached duties, and equitation. In the spring, squadron drill and manœuvre, musketry, setting-up drill, sword or lance competition. In the early summer, regimental drill and manœuvre, practice of reconnaissance and outposts by schemes. Later in the season, instruction in brigade and with the other arms.

VI. If the work as sketched above of thoroughly improved training and instruction be carried out under a properly constituted organisation, one of the great results will be to bring to light and remedy what is now defective. That is a duty the postponement of which would be at once dangerous and unpatriotic. The nations are in disquiet, and there are lurid clouds on the political horizon. The time has come for casting aside flattering myths

and hoary illusions. Nothing can be so unsafe as to lean on obsolete and occasionally unwarrantable prestige. It is true that the British cavalry has a creditable past, but it still labours under a legacy of hereditary faults. It still disregards the lessons to be learnt from cavalry which for decades has been straining every effort to reach the perfection which can be approached only by laborious industry, steadfast devotion, and high intelligence. In the face of warnings which he who runs may read, it still gives inadequate heed to uniformity of pace and attention to "direction"—the very essentials of combined action in cavalry tactics. The tradition still clings to the British cavalry of undisciplined and headlong recklessness in the field—of all faults the most ruinous. Wellington considered his cavalry in the Peninsula so inferior to that of the French, *from want of order*, that he was reluctant to use it unless when in superior strength; and he said, speaking of Waterloo: "Napoleon had his cavalry in order; mine would gallop, but could not preserve their order."¹ It was this gallant but undisciplined propensity to get out of hand which in the battle of Waterloo, as the issue of a single charge, reduced Lord Uxbridge's splendid division of heavy cavalry to a single squadron. The wild gallop of the "Third Light" through the heart of the Khalsa camp in the evening dusk of Ferozeshah, like the charge of the Light Brigade down the north valley of Balaclava, "was magnificent, but it was not war." Kinglake innocently expresses his admiration of the prolongation of

¹ 'Wellington,' by G. Lathom Browne. Wellington Despatches, 2d series, vol. iii. p. 353.

front in Scarlett's heavy cavalry charge, occasioned by the circumstance that "the two ranks which had begun the advance were converted by degrees into one."

It is delegation of responsibility which gives to the German army its extraordinary power and efficiency. Surely a readiness to assume and bear responsibility is not a gift exclusively belonging to the German race. Let it be understood among the regimental officers of our cavalry that each in his particular station shall be held individually and directly responsible for the fighting efficiency of his men, and emulation will be stimulated, and the very elements which now seem hindrances will become its foremost support. Let an officer feel that his career is really dependent on the quantity and quality of his work, and he will devote to it all his energies. The most pressing desideratum in our cavalry is the extension of re-

sponsibility, and the making of every officer the tactical as well as the disciplinary leader of his men.¹ Officers who are unfit for their position, either from inaptitude for the cavalry service or because of lack of energy, must be resolutely dispensed with. Reports on efficiency made by qualified and responsible officers can no longer be ignored, as they so frequently are under the present system. Let a vigorous and determined effort be made to force the drones from the hive—to get rid of cynical indifference on the one hand and self-sufficient complacent satisfaction with the existing state of things on the other. Let us adopt sound principles and awake to our necessities; then our cavalry will attain the aim set before all branches of our army by its most zealous reformers—to make up for small numbers by the highest attainable efficiency.

¹ * *Tactics and Organisation*,² by Captain Maude.

WHO WAS LOST AND IS FOUND.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN one struck on the big kitchen clock, with an ominous sound like a knell, Janet, trying to reduce her big step to an inaudible footfall, came "ben" again. She found her mistress sitting still idly as if she were dead, the lamp burning solemnly, not the sound even of a breath in the room. "No stocking in her hands, not even reading a book," Janet said. For a moment, indeed, with a quick impulse of fear, the woman thought that Mrs Ogilvie had died in the new catastrophe. "Oh, mem, mem!" she cried, and in an instant there was a faint stir.

"Well, Janet," Mrs Ogilvie said in a stifled voice.

"Will ye sit up longer? A' the trains are passed, and long passed. He will be coming in the morning; he must just—have missed the last."

"I am not going to my bed just yet," the mistress said.

"But, mem, you will be worn out. You have just had no meat and no sleep and no rest, and you'll be wearied to death."

"And what would it matter if I was?" she answered, with a faint smile.

"Oh, dinna say that; how can we tell what may be wanted of you, and needing a' your strength?"

Mrs Ogilvie roused herself at these words. "And that's quite true," she said. "You have more sense than anybody would expect; you are a lesson to me, that have had plenty reason to know better. But, nevertheless, I will not go to my bed yet—not just yet. I can get a good sleep in this chair."

"With the window open, mem,

in the dead of the night, after all Mr Robert said!"

"Do you call that the dead of the night?" said the mistress. And the two women looked out silenced in the great hush and awe of that pause of nature between the night and the day. It was like no light that ever was on sea or land, though it *is* daily, nightly, for watchers and sleepless souls. It was lovely and awful—a light in which everything hidden in the dark came to life again, like the light alone of the watchful eyes of Him who slumbereth not nor sleeps. They felt Him contemplating them and their troubles, knowing what was to come of them, which they did not, from the skies—and their hearts were hushed within them: there was silence for a moment, the profound silence that reigned out and in, in which they were as the trees.

Then Mrs Ogilvie started and cried, "What is that?" Was it anything at all? There are sounds that enhance the silence, just as there are discords that increase the harmony of music—sounds of insects stirring in their sleep, of leaves falling, of a grain of sand losing its balance and rolling over on the way. Janet heard nothing. She shook her head in her big white cap. And then suddenly her mistress gripped her with a force that no one could have suspected to be in those soft old hands. "Now, listen! There's somebody on the road, there's somebody at the gate!"

I will not describe the heats and chills of the moment that elapsed before the big loose figure appeared

on the walk, coming on leisurely, with a perceptible air of fatigue. "Ah, you're up still," he said, as he came within hearing. Janet had flown to open the door for him, undoing all the useless bars, making a wonderful noise in the night. "I could have stepped in through the window," he said. "You've walked from Edinburgh," cried Janet; "you must be wanting some supper." "I would not object to a little cold meat," he said, with a laugh. His tone was always pleasant to Janet. His mother stood and listened to this colloquy within the parlour door. She must have been angry, you would say, jealous that her maid should be more kindly used by her son than she, exasperated by his heedless selfishness. She was none of all those things. Her heart was like a well, a fountain of thankfulness welling up before God: her whole being overflowed with sudden relief and sweet content.

"How imprudent with that window open—in the middle of the night; how can you tell who may be about?" were the first words he said, going up himself to the window and closing it and the shutters over it hastily. "I'm sorry I'm late," he said afterwards. "I missed the last train, and then I think I missed the road. I've been a long time getting here. These confounded light nights; you've no shelter at all, however late you walk."

"You will be tired, my dear." He had brought in an atmosphere with him that filled in a moment this little dainty old woman's room. It was greatly made up of tobacco, but there was also whisky in it and other odours indiscriminate, the smell of a man who had been smoking all day and drinking all day, though the latter process had

not affected his seasoned senses. Of all things horrible to her this was the most horrible: it made her faint and sick. But he was, of course, quite unconscious of any such effect, nor did he notice the paleness that had come over her face.

"Yes, I am tired," he said; "Janet's suggestion was not a bad idea. I have not walked so far for years. A horse between my legs, and I would not mind a dozen times the distance; but I've got out of the use of my own feet." He spoke more naturally, with a lighter heart than he had shown yet. "I have not had a bad day. I looked up some of the old howffs. Nobody there that remembered me, but still it was a little like old times."

"Wouldn't you be better, Robbie, oh my dear, to keep away from the old howffs?" she said, trembling a little.

"It was to be expected that you would say that. If you mean for the present affair, no; if you mean for general good behaviour, perhaps yes; but it is early days. I may surely take a little licence the first days I am back. There are some of your new clothes," he added, tossing down a bundle, "and more will be ready in a day or two. I've rigged myself out from head to foot. But I wouldn't have them sent out here. I'm not too fond of an address. I promised to call for them on Saturday."

The poor mother's heart was transfixed as with a sudden arrow. This, then, would be repeated again; once more she would have to watch the day out and half the night through—and again, no doubt, and again.

"There's Janet as good as her word," he said, as the sound of her proceedings in the next room became audible. And he ate an

immense meal in the middle of the night, the light growing stronger every moment in the crevices of the shutters. I don't know what there is that is wholesome, almost meritorious, in the consumption of food. Mrs Ogilvy forgot the smell of the tobacco and the whisky in the pleasure of seeing the roast-beef disappear in large slices from his plate. "It was a pleasure to see him eating," she said afterwards to Janet. Yes, it is somehow wholesome and meritorious. It implies a good digestion, not spoiled by other pernicious things; it implies (almost) an easy mind and a peaceful conscience, and something like innocence in a man. A good meal, not voracious, as of a creature starving, but eaten with good appetite, with satisfaction,—it is a kind of certificate of morality which many a poor woman has hailed with delight. They have their own way of looking at things.

And thus the evening and the morning made a new day.

The next day, before she left her room, Mrs Ogilvy took the newspaper, which she had laid carefully aside, and read for the first time—locking her door first, which was a thing she had scarcely done all her life before—the story of the crime which had thrown a shadow over her son, and had made him "cut and run," as he said, for his life. She had to read it three or four times over before she could make out what it meant, and even then her understanding was not very clear. For one thing, she had not, as was natural, the remotest idea what "road agents" were. Mercifully for her: for I believe, though I know as little as she, that it means, not to put too fine a point upon it, highwaymen, neither more nor less. A party of these men—she thought it must mean some kind of travelling merchants; not

perhaps a brilliant career, but no harm in it, no harm in it!—had been long about the country, a country of which she had never heard the name, in a half-settled State equally unknown, and at length had been traced to their headquarters. They had been pursued hotly by the Sheriff for some time. To Mrs Ogilvy a sheriff meant an elderly gentleman in correct legal costume, a person of serious importance, holding his courts and giving his judgments. She could not realise to herself the Sheriff-Substitute of Eskshire riding wildly over moss and moor after any man; but no doubt in America it was different. It was proved that the road agents had sworn vengeance against him, and that whoever met him first was pledged to shoot him, whether he himself could escape or not. The meeting took place by chance at a roadside shanty in the midst of the wilds, and the Sheriff was shot, before his party had perceived the other, by a premeditated well-directed bullet straight to the heart. Who had fired it? The most likely person was the leader of the band, of whom the Western journalist gave a sensational history, and to secure him was the object of the police; but there were half-a-dozen others who might have done it, and whom it was of the utmost importance to secure, if only in the hope that one of them might turn Queen's evidence. (I don't know what they call this in America, nor, indeed, anything but what I have heard vaguely reported of such matters. The better instructed will pardon and rectify for themselves.) Among these, but at the end—heaven be praised, at the end!—was the name of Robert. The band had dispersed in different directions and fled, all but one, who was killed.

When she had got all this more

or less distinctly into her mind, she read the story of the captain of the band, Lewis or Lew Winterman, with a dozen aliases. He was a German by origin, though an American born. He spoke English with a slight German accent. He was large and tall and fair, of great strength, and very ingratiating manners. He had gone through a hundred adventures all told at length. He had ruined both men and women wherever he took his fatal way. He was a hero of romance, he was a monster of cruelty. Slaughter and bloodshed were his natural element. He was known to have an extraordinary ascendancy over his band, so that there was nothing they would not do while under his influence: though, when free from him, they hated and feared him. Thus every man of the party was the object of pursuit, if not for himself, yet in hopes of finding some clue to the whereabouts of this master ruffian, whose gifts were such that, though he would not recoil from the most cold-blooded murder, he could also wheedle the bird from the tree. Mrs Ogilvy carefully locked this dreadful paper away again with trembling hands. It took her a little trouble to find a safe place to which there was a lock and key, but she did so at last. And when she went down-stairs it was with a feeling that Mr Somerville's prayer to steek her doors, and Robbie's concern for the fastening of all the windows, were perhaps justified; but what would bring a man like that over land and sea—what would bring him here to the peaceful Hewan? No, no; it was not a thing for any reasonable person to fear. There were plenty of places in the world to take refuge in more like such a man. What would he do here?—he could find nothing to do here. America, Mrs Ogilvy had always

VOL. CLVL.—NO. DCCCXLVI.

heard, was a very big place, far bigger than England and Scotland and Ireland put together. He must have plenty of howffs there. And if not America, there was Germany, which they said he came from, or other places on the Continent, far, far more likely to have hiding-holes for a criminal than the country about Edinburgh. No, no. No, no. Therefore there was no fear.

When Robert came down-stairs, which was not till late, he was a little improved in appearance by a new coat, but not so much as his mother had hoped. She was disappointed, though in face of the other things this was such a very small matter. He was just a backwoodsman, a bushman, whatever you call it, still. He had not got back that air of a gentleman which had been his in his youth—that most prized and precious thing, which is more than beauty, far more than fine clothes or good looks. This gave her a pang: but then there were many things that gave her a pang, though all subsided in the thought that he was here, that he had come back guiltless and uninjured from Edinburgh, notwithstanding the anxiety he had given her. But was it not her own fault that she was anxious, always imagining some dreadful thing? After his breakfast (again such an excellent breakfast, quite unaffected by his late hours or his large supper!) he came to her into the parlour with the 'Scotsman,' which Janet had brought him, in his hand. "I thought you would like to hear," he said, carefully closing the door after him. "You remember that man I mentioned to you?"

"Yes, Robbie,"—she had almost said the man's name, but refrained.

"There is no word of him," he said. "That was one thing I was anxious about. There are places where—communications are kept

N

up. I had an address in Edinburgh to inquire."

"What has he to do with Edinburgh?" she cried in dismay.

"Nothing; but there's a kind of a communication, everywhere. Nothing has been heard of him. So long as nothing is heard of him I can breathe free. There's no reason he should come here——"

"Come here! For what would he come here?"

"How can I tell? If you knew the man——"

"God forbid I should ever know the man," she cried with fervour.

"I say Amen to that. But if you knew him, you would know it's the place that is least likely which is the place where he appears."

"It may be so," Mrs Ogilvy said; "but a place like this—a small bit house deep in the bosom of the country, and nothing but quiet country-folk about——"

"What is that but the best of places for a hunted man? He said once that if I ever came home he would come after me—that it was just the place he wanted to lie snug in, where nobody would think of looking for him. You think me a fool to be so anxious about the bolts and the bars; but the room might be empty one moment, and the next you might look round, and he would be there."

Though it was morning, before noon, and the safety of the full day was upon the house, with its open windows, he cast a doubtful suspicious glance round, as if afraid of seeing some one behind him even now.

"Robbie," said Mrs Ogilvy, "there is no man that has to do with you, were he good or bad, that I would close my doors upon, except the shedder of blood. He shall not come here."

"There is nothing I can refuse

him," cried the young man. "I would say so too. I say Curse him; I hate his very name. He's done me more harm than I can ever get the better of. I've seen him do things that would curdle your blood in your veins; but him there and me here, standing before each other—there is nothing I can refuse him!" he cried.

"Robbie, you will think I am but a poor old woman," said his mother, with her faltering voice. "I could not stand up, you will think, to any strange man; but the shedder of blood is like nothing else. It shall never be said of me that I harboured a shedder of blood."

"Oh, mother! how can you tell—how can you tell?" he cried, "when I that know tell you that I could not refuse him anything. I am just his slave at his chariot-wheels."

"But I am not his slave," said Mrs Ogilvy, with a glitter of spirit in her eyes. "I can face him, though you may not think it. He shall never come here!"

He flung himself down into a chair, and put the newspaper between her and himself, making a semblance of reading. But this he could not keep up: the stillness, and the peace, and the innocence about him affected the man, who, whatever he was now, had been born Robbie Ogilvy of the Hewan. He made a stifled sound in his throat once or twice as if about to speak, but brought forth no certain sound for some five minutes, when he suddenly burst forth in a high but broken voice, "What would you say if I were to tell you——?" and suddenly stopped again.

"What, Robbie?" she said, quivering like a leaf.

"Nothing," he replied, looking up with sudden defiance in her face.

And there was a silence again in the room—the silence of the sweet morning: not a sound to break the calm: the birds in the trees, the scent of the roses coming in at the window—there was no such early place for roses in all Mid-Lothian—and the house basking in the sun, and the sun shining on the house, as if there was no roof-tree so beloved in all the basking and breathing earth. Then the voice of the little old lady uplifted itself in the midst of all that peace of nature—small, like her delicate frame; low—a little sound that could have been put out so easily,—almost, you would have said, that a sudden breath of wind would have put it out.

“Robbie, my son,” she said, “there is nothing you could tell me, or that any man could tell me, that would put bar or bolt between you and me. What is yours is mine, if there is any trouble to bear; and thankful will I be to take my share. There is no question nor answer between you and me. If you’ve been wild in the world, my own laddie, I’ve been here on my knees for you before the Lord. Whatever there is to tell, tell it to Him, and He will not turn His back upon you. Then, do you think your mother will? But that’s not the question—not the question. My house is my own house, and I will defend it and my son, and all that is in it—ay, if it were to the death!”

He looked at her for a moment, half impressed; but the glamour soon went out of Robert’s eyes. The reality was a very quiet feeble old woman, with the strength of a mouse, with a flash of high spirit such as he knew of old his mother possessed, and a voice that shook even while it pronounced this defiance of every evil thing. Short work would be made with that.

He could remember scenes in which other old women had tried to protect their belongings, and short work had been made with them. He had never, never laid a finger on one himself. If he had ever dared to make his penitence, and could have disentangled his own story from that of those among whom he was, it might have been seen how little real guilt there ever was in his disorderly wretched life; but he could not disentangle it, even to himself: he felt himself guilty of many things in which he had had no share. Even in the confusion of the remorse that sometimes came upon him, he believed himself to have executed orders which were never given to him. The only thing he was not doubtful about was where these orders came from, and that if the same voice spoke them again suddenly at any moment, it would be his immediate impulse to obey.

And after this he took up the ‘Scotsman,’—that honest peaceable paper, with its clever articles, and its local records, and consciousness of the metropolitan dignity which has paled a little in the hurry and flash of the times—the paper that goes to every Scotsman’s heart, whatever may be his politics, throughout the world, which everywhere, even in busy London, compatriots will offer to each other as something always dear. Wild as his life had been, and distracted as he now was, the sight and the sound of the ‘Scotsman’ was grateful to Robert Ogilvy. The paper in his hands not only shielded his face from observation, but gradually calmed him down, drew back his interest, and, wonder of wonders, occupied his mind. He had himself said he could always read. After this scene, with its half revelation and its overmastering dread, he in a few minutes read the ‘Scotsman’ as if there had

been neither crime nor punishment in the world. And Mrs Ogilvy had already taken up her knitting; but what was in her heart, still throb-

bing and aching with the energy of that outburst, and how much less quickly the high tide died down, I will not venture to say.

CHAPTER X.

Robert went in again to Edinburgh a few days later, with results very similar. Mrs Ogilvy once more waited for him half through the night: but she sat with her window closed, and with a book in her hand, reading or making believe to read, and with no longer any passion of tears or panic in her heart, but a vague misery, a thrill of expectation she knew not of what, of bad or good, of danger or safety. He came in always, sometimes a little earlier, sometimes a little later, with a kind of regularity which she had to accept, which, indeed, she accepted, without remonstrance or complaint. The atmosphere about him was always the same, tobacco and whisky, to both which things the little fragrant feminine house was getting accustomed, to which she consented with a pang indescribable, but which had no consequences to make any complaint of, as she acknowledged with thankfulness. When he did not go to Edinburgh, he remained quietly enough in the house, doing nothing, saying not very much, taking his walks in the darkening, when it was quite late, and consequently keeping her in a sort of perennial uneasiness, only intensified on those occasions when he went to Edinburgh. On no evening was she sure that he might not come in, in a state of alarm, bidding her extinguish every light, and watching from the chinks of the window lest some one clandestine might be roaming round the house; or that he might not appear with another at his elbow, the man

whom he hated yet would obey, the shedder of blood, as she called him; or, finally, that he might never come back at all,—that the man who had so much influence over him might sweep him away, carry him off, notwithstanding all his unwillingness. It is not to be supposed that much comfort now dwelt in the Hewan, in the constant contemplation of so many dangers. Yet everything was more or less as before. The mistress of the house gave no external sign of trouble. To anxious eyes, had there been any to inspect her, there would have appeared new lines in her countenance; but no eyes were anxious about her looks. She pursued her usual habits, as careful as always of the neatness of her house, her dress, her garden, everything surrounding her. Her visitors still came, though this was her hardest burden. To them she said nothing of her son's return. He withdrew hurriedly to his room whenever there was the smallest sign of any one approaching; and few of them were of his time. The neighbourhood had changed in fifteen years, as the face of the country changes everywhere. There were plenty of people in the neighbourhood who knew Robert Ogilvy, but these were not of the kind who go out in the afternoon to tea. The habit had not begun when he left home. There were wives of his own contemporaries among the ladies who paid their visits at the Hewan, but Robert was not acquainted with them. Of those whom he had known of old, the

elder ladies were like his mother, receiving their little company, not going forth to seek it, and the younger ones married, bearing names with which he was not acquainted, or perhaps gone from the countryside altogether. "I know nobody, and nobody would know me," he said; which was a great mistake, however, for already the rumour of his return had flashed all over the neighbourhood, and was hotly discussed in the parish, and half of the visitors who came to the Hewan came with the determination of ascertaining the truth. But they ascertained nothing. He was never visible, his mother looked "just in her ordinary," the house seemed undisturbed and unchanged. Sometimes a whiff of tobacco was sensible to the nostrils of some of the guests; but when one bold woman said so, Mrs Ogilvy had answered quietly, "There is at present a great deal of smoke about the house," with a glance, or so the visitor thought, at her rose-trees, which Andrew fumigated diligently against the greenfly in that simple way. The greenfly is a subject on which all possessors of gardens are kin. The questioner determined that she would have it tried that very evening on her own rose-bushes, for Mrs Ogilvy's buds were uncommonly vigorous and clean; and so the smell of tobacco ceased to be discussed or perceived, being accounted for.

This secrecy could not, of course, have been maintained had Mrs Ogilvy taken counsel with any one, or opened her mind on the subject. It could not have been maintained, for instance, had Mr Logan, the minister, been in his right mind. I do not know that she would have naturally consulted on such a subject her legitimate spiritual guide. But the intimacy between the families was such that it could not

have been hid. Even had the boys been at home instead of going to Edinburgh every day, some large-limbed rapid lad would no doubt have darted into the house with a message from Susie at an inopportune moment, and found Robert. Susie herself was the only person now whom Mrs Ogilvy half dreaded, half hoped for. The secret could not have been kept from her—that would have been impossible; and from day to day her coming was looked for, not without a rising of hope, not without a thrill of fear. In other circumstances Mrs Ogilvy would have been moved to seek Susie, to discover how she was bearing the complications of her own lot. Susie was the only creature for whom Mrs Ogilvy longed: the sight of her would have been good: the possibility of unburdening her soul, even if she had not done it, would have been a relief, to the imagination at least. Her complete separation from Susie for the time, which was entirely accidental, was one of the most curious circumstances in this curious and changed life.

If she did not see Susie, however, she saw the woman who was about to change Susie's life and circumstances still more than her own were changed,—the lady from England who carried an indefinable atmosphere of suspicion about with her, as Robbie carried that whiff of tobacco. Mrs Ainslie took upon her an air of unwarrantable intimacy which the mistress of the Hewan resented. "I thought you would have come to see me," the visitor said, in a tone of flattering reproach.

"I go to see nobody," said Mrs Ogilvy, "except old friends, or where I am much needed. It's a habit of mine that is well known."

"But you must excuse me," said the other, "for not knowing all the

been neither crime nor punishment in the world. And Mrs Ogilvy had already taken up her knitting; but what was in her heart, still throb-

bing and aching with the energy of that outburst, and how much less quickly the high tide died down, I will not venture to say.

CHAPTER X.

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"But you must excuse me," said the other, "for not knowing all the

habits of the people here" (as if Mrs Ogilvy of the Hewan had been but one of the people here!). And then she made a pause and put her head on one side, and regarded the old lady, now impenetrable as a stone wall, with cajoling sweetness. "He has told you!" she said.

"If you are meaning the minister——"

"Oh, why should we play at hide-and-seek, when I am dying for your sympathy, and you know very well whom I mean? Who could I mean but—— And oh, dear Mrs Ogilvy, do wish me joy, and say you think I have done well——"

"Upon your marriage with the minister?"

"Oh," cried the lady, holding up her hands, "don't crush me with your minister! I think it's pretty. I have no objections to it: but still you do call him Mr Logan when you speak to him. Poor man! he has been so lonely ever since his poor wife died. And I—I have been very lonely too. Can any one ever take the same place as a wife or a husband. We are two lonely people——"

"Not him," said Mrs Ogilvy; "I can say nothing for you. Very good company he has had, better than most of the wives I see. His own daughter, just the best and the kindest—and that has kept his house in such order—as it will take any strange woman no little trouble to do."

"Oh, don't think I shall attempt that," said the visitor. "I have promised to be his wife, but not to be his drudge. Poor Susan has been his drudge. Not much wonder therefore that she could not be much of a companion to him. One can't, my dear Mrs Ogilvy, be busy with a set of children, and teaching the a b c, all day, and then be lively and amusing to a man when he comes in tired at night."

"I have nothing to say to it one way or another," said Mrs Ogilvy. "I wish you may never rue it, neither him nor you, and that is just all that will come to my lips. If she is a lively companion or not, I cannot say, but my poor Susie has been a mother to these bairns; and what he will do with the little ones turned out of the house, and Susie turned out of his house——"

"You are so prejudiced! The little girls will be far better at school—and Susie is going to marry, which she should have done ten years ago. Her father has no right to keep a girl from making a happy marriage and securing the man of her heart."

"And where is she to get," said Mrs Ogilvy, with a slight choke in her throat, "what you call the man of her heart?"

"Oh, my dear lady, you that have known Susie all through, how can you ask? He proposed to her when she was twenty, and I believe he has asked her every year since——"

"So he has told you that old story; but he had not the courage, knowing a little more than you do, to speak to me of the man of her heart. Oh no, he had not the boldness to do that! And is Susie aware of the happiness you are preparing for her, her father and you?" the old lady said, grimly.

"Mr Logan," said the lady, "has a timidity about that which I don't understand. I tell him he is frightened for his daughter. It is as if he felt he had jilted her."

"Indeed, and it is very like that," Mrs Ogilvy said.

"He thought you, perhaps, dear Mrs Ogilvy, as such a very old friend, would tell her,—and then, when he found that you were disinclined to do it, he——well, I fear he has shirked it again. Nothing so cowardly as a man in certain circum-

stances. I believe at the last I will have to do it myself."

"Nobody could be better qualified——"

"Do you really think so? I'm so glad you are learning to do me justice. It's all for her good—you know it is. To marry and have children of her own is better than acting mother to another person's children. Oh yes, they are her own brothers and sisters *now*; but they will grow up, and if Susie does not marry, what prospect has she? Those who really love her should take all these things into account."

Mrs Ainslie spoke these sensible words with many little gestures and airs, which exasperated the older woman perhaps all the more that there was nothing to be said against the utterance itself. But at that moment she heard a step that she knew well upon the gravel outside, and of all people in the world to meet and divine who Robert was, and publish it abroad, this interloper, this stranger, who had awakened a warmer feeling of hostility in Mrs Ogilvy's bosom than any one had done before, was the last. She sat breathless, making no answer, while she heard him enter the house: he had been in the garden with his pipe and his newspaper—for it was still morning, and not an hour when the Hewan was on guard against visitors. His large step, so distinctly a man's step, paused in the hall. Mrs Ogilvy raised her voice a little, to warn him, as she made an abstract reply.

"It's rare," she said, "that we're so thankful as we ought to be—to them that deal with us for our good."

"Do you hear that step in the passage?" cried Mrs Ainslie. "Ah, I know who it is. It is dear James—it is Mr Logan, I mean. I felt

sure he would not be long behind me. Mayn't I let him in?"

She rose in a flutter, and rushing to the door threw it open, with an air of eager welcome and arch discovery; but recoiled a step before the unknown personage, large, silent, with his big beard and watchful aspect, who stood listening and uncertain outside. "Oh!" she cried, and fell back, not without a start of dismay.

Mrs Ogilvy's pride did not tolerate any denial of her son, who stood there, making signs to her which she declined to notice. "This is my son," she said, "the master of the house. He has just come back after a long time away."

"Oh—Mr Ogilvy!" the lady faltered. She was anxious to please everybody, but she was evidently frightened, though it was difficult to tell why. "How pleased you must be to have your son come back at last!"

He paused disconcerted on the threshold. "I did not mean to—disturb you, mother—I did not know there was anybody here."

"Don't upbraid me, please, with coming at such untimely hours," she cried. Mrs Ainslie was in a flutter of consciousness, rubbing her gloved hands, laughing a little hysterically, but more than ever anxious to please, and instinctively putting on her little panoply of airs and graces. "I had business. I had indeed. It was not a mere call meaning nothing. Your mother will tell you, Mr Ogilvy——" She let her veil drop over her face, with a tremulous movement, and almost cringed while she flattered him, with little flutterings and glances of incomprehensible meaning.

The woman was trying to cast her spells over Robbie! There flew through Mrs Ogilvy's mind a sensation which was not all disagreeable. "The woman" was

odious to her; but she was a well-looking woman, and not an ignorant one, knowing something of the world; and Robert, with his big beard and his rough clothes, had given Mrs Ogilvy the profoundly humiliating consciousness that he had ceased to look like a gentleman; but the woman did not think so. The woman made her little coquettish advances to him as if he had been a prince. This was how his mother interpreted her visitor's looks: she thought no better of her for this, but yet the sensation was soothing, and raised her spirits,—even though she scorned the woman for it, and her son for the hesitating smile which after a moment began to light up his face.

"However," said the lady, hurriedly, "unless you wish for the minister on my heels, perhaps I had better go now. No? you will not be persuaded, indeed? You are more hard-hearted than I expected. So then there is nothing for it but that I must do it myself. There, Mr Ogilvy! You see we have secrets after all—mysteries! Two women can't meet together, can they, without having something tremendous, some conspiracy or other, for each other's ears?"

"I did not say so," said Robert, not unresponsive, though taken by surprise.

"Oh no, you did not say so; but you were thinking so all the same. They always do, don't they? Gentlemen have such fixed ideas about women." She had overcome her little tremor, but was more coquettish than ever. While she held his mother's hand in hers, she held up a forefinger of the other archly at Robert. "Oh, I've had a great deal of experience. I know what to expect from men."

She led him out after her to the door talking thus, and down to-

wards the gate; while Mrs Ogilvy stood gazing, wondering. It was one of her tenets, too, that no man can resist such arts; but the anger of a woman who sees them thus exerted in her very presence was still softened by the sensation that this woman, so experienced, still thought Robbie worth her while. He came back again in a few minutes, having accompanied the visitor to the gate, with a smile faintly visible in his beard. "Who is that woman?" he said. "She is not one of your neighbours here?"

"What made you go with her, Robbie?"

"Oh, she seemed to expect it, and it was only civil. Where has she come from? and how did you pick such a person up?"

"She is a person that will soon be—a neighbour, as you say, and a person of importance here. She is going to be married upon the minister, Robbie."

"The minister!" he gave a low whistle—"that will be a curious couple; but I hope it's a new minister, and not poor old Logan, whom I—whom I remember so well. I've seen women like that, but not among ministers. I almost think I've—seen her somewhere. Old Logan! But he has a wife," Robert said.

"He had one; but she's been dead these ten years, and this lady is new come to the parish, and he has what you call fallen in love with her. There are no fules like old fules, Robbie. I like little to hear of falling in love at that age."

"Old Logan!" said Robert again. There were thoughts in his eyes which seemed to come to sudden life, but which his mother did not dare investigate too closely. She dreaded to awaken them further; she feared to drive them away. What memories did the name of Logan bring? or were there any of sufficient force

to keep him musing, as he seemed to do, for a few minutes after. But at the end of that time he burst into a sudden laugh. "Old Logan!" he said; "poor old fellow! I remember him very well. The model of a Scotch minister, steady-going, but pawky too, and some fun in him. Where has he picked up a woman like that? and what will he do with her when he has got her? I have seen the like of her before."

"But, Robbie, she is just a very personable, well-put-on woman, and well-looking, and no ill-mannered. She is not one I like,—but I am maybe prejudiced, considering the changes she will make; and there is no harm in her, so far as we have ever heard here."

"Oh, very likely there is no harm in her; but what has she to do in a place like this? and with old Logan!" He laughed again, and then, growing suddenly grave, asked, "What changes is she going to make?"

"There are always changes," said Mrs Ogilvy, evasively, "when a man marries that has a family, and everything settled on another foundation. They are perhaps more in a woman's eyes than in a man's; I will tell you about that another time. But you that wanted to be private, Robbie—there will be no more of that, I'm thinking, now."

"Well, it cannot be helped," he said, crossly; "what could I do? Could I refuse to answer her? Private!—how can you be private in a place like this, where every

fellow knew you in your cradle? Two or three have spoken to me already on the road——"

"I never thought we could keep it to ourselves—and why should we?" his mother said.

He answered with a sort of snort only, which expressed nothing, and then fell a-musing, stretched out in the big chair, his legs half away across the room, his beard filling up all the rest of the space. His mother looked at him with mingled sensations of pride and humiliation—a half-admiration and a half-shame. He was a big buirdly man, as Janet said; and he had his new clothes, which were at least clean and fresh: but they had not made any transformation in his appearance, as she had hoped. Was there any look of a gentleman left in that large bulk of a man? The involuntary question went cold to Mrs Ogilvy's heart. It still gave her a faint elation, however, to remember that Mrs Ainslie had quite changed her aspect at the sight of him, quite acknowledged him as one of the persons whom it was her mission in the world to attract. It was a small comfort, and yet it was a comfort. She took up her stocking and composed herself to wait his pleasure, till he should have finished his thoughts, whatever they were, and be disposed to talk again.

But when his voice came finally out of his beard and out of the silence, it was with a startling question: "What do you mean to do with me, mother, now I am here?"

CHAPTER XI.

They sat and looked at each other across the little area of the peaceful room. He, stretching half across it, too big almost for the little place. She, in her white

shawl and her white cap, its natural occupant and mistress. Her stocking had dropped into her lap, and she looked at him with a pathos and wistfulness in her eyes which

were scarcely concealed by the anxious smile which she turned upon him. They were not equal in anything, in this less than in other particulars—for he was indifferent, asking her the question without much care for the answer, while she was moved to her finger-ends with anxiety on the subject, thrilling with emotion and fear. She looked at him for her inspiration, to endeavour to read in his eyes what answer would suit him best, what she could say to follow his mood, to please him or to guide him as might be. Mrs Ogilvy had not many experiences that were encouraging. She had little confidence in her power to influence and to lead. If she could know what he would like her to say, that would be something. She had in her heart a feeling which, though very quiet, was in reality despair. She did not know what to do with him—she had no hope that it would matter anything what she wanted to do. He would do what he liked, what he chose, and not anything she could say.

"My dear," she said, "when this calamity is overpast, and you have got settled a little, there will be plenty of things that you could do."

"That's very doubtful," he said; "and you have not much faith in it yourself. I've been used to do nothing. I don't know what work is like. Do you think I'm fit for it? I had to work on board ship, and how I hated it words could never tell. I was too much of a duffer, they said, to do seaman's work. They made me help the cook—fancy, your son helping the cook!"

"It is quite honest work," she said, with a little quiver in her voice—"quite honest work."

He laughed a little. "That's like you," he said; "and now you will

want me to do more honest work. I will need to, I suppose." He paused here, and gave her a keen look, which, fortunately, she did not understand. "But the thing is, I'm good for nothing. I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed. I've done many things, but I've not worked much all my life. I will be left on your hands—and what will you do with me?" He was not so indifferent, after all, as when he began. He was almost in earnest, keeping his eye upon her, to read her face as well as her words. But somehow she, who was so anxious to divine him, to discover what he wished her to say—she had no notion, notwithstanding all her anxiety, what it was he desired to know.

"My bonnie man!" she said, "it's a hard question to answer. What could I wish to do with you but what would be best for yourself? I have made no plan for you, Robbie. Whatever you can think of that you would like—or whatever we can think of, putting our two heads together—but just, my dear, what would suit you best——"

"But suppose there is nothing I would like—and suppose I was just on your hands a helpless lump——"

"I will suppose no such thing," she said, with the tears coming to her eyes; "why should I suppose that of *my* son? No, no! no, no! You are young yet, and in all your strength, the Lord be praised! You might have come back to me with the life crushed out of you, like Willie Miller; or worn with that weary India, and the heat and the work, like Mrs Allender's son in the Glen. But you, Robbie——"

"What would you have done with me," he repeated, insisting, though with a half-smile on his face, "if it had been as bad as

that—if I had come to you like them?”

“Why should we think of that that is not, nor is like to be? Oh! my dear, I would have done the best I could with a sore heart. I would just have done my best, and pinched a little and scraped a little, and put forth my little skill to make you comfortable on what there was.”

“You have every air of being very comfortable yourself,” he said, looking round the room. “I thought so when I came first. You are like the man in the proverb—the parable, I mean—whose very servants had enough and to spare, while his son perished with hunger.”

She was a little surprised by what he said, but did not yet attach any very serious meaning to it. “I am better off,” she said, “than when you went away. Some things that I’ve been mixed up in have done very well, so they tell me. I never have spent what came in like that. I have saved it all up for you, Robbie.”

“Not for me, mother,” he said; “to please yourself with the thought that there was more money in the bank.”

“Robbie,” she said, “you cannot be thinking what you are saying. That was never my character. There is nobody that does not try to save for their bairns. I have saved for you, when I knew not where you were, nor if I would ever see you more. The money in the bank was never what I was thinking of. There would be enough to give you, perhaps, a good beginning—whatever you might settle to do.”

“Set me up in business, in fact,” he said, with a laugh. “That is what would please you best.”

“The thing that would please me best would be what was the best for you,” she said, with self-restraint. She was a little wounded by his in-

quiries, but even now had not penetrated his meaning. He wanted more distinct information than he had got. Her gentle ease of living, her readiness to supply his wants, to forestall them even—the luxury, as it seemed to him after his wild and wandering career, of the long-settled house, the carefully kept gardens, the little carriage, all the modest abundance of the humble establishment, had surprised him. He had believed that his mother was all but poor—not in want of anything essential to comfort, but yet very careful about her expenditure, and certainly not allowing him in the days of his youth, as he had often reflected with bitterness, the indulgences to which, if she had been as well off as she seemed now, he would have had, he thought, a right. What had she now? Had she grown rich? Was there plenty for him after her, enough to exempt him from that necessity of working, which he had always feared and hated? It was, perhaps, not unreasonable that he should wish to know.

“I told you,” he said, after a short interval, “that I was good for nothing. If I had stayed at home, what should I have been now? A Writer to the Signet with an office in Edinburgh, and, perhaps, who can tell, clients that would have come to consult me about where to place their money and other such things.” He laughed at the thought. “I can never be that now.”

“No,” she said, in tender sympathy with what she was quick to think a regret on his part. “No, Robbie, my dear; I fear it’s too late for that now.”

“Well! it’s perhaps all the better: for how could I tell them what to do with their money, who never had any of my own? No; what I shall do is this: be a dependent on you, mother, all my life; with a few

pounds to buy my clothes, and a few shillings to get my tobacco and a daily paper, now that the 'Scotsman' comes out daily—and some wretched old library of novels, where I can change my books three or four times a-week: and that's how Rob Ogilvy will end, that was once a terror in his way—no, it was never I that was the terror, but those I was with," he added, in an undertone.

Mrs Ogilvy's heart was wrung with that keen anguish of helplessness which is as the bitterness of death to those who can do nothing to help or deliver those they love. "Oh, my dear, my dear," she said, "why should that be so? It is all yours whatever is mine. It's not a fortune, but you shall be no dependent—you shall have your own: and better thoughts will come—and you will want more than a library of foolish books or a daily paper. You will want your own honest life, like them that went before you, and your place in the world—and oh, Robbie! God grant it! a good wife and a family of your own."

He got up and walked about, with large steps that made the boards creak, and with the laugh which she liked least of all his utterances. "No, mother, that will never be," he said. "I'm not one to be caught like that. You will not find me putting myself in prison and rolling the stone to the mouth of the cave."

"Robbie!" she cried, with a sense of something profane in what he said, though she could scarcely have told what. But the conversation was interrupted here by Janet coming to announce the early dinner, to which Robert as usual did the fullest justice. Whatever he might have done or said to shock her, the sight of his abundant meal always brought Mrs Ogilvy's mind, more or less, back to a certain

contentment, a sort of approval. He was not too particular nor dainty about his food: he never gave himself airs, as if it were not good enough, nor looked contemptuous of Janet's good dishes, as a man who has been for years away from home so often does. He ate heartily, innocently, like one who had nothing on his conscience, a good digestion, and a clean record. It was not credible even that a man who ate his dinner like that should not be one who would work as well as eat, and earn his meal with pleasure. It uplifted her heart a little, and eased it, only to see him eat.

Afterwards it could scarcely be said that the conversation was resumed; but that day he was in a mood for talk. He told her scraps of his adventures, sitting with the 'Scotsman' in his hand, which he did not read—taking pleasure in frightening her, she thought; but yet, after leading her to a point of breathless interest, breaking off with a half-jest—"It was not me, it was him." She got used to this conclusion, and almost to feel as if this man unknown, who was always in her son's mind, was in a manner the soul of Robert's large passive body, moving that at his will. Then her son returned with a sudden spring to the visitor of the morning, and to poor old Logan and the strangeness of his fate. "She's like a woman I once saw out yonder"—with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder—"a singer, or something of that sort,—a woman that was up to anything."

"Don't say that, my dear, of a woman that will soon be the minister's wife."

"The minister's wife!" he said, with a great explosion of laughter. And then he grew suddenly grave. "Old Logan," he said, with a sort

of hesitation, "had—a daughter, if I remember right."

"If you remember right! Susie Logan, that you played with when you were both bairns—that grew up with you—that I once thought—a daughter! Well I wot, and you too, that he had a daughter."

"Well, mother," he said, subdued, "I remember very well, if that will please you better. Susie: yes, that was her name. And Susie—I suppose she is married long ago?"

"They are meaning," said Mrs Ogilvy, with an intonation of scorn, "to marry her now."

"What does that mean—to marry her now? Do you mean she has never married—Susie? And why? She must be old now," he said, with a half laugh. "I suppose she has lost her looks. And had no man the sense to see she was—well, a pretty girl—when she was a pretty girl?"

"If that was all you thought she was!" said Mrs Ogilvy—even her son was not exempted from her disapproval where Susie was concerned. She paused again, however, and said, more softly, "It has not been for want of opportunity. The man that wants her now wanted her at twenty. She has had her reasons, no doubt."

"Reasons—against taking a husband? I never heard there were any—in a woman's mind."

"There are maybe more things in heaven and earth—than you just have the best information upon," she said.

She thought it expedient after this to go up-stairs a little, to look for something Janet wanted, she explained. Sometimes there were small matters which affected her more than the greater ones. The early terrible impression of him was wearing a little away. She had got used to his new aspect, to his new

voice, to the changed and altered being he was. The bitterness of the discovery was over. She knew more or less what to expect of him now, as she had known what to expect of the boyish Robbie of old; and, indeed, this man who was made up of so many things that were new to her had thrown a strange and painful light on the Robbie of old, whom during so many years she had made into an ideal of all that was hopeful and beautiful in youth. She remembered now, yet was so unwilling to remember. She was very patient, but patient as she was, there were some things, some little things, which she found hard to bear; as for instance about Susie—Susie: that she was a pretty girl, but must be old now, and had probably lost her looks,—was that all that Robert Ogilvy knew of Susie? It gave her a sharp pang of anger, in spite of her great patience, in spite of herself.

It took her some time to find what Janet wanted. She was not very sure what it was. She opened two or three cupboards, and with a vague look went over their contents, trying to remember. Perhaps it was nothing of importance after all. She went down again to the parlour at last, to resume any conversation he pleased, or to listen to whatever he might tell her, or to be silent and wait till he might again be disposed to talk; passing by the kitchen on her way first to tell Janet that she had forgotten what it was she had promised to get for her: but if she would wait a little, the first time she went up-stairs,—and then the mistress returned to her drawing-room by the other way, coming through the back passage. She had not heard any one come to the front door.

But when she went into the room she saw a strange sight. In

the doorway opposite to her stood a familiar figure, which had always been to Mrs Ogilvy like sunshine and the cheerful day, always welcome, always bringing a little brightness with her—Susie Logan, in her light summer dress, a soft transparent shadow on her face from the large brim of her hat, every line of her figure expressing the sudden pause, the arrested movement of a great surprise and wonder,—nothing but wonder as yet. She stood with her lips apart, one foot advanced to come in, her hand upon the door as she had opened it, her eyes large with astonishment. She was gazing at him, where he half sat, half lay, in the great chair, his long legs stretched half across the room, his head laid back. He had fallen asleep in the drowsy afternoon, after the early dinner, with the newspaper spread out upon his knee. He had nothing to do, there was not much in the paper: there was nothing to wonder at in the fact that he had fallen asleep. His mother, to whom it always gave a pang to see him do so, had explained it to herself as many times as it happened in this way; and there sprang up into her eyes the ready challenge, the instant defence. Why should he not sleep? He had had plenty, oh plenty, to weary him; he was but new come home, where he could rest at his pleasure. But this warlike explanation died out of her as she watched Susie's face, who as yet saw nobody but this strange sleeper in possession of the room. The wonder in it changed from moment to moment; it changed into a gleam of joy, it clouded over with a sudden trouble: there came a quiver to her soft lip, and something liquid to her eyes, more liquid, more soft than their usual lucid light, which was like the

dew. There rose in Susie's face a look of infinite pity, of a tenderness like that of a mother at the sight of a suffering child. Oh, more tender than me, more like a mother than me! said to herself the mother who was looking on. And then there came from Susie's bosom a long deep sigh, and the tears brimmed over from her eyes. She stepped back noiselessly from the door and closed it behind her; but stood outside, making no further movement, unable in her great surprise and emotion to do more.

There Mrs Ogilvy found her a moment after, when, closing softly, as Susie had done, the other door upon the sleeper, she went round trembling to the little hall, in which Susie stood trembling too, with her hand upon her breast, where her heart was beating so high and loud. They took each other's hands, but for a moment said nothing. Then Susie, with the tears coming fast, said under her breath, "You never told me!" in an indescribable tone of reproach and tenderness.

Mrs Ogilvy led her into the other room, where they sat down together. "You knew him, Susie, you knew him?" she said.

"Knew him!—what would hinder me to know him?" Susie replied, with the same air of that offence and grievance which was more tender than love itself.

"Oh, me! I was not like that," the mother cried. She remembered her first horror of him, with horror at herself. She that was his mother, flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone. And here was Susie, that had neither trouble nor doubt.

"To think I should come in thinking about nothing—thinking about my own small concerns—and find him there as innocent! like a tired bairn. And me perhaps the only one," said Susie, "never to have heard a word! though the

oldest friend—I do not mind the time I did not know Robbie," she cried, with that keen tone of injury; "it began with our life."

Here was the difference. He too had admitted that he remembered her very well—a pretty girl; but she must be old now, and have lost her looks. Susie had not lost

her looks; it was he who had lost his looks. Mrs Ogilvy's heart sank, as she thought how completely those looks were lost, and of the unfavourable aspect of that heavy sleep, and the attitude of drowsy abandonment in the middle of the busy day. But Susie was conscious of none of these things.

CHAPTER XII.

The day after this was one of the days on which Robert chose to go to Edinburgh, which were days his mother dreaded, though no harm that she could specify came of them. He had not seen Susie on that afternoon, but was angry and put out when he heard of her visit, and that she had seen him asleep in his chair. "You might have saved me from that," he said, angrily; "you need not have made an exhibition of me." "I did not know, Robbie, that she was there." "It is the same thing," he cried: "you keep all your doors and windows open, in spite of everything I say. What's that but making an exhibition of me, that am something new, that anybody that likes may come and stare at?" She thought he had reason for his annoyance, though it was no fault of hers: and it pleased her that he should be angry at having been seen by Susie in circumstances so unfavourable. Was not that the best thing for him to be roused to a desire to appear at his best, not his worse? He went to Edinburgh next day in the afternoon, after the early dinner. There was no question put to him now as to when he should be back.

During that afternoon Susie came again, and was much disappointed and cast down not to see him. Perhaps it was well that Susie's first sight of him had been at a

moment when he could say or do nothing to diminish or spoil her tender recollection. None of those things that vexed the soul of his mother affected Susie. The maturity of the man, so different from the boy; the changed tone; the different way of regarding all around him; the indifference to everything,—all these were hidden from her. The only thing unfavourable she had seen of him was his personal appearance, and that had not struck Susie as unfavourable. The long, soft, brown beard, so abundant and well grown, had been beautiful to her; his size, the large development of manhood, had filled her with a half pride, half respect. Pride! for did not Robbie, her oldest friend, more or less belong to Susie too. She had dreamt already of walking about Eskholm with him, happy and proud in his return, in the falsification of all malicious prophecies to the contrary. He was her oldest friend, her play-fellow from her first recollection. There was nothing more wanted to justify Susie's happy excitement—her satisfaction in his return.

"And he is away to Edinburgh, and has never come to see us! That is not like Robbie," she cried, with a trace of vexation in her eyes.

"Susie, I will tell you and no other the secret, if it is a secret still. He had fallen into ill com-

pany, as I always feared, in that weary, far America."

"How could he help it?" cried Susie, ready to face the world in his defence, "young as he was, and nobody to guide him."

"That is true; and we that live in a quiet country, and much favoured and defended on every side, we know nothing of the lawlessness that is there. You will read even in the very papers, Susie: they think no more of drawing a pistol than a gentleman here does of taking his stick when he goes out for a walk."

Susie nodded her head in acquiescence, and Mrs Ogilvy went on: "Where that's the custom, harm will come. Men with pistols in their hands like that, that sometimes go off, even when it's not intended, as you may also read in the papers every day— Oh, Susie! it happened that there was an accident. How can we tell at this long distance, and so little as we know their manners and their ways, the rights of it all, and what meaning there was in it, or if there was any meaning! But a shot went off, and a man was killed. I am used to it now," said Mrs Ogilvy, her lip quivering, her face appealing in every line to the younger woman at her side not—oh! not—to condemn him; "but at the first moment I was as one that had no more life. The stain of blood may be upon my son's hand."

"No, no!" cried Susie. "No, I will not believe it—not him, of all that are in the world!"

"God bless you, my bonnie dear, that is just the truth! But the shot came out of the band, he among them. There is another man that was at the head who is likely the man. And he is like Robbie, the same height, and so forth. And he has kept hold of him, and kept

fast to him, and never let him go."

"I am not surprised," said Susie, very pale, and with her head high. "For Robbie would never betray him. He would never fail one that trusted in him."

"And the terror in his heart is—oh, he says little to me, but I can divine it!—the terror in his heart is that this man will come after him here."

"From America!" said Susie; "so far, so far away."

"It is not so far but that you can come in a week or a fortnight," said Mrs Ogilvy; "you or me would say, impossible; but naturally he is the one that knows best. And he does not think it is impossible. He makes us bolt all the windows and lock the doors as soon as the sun goes down. Susie, this is what is hanging over us. How can he go and see his friends, or let them know he is here, or take the good of coming home—with this hanging over him night and day?"

The colour had all gone out of Susie's face. She put an arm round her old friend, and gave her a trembling almost convulsive embrace. "And you to have this to bear after all the rest!"

"Me!" said Mrs Ogilvy; "who is thinking of me? It is an ease to my mind to have said it out. You were the only one I could speak to, Susie, for you will think of him just as I do. You will excuse him and forgive him, and explain it all within yourself—as I do—as I must do."

"Excuse him!" cried Susie; "that will I not! but be proud of him, because he's faithful to the man in trouble, whoever he may be!"

Mrs Ogilvy did not say, even to Susie, that it was not faithfulness but panic that moved Robert, and that all his anxiety was to keep the man in trouble at arm's-length.

Even in confessing what was his problematical guilt and danger, it was still the first thing in her thoughts that Robbie should have the best of it whatever the position might be. They were walking up and down together on the level path in front of the house—now skirting the holly hedges, now brushing the boxwood border that made a green edge to the flowers. Susie had come with perplexities of her own to lay before her friend, but they all fled from her mind in face of this greater revelation. What did it matter about Susie? Whatever came to her, it would be but she who was in question, and she could bear it—but Robbie! Me! who is thinking of me? she said to herself, as Mrs Ogilvy had said it, with a proud contempt of any such petty subject. It was not the spirit of self-sacrifice, the instinct of unselfishness, as people are pleased to call such sentiments. I am afraid there was perhaps a little pride in it, perhaps a subtle self-confidence that whatever one had to fear in one's own person, what did it matter? one would be equal to it. But Robbie—What blood could be shed, what ordeal dared to keep it from him!

"You will feel now that I am always ready," said Susie, "to do anything, if there is anything to do. You will send for me at any moment. If it were to take a message, if it were to send a letter, if it were to go to Edinburgh for any news, if it were to—hide the man——"

"Susie!"

"And wherefore not? it's not ours to punish. I know nothing about him: but to save Robbie and you, or only to help you, what am I caring? I would put my arm through the place of the bolt, like Katherine Douglas for King James. And why should I not hide a man in trouble? Them that went before

us have done that, and more than that, for folk in trouble, many a day."

"But not for the shedder of blood," said Mrs Ogilvy.

"They were all shedders of blood," cried Susie; "there was not one side nor the other with clean hands—and our fore-mothers helped them all, whichever were the ones that were pursued: and so would I any man that stood between you and peace. If he were as bad a man as ever lived, I would help him to get away."

"We must not go so far as that, Susie. We will hope that nothing will need to be done. Robbie and me, we will just keep very quiet till all this trouble blows over. I have a confidence that it will blow over," said Mrs Ogilvy, with a shadow in her eyes which belied her words.

"Certainly it will," cried Susie, with an intensity of assent which, though she knew so little, yet comforted the elder woman's heart.

And Susie once more left her friend without saying a word of the anxieties which were becoming more and more urgent in her own life. She had not yet been told what was the true state of the case, but many alarms had filled her mind, terrors which she would not acknowledge to herself. It did not seem credible that she should be dethroned from her own household place, which she had filled so long, to make way for a stranger, "a strange woman," as Susie, like Mrs Ogilvy, said; nor that the children should be taken out of her hands, and her home be no longer hers. But all other apprehensions and alarms had been confusedly deepened and increased, she could scarcely tell how, by the sudden interference of her father in behalf of an old lover long ago rejected, whose repeated proposals had become the jest of the family,

a man whom nobody for years had taken seriously. Mr Logan had suddenly taken up his cause, and pressed it hotly and injudiciously, filling Susie with consternation and indignant distress. The minister had naturally employed the most unpalatable arguments. He had bidden her to remember that her time was running short, that she had probably outstayed her market, that a wooer was not to be found by every dykeside, and that at her age it was no longer possible to pick and choose, but to take what you could get. Exasperated by all this, Susie had rushed to her friend to ask what was the interpretation of it. But the appearance of Robert had driven every other thought out of her mind, and now again, more than ever, his story, the danger he was in, the reason why his return was not published abroad and rejoiced in. To Susie's simple and straightforward mind this was the only point in the whole matter that was to be deplored. She found no fault with Robbie's appearance, with his mid-day sleep, with the failure of his career—even with the ill company and dreadful associations of which Mrs Ogilvy's faltering story had told her. She was ready to wipe all that record out with one tear of tenderness and pity. He had been led away; he had come back. That he had come back was enough to atone for all the rest. But there should be no secret, no concealing of him, no silence as to this great event. She accepted the bond, but it was heavy on her soul, and went home, her mind full of Robert, only vexed and discouraged that she must not speak of Robert, forgetting every other trouble and all the changes that seemed to threaten herself. Me! who is caring about me? Susie said to herself proudly, as Mrs Ogilvy said it. These

women scorned fate when it was but themselves that were threatened by it.

When she was gone, Mrs Ogilvy continued for a while to walk quietly up and down the little platform before the door of her peaceful house. She had almost given up her evenings out of doors since Robert's return, but to-night her heart was soothed, her fears were calmed. Susie could do nothing to clear up the situation. Yet to have unbosomed herself to Susie had done her good. The burden which was so heavy on herself, which was Robbie in his own person, the most intimate of all, did not affect Susie. She was willing to take him back as at the same point where he had dropped from her ken. There was no criticism in her eyes or her mind,—nothing like that dreadful criticism, that anguish of consciousness which perceived all his shortcomings, all the loss that had happened to him in his dismal way through the world, which was in his mother's mind. That Susie did not perceive these things was a precious balm to Mrs Ogilvy's wounds. It was her exacting imagination that was in fault, perhaps nothing else or little else. If Susie were pleased, why should she, who ought to be less clear-sighted than Susie, be so far from pleased? Nothing could have so comforted her as did this. She was calmed to the bottom of her heart. Robbie would be very late to-night, she knew; but what harm was there in that, if it was an amusement to him, poor laddie? He had no variety now in his life, he that had been accustomed to so much. She heard Andrew come clanking round from the back-garden with his pails and his watering-pots. She had not assisted at the watering of the flowers, not since the day of Rob-

bie's return, but she did so this calm evening in the causeless relief of her spirit. "But I would not be so particular," she said, "Andrew; for it will rain before the morning, or else I am mistaken." "It's very easy, mem, to be mistaken in the weather," said Andrew; "I've thought that for a week past." "That is true; it has been a by-ordinary dry season," his mistress said. "Just the ruin of the country," said the man. "Oh," cried she, "you are never content!"

But she was content that night, or as nearly content as it was possible to be with such a profound disturbance and trouble in her being. She had her chair brought out, and her cushion and footstool, her stocking and her book, as in the old days, which had been so short a time before and yet seemed so far off. It was not so fine a night as it had usually been, she thought *then*. The light had not that opal tint, that silvery pearl-like radiance. There was a shadow as of a cloud in it, and the sky, though showing no broken lines of vapour, was grey and a little heavy, charged with the rain which seemed gathering after long drought over the longing country. Esk, running low, wanted the rain, and so did the thirsty trees, too great to be watered like the flowers, which had begun to have a dusty look. But in the meantime the evening was warm, very warm and very still, waiting for the opening up of the fountains in the skies. Mrs Ogilvy sat there musing, almost as she had mused of old: only instead of the wistful longing and desire in her heart then, she had now an ever-present ache, the sense of a deep wound, the only partially stilled and always quivering tremor of a great fear. Considering that these things were, however, and could not be put away, she was very calm.

She had been sitting here for some time, reading a little of her book, knitting a great deal of her stocking, which did not interfere with her reading, thinking a great deal, sometimes dropping the knitting into her lap to think the more, to pray a little—one running into the other almost unconsciously—when she suddenly heard behind her a movement in the hedge. It was a high holly hedge, as has been already said, very well trimmed, and impenetrable, almost as high as a man. When a man walked up the slope from the road, only his hat, or if he were a tall man, his head, could be seen over it. The hedge ran round on the right hand side to the wall of the house, shutting out the garden, which lay on the other slope, as on the left it encircled the little platform, with its grass-plot and flower-borders and modest carriage-drive in front of the Hewan. It was in the garden behind that green wall that the sound was, which a month ago would not have disturbed her, which was probably only Janet going to the well or Andrew putting his watering-cans away. Mrs Ogilvy, however, more easily startled now, looked round quickly, but saw nothing. The light was stealing away, the rain was near; it was that rather than the evening which made the atmosphere so dim. The noise had made her heart beat a little, though she felt sure it was nothing; it made her think of going in, though she could still with a slight effort see to read. It was foolish to be disturbed by such a trifle. She had never been frightened before: a step, a sound at the gate, had been used, before Robert came back, to awaken her to life and expectation, to a constantly disappointed but never extinguished hope. That, however, was all over now: but at this noise and rustle

among the bushes, which was not a footstep or like any one coming, her heart stirred in her, like a bird in the dark, with terror. She was frightened for any noise. This was one of the great differences that had arisen in herself.

She turned, however, again, with some resolution, to her former occupations. It was not light enough to see the page with the book lying open on her knee. She took it in her hand, and read a little. It was one of those books which, for my own part, I do not relish, of which you are supposed to be able to read a little bit at a time. She addressed herself to it with more attention than usual, in order to dissipate her own foolish thirl of excitement and the disturbance within her. She read the words carefully, but I fear that, as is usual in such cases, the meaning did not enter very clearly into her mind. Her attention was busy, behind her back as it were, listening, listening for a renewal of the sound. But there was none. Then through her reading she began to think that, as soon as she had quite mastered herself, she would go in at her leisure, and quite quietly, crying upon Janet to bring in her chair and her footstool; and then would call Andrew to shut the windows and bar the door, as Robbie wished. Perhaps a man understood the dangers better, and it was well in any case to do what he wished. She would have liked to rise from her seat at once, and go in hurriedly and do this, but would not allow herself, partly because she felt it would be foolish, as there could be no danger, and partly because she would not allow herself to be supposed to be afraid, supposing that

there was. She sat on, therefore, and read, with less and less consciousness of anything but the words that were before her eyes.

When suddenly there came almost close by her side, immediately behind her, the sound as of some one suddenly alighting with feet close together, with wonderfully little noise, yet a slight sound of the gravel disturbed: and turning suddenly round, she saw a tall figure against the waning light, which had evidently vaulted over the hedge, in which there was a slight thrill of movement from the shock. He was looking at his finger, which seemed, from the action, to have been pricked with the holly. Her heart gave a great leap, and then became quiet again. There was something unfamiliar, somehow, in the attitude and air; but yet no doubt it was her son—who else could it be?—who had made a short cut by the garden, as he had done many a time in his boyhood. Nobody but he could have known of this short cut. All this ran through her mind, the terror and the reassurance in one breath, as she started up hastily from her chair, crying, "Robbie! my dear, what a fright you have given me. What made you come that way?"

He came towards her slowly, examining his finger, on which she saw a drop of blood; then enveloping it leisurely in the handkerchief which he took from his pocket, "I've got a devil of a prick from that dashed holly," he said.

And then she saw that he was not her son. Taller, straighter, of a colourless fairness, a strange voice, a strange aspect. Not Robbie, not Robbie! whoever he was.

ANCESTOR-RIDDEN.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

Persons.

A PHILOSOPHER'S SON.
A POLITICIAN'S NEPHEW.

A POET'S GRANDDAUGHTER.
A NOVELIST'S NIECE.

The scene is laid in a desert island, supposed to be out of the beaten track: a foreground of coral strand; a background of feathery palm; a sound of surf.

SCENE I. — POET'S GRANDDAUGHTER discovered sitting damp and dishevelled, drawing off her gants de Suède, to dry them in the sun.

Poet's Granddaughter. Well, I was certain that mounting wave would roll me shoreward soon, and here I am. But I must quote no more; no more poetry or even poetastery for me. Let me forget that there is such a thing. What I have gone through all these years (for I don't mind admitting on a desert island, where there's no one to hear, that I'm no chicken), what I have suffered, from the fact of having a poet for my grandfather! Grand old man, still alive, still writing poetry. How tired I used to get of the Society jargon, "Oh, let me introduce you to Miss Blank, granddaughter of the poet Blank, you know." "Ah! really, how interesting! I daresay you write poetry yourself now, don't you?" I was expected to lisp in numbers in the nursery. But I didn't; and let me say once for all that I detest poetry, always did—can't make head or tail of it, never could. I am Al at tennis, and I can ride across country, and I am a splendid swimmer, or I shouldn't be here; but poetry, bah! and intellectual forebears!

what a nuisance they are! A man used to be pitied long ago if he hadn't a grandfather. I think he's to be envied. I have been heavily handicapped by mine all these years. There was no living him down. Metaphorically speaking, he has clung round my neck like the Old Man of the Sea. I could stand it no longer, so I have put myself out of reach of civilisation, have kissed my hand to sweetness and light, made my curtsy to culture, to "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," and here I am, ready to descend to any level of primeval unintellectuality. I pine to dig for "pignuts," and to tear the native oyster from its bed, and forget my ancestors.

Enter NOVELIST'S NIECE, young, smart, chic, fin-de-siècle.

Novelist's Niece. Dear me, I had no idea the island was inhabited. I got the P. & O. steamer to drop me out with my box in the dingy, and to land me on this island, which isn't marked in the chart. I left my trunk on the other side of the

island, and have walked across through a lovely ravine. Are you one of the aborigines?

P. G. Yes, I am—at least, that is, I intend to be. May I ask what has led you to come here?

N. N. The wear and tear of social life—the demands made on one—the treadmill of Fashion—the rush, the roar, and the rattle; but chiefly because I have an aunt—a witty aunt, Madame Bonmot. I daresay you have heard of her; every one has. She has written an amusing Society novel, and her conversation bristles with epigrams. Now, I have no sense of humour—none—I never said a witty thing in my life; but because Madame Bonmot happens to be my aunt, I am credited with brilliancy, and find myself looked upon as a sort of Court jester or chartered buffoon. If I utter a feeble platitude about the weather, I hear voices saying, "How like Madame Bonmot!" When I enter a room, I am conscious of a suppressed titter running through the company, ready to break into a laugh. People prepare to listen to my brilliant sallies, my ready repartees and witticisms, and prepare in vain. I want to be smart, up to date, but not witty or humorous. The near kinship of Madame Bonmot, however, condemns me to an inheritance of wit and humour; and to escape from this I have forsworn everything, and have come to this island "to toss with tangle and with shells," and to return to primitive savage ways. Savages have no sense of humour, have they? or, at best, it's only very elementary. They do mimic, I'm afraid—and I am so tired of imitations of self and friends; but savages don't do it for fun, that's one comfort. Heigho! how jolly it is to find a place where you may be as dull as

ditch-water! You never heard of my aunt Madame Bonmot, did you?

P. G. Never; don't be the least alarmed. Did you ever hear of the poet Blank? I'm his granddaughter, and I am fleeing from society solely on account of his undying name and fame, and from the horrible intellectual atmosphere of his home. People won't forget that I am his granddaughter, and he's only a poet. Now if he were a prize-fighter there might be something to be proud of. Muscle I admire; brute force I adore. But intellect, that miserable abnormal development of simple animal instinct!—what a waste the use of intelligence has been, and is! And how ineffably sad it is to reflect that the glorious savage, who once ran wild, is now degraded through centuries of mismanagement into the literary man to be met with in any London drawing-room! It is simply preposterous!

N. N. I never heard of your grandfather, so we are quits. It's rather odd, isn't it, that we should both have come to this island to escape from an ancestor? I feel better already. Don't you? There's nothing so depressing as being thought brilliant. Now, if my aunt had only been smart and chic, I should have been proud of the connection. But to be racy and humorous, and clever and witty, it bores me. I like to take things *au grand sérieux*, even to the hang of a skirt. You may wonder why I have come to a desert island if I'm a slave to Fashion; but I have a trunk full of things with me, and—

P. G. Oh, you won't want them. We must divest ourselves of—

N. N. Not of clothing!

P. G. Not exactly, but of modern ideas.

Enter PHILOSOPHER'S SON.

Philosopher's Son. Hullo, whom have we here? A picnic party?

P. G. and N. N. No; two victims of heredity who have flown here to avoid reflected glory and falling mantles, and who are resolved to return to pristine ignorance and innocence step by step hand in hand.

P. G. I have got to live down a grandfather.

N. N. And I an aunt.

P. S. "Fact is stranger than fiction," as Bacon says. I also am escaping from the toils of an ancestor. My father is a born metaphysician, author of 'The Ratiocination of Co-ordinate Syncretisms,' and I am expected to live up to this. Now, I put it to you if that's not rather hard on a fellow. I don't go in for the sort of thing. I'm a sportsman, fond of shooting, fishing, hunting; all for the open air, and book-learning be hanged! What's the good in it all? What comes of study but round shoulders and pasty faces? I remember as a boy kicking over the traces when I was asked what a conjunction was. Fancy expecting a fellow to know what a conjunction was!

N. N. Are you the man who once found a friend reading a book called '*Dant*,' and wondered what ailed him that he should do this thing? You must be his cousin, if not himself.

P. S. No, hang it all! I tell you my kith and kin are clever intellectual people; that's where the trouble is. Now, if my father were a good, stupid, worthy old fox-hunting squire, with muddy gaiters and a whiff of the stable about him, how I should revere him, how proud I should be of him! But a philosopher!—bah!

hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can put a calf to one's leg. Muscle and sinew are the only things worth cultivating. Mind!—faugh! I'm sick of mind, and that's why I'm here.

P. G. Let us shake hands. I've suffered from a poetic grandsire, which is nearly as bad as a philosophic father. I am so glad you are one with us in entering a protest against the March of Intellect with a capital I.

P. S. Yes, I'm turning my back on progress, civilisation, and the garnered wisdom of the ages—so many tons of chopped logic done up in stacks, so many sacks of wool gathered by the five wits of generations of deep thinkers. No good to me any of it. Man is an *animal*, and should behave himself as such, that's what I say. What does he gain by knowledge? Nothing. Why, Scripture is dead against book-learning. All I ask for is plenty of biceps, calves, and liberty to kill something. This island ought surely to prove a stepping-stone in the right direction, and help to bridge over the distance between us and prehistoric man.

Enter POLITICIAN'S NEPHEW.

Politician's Nephew (aside).

Seems to me my desert island is inhabited, and by clothed and cultured humanity too. This is a pity. I had hoped to have found myself far from man as a talking reasoning being. (*Aloud.*) I hope I don't intrude. The fact is, I thought this was a desert island.

Omnes. We all thought that.

P. S. Are you, like the rest of us, fleeing from reflected glory, abandoning ancestor-worship, and seeking to wipe out the stigma of inherited genius by a resumption of primordial usages?

P. N. I am. I have an uncle

in Parliament. I won't say what his politics are, or whether I belong to his party or not. It wouldn't interest you. It doesn't interest me. You have no idea what it is to have an uncle in Parliament, and on the wrong side too. I haven't said which side that is, have I? Well, I've suffered from that unruly member, my uncle, considerably. I assure you I can't go anywhere without having him paraded before me—either held up to vilification, or else extolled as one doing yeoman service (good old phrase!) to the *Cause*. I am identified with him. His opinions are supposed to be my opinions. I overhear whispered snatches of conversation — “Nephew of member for Byteshire, stood for Barkshire in '85; very able man the uncle; nephew very like him; you remember that speech of his in the great debate on the Betterment Bill. He managed to secure a majority in favour of retaining the depreciation-of-the-sovereign clause in that bill,” and so on. I am called upon to air my uncle's views on all subjects, and I am supposed to be ready to enter the lists with any champion of the opposite party. Now it so happens that politics are my pet aversion. I detest the party questions, the intrigues, cabals, machinations, and popularity-bidding attitude of the body politic, and I long for a return to the bare simplicity of savage life. In fact, I should even prefer to go a step further back, and to fall into the portion of apes and missing links; but this I may find difficult.

N. N. This is really amusing. We are all here to escape from the woful burden of hereditary talent.

P. G. Yes, I am simply longing to dig for “pignuts” with these nails of mine, and “to scare the haggard from the rock.” I am

not sure that I know what a haggard is. Do you?

N. N. As a beginning to our *dégringolade*, I mean to forswear the use of speech, and to make little clucking noises like this—*tchuk, tchuk*; savages always do.

P. S. We might invent a language analogous to that which Garner tells us is in use among the Simian tribes. But no; that would mean an effort of brain, and there must be nothing of that kind amongst us. To invent even a very low structure of language, to adapt even the queerest, most primitive clucking sound to our needs, would involve some waste of brain-tissue, some process of the intellectual faculties. And this is not to be thought of. But (*turning to POLITICIAN'S NEPHEW*) how did you get here?

P. N. Oh, I borrowed my uncle's yacht (rather mean of me!). He was busy haranguing his constituents; so I came off, resolved to land on the first desert island that should present itself; and this one rose in mid ocean, as if on purpose. But how did you effect a landing?

P. S. I was ballooning with a friend, ready to drop down on the first desert island that should turn up, and I descended by a parachute half an hour ago. I told my friend not to wait. And now tell me, pending the discovery of “pignuts,” “haggards,” and shell-fish, what arrangements have been made about feeding?—*grazing* I hope to be able to call it ere long, for I quite expect we shall all be down upon all-fours, like Nebuchadnezzar, before we are done with this experiment.

N. N. My trunk, which is lying on the other side of the island, is well stocked with tinned meats, biscuits, and other comestibles. Shall we go over and unpack it? [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*A week has elapsed. Same island. PHILOSOPHER'S SON and NOVELIST'S NIECE sitting on log of driftwood.*

N. N. I don't find that we are forgetting the use of language, or making any appreciable retrogression; do you?

P. S. No; our crablike movements towards a lower plane have not been productive of much result as yet. I am constantly analysing the movement and asking myself, "Am I a lower animal to-day than I was yesterday?" and the answer is doubtful. My calves are certainly no bigger round than they were; but that may possibly be the result of "pig-nuts" and insufficient nourishment. I don't feel any tendency to burrow or to hibernate, which is regrettable. You, my dear lady, will find it an easier matter than I to return to a state of nature—pardon the phrase. You see your aunt, after all, is not known beyond a narrow circle of intimates, whereas the author of 'The Ratiocination of Co-ordinate Syncretisms' is a writer of European celebrity, and his son naturally finds himself trammelled at every backward step by the intricacy of his brain convolutions, and the tremendous displacement of grey matter. To think oneself back into *beast* is a deal harder than to move upwards into *man*. Now your aunt—

N. N. (*indignantly*). Whatabout my aunt? You are making a great mistake in supposing she is not on a par with your father. Why, her one novel was the cleverest book of its day, she herself quite the wittiest woman in England, and owing to her marriage to Mons. Bonmot, she has a dash of French piquancy and *espièglerie* to add to her sparkling qualities. I can't allow her powers of mind

to be called in question. Now, as for 'The Rat'—

Enter POLITICIAN'S NEPHEW and POET'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

P. N. What are you two quarrelling about? And in *words* too! Surely tooth and claw would have been more seemly under the circumstances.

N. N. We find we are not descending the scale rapidly enough. Hereditary instincts, some trick in the blood, accretions, growths of centuries, time-honoured traditions, inherited prejudices, ancestral idiosyncrasies, impede us, keep us back from "ranging down the lower track" towards prehistoric man.

P. G. Haven't you succeeded in throwing your aunt to the winds yet?

N. N. And what have you done with your grandfather? I think you have given yourself too much concern as to his far-reaching influence. I don't believe any one reads him nowadays. He's quite out of date.

P. G. (*firing up*). You are quite mistaken. He is one of the immortals, and will live for ever in the hearts of posterity. The true poet is for all time, and can lay the touch of healing and balm on the *Weltschmerz* as long as men must work and women weep. The stuff poets are made of is woven in the loom of God. But your politician, your philosopher, and your novelist, can be turned out by machinery at so much a dozen.

P. S. Hold! 'The Rat'—

N. N. Hang the Rat! How I wish Madame Bonmot was here

ting our isolated position. Strange how, now we are out of it, one longs to be in it, to know "who's in, who's out, who loses and who wins." If the G.O.M. retires soon, I shouldn't wonder if—

P. G. For a speechless prehistoric undeveloped male biped, you have a wonderful power of monopolising the conversation. It's impossible to get a word in edgeways. But I feel it is due to my grandfather to interrupt you, and to tell you that I have felt lately poetic utterances in my bosom struggling to free themselves, and I cannot stem the torrent of my inspiration any longer. (*Moans out:—*)

I dreamt the world was square,
And went lurching through the air
At a strange lop-sided pace,
Deranging Time and Space.
Our corners cut the stars,
We shaved a slice off Mars;
But no one seemed to care,
For all was on the square,
And it was share and share
As we hurtled through the air.
But the people were so dull,
So large and square of skull;
And I longed to get away
From the squareness of the day;
And I hid my face in fright
From the squareness of the night.
So then I woke, and found
That the world was nearly round;
And I knew my way about—
Could wander in and out;
And I shouted, "I am glad,"
For a square world drives me mad.

I dreamt the world was long,
And everything went wrong.
The times were out of joint,
Sans object, aim, or point.
The times were out of shape;
From *length* there's no escape.
And we fell away through space,
With a weird dactylic grace.
But the people were so long,
So lean and brown and strong.

The days went slowly by,
I knew both how and why;
But the nights were just a flash,
A dot and then a dash.
So then I woke, and found
That the world was nearly round
And the moon's familiar face
Was flooding all the place;
And I cried aloud, "I'm glad,"
For a long world makes me mad.

I dreamt the world was narrow,
Like edge of plough or harrow;
It went skating through the
spheres,
With a clipping sound of shears.
There seemed scarcely any room
For the cradle or the tomb.
And we clung along the edge,
Like birds upon a ledge.
But the people were so keen,
So cutting in their spleen.
There was neither day nor night,
But a cold blue steely light;
And I said, "This must be hell,"
And loosed my hold and fell.
So I woke, and then I found
That the world was nearly round;
There was earth and air and sea,
All just as there should be;
And I shouted, "I am glad,"
For a strait world makes me mad.

N. N. Strait world! Strait-jacket, I think.

P. N. This may merely be the result of mal-nutrition. Yet, on the other hand, it may be inherited genius which *will* out.

N. N. I should willingly risk being thought brilliant if only I could get safely out of this island. Even dulness palls after a time.

P. S. It is strange how passages from 'The Ratiocination of Co-ordinate Syncretisms' keep cropping up in my mind. If you had asked me when I landed, I should have said I had never read the book. Now, I seem almost to know it by heart. Listen to this: "The stream of absolute Truth,

to laugh at you all! What funny things she would have said and written about you!

P. S. I *will* be heard! My father's name is much better known than that of any of your pseudo-intellectual clique. Philosophy from her lofty altitudes looks down in calm and abiding serenity on the poetical or political aberrations of mankind. Therefore, all hail, Philosophy!

P. N. You are wrong there. A knowledge of the political situation, and of the principles that underlie the actions of statesmen, outweighs all other knowledge. The politician marshalling his facts (a vast array emerging from the fastnesses of ancient history, and joining issue with the forces that are moulding the problems of history in process of formation), and passing them in review before him, deduces from a study of them a sound policy. Through the long night of watching he hears human nature knocking at the hundred gates of citadels erected by man's craft, guile, and selfishness, against brother man, — citadels destined to fall and crumble away at the trumpet-blast of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. And in the clear light of that day which will dawn, the airy nothings of the poet's dream will vanish like the morning dew, and the shadowy speculations of the metaphysician yield themselves up as vapour to the sun. My uncle——

N. N. My aunt——

P. N. Will you kindly allow me to finish what I was saying?

N. N. Certainly not. Your uncle can't hold a candle to my aunt.

P. G. Can we not keep our tempers, and admit that poets, philosophers, novelists, and politicians have each their place in this world's economy?

P. N. I suspect we are all rather run down from want of food, and may get on to each other's nerves. "Pig-nuts," especially when you don't find them, are not sustaining; and "haggards of the rock" are tasteless when raw, for the very obvious reason that you can't go within two yards of them.

P. S. It has just occurred to me that in running away from one progenitor, we are bumping up against another. Reaction is the principle that governs mankind. Don't you suppose the first *thinking* man had nearly as great a contempt for his huge Caliban of a root-grubbing father as we have for our highly organised intellectual parents? Give us back the cave-dweller with the canine tooth and prehensile toes, and what would happen? Progressive desire, putting forth her hand, hauls the creature up inch by inch, age after age, to the full stature of the perfect man. *Individual* interludes of the ape and tiger in humanity there will be, but the *race* keeps mounting on and ever on towards the divine.

P. N. Are you quoting from 'The Ratiocination of Co-ordinate Syncretisms'? for if you are, I must open fire with one of my uncle's addresses to his constituency. It began——

"Primrose League, Primrose League, Primrose League, onward;
Plump in the ballot-box fell the six hundred."

This was the text of his speech; but I don't wish to drift into party politics or to rouse any ill-feeling, and so I won't tell you the lines on which he laid down his appeal. I wish you could hear him speak—he's quite a Demosthenes. I must get you in the next time he's on for a debate. Ah! I am forget-

ting our isolated position. Strange how, now we are out of it, one longs to be in it, to know "who's in, who's out, who loses and who wins." If the G.O.M. retires soon, I shouldn't wonder if——

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which takes its rise in a region lying beyond the boundaries of Conditioned Thought, passes by caves honeycombed by Memory. There, sweeping out the *débris*, it bears on its surface masses of flotsam and jetsam, which the traveller on the banks, snatching at, bears some fragment aloft, crying, 'A poor thing, but mine own;' and alas! the fact is, it is somebody else's."

N. N. I don't follow you; and, oh dear, if I wasn't so faint and empty and hungry, I should try and tell you some of Madame Bonmot's witty sayings. The only one I can think of is called forth by my present sufferings. Dinner was late one day, and an old Scotchman who was there said to the hostess, "'Mem, I am aware of a prodigious sinking and gnawing at the pit o' my stomach; ye ken it's like the Spartan boy.' 'Then,' said Madame Bonmot, 'if it is, it'll not be the first time the Fox and the Pitt have met in opposition.'"

P. N. I defy you to tell another. What becomes of all the good things that are *said* to have been said? One reads in novels of sparkling, brilliantly sustained conversations, audacious repartees, piquant replies; but rarely, if ever, are these given verbatim. Humour and wit are very perishable articles, and don't travel well.

N. N. Wait till I introduce you to my aunt, and then——

P. N. I don't know how it strikes you, but I think we are all getting very prosy. We have attained to the stupidity of "the grey barbarian" without shaking off the conventionality of "the Christian cad." What do you say to our hailing the first omnibus I mean, and returning to our ancestors?

P. G. Do let us! I shall be glad that you should all have an opportunity of buying my grandfather's poems.

N. N. You have only to mention that you have met Madame Bonmot's niece to ensure a welcome everywhere.

P. N. There's nothing like having a friend at Court and an uncle in Parliament.

P. S. I must get my father to bring out a new edition of the 'Rat——'

P. N. Hi! there's a steamer bearing down on us, perhaps sent in search of us by——

P. G. My grandfather the poet.

N. N. Or by my aunt the novelist.

P. S. Or by my father the sage.

P. N. Or by my uncle the member.

Omnes. After all, ancestors have their uses, and we must not be too hard on them. Where should we be without them? Echo answers, "Simply nowhere."

O. J.

THE CONFESSION OF TIBBIE LAW.

THE minister was in his study preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday—at least, he would have said he was preparing it if anybody had asked him what he was doing. The table was strewn with loose sheets of paper and one or two big books of reference. The minister was reposing in an exhausted attitude on the sofa, which being rather short, forced him to hang his feet over the end, and display the soles of his boots. Next Sunday would be only the fifth since Mr Morton had come to the parish. He was a young man of talent, and had come full of hope and confidence, nothing doubting of his power to waken up the sleepy farmers and farm-labourers with his cultured eloquence, and fill their minds with entirely new light. But he had not hitherto met with the appreciation or the notice he expected. He had been warned by some of his elders that many of the old people would be averse to new ideas, but they had not seemed in the least roused or interested by anything he said, not even shocked. He would have liked to shock them. He had quoted Herbert Spencer and Matthew Arnold, and had been listened to with perfect serenity; he had praised Keble's 'Christian Year' and the 'Lyra Anglicana,' and had spoken patronisingly of Cardinal Newman, but the congregation had preserved its usual stolid demeanour. Perhaps his new parishioners had never even heard of the distinguished persons he alluded to. It was disgusting!

But this afternoon Mr Morton felt better. He had mixed for once in intelligent society; he had

sat in a drawing-room which was full of sweetness and light; he had partaken of food which appealed to the cultured sense. In other words, he had been to luncheon with Sir George and Lady Cunningham, who were the largest landowners in the parish, and were, besides, a pleasant, intelligent young couple. Mr Morton raised himself a little on the sofa to survey his study. It was not an uncomfortable room by any means; and when the manse had been renovated after the late minister's death, this study had been pronounced by the heritors who paid for it to be "perfect—a model of convenience." Perhaps, from an æsthetic point of view, it still left something to be desired. There was a new Brussels carpet on the floor to replace the old drugget; it was a sober carpet, and had a complicated geometrical pattern in mustard-colour on a sage-green ground. The old red flock paper had been taken from the walls, and the new one was of a crushed strawberry tint; the doors, shutters, and mantelpiece were painted to match, and relieved with panels of chocolate-brown. House-painters, when left to follow their own taste, seem fond of chocolate-brown. The purple leather sofa and arm-chair, being perfectly good, had been left as they were. It was all much more comfortable than anything the minister had been accustomed to, but somehow the *tout ensemble* was not exhilarating. He lifted his eyes once more to the chocolate-brown cornice, and heaved a sigh as he turned again to his sermon. There was to be a good deal of speculation in this next sermon upon the

possible future of the human race, and upon whether life was worth living, and there should be poetry in it, of a depressing and pessimistic nature. Lady Cunningham might very likely go to church, and she at least was a cultivated person, and would understand. It would really be worth while to buy a dictionary of quotations, if those people were to be at home all the autumn.

Before he had made up his mind to begin work, the door opened, and the old housekeeper thrust in her head. Mr Morton had thought himself fortunate, when he arrived, in being able to retain the services of the housekeeper who had been with his predecessor. She was a respectable elderly woman who understood her work, but she did not understand, and indeed had no patience with, the refinements which the new minister would have liked to introduce, and her manner seemed to him familiar, if not insolent. He dared not find fault, nor even hint his disapproval, but he writhed inwardly when she dashed into his room without knocking, or banged the door to with her foot.

"There a woman seekin' ye," she said, briefly.

"Did you tell her I was engaged?"

"I telt her ye'd likely be sweer to come," returned the housekeeper. "That's her gude-mither, auld Tibbie Law, that's deein', an' she was speirin' what way Mr Henderson never came to put up a bit prayer. They couldna gar her ken, puir body, that he's awa'; but her gude-dochter thinks she'll maybe be content wi' you."

This was not a summons that was flattering to Mr Morton's vanity, and he took credit to himself for the calm and dignified tone in which he signified his

willingness to go and see his aged parishioner, "as soon as he could make time to do so." The housekeeper withdrew with this message, and the minister sat down again to his sermon. Mr Morton hated visiting; it was a duty he had always shrunk from, even when his work had been in a town, and here in the country it was fifty times worse. For one thing, the distances were so great. He kept no horse or pony, and could not have managed it if he had; he had to trust entirely to his own legs, which, though long, were more adapted for hanging over the end of the sofa than for taking rough country walks. In town he had been accustomed to take the air in omnibuses and tramway cars; here he had to tramp long miles through the mud, and then be scolded by his housekeeper for bringing so much of it in on his boots. Besides, the receptions he had met with had not always been very cordial. He found the farmers distrustful and taciturn, their wives uninteresting; and as to their daughters, his conscience did not permit him to talk much to young ladies, lest he should awaken hopes which might never be realised. Then the poor people were certainly very thick-headed and ignorant, and would never understand him. True, he had not as yet made their acquaintance; there was time enough for that. Mr Morton dipped his pen in the ink, and tried to forget the interruption he had just met with, but somehow his ideas refused to come. He had a tender conscience, as has been seen, and a kind heart, and he could not put away the thought of the poor old woman who had sent for him. How sad it would be if she were to die without the aid of his ghostly counsel!—how

he would reproach himself! True, he had already paid one visit to-day, and could not reasonably be expected to do more; but a pastor's time belongs to his flock, and he was ready to sacrifice himself. In another half-hour he was in the village, where he soon found out Tibbie Law's cottage. It stood a little apart, and had once had a garden, the remains of which gave the cottage a picturesque look. The white rose and the honeysuckle which grew on each side of the door had not been pruned for years, and covered the low red-tiled roof with their interlaced branches and clusters of blossom; while amongst the loose cracked flagstones near the door some blue columbines and lupins still flourished, in company with an old tin can, a broken milk-strainer, and an iron pot half full of potatoes, in which a hen and two chicks were picking. The inmates of the cottage seemed to be fond of flowers, for a pot of geraniums stood in front of each of the small windows, and more than answered the purpose of blinds, for the room was so dark that the minister when he first came in could distinguish nothing except the tall figure of Tibbie's daughter-in-law, who moved forward to meet him, a little child clinging to her skirts. When his eyes got accustomed to the darkness, he could see that the room, though small, had little of the bareness of poverty: it was close, untidy, and crowded with unnecessary things. The large mahogany chest of drawers was piled with a loaf of bread, two cheeses, and some evil-smelling compound in an earthenware bowl. There were also two arm-chairs, which looked as if they had once seen better days. One was placed near the fire to receive the ban-nocks as they were taken off the

girdle; the other seemed intended for the accommodation of visitors, and was drawn close to the box-bed, to which the woman now directed Mr Morton by a movement of her hand.

"She's sleepin', surely," said the daughter-in-law. "She's gleg enough whiles. Are ye sleepin', gude-mither? here the minister to ye."

Mr Morton stepped nearer, and looked at the figure in the bed. It was a small old face, so curiously puckered with wrinkles that the skin looked like crumpled parchment; the eyes were dim and glassy; but when the old woman roused herself on hearing her daughter's speech, the film suddenly cleared away, and they shone out so black and piercing as almost to startle the visitor. She held out a claw-like hand, while the sharp eyes peered into his face.

"I hope you do not suffer much," he said, not knowing what to say, and feeling rather embarrassed by her scrutiny of him. The old woman either did not hear, or did not think the question worth replying to.

"Ou ay," she said, indifferently, letting her head fall back upon the pillow. "Sit down — sit down. What's the use o' you, Eelen, that ye dinna tak awa' the cats frae aneath the minister?"

Mr Morton jumped up nervously—he had a horror of cats. One had jumped off the chair as he was going to sit upon it, and Helen, approaching negligently, carried away two half-grown kittens which had also been reposing in the depths of the arm-chair. This incident disturbed Mr Morton so much that he did not know what to do or say next, and he sat down again in silence. He felt that he was not fulfilling the duties

of his calling, and apparently the same idea occurred to Tibbie, for she murmured, "Mr Henderson, he was a fine man—eh! what a gude man that was! mony's the prayer he's putten up—ay, he was grand o't."

"I am quite ready to engage in prayer," said Mr Morton, stiffly, "if you wish it." He had once put together a form of prayer suitable for sick persons, adapted from various liturgies, and this he now made use of, though he felt that it was quite thrown away upon his two auditors, who paid no more attention to him than did the cats or the hens. Then he moved forward, to take leave of the sick woman.

"Ye're for awa'?" she said, as she gripped his hand again—"weel, I thank ye for your call, and your bit prayer. It'll maybe be heard abune. The Lord, He hears a' thing, ye ken."

Mr Morton took this for dismissal, and tried to draw his hand away, but the aged fingers did not relax their grasp, the piercing eyes still shone full into his.

"If a body had made a covenant," said Tibbie, slowly and with an effort—"wi' ane ye ken o'—if he had gotten a power ower me like—couldna you now, that's a minister, maybe gar him let me gang free?"

"She must be mad," thought Mr Morton in bewilderment. "I ought never to have been brought here," he said reproachfully to Helen, who seemed to be watching the scene attentively and without surprise, and who made no reply. "What does she mean?" he cried at length, impatiently. "Whom is she speaking of? Can you not answer?"

"I daurna name him," said Helen, doggedly, as she stooped to turn one of the bannocks on the

chair. "He's aye willint to accept o' an invitation."

Tibbie sighed deeply. "It was nae sic awfu' thing I did," she said; "whiles I think that—but oh! it's been a sair, sair burden and bondage to me this mony a year."

"And what did you do?" said Mr Morton.

"I milket a tether," said Tibbie, solemnly.

"You—did *what*?"

The old woman sighed wearily.

"It was lang syne," she said, "when my gudeman wrocht at the farm o' Drumhead. It was near about the New Year time, and the kye were late o' calvin', an' the grieve's wife wouldna gie us wer pint o' milk, an' me wi' a sick bairn! an' I was mad at her. And I e'en gaed awa' to the byre an' I took down the coo's band, the hendmost ane, an' drawed it like as I was milkin', and I turned it east, an' north, an' west, an' south, and aye as I turned it I ca'ed upon the name o'——"

"Well?" said Mr Morton.

"The de'il, ye ken," said Tibbie, in a frightened whisper.

The minister shuddered. In spite of his disbelief in a personal devil, he felt a creeping horror of this old hag who thus avowed her dealings with the powers of evil. The woman was mad, of course,—yet how, in the nineteenth century, were such ideas possible?

"And I would ken frae you," Tibbie continued, holding him fast as he made a feeble effort to escape, "does that gie *him* the power ower me for ever?"

"No—no," stammered Mr Morton; "compose yourself." He freed his hand from her grasp and turned indignantly to Helen. "Have you no control over her?" he demanded. "Is it possible that you too believe all this—this non-

sense?" He would have used a stronger expression if he could have thought of one in his agitation.

"I dinna ken," said Helen, looking down. "She's terrible uneasy—naebody can get sleepit for her. Ye'll no can bide then?" as Mr Morton made a frantic dive after his hat, which had rolled upon the floor amongst the poultry.

"My time is valuable," replied the minister, when he had secured it. "I have stayed too long already. Rest assured I will—No, I will *not* promise to come back," he said mentally. "I will pray for you," he concluded aloud, as he left the cottage.

Next time Mr Morton met the village doctor he asked him whether he had seen Tibbie Law, and what he thought of her state. The doctor answered that the old woman was dying—not a doubt of it; that she had been dying for months, and showed wonderful strength to have kept alive so long in that unhealthy cottage and with insufficient nourishment. He did not consider her insane—indeed he seemed surprised at the question; and as Tibbie had evidently not spoken to him of her supposed crimes, Mr Morton did not feel justified in betraying her confidence. He could not put her out of his thoughts, do what he might; her weird old face haunted him, and he felt that to pacify his own conscience he must do something for her. He went home and desired his housekeeper, Bell Gillies, to go at once to Tibbie Law's cottage with presents of food and money. Bell remonstrated in her usual emphatic manner.

"It's vera weel to veesit," she said, "an' it's vera weel to pray, an' nae wastry there; but ance fling awa' siller, an' ye'll rue it. There Thamas Callum lyin' wi' a hert trouble, an' there auld Mar-

get Beatoun lyin' wi' the rheumatisms, an' there a heap o' bairns keepit frae the schule wi' the rush-fever, an' ye'll be for giein' them a' siller, nae doot—an' whaur'll ye land syne?"

The minister could not but admit to himself that there was force in Bell's argument, but dignity required that he should pay it no apparent attention. But he made it his business to find out Thamas Callum and Marget Beatoun, whose names he now heard for the first time; and in attending to those sufferers he soon found out others, for there was much sickness in the parish. Mr Morton became rather popular with his poorer neighbours. "He's nae preacher, puir body—but oh! he's a kind heart," was the general verdict. Bell, however, became rather indignant on his account, and thought it her duty to prevent his being preyed upon on all sides.

"Here that lang useless Ellen Law back again!" she said, bursting into his room one day, "seekin' a drap broth to her gude-mither. I just telt her we've nae broth—does the wife think we're made o' meat?"

"No broth?" said Mr Morton; "then send something else."

"We dinna hae onything else."

"Nothing else?" repeated Mr Morton, sitting upright; "surely I have fowls?" He had just heard a cock crowing outside, which suggested this brilliant idea.

"Fowls!" said Bell. "Troth, she can just kill her ain fowls. She got a clockin' hen frae me this spring."

"Isabella," said Mr Morton, "supply the woman with a fowl, and leave me. I am engaged."

"He's a thrawn deevil, that," muttered Bell between her teeth

gudewill to her—mony's the ill word she's gien me an' gien the bairns, but I'm no sae keen as some folk to see her gang to the pit afore my very e'en. She cries out about the flames o' hell—I wish ye heard her!"

Mr Morton again almost tore his hair with irritation. "Ignorant creatures!" cried he. "There is no such place as hell. How often must I tell you so? Can you not even remember my sermon of last Sunday—no, two Sundays back—in which I pointed out that Gehenna, or the pit of Tophet, rendered 'hell' in our version, was nothing more nor less than a receptacle for——"

"I ken naething about your sermons," interrupted Helen, with much truth. "But it's time I was awa'. If ye maun hae plain words," she said, turning again on her way to the door, "my gudemither has been a witch in her day, gude forgie her! Ony way, that's what she says, puir body. An' the de'il is come for his ain, it's like. An' we thoct, if *you* was resistin' him, he would maybe flee frae you, but he winna flee frae hiz."

Helen had left the room, and was already walking with swift strides down the road before Mr Morton had had time to recover his presence of mind. Ignorance like this at the present day, and in a Lowland parish—after all the enlightenment he had poured upon it too—was inconceivable. To exorcise the devil was clearly no part of his pastoral duty, "and what's more," thought Mr Morton, "I am not going to do it." He said this aloud by way of reviving his courage, which, to say the truth, had failed him a little, as he looked out at the black autumn evening, and listened to the wailing wind. He did not believe in

the devil, nor in witches—not he. Still, if Tibbie's daughter-in-law really wanted him so much to come, she ought to have waited his pleasure, and not gone off in that unmannerly way. He had a great mind not to go the next day either. It would show those people that they ought to conduct themselves, when on their deathbeds, in a more becoming manner. Mr Morton went to bed, where he tried in vain to get a moment's rest of mind or body. Again and again he told himself that his nervous restlessness was folly, that the old woman was evidently delirious and in no fit state to receive a clergyman's visit, and that he had done well to refuse to go. Yet he could not sleep, and striking a light, he went into the study, and took from the shelves an old book, a treatise on demonology and witchcraft, which he recollected to have seen there. With this volume as a companion he passed a troubled night. The stories fascinated him in spite of himself. Some were grotesquely horrible, others ludicrous, but all were told with evident good faith. Mr Morton could not but admit to himself that the Church of Scotland had a good share both of superstition and cruelty in the witch-burning days. However, he became interested in the situation, and wondered what further tale of horror Tibbie Law had to unfold. Nothing but absolute bodily fear prevented him from getting up and hastening to her cottage. But calmness and reason returned with the daylight, and he breakfasted at his usual hour, and with tolerable composure, before starting for the village.

Helen Law opened the door to him, looking haggard and untidy. She showed no emotion of any kind at seeing him.

as she retreated. "Supply the woman,' quo' he. I'll supply her wi' a steekit door, or maybe a besom-handle, gin she come here again." She hastened to make this determination known to Helen Law, who replied in suitable terms. Mr Morton heard the raised voices of the two women, and resolved to put a stop to their dispute. He threw the door open impetuously, and dashing out, desired the younger Mrs Law to retire at once, if she had got what she wanted.

"I've gotten naething," returned Helen, sulkily, "forbye unceevil language."

"It's hersel' that's unceevil, an' ye've nae ither thing to gie her," retorted Bell.

Mr Morton looked at her majestically.

"Where is the game," said he, "which you told me had been sent me yesterday?"

Bell, with an upward glance and groan, as of one who appealed to Heaven for patience, dived into the scullery, and brought out a large hare, which Sir George Cunningham's keeper had left at the manse the day before. She flung it down on the table, and Mr Morton signed to Helen to take it up and be gone. "And I will not have this repeated, remember," he added, as he shut the door after her, and applied himself, as best he might, to soothing the injured feelings of his housekeeper, who was eloquent in her reproaches, and pathetic over the hare-soup that might have been.

But Bell might have spared her lamentations, for late in the evening Helen Law returned bringing back the hare. She burst into the kitchen without knocking, and threw down the hare as she went, brushing unceremoniously past Bell in her haste to reach the study. Here

she paused for an instant to knock, and presented herself before the astonished eyes of Mr Morton, who was reposing in his arm-chair with his feet upon the mantelpiece, and a copy of 'Robert Elsmere' in his hand.

"I brought back thon cutty," said Helen, with breathless abruptness. "My gude-mither's no' for it. She winna hear tell o' siccan a beast—it's no canny—she winna hae't in ower her door. An' she bade me say ye maun come yersel', or e'er the muckle de'il gets a grip o' her."

"But—but this is intolerable!" cried Mr Morton, starting to his feet, and rubbing his hair in his nervous irritation until it bristled over his head in somewhat unclerical fashion. "I—I can't have these interruptions. Hang it, I—I don't allow females in my study—using that sort of language too!"

"I mean nae offence," returned Helen, sullenly, hanging her head a little, but not retreating. "I speak the words my gude-mither has pitten i' my mooth. And, 'deed, I canna bide, or she'll be doin' hersel' or the bairns a mischief. Are ye no comin', then?"

"To-night? certainly not," said Mr Morton, recovering some of his dignity as he saw a prospect of getting rid of his visitor.

"If your relative is worse, I will come to-morrow—that is, if I can make it convenient."

Helen paused to find words with which to urge her request. She was habitually silent, more from indolence perhaps than modesty, but when her feelings were once stirred, she could speak strongly and to the point.

"The auld wife is deein'," she said. "She'll be awa', I doubt, gin the morn come, an' wha kens whaur she'll be syne? I hae little

gudewill to her—mony's the ill word she's gien me an' gien the bairns, but I'm no sae keen as some folk to see her gang to the pit afore my very e'en. She cries out about the flames o' hell—I wish ye heard her!"

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"She's mair quieter-like," she said in answer to his question; "she's sleepin' e'enow. She has an awfu' strength; she'll maybe last twa-three days yet." And with a sigh which Helen did not attempt to disguise, she turned to her household duties.

Mr Morton sat in the arm-chair and watched the sleeper, half-relieved to find he was still in time, and half irritated; for, after all, no one seemed to want him. The clock on the wall, with its quaint china face and weights hanging from long chains, ticked on aggressively, and sometimes gave a loud click, as if vainly attempting to strike the hour. The hens scraped and made querulous clucking murmurs under his chair; the cats on the hearth-rug awoke one by one and stretched themselves, and still the minister sat on. The foul air of the cottage oppressed his senses unconsciously, and he felt no inclination to stir. At last Helen set down her broom, and having unpinned her gown and twisted up her hair, she bent over the bed and listened.

"Na, she'll no dee yet," she said shortly, in answer to Mr Morton's look.

"Dee?" The old woman's shrill voice rang through the room, startling them both. "Hoo can I dee wi' siccan a wecht on my mind?" She sat up and stretched out her hands as if to push something away from her. "Siccan a wecht!" she repeated.

The minister bent over her compassionately. "If you have a burden on your mind," he said, "better confess it; it would relieve you. Tell me what you have done," he said again, raising his voice a little; but Tibbie continued silent.

"Is she so weak?" he said to Helen. "Can you not rouse her?"

Helen shook up the pillow and touched her on the shoulder. Tibbie moaned a little, and murmured something. They stooped to hear what it was.

"He's putten the fear o' deith on me," she said faintly, with trembling lips.

"Who?" But the old woman only gazed with terrified eyes into a dark corner of the room.

"She aye thinks she sees him," said Helen.

"You do not pretend to tell me," said Mr Morton, "that Satan ever appeared to you in bodily form?" He made an effort to speak severely, for it was not fitting that he should have his nerves shaken by old women, and Tibbie seemed somewhat cowed by his indignant tone.

"Eh me, I dinna ken," she moaned, "but oh! I never hae an ache or an ail but I think I see the tail o' him—waes me that I gae him the power!"

"Did you give him a writing signed with your own blood?" inquired Mr Morton suddenly, prompted by the recollection of the tales he had been reading the night before. He said it almost involuntarily; the words sounded so strange to himself that they made his heart beat. Tibbie raised herself on her elbow, and even the apathetic Helen looked at him in surprise.

"Na," said Tibbie, looking full at him at last. "What gars ye speir that at me?"

"If you did not," said Mr Morton, "the devil has no power over you whatever." And flushing all over with excitement—for he felt that he risked everything by this desperate statement, made in a moment of temptation—or was it inspiration?—he proceeded to relate the history of a young man who, in selling himself to the Evil

One, had unfortunately bound himself by the condition above mentioned, and how, though he got free in the end, it cost a great deal of trouble, and the prayers of many pious ministers, to rescue the document, without which the devil was powerless to claim his victim. Tibbie listened with great attention and reviving hope.

"Is this the truth ye're telling me?" she asked, after considering a little.

"It is all printed in a book, which I have at the manse," he answered readily, for he had expected the question.

"Aweel, gin that be sae," said Tibbie as if to herself, "I'll maybe win free yet. I'm sure enough he never socht nae writin'."

"I marvel at that," observed Helen.

"Ye're aye marvellin', ye gowk! He kent fine he wouldna hae gotten it. I'm no sae simple as yon lad. But *he* would hae gotten back the writin', an' a',"—and Tibbie's black eyes now dwelt upon Mr Morton with an infinite confidence which touched him, while his conscience began to prick him for the deception he had put upon her. However, surely in this case, he thought, the end justified the means. He would now hear Tibbie's story, which he was curious to do, and in the course of it he would impart such religious instruction as could not fail to be profitable to his penitent.

"And now," said he with an air of command which he had not ventured to assume before, "I think it would be only right for you to make a full confession to me of all that you have done."

"Ay, lad!" said Tibbie, drily. "An' what way would I do that?"

"Because it would do you good," replied Mr Morton, with impatience. "It would relieve your mind, surely?"

"No' a grain," said Tibbie. "I've no' dune muckle ill, an' I'm sair wearied." She sighed, letting her head drop on the pillow. After a while she laughed softly to herself. "I'm that prood to think he canna get a grip o' me," she murmured, but so low that they could hardly catch the words.

"She'll sleep easier now," said Helen; and they both sat silent, listening to the long-drawn breaths. They grew fainter, and Helen rose and bent over the sleeper. By-and-by she turned to the minister, an awe-struck look upon her face. "I doubt," she said, "that she's e'en slippet awa!"

"Gone?" cried Mr Morton, pale and agitated. "It cannot be! She must not die yet! I—I have deceived her! I had much to instruct her in—to explain——"

But Helen held up her hand—something in her look made him stop short. "She'll ken it a' yonder," she said.

AN OLD "SEVENTY-FOUR" FRIGATE.

AN yes, my friend, I am nothing now
But a battered old Seventy-Four—
No Youth at the helm, and Hope at the prow,
As once in the days of yore;—
In the gallant old days, now gone, now dead,
When I was so young, strong, free,
With my sails all spread and my flag at my head
Ready to brave any sea,
Any storm, any danger, if only it led
To Glory and Victory.

Ah, those were the glorious days of old
That I never again shall know!—
Dear days, that were once so glad and bold
In the young, brave long ago,—
When the winds were my playmates, the sea my bride,
And over the billows in joy and pride
Unfearing I used to ride;—
Dear days, that are now so dead and cold,
For which Time's funeral bells have tolled
Their dirges of sorrow and woe.

I am nothing now but a shattered old hulk
With not even a sail or mast,
Laid up in the dock to rot and to sulk,
And to brag of the days that are past.
There is only one gun, an old cracked one,
That is left me here on my deck,
From which hot shot in the days that are not
I fired from this shattered old wreck.
Despoiled and bereft, and with nothing left,
I am kept here, who knows why,
Save to tell the old tales till my memory fails
Of the glorious days gone by,—
Of the battles I fought, of the din of war,
Of the times of peace, of the voyages far
Into many a sea and clime
That I made in the good, old, well-rigged time,
When life was without a care,
And I, in my strength and prime.
Now, far away to the tropic isles,
Where the love-birds of Paradise flash through the air,
And the year's long summer sleeps lingering there,
And the deep blue heaven smiles,—
Now, to the North where the icebergs high
Topple all flashing against the sky,
Or into the seas at their bases lashing,
Splitting, fall with a sudden crashing,
And the white gulls startled fly.

Ah then, on the world how gladly I went,
With a craving of wild unrest;
No doubt, no question my spirit oppressed,
But on, with my sails all trimmed and bent,
Joyous I sailed, and this wretched old hull
Was ready to lie in the tropic's lull,
When the winds were all asleep,
Or the tempest and storm unfearing to breast
When they roused their revel to keep.

You may laugh if you choose, and scorn and abuse
Those good old sailing days—
You may boast of your steam and your wheels and your screws,
And all your new-fangled ways;
But for beauty and grace you must take second place,
However your use you praise.
Ah yes! for a braver and gallanter sight
On the ocean you never will find
Than an old three-master, its canvas white
All rounded out to the wind,—
Not hammering, panting along the sea
With a ceaseless splashing and noise,
But almost flying, bending, careening,
Now up erect, now sideways leaning,
With an ever-shifting poise.
Ah, that was sailing! ah, that was living!
How we went in those days! how we went!
The winds from heaven their impulse giving,
And we joying in what they sent!
How we played with the storm and laughed with the tempest,
As under their pressure we bent,
The wild seas leaping, and rushing, and sweeping
Over our decks and sides;
Our sharp prow lifting high up, and cleaving
The dark blue billows before it heaving,
As over them bravely it rides;
Or downward stooping and into them swooping,
As greenly they yawned beneath,
Into their deep black caverns scooping,
With a foam-bone in its teeth,—
While above, at the mast-head flying free,
And playing with the wind,
Streamed the good old flag, and after us sweeping
Came the following gulls, their orb'd wings dipping
In the foam-fringed edge of the billows upleaping
In the rustling wake behind.

How we used to speed o'er the summer seas
With hearts so happy and light,—
Our full sails strained by the steady breeze,
And scarcely a cloud in sight!
All the long fresh day how we sped away,

With never a dream of care—
All the moonlight night, so clear and bright,
With its few large stars and rare!
Singing and laughing, and jesting and chaffing,
Not knowing how happy we were!
Ah! then we lived, we lived, my boy!
Life was not then a remembered joy;
But we lived in the Present, and wide-eyed Hope
Had the key of the Future, and promised to ope
New Joys in the Life before.
And we panted for more and more,
Never content, though we wildly spent
Of the Present's abundant store,
Scarcely knowing how happy Life was, as it went,
Till the voyage of Youth was o'er;—
For 'tis only at last, looking back at the Past
And its dear sweet long-ago,
With its careless joys, and its brief annoys,
How happy we were we know!

Now!—ah now!—but 'tis useless to sigh
For the dear old days gone utterly by,—
The glad old time of my strength and prime,
That only in dreams I see,—
As afar they sleep in the distance deep
Of my fading memory.
Here all alone, life's voyages done,
Its banners and sails and masts cut down,
Everything but the old timbers gone,
Useless and hopeless I lie
In the narrow dead dock of Age,—
And silently wait till the fiat of Fate
Turn over Life's last sad page,
Open wide with its key this prison gate
And set me free from this cage;
And I hear the stern cry sounding low but clear—
Break up the old hulk, throw its fragments away!
'Twas a good old ship, perhaps, as you say,
But 'tis useless now, it has had its day,
It only encumbers us here!

But even here, when the guns on the shore
Peal out, I can feel the old battle's roar
Sounding again, that I never more,
While life remains, shall forget,
When out on the sea the enemy
In my fighting trim I met!
Ah! my old hulk, each shotted gun
Then pealed in a thundering unison,
And I seem to hear them yet,—
Flashing and crashing, the balls come dashing
On their savage errand of death

Through sails, yard, mast, coming thundering past
And sweeping the decks beneath.
Ah! the wild shrill cries, and the agonies
Of the wounded—the decks all red
With the blood of the dying and dead!
The living all firing and loading—
The guns in flashes exploding—
And the fierce wild courage and cry
As the balls told sternly their terrible tale,
Sweeping the decks with their iron hail,
Tearing through masts and yard and sail,
As they crashed relentlessly by;
Till after what seemed like months had passed,
Though they were but moments—at last—at last
The enemy's flag was struck from the mast,
To our wild cry—Victory!

Ah! my friend, what am I, that am bragging so
Of the time that is dead and gone?
What am I now—from stern to prow,
But a wretched old hulk, razed, cut down,
With not even one old cracked gun?—
That never again will feel the strain
Of the wind in my swelling sails,—
Never freely careening, and swinging, and leaning,
Speed over the bounding main.
Never!—ah, never again!

Even now while I tell these old-world tales,
Though you listen with deference due
To age, old age,—there's a hidden smile
Lurks under that deference all the while,
And a smile of pity too.
Still, while I am telling, my heart keeps swelling
With thoughts of the days I knew,
Till I almost seem to feel those gales
Blowing again in my swelling sails,
As once they used to do.

But pardon!—pardon!—I'll say no more;
I'm a poor old hulk, and the days of yore,
With all their gladness and reckless madness,
For me are utterly o'er!
And perhaps even you, if you're honest and true,
Will confess that this prattle of voyage and battle
Is simply a tedious bore,
Or at best must seem like the idle dream
Of a bragging old "Seventy-Four."

W. W. STORY.

THE PRETENDER AT BAR-LE-DUC.

"THE Pretender Charles Edward resided here three years in a house which is still pointed out." So you may read in "Murray," under the head of "Bar-le-Duc." The information is, as it happens, not altogether accurate. For, in the first place, the "Pretender" who "resided" at Bar was not "Charles Edward" at all. In the second, so little is "the house still pointed out" that, on my first visit to Bar, in August 1890, I could actually not find a soul to give me even the vaguest information as to its whereabouts. "*Cela doit être dans la Haute Ville*"—"Cela doit être dans la Basse Ville"—"*Eh bien, moi je n'en sais rien.*" Why should they know about the Pretender? There were no thanks, surely, due to him. While in the town, he had given himself intolerable airs, had put the town to no end of expense and all manner of trouble, and in the end had slunk away without so much as a word of thanks or of farewell, leaving a heavy score of debts to be paid—and, up in a neat cottage on the brow of the picturesque hill, for which some one else had to pay the rent, one pretty little Barisienne disconsolate, betrayed, disgraced. There was, in fact, but one man belonging to the town who had taken the trouble to trace the house from the description given in the local archives—M. Vladimir Konarski—and he was away on his holiday. There was nothing, then, for me to do but to go home with an empty note-book, *quoad* Bar, and return in 1891 to resume my inquiry.

Even to us Englishmen the first Pretender is not a particularly attractive personage. But he is a

historical character. And about his doings at Bar thus far very little has been made known. With the help of M. Konarski's notes, of the local and other archives, freely placed at my disposal (including those of the Foreign Office on the Quay d'Orsay), I have managed to gather together sufficient historical crumbs to make up a fairly substantial loaf—all the information on the subject, I suppose, that is to be got. And, at any rate as a secondary side-chapter to our national history at an important epoch, perhaps the account which, within the limits of a magazine article, I shall be able to give, may prove of passing interest to more besides those staunch surviving Jacobites who still from time to time "play at treason" in out-of-the-way places.

What sent the Pretender to Bar every schoolboy knows. We had fought with France and were, in 1713, about to conclude peace. Our Court had, as a Stuart MS. in Paris puts it, showed itself extremely "*chatouilleuse et susceptible*" with respect to the countenance given to James. Louis XIV., we were aware, had expressed his desire to render to the Pretender's family "*de plus grands et plus heureux services*" than he had yet been able to give. And so, very naturally, before engaging to suspend hostilities, we insisted that James should be turned out of France. Once we were about it, we might as well have asked a little more, and pressed for his removal to a farther distance. The Hanoverian Court was anxious to see him in papistical Italy—best of all, at Rome. That would, M. de Robethon avows, do for him en-

tirely at home. However, in 1713 we took a different view, and, as Lorraine lay particularly handy and convenient, from the French point of view, being near, and, though nominally an independent duchy, entirely under the French thumb, to Lorraine James was sent. There was some talk of his going to Nancy. He himself did not at first fancy Bar-le-Duc. He feared that he might find it slow. The French king believed that in a big town like Nancy he would be safer. However, in the end Bar was decided upon; and, allowing for the interruptions caused by very frequent, and often prolonged, visits to Lunéville, to Commercy, and to Nancy—as well as to Plombières, and one or two sly expeditions to Paris and St Germain—in the interesting and picturesque little capital of the Barrois did the Chevalier remain, hatching schemes, writing despatches to the Pope, *quâ* king, moreover making love to his nameless fair one, and beguiling the time with the games of the period, until the *Fata Morgana* of rather hoped-for than anticipated success lured him on that unhappy expedition into Scotland.

James tries to make a serious hardship of his "exile" at Bar. But he might, without much trouble, have fixed upon a very much worse place. If roads were bad, and if the surrounding woods swarmed with brigands, whom special *chasse-coquins* were retained to keep in awe, that was a disqualification common to all Lorraine—the after-effect of French ravages and French occupation. Leave that out of account, and Bar must have been attractive enough.

Its situation is remarkably picturesque. The castle-hill rises up steeply, all but isolated from the surrounding heights, above the smiling valley of the Ornain, with delightfully green and tempting side-valleys curling around it, as natural fosses, on either side. In James's day the hill was still crowned with the old historic castle, built in the tenth century—the castle in which Mary Queen of Scots, bright with youthful beauty, and radiant with happiness, delighted with her cheering presence the gay Court of her cousin and playmate, Charles III., fresh to his coronet, as she was to the crown which decked her head; for she was then newly married to Francis II., newly crowned Queen of France at Rheims. The daughter of Marie de Lorraine, brought up in Lorraine Condé, she reckoned herself a Lorraine princess, and as a Lorraine princess the Lorraines have ever regarded, and idolised, her. To the memory of this unhappy queen, round which time had gathered a bright halo of romance, not least was due that hearty welcome which the Lorraines readily extended to her exiled kinsman. Most picturesque must the castle have been in olden days, when those seventeen medieval towers (removed by order of Louis XIV. in 1670) still stood round about it like sturdy sentries, each laden with historic memories. Even now the view of the hill is pleasing enough—with its winding roads, its steep steps, its antique clock-tower, its terraced gardens and rambling lanes, the quaint church of St Peter¹ topping the southern summit with its tower

¹ The church encloses, in addition to one of the "true" pebbles with which was stoned, says M. Bellot-Herment, the chronicler of Bar, "*St Etienne, curé de Gamaliel, bourg du diocèse de Jerusalem*," that boldly original sculpture from the

flattened to resist the wind, with those delightfully green and shady Pâquis just beyond, densely wooded with trees—the Pâquis which, with their *paslemaile*, formed the favourite resort of James while at Bar, and in the shady seclusion of which he spun his web of deceiving flattery round the guileless heart of the girl whom he betrayed. Only to please him, we read in the archives, it was that the town council put up benches in that shade, which cost the town nine livres.

At James's time Bar-le-Duc, though declining, was still a rather considerable provincial capital, the *chef-lieu* of the largest *bailliage* in Lorraine. And in that little "West End" of the *Haute Ville*, where a cluster of Louis-Quatorze houses still stand in decayed grandeur, to recall past fashionableness, the nobility of the little Barrois, locally always a powerful and influential body,—the Bassompierres, the Haraucourts, the Lenoncourts, the Stainvilles, the Romécourts,—had their town-houses; and there also dwelt the pick of the bureaucracy, all ready to pay their court to the Stuart "king," to whom even the French envoy reckoned it "an honour" to be introduced.

Lorraine was at the time slowly but steadily recovering from the havoc wrought upon it by French and Swedes, Croats and Germans, *Cravates* (local brigands) and Champenois peasants, and all that "omnium bipedum sceleratissima colluvies," which had again and again overrun the duchy, robbing, burning, pillaging. Leopold, restored by the Treaty of Ryswick to

his duchy—in which, as duke, his father had never set foot—had been on the throne getting on for sixteen years. And what with the excellent counsels of that best of Chancellors, Irish Earl Carlingford, and his own intuitive wisdom and enlightened and paternal despotism, Lorraine was becoming populous and prosperous, happy and contented, once more. Leopold earned himself a name for a shrewd and prudent ruler. His brother-in-law, Philip of Orleans (the Regent), said of him, that of all rulers of Europe he did not know one who was his superior "*en expérience, en sagesse, et en politique.*" And Voltaire has immortalised his virtues by saying: "*Il est à souhaiter que la dernière postérité apprenne qu'un des plus petits souverains de l'Europe a été celui qui fit le plus de bien à son peuple.*" In fact, he was the very ruler whom Lorraine at that juncture wanted. "*Je quitterais demain ma souveraineté si je ne pouvais faire du bien,*" he said. Under his father, that brilliant general, Charles V., he had given proof of his pluck and prowess at Temeswar, of his military ability before Ebersburg. But in Lorraine, he knew, the one thing needful was peace. And with a dogged determination which was bound to overcome all difficulties, though the stars in their courses seemed to be fighting against him, that peace he managed to preserve, in the midst of a raging sea of war all round, which had drawn all neighbouring countries into its whirl. He did it—it is worth recording, because it materially affected James's position at his

chisel of the great Lorraine artist, Ligier Richier, whom we so undeservedly ignore, the famous "*Squelette*," the mere name of which frightened Dibdin away, as he himself relates. Durival terms this sculpture "*une affreuse beauté*"—but "*beauté*" it undoubtedly is.

Court—by as adroit balancing between the two great belligerent Powers of the Continent as ever diplomatist managed to achieve. Born and bred in Austria, allied to the Imperial family by the closest ties of blood—his mother was an archduchess—trained in Austrian etiquette, an officer in the Austrian army, beholden to Austria for many past favours, and keenly alive to the fact that for any favours which might yet be to come he must look exclusively to the Court of Vienna, in his leanings and prepossessions he was entirely Austrian. But under his father and great-uncle history had taught his country the severe lesson that without observing the best, though they be the most obsequious, relations towards France, at whose mercy the country lay, no independent Lorraine was at all possible. Accordingly, almost Leopold's very first act as Duke was to send M. de Couvange to Paris, to solicit on his behalf the hand of "Mademoiselle," the Princess of Orleans. Her hand was gladly accorded. There was a tradition—with a very obvious object—at Paris in favour of Lorraine marriages. This was the thirty-third, and there remained a thirty-fourth to conclude, the ill-starred marriage of Marie Antoinette. King James II. and his Queen attended the wedding at Fontainebleau, and Elizabeth Charlotte became one of the best of wives, and best and most popular of Lorraine duchesses, bearing her husband no less than fourteen children. Balancing between Austria and France, maintaining his private relations with the one, giving way in everything to the other, was Leopold's prudent maxim throughout his reign. So long as he adhered to that, he felt safe. Whenever he departed from

it, he found himself getting into mischief.

Leopold has been much abused by our writers and politicians, as if he had been a deliberate anti-English plotter and Jacobite accomplice. It is but fair to him to explain why he afforded the Stuart prince such liberal hospitality. The real fact is, that he could not help himself. He was bound to. France demanded it, and he *could not* refuse—nor yet refuse to make his hospitality generous and lavish. There was the additional attraction, indeed, of a show of importance, of a little implication in diplomatic negotiations and playing a part in European high politics, which to Leopold must have been strongly seductive. A good deal is also said about denominational motives, which must have helped Leopold both with the Curia and with the Imperial Court, with both of whom he was anxious to stand well. The Pope—it is true, under pressure from James—subsequently thanked Leopold in a special brief, "*ample et bien exprimé*," for the proof of attachment which he had rendered to the Church by his reception of the banished prince, the emblem to all Europe of the Church of Rome under persecution. Leopold was an exceptionally devout Roman Catholic. He heard mass religiously every day, spent an hour in prayer after dinner, and "adored the Sacrament" every evening. He had revived Charles III.'s stringent provisions against Protestants, interdicting all public worship and, in theory at any rate, declaring Protestantism a crime deserving of hanging. In his excessive zeal he would not even allow the Cistercian monks of Beaupré to retain in their service a Protestant shepherd, though they pleaded hard that

he was the best shepherd whom they had ever had. So zealous a believer was of course a man after the very heart of the widow and son of that "*fort bon homme*," as Archbishop Le Tellier scoffingly termed James II., who had "sacrificed three kingdoms for a mass." To himself, on the other hand, it seemed something of a sacred act to open his house to the "Woman persecuted by the dragon." But all this was but as dust in the balance by the side of the compelling necessity of French dictation, doubly compelling at that particular period. For Leopold had been playing his own game of late. Things had gone against France in the field, and he had put his money on the other horse. He was always after a fashion a gambling and speculative ruler, willing to stake almost his very existence on the *roulette* of high politics. At that moment he was flattering himself with hopes that the Congress of Utrecht would do something for him. Both Austria and England had privately promised—at least some of their statesmen had—that he was to have a seat at the Congress table. That would add immensely to his dignity and prestige. Then he was to have a slice of the Low Countries. To ensure this result, he was "casting his bread upon the waters" with a vengeance—spending money wholesale, bribing English, and Dutch, and Austrian statesmen with the most profuse generosity—more particularly Marlborough, in whom he appears to have retained a belief throughout, who most faithlessly "sold" him, and who cost him a fortune. At the time in question our great general had been favoured with a fresh mark of favour from Leopold—a magnificent *carrosse*, horsed with six splendid dapple-greys

(Leopold was a great horse-fancier) hung with most costly trappings. All this—which proved in the event to have been entirely thrown away—very naturally gave umbrage to France. And Louis XIV. had not missed his opportunity of letting Leopold know that a score was being marked up against him. Therefore when Louis said, Receive James, Leopold had no choice but to receive him. His letters and despatches make this perfectly clear. There is a good deal of talk about the Chevalier's "estimable qualities," how the Duke and Duchess admire him, how happy they are that he has not gone to Aix-la-Chapelle. And no doubt Leopold proved a very valuable friend to the exile. But every now and then, through all this polite buncombe, out comes the frank admission that all is done "to please the king." And we know how promptly and unhesitatingly Leopold's hospitality was withdrawn, once French pressure ceased, in 1716. To ourselves, by receiving an exiled Pretender into his neutral realm, as we have received many such, Leopold never dreamt that he was giving cause for legitimate umbrage.

And, to be fair, he never appears to have afforded to James the slightest encouragement for a forcible assertion of his claims. His counsel was all the other way. It was the French, it was the Chevalier's own followers at home, it was Roman Cardinal Gualterio, who countenanced, and occasionally urged, warlike measures. Cardinal Gualterio, more in particular, prodded the Catholic prince considerably, in the interest of his Church, arguing that "*il falloit hazarder quelque chose et même affronter le sort, ce qui ne se fait pas sans risque.*" Leopold, on the

other hand, was all dissuasion. He wanted James to keep near England, in order to be handy in the event of his being recalled—which he seems to have thought a likely contingency. When James began to talk of armaments and invasions, Leopold dwelt upon the difficulties, the all-but-hopelessness of such a move. When, in June 1714, shortly before Queen Anne's death, James wrote from Plombières that he *must* go into England, since he learnt that his rival, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, had gone there, Leopold, who was admirably informed from Hanover, through his brother, the Elector-Archbishop of Trèves, sent a message back post-haste with the trustworthy tidings that George was neither gone nor going. The reasons which led George's father to forbid his visit read a little strange at the present day. In the first place, there was that Hanoverian economy—which, it is true, was ostensibly disclaimed. In the second, the Prince was not to be received in England as heir-presumptive—so that he would not really better his chances by going. Moreover, the Elector, "*connoissant l'humeur brusque et fort emportée de son fils, apprehendoit beaucoup qu'il ne se rendit odieux aux anglais.*" Lastly, and mainly, he was afraid of dropping between two stools, if he were to stake his son's chances too decidedly on the English succession. It was quite on the cards, he thought, that "*par un effet des résolutions que l'inconstance de la nation y a rendues si ordinaire,*" the British nation would chase its next sovereign as it had chased its last-but-one. And then, where would his son be? For if his son went to England, it was much to be feared that his brother, who had been not quite rightfully excluded from the succession,

might make good his claim to Hanover. And there would George be, out in the cold! So his father was resolved to play a waiting game.

The first difficulty which James found himself confronted with, and which Leopold had to overcome for him, was the procuring of a passport. Such credential was at the time absolutely indispensable, for Europe was swarming with bad characters, and even in carefully locked and watched Bar-le-Duc, Leopold advises King Louis that, with "a fourth company of his regiment of guards" added to the local force, besides twenty-five *chevaux-legers* and twenty-five *gardes-du-corps* to act as escort, he can answer for the Pretender's safety only against attacking parties of not more than fifty or a hundred at the outside, which, he says, ought to be borne in mind, "*si armées ce mettoient en campagne.*" Queen Mary only expresses what every one felt when she says that it is to be apprehended "*que quelques méchant en se servissent de l'occasion pour faire un méchant coup.*" She accordingly begs the *commoté* of Chaillot to pray for "the king's" safety.

In 1714 the Emperor, who was the principal sovereign to be petitioned, would not make out a passport for James. In 1713 he raised no difficulty. Indeed, at Leopold's instance he was obliging enough to supplement his passport with a special letter of commendation very kindly worded. And he carefully avoided treading on corns either way by not naming James in the document—for all of which Leopold takes great credit. But it appears that plenty more potentates besides the Emperor had to be solicited. And the two Electors, of Hanover and of Brandenburg, were obdurate in their re-

fusal. It was a ticklish matter, for without their safe-conduct James might be attacked. If the safe-conduct were to be waited for, the Emperor would of a surety take offence, as if his own passport were judged insufficient. Leopold, being great on etiquette, took the last-named to be the greater danger, and advised running the risk—more particularly since he had been advised by his envoy in London, Baron Förstner, that Queen Anne had privately granted what amounted to a passport to her brother for going into Lorraine. That was taken to settle the matter, and James put himself *en route*.

It was on the 22d of February 1713 that he reached Bar, closely guarded and travelling *incognito*, on which account an official reception in Bar was out of the question, though the French artillery at Toul had fired a salute. The council were under strict injunctions to omit nothing which might conduce to their visitor's safety, or minister to his comfort, or that was conventionally due to a crowned head. Accordingly, we find them in their next sitting, on the 25th February, passing a whole string of votes and resolutions having reference to his arrival and his safety in the town. The police and *chasse-coquins* are forthwith put on the alert, sentries are placed at all corners, and to accommodate them a whole number of new sentry-boxes are put up. The authorities are directed to question every stranger coming into the town carefully, and if there should appear to be anything suspicious about any one, rigorously to detain him and report the case at once by express courier to Lunéville. Iron *grilles* are put up. All the postern-gates are walled up, so is one of the

principal gates, and so is—in spite of sanitary considerations—a main sewer passing through the wall. Soldiers were a good deal less squeamish in those days than they are now, and sewers had served for many a surprise in the Thirty Years' War. The remaining ten gates are to be carefully watched, and never opened before 5 A.M., nor left open after 8 P.M. Billets are issued for the overflow of James's suite, which appears to have been numerous, and stable-room is bespoken for his horses. James evidently was an inconvenient visitor to house. For he would have all his large apparatus of Court and Household close to him—chamberlains, kitchen, kennel, and all. Miss Strickland praises his habitual economy. His doings in Lorraine do not bear out that praise. From the Nairne MSS. in the British Museum (which give a full list) we know that in 1709 and 1710 his household included above 120 persons, from the secretaries down to the grooms' helper, drawing salaries of from 12 to 675 livres *per mensem*. There was the Comptroller, Mr Bous, who retailed the anecdotes of the Court to Lady Middleton; a clerk of the green cloth, a yeoman baker, a yeoman confectioner, a yeoman of the chaundry, Jeremiah Browne, "Esq.," master cook, a water-carrier, and a scourer. There are yeomen's scullery assistants, confessors and chaplains, a doctor, a "chirurgien," and an apothecary, a "riding purveyor" and a "chaiseman," "Lady Maclane, laundress," pursuivants, and necessary women—all that belongs to a royal household. And the whole establishment cost "19,412 lstrs *per mensem*." All these people did not go to Bar, but a good many did. And there were a crowd more, for

whom the town had to provide. For we read in the Macpherson Papers that all "Peacock's family"—i.e., all Protestant refugees who had been at "Stanley," i.e., at St Germain—had followed the Chevalier to Bar. There was not one of them left. So writes the Queen. And the Duke states quite independently of this, that the Chevalier is surrounded with Protestant exiles. Altogether James's Court ran up a goodly bill, which it was disappointing to the town afterwards to find that, though incurred by express order of the Duke, the burgesses were expected to meet out of their own funds. To enable them to do so, Leopold allowed the council to appropriate the *deniers* of the *Octroi* to their involuntary hospitality.

The more or less Protestant colouring given to the refugee establishment was scarcely palatable to the very orthodox population of Bar. But James was playing, not to the Bar pit, but to the English gallery. "Downs or Leslie should at once go there," we have O'Rourke writing to Middleton early in 1713. Leslie did go soon after, and the Chevalier, as his advocates take credit, prevailed upon the Duke to relax his rigid rule in one instance, and allow Protestant service in an upper room in James's house. That was in the "Rue Nève." The upper room, which, we read, was just over James's own apartment, cannot have been large. So it is to be feared that the service was not over well attended. But it was enough to save appearances, and to give the Jacobites of England a shadow of reason for declaring, as they did, that James really was a Protestant. James himself spoke very differently. "He would rather abandon all than act against

his conscience and his honour." He protested over and over again that "all the crowns in the world would not make him change his religion."

Thanks to King Louis' perpetual ordering and countermanding, when James got to Bar the château was bare and uninhabitable, and for a few days the Pretender had to be content with the same rather humble house which he was destined subsequently to occupy for a considerable time, in the "Rue des Tanneurs"—Number 22, Rue Nève, it is now—a plain, square, three-storeyed building (counting the upper range of rooms, which is very low, as a storey). This is described as at the time "the principal house" in the town, the property of one of the most distinguished residents, Councillor of State M. Marchal. It has eight windows frontage, facing severally the Rue Nève and the Rue des Pressoirs, and abutting width-ways on the very narrow passage Rue St Antoine. A few days later, however, we find the Chevalier safely established in the château, and there on the 9th of March he receives the Duke of Lorraine and his brother François, Abbé of Stavelot, with an amount of circumstance and scrupulous weighing of precedences which is described with rather amusing minuteness in the 'Gazette de France.' Not to hurt James's feelings—to whom royal honours could not be openly shown out of consideration for Queen Anne—Leopold ordered that he himself should not be received with the usual ceremonial, troops under arms, and councillors presenting addresses. But the Lorraines are a devotedly loyal population. They would not be forbidden. The whole population of the town and its surroundings

crowded into the streets to receive the ruler of the land with shouts of welcome. James being the resident, played the host at Bar. There was a dinner, a supper, and a long private talk in the château, with the result, we read, that the two princes at once became fast friends. James, we know, though wanting in most of the qualities which are regarded as specifically manly, was a good-looking and agreeable fellow enough. As for Leopold, with his experience of Courts, and his kind and considerate disposition, he could not very well prove otherwise than a pleasant companion and a kind patron.

The striking difference very apparent in the characters of host and guest may have helped to draw them together all the more closely. James was in his ordinary mood anything but mirthful. References to him are frequent in the correspondence as being "terribly sad," or else "very pensive, which is his ordinary humour," "*très sérieux et réservé*," so much so that "*rien ne l'auoit pû tirer de la profonde mélancolie ou il étoit*," and so on. Yet he could be merry, too, and more in particular he loved a dance. At one ball, given in the Palace at Lunéville, we read that he managed particularly to ingratiate himself with the ladies who were past their first bloom, by an undoubtedly chivalrous attention. They wanted badly to dance, but dared not, while the Duchess was sitting. And the Duchess considered herself too much of a matron to foot it with the young ones. James, however, made her. He would take no refusal. The dead room became reanimated once more, and many an aging heart in its night-thoughts blessed the gallant *présentant*.

Reporting himself after his visit to Bar, as in duty bound, to King

Louis, Leopold declares himself "*charmé de l'esprit, de la sagesse, de la douceur et des manières gracieuses de M. le Chevalier de Saint Georges*." The 'Journal de Verdun,' drawing its information, of course, from official sources, announces that after their first encounter the two princes "*se séparèrent extrêmement satisfaits l'un de l'autre*," in "*parfaite amitié bien cimentée*." Of James it will have it that he is "*d'un caractère si doux, si affable, et si populaire, qu'il s'est bientôt acquis, de tout ceux qui ont eu l'honneur de la voir, le respect et la vénération dus à sa vertu et à sa naissance*."

Leopold gone, the time passed, on the whole, quietly at Bar. There were occasional frights, when some suspicious stranger had been seized. On another occasion there is some talk of a "poisoned letter," sent in an ingenious fashion. To Louis, we find, the Duke appeared a little too forward in warning James of these dangers, as if he wanted to frighten his guest into quitting Lorraine. To vary the little episodes, there was the famous *coëquire*, who so much amused Queen Mary Beatrice's companions with his odd manners and his "thou"-ing. The spirit had moved him, as we know, to inform James that he was to rule over England, in which country there were plenty of well-wishers to support him. Were money wanted, he said that his friends would readily combine to raise some millions. They did not, welcome as the money would have been to James, whom we find continually complaining of want of funds. In the cipher despatches the common burden is, that "Mr Parton" will not "deliver the goods." There is another prophetic person to encourage the Chevalier, a nun of the "Monas-

tère de Sainte Marie del Roma," near Montevallo, accredited by her superior, who writes to the Marquis Spada that her prophecies have never failed to come true. If he escapes the many traps set for him in 1715, says the nun, James will certainly become King of England. Occasionally also there are little tiffs between English visitors and Barisien residents. What English, Scotch, and Irish there were there, we do not know for certain, but there were a goodly number, and not all of the best manners. Noel, who is a good historian on Lorraine things, but a little at fault on English, will have it that among these people was "*Lord Chatham, qui devint plus tard si célèbre.*" Occasionally there was a visitor coming on the sly with news—such as the Duke of Berwick, whose visits were at one time frequent—or, towards the end of the sojourn, the banished Lord Bolingbroke, and "*Le Comte de Peterborough*" travelling under the pseudonym of "*Schmit.*" Marlborough did not come himself, but he sent an aide-de-camp on a confidential mission to Lunéville, overflowing with pleasant words, and through him he begged particularly to be well and promptly advised on the Chevalier's movements, since "*Le salut d'Angleterre*" might depend upon this. The Duke of Lorraine was not particularly impressed with James's followers, especially after Lord Middleton was gone. "*Ce ne sont que des gens d'un caractère fort médiocre,*" he writes. They talk about things which affect their chief with the utmost freedom. In Mr Higsons, who had succeeded Lord Middleton, he could discern no merit whatever. As for Lord Middleton, he found him "*fort réservé et voulant dominer*

seul." He gives him credit for capacity and zeal, but censures him as being "*timide et irresolu.*" All the rest, he says, are "*de jeunes gens qui ne pouvoient souffrir ce Milord, et qui avoient eu l'imprudences de dire à Luneville qu'il étoit si fort hay en Angleterre que les plus zelez partisans de leur Maître avoient temoigné qu'ils ne feroient jamais rien pour ces interets tant qu'il l'auroit auprez de luy.*" All these men evidently have very little knowledge of what is going on at home, he says. There is no one in whose judgment the Pretender might repose any faith except it be the Earl of Oxford or Lord Bolingbroke.

On the whole, the Chevalier's life at Bar, though perhaps a little monotonous, can scarcely have been unpleasant. He made friends with the local *haute volée*, asking them to dinner, and being asked back—and borrowed money from them whenever he could. His especial friends were the Marquis de Basompierre, from whom he borrowed 15,000 livres, which the Duke repaid in 1719, and M. de Roussele. A good deal of time the Chevalier spent in his closet, with Nairne, or Higsons, or Middleton, concocting plans and dictating long memorials to the Pope, or else to Cardinal Gualterio, advocating the canonisation of Bellarmine, recommending *protégés* for places which they never got, and insisting on his right to nominate bishops to Irish sees, the names of which he could not spell. At off-times he played *reversi*, *boston*, and *ombre*, and occasionally *petit palet*, which is an aristocratic form of chuck-farthing. Then there was the pleasure of the chase, of which we know from Father Leslie that James was a tolerably keen votary. In Lorraine the diversion of *vénérerie* was held in

high estimation. From "*le haut puissant messire*" Jean de Ligniville's most amusing disquisitions on "*La Meutte et Vénerie*" we learn that the district about Bar was "*très boisé*" and well stocked with game of every description, which, local chroniclers say, James was frequently occupied in hunting. Lorraine and English hunting were not then as far apart in their general features as one might be tempted to assume. English kings had more than once sent presents of English hounds to Lorraine dukes—Charles III. received from James I. a present of eighty harriers at a time. And more than one Lorraine grandee came over to hunt and shoot here. Ligniville himself, the Duke's *Grand Veneur* (under Charles IV.), had frequently hunted in England, and expressed himself especially delighted with the sport in which he had joined in Yorkshire. On the whole, he appears to have considered English hounds superior to French—less eager at first, but with more stay in them—and he was proud of having received presents of some from the Prince of Wales of his time (Charles I.), from "*Milord de Hée*," and from "*Milord Howard*." But a cross between English and French hounds he seems to have regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of excellence. "*Puss*" was very much persecuted in the valley of the Meuse, furnishing by its exceptional swiftness and skill in swimming almost too good sport, "*contre montant l'eau tellement vite que les chiens ne le pouvoient pas aborder*." James's hunting sometimes led him into adventures, and on one occasion nearly saddled his host with a diplomatic difficulty. Riding hard, he once got to the little town of Ligny at nightfall, some eight miles from Bar. Ligny was

a vassal territory belonging, under the Duke of Lorraine, to Montmorency, Duke of Luxemburg. The Duke of Luxemburg, being a rather big vassal, was in consequence also a very troublesome one, and his own officers and the Lorraine Court were continually at loggerheads. To James, coming from Bar, with fifty Lorraine *gens d'armes*, besides his suite, the *maire* resolutely refused to open the gates, and furnish lodgings for the night, grounding his refusal upon a decision of the Parliament of Paris passed in the year 1661. The Lorraines were quite prepared for a siege and an assault. However, James deemed it better to leave things alone, and so the company rode half a mile farther, to a little village called Velaine, where they spent a most uncomfortable night. Soon we have Montmorency complaining to King Louis of the assumed "*nouvelles entreprises de M. le Duc de Lorraine sur mon comté de Ligny*." Leopold revenged himself by imprisoning about a dozen *maires* of the Ligny county, on the plea of their having failed to furnish the requisite waggons, and in the end bought Montmorency out with the sum of 2,600,000 francs.

All this, however, was not enough excitement for James. In one of his letters he plaintively calls Bar his "*Todis*"—by which of course he means "*Tomis*," "*Tomis*," as a matter of course, suggested—besides the *tristia*, of which we have plenty—the *ars amatoria*. And to it the Chevalier devoted not a few of his unoccupied hours. If local tradition speaks true, he differed very materially in his prosecution of this art from his father, of whom Catherine Sedley said that on what principle he selected the ladies of his heart

she could never make out. None of them were good-looking, and if any of them had wit he had not the wit to find it out. And Mary of Modena, his wife, added that although he was willing to give up his crown for his faith, he could never muster sufficient resolution to discard a mistress. His son was in both respects far more of a man of the world. It was in the green bosquets of those Pâquis, his favourite lounging-place, that James first discovered his human jewel. To house her suitably, he took—at somebody else's cost—a cottage on the brow of the hill, where the view is delightful and the air magnificent. You can still approximately trace the site, high up in the Rue de l'Horloge, above the Rue St Jean, a little below the neglected terrace in the Rue Chavée—which is well worth visiting for its prospect. As the house stood with its back to the hill and facing only the open space, there must have been absolute privacy. But, after moving down to the Lower Town, James found the ascent by those *Quatre-vingt Degrés* a trifle laborious. The steps lead almost straight up from his house to the cottage, describing just enough of an angle to take in the humble building, marked by a tablet, in which Marshal Oudinot was born. A more convenient arrangement could scarcely have been desired. But the steps were sadly "*sales et délabrés*." Not to inconvenience James in his amours, the town council readily voted the requisite sum for putting them into proper repair.

When September came on, James found the air on the castle-hill "*trop vif*." Although his mother generally reports that "*il se porte bien*," it is to be feared that his constitution was none of the strongest. We read in one of

D'Audriffet's despatches "*que sa santé étoit toujours fort délicate*." He has had a "*fluxion*" in the eye. He has "weak lungs." "He is evidently very poorly," writes D'Audriffet to Louis. He finds himself "*altéré par l'intempérie du tems*." He takes the waters of Plombières four times "for his health," and wants to take those of Aix-la-Chapelle. He talks of going to a warmer climate—Spain or Italy, or specifically Venice. But he can now obtain no fresh passport from the Emperor. Then he goes to have a look at Saint Mihiel, likewise in the Barrois, only a few miles from Kœurs, in which another Prince of Wales, young Edward, spent his young years of exile in company with his mother, Queen Margaret, from 1464 to 1471. But he does not like the idea of living in the Benedictine Abbey. So the Duke orders the town council to get ready once more M. Marchal's convenient house below, to which the Chevalier insists that a second house adjoining shall be added, belonging to M. de Romécourt, besides a portion of one belonging to M. Lepaige, with a kitchen specially built, and a "*garde-manger*," a new door, and sundry other conveniences, to say nothing of the hiring of further accommodation for his horses, his kennel, his *gens de vénerie*, his guards, some of his suite—all of whom and all of which he wants very near him, and all of which, consequently, costs the town a good deal of money. M. de Romécourt's house is a complete match to M. Marchal's, but smaller, bringing up the frontage to thirteen windows.

But James was not always at Bar, nor yet, when away, only at Plombières. Duke Leopold was constantly inviting him to Luné-

ville, and sometimes to Nancy, and arranging most magnificent *fêtes* in his honour. Leopold could do things handsomely when he chose. Even when James stayed three whole weeks, there was something new provided every day to amuse him—"les plaisirs de la Cour étoit entremêlé de repas, de collations, de bals, de concerts, de Comédie, de promenades, de chasse, de feux d'artifice, etc., mais chaque jour tout étoit nouveau."

To give James a right royal reception, Leopold spared neither trouble nor money. He always made a point of going to meet his guest—to Batelemont, to Houde-mont, or to Gondrecourt. To enable the Court to enter with proper spirit into all the magnificence prepared, we read in the official despatches that in April 1713, on the occasion of James's first visit, the Duke directed that two quarters' salaries, in arrear since 1711, should be paid to the officers of his household.

Even more brilliant than the *fêtes* given at Lunéville were those to which James was invited at the Château of Commercy, the seat of the Prince de Vaudémont. Vaudémont was rich and generous. He had occupied high positions in the army and the administrative service both of Austria and of Spain. He was a man pre-eminently prudent in counsel. Our William III. had discovered that, and had frequently sought his opinion, more particularly while the Treaty of Ryswick was under consideration. To James the Prince became a most valuable friend and confidant—more especially at that critical juncture, when the Pretender's great aim was to get away unobserved from Lorraine. In his splendid castle of Commercy, set off by magnificent gardens and sheets of water

throwing Versailles into the shade, the "Damoiseau" of Commercy gave *fêtes* the description of which baffled Court chroniclers of the period, and after which, in the words of the 'Gazette de Hollande,' James found himself constrained to go back to Bar in self-defence, "*pour s'y delasser, pour ainsi dire, de la fatigue des plaisirs continuel.*" There was such a *fête* in June 1713, arranged on a peculiarly lordly scale, in which a chorus of *Pèlerins de Saint Jacques* were brought in—appropriately hailing from "L'Isle de Cythère," and provided with passports from the goddess Venus—whose special object seems to be to say pretty things to James:—

"Vous gagnez tous les cœurs, tout le monde gemit
De voir un Roy d'une bonté si rare,
Et brillant de l'éclat de toutes les vertus
Loin des Etats qui lui sont dûs.
Mais nous verrons un jour cette triple couronne
Qu'ont porté si longtemps vos Illustres Ayeux,
Sur votre chef tombes des Cieux.
Le mérite, le sang, les Loix, tout vous la donne;
Laissez le soin de soutenir ces droits
Au Dieu qui dans ses mains porte le cœur des Rois."

Then a curious supper was given. The twenty-four most illustrious guests present sat down at two tables,—the ladies at one, the gentlemen at the other. Each person was served with an equal portion, "*tous en vaisselle de fayance, jusqu'aux manches des cou-teaux.*"

"Et dans ce sobre repas
Chacun n'eut que vingt-sept plats."

In all, to these twenty-four people 648 *plats* were served. The great joke of the meal was, that strict silence was enjoined.

"*Mais on avoit oublié d'en bannir les Ris.*" So people soon began to laugh, and then the men accused the ladies of breaking the rule, and the ladies retorted, and that put an end to Trappism. On another occasion, in July 1714, when James spent a fortnight at Commercy—while his sister was slowly dying—the Prince, in the course of an even more brilliant *fête*, entertained his guests with sham-fights, the siege of a castle, and other incidents of military operations, for which the services of a French army-corps stationed in the neighbourhood, at Troussay, under the command of M. de Ruffey, were impressed.

Mary of Modena must have felt the removal of her only son—her only child, since the Princess Louise, "*la Consolatrice*," was dead—very keenly. She declared that she had no one to open her heart to. This was not to be understood quite literally, for we find the Queen-Dowager pouring out her confidences very effusively to her *chère mère* and the sisters at Chailot, whose journals, in fact, supply the main records of Mary's doings. But, no doubt, she missed James much. Once, after his banishment—in July 1714, when James rushed secretly to Paris, to consult with the king about the steps to be taken in view of Queen Anne's impending death, and was sent away "*fort peu satisfait*"—she had seen him for an hour or two in the night. Very naturally, she wished to visit him at Bar, more particularly as her doctors had advised her to try the waters of Plombières. Bad health and abnormally wet weather delayed her execution of this project. This was just about the time of the death of Queen Anne, when Leopold felt as if he were politically walking on eggs. He had given so much umbrage in

England already, that every further offence was to be carefully avoided. If the Queen, as was to be anticipated, in going to Plombières, were also to visit Lunéville, that must of a certainty give rise to misunderstandings. So he sends officers and messengers to inquire and dissuade, as diplomatically as he can. The Queen had been so ill as to be given up, and he did not wish to hurt her. But he had above all things to think of himself.

On very different grounds the tidings of the Queen's impending visit also fluttered the good people of Bar not a little. They had never entertained a queen. So on the 13th of July we find the heads of the town council carefully inquiring of the Marquis de Gerbévillers, the governor of the district, what is the proper ceremonial to be observed. Thereupon a deputation is named, and a present of 16 lb. of *dragées* and forty-eight *pots de confitures* is voted, besides a *feuillade* of wine for distribution, and a special *vin d'honneur*, to be presented to the royal visitor by the Marquis de Bassompierre, on behalf of the town.

The Queen's visit really did not take place till spring 1715. That was again a most inconvenient time for the Duke of Lorraine, on much the same grounds. He had just made up that nasty tiff with the English Court, arising out of the publication of the Pretender's manifesto. King George was at length going to receive his envoy, M. de Lambertye. At such a juncture the classical "pig among roses" would have been ten times more welcome to nervous Leopold than Mary of Modena and her son at his Court. So he writes to Louis, begging him for heaven's sake to stop the Queen from coming, and despatches Baron Fürstner

post-haste to Bar to remonstrate with the Chevalier. Neither attempt proved successful—but the Queen's visit did not do much harm. Her ill-health again came in as a special providence, detaining her till after Whitsuntide. She set out incognita with what is represented as a very modest train—namely, four coaches-and-six, one *litière*, and *quelques chaises*. The Duke had the good grace to receive her with a most hearty welcome. He sent the Marquis de Bassompierre, her son's great friend, to meet her at Châlons. Her son met her at Moutiers, on the border of the Barrois. For safety the forests were stocked with numbers of soldiers. On the 22d of June, Mary made her entry into Bar, putting up in James's house in the Rue des Tanneurs. The local grandees and the town council turned out in force to receive her, the Marquis de Bassompierre presenting the *dragées* and the *vin d'honneur*, while the *bailli*, M. de Gerbévillers, did the honours on behalf of the Duke, whose Great Chamberlain he was. On the 25th Mary and James proceeded to Commercy, where everybody expresses himself and herself delighted with *cette sainte Reine*. On the 18th of July the Queen arrived at Nancy, where the Duke and Duchess were staying. James was at that time in the midst of plotting. "Milord Drummond" had come from England to confer with him. Ferrari put in one of his suspicious appearances, to the bewilderment and annoyance of the French envoy. An Irish priest who talked indiscreetly about a *grand coup à faire* was seized and kept under arrest. Couriers were rushing frantically to and fro. Something was "up." And Lord Stair, at Paris, we find, knew of it. But the Queen did not seemingly take a very hope-

ful view of things. She thanked the Duke very pathetically for his kindness to James. It needed generosity, she avowed, to interest oneself on behalf of a Prince "forsaken by all the world." Her gratitude would be "eternal." The Duchess was most attentive. Both days that the Queen was at Nancy she forestalled her in calling, surprising her at her toilet. At Lunéville, the Duchess had offered with her own hands to make the Chevalier's bed. From Nancy Mary Beatrice proceeded to Plombières *via* Bar, returning to St Germain's on the 22d of August. The waters had not done her much good.

A brief space is due to those rather curious negotiations which were carried on while James was at Bar, to find the Chevalier a suitable wife. According to Miss Strickland this was rather a romantic affair. James was dying to marry his cousin, the Princess d'Este, while, on the other hand, the Princess Sobieska and Mademoiselle de Valois were both dying to marry him. In truth, there was no dying on either side, and the wooing originated, not in James's feeble affections,—which were probably occupied to the full extent of their capacity with that young lady on the hill,—but in the fertile brain of his scheming and restless host. Miss Strickland, I ought to say, rather overrates the position of the Princess Sobieska, who eventually *did* marry the Chevalier; and if there was any romance in her affection, she lived to be cured of it. Being the daughter only of an elective king, a *parvenu* among royal personages, she was looked upon as a princess rather by courtesy than of right. Even to James, down in the world as he was, Leopold—in a manner her kinsman—did not

dare to propose her except as a *pis aller*, when all hopes elsewhere were extinguished. His first proposal was an Austrian archduchess. He evidently thought the suggestion one which would do him credit. It would be a downright good "Catholic" match. It was bound to help the Chevalier, and it might be agreeable to the Emperor, and so secure him, Leopold, very much on the look-out for favours as he was, gratitude in two influential quarters. The mere moral effect, he says, of an alliance entered into by the premier dynasty of Europe with the outcast Stuart prince must prove immensely to James's advantage. But there was money, too—which James particularly wanted—much money, heaped up in the Hofburg. James eventually assented—though with nothing seemingly of eagerness, for it took him some months to grasp the full meaning of the idea. The proposal was made in March 1714—long before the Princess Sobieska was thought of; and, as Leopold reports with unmistakable satisfaction, it was *assez goûté* at Vienna. Only, the Princess asked for—the younger daughter of the late Emperor—was very young, in fact, a child in the nursery, and the marriage could not possibly take place for some considerable time. So, the Emperor thought, the matter had best be kept quiet. Nothing daunted, rather encouraged, Leopold, with James's approval, returned to the charge in June. If the younger archduchess was too young, very well, let it be the elder, Elizabeth, who was at that time heir-presumptive to the crown. For Maria Theresa, the reigning Emperor's daughter, was not yet born. Vienna took time to consider. James's appetite grew keen, and in July we find him plying the

Emperor with two memorials, drawn up with the help of Nairne. So elated did he grow over his supposed brilliant prospects, that he returned very cold answers indeed to Cardinal Gualterio's well-meant representations in favour of a union with another lady—was it the Princess d'Este, Gualterio's own countrywoman? There was no money in that quarter. Accordingly James haughtily pronounces the marriage "*pas faisable*." But he pushes his suit at Vienna. It must be, he urges in his first memorial, altogether to the Emperor's interest that the Archduchess Elizabeth should be married to "*une personne qui ait assés de naissance et d'autres bonnes qualités personnelles pour estrechoisi après lui à remplir sa place*." Such a person James considers himself to be. And he puts his case in this way. Either the English crown will fall to him or it will not. If it does, well, then, there he is, a most desirable, wealthy, and influential nephew-in-law. If it does not, there he is again, the fittest person in the world to succeed to the Imperial crown. In the second memorial, issued shortly after, he presses some further points. Hanover must not be allowed to grow too powerful. Indeed, as a Protestant Power, it is too "*formidable*" already, and the "*Duc d'Hannovre*" is "*un redoutable Rival*." But, "*il est certain qu'il [l'empereur] a moins à apprehender de l'Angleterre sans le Duc d'Hannovre que de le Duc d'Hannovre sans l'Angleterre*." Therefore—the reasoning does not seem quite clear—James ought to be supported; or else, certainly, the Duc d'Hannovre should be made to forego one of the two crowns—either Hanover or England: a proposal which James pronounces perfectly "*juste et nullement imprac-*

licable." The proposal does not, however, "fetch" the Emperor, who goes on procrastinating. However, Louis XIV. gets wind of it, though he was not meant to, through D'Audriffet, and grows uneasy, throwing all the cold water that he can upon the scheme. Meanwhile in England things go against the Chevalier. Queen Anne dies, King George succeeds, and, in spite of James's solemn protest, addressed to the Powers in English, French, and Latin, England seems perfectly content. After this it is not surprising to find Leopold, when James returns to the subject of his marriage, shaking his head discouragingly, and pointing out that the Chevalier's matrimonial value has fallen appreciably in the market. He must no longer look "so high." Besides, the Emperor will not care to embroil himself by such a marriage with the Government of King George, with which he has struck up a friendship which, in Louis XIV.'s words, promises to prove alike "*solide et sincère*." Now, there is the Princess Sobieska! Leopold thinks that he could manage that. Through her mother she is a niece of the Empress Eleanor. Therefore, to a certain extent, James will still secure the Hapsburg interest. As for marrying the Archduchess, that is out of the question. James does not see it. He goes on harping upon the Archduchess Elizabeth, and worrying poor Leopold to resume negotiations.

Leopold found worry of a more serious sort besetting him, on account of James, in a different quarter. To satisfy France was all very well. But what in this matter satisfied France offended England. Now, England itself was very little to the Duke of Lorraine. Louis XIV. kept assuring him that

English complaints and remonstrances should have "*point de suite*," and that he would see him through the business. He had "nothing to fear." However, the remonstrances went on. Two bishops made themselves ridiculous by very indiscreet and officious interference. The Duke judges that this "*n'estoit qu'une grimace de la Cour d'Angleterre*." But after a time he grows irritable, and recalls his envoy—quite as much in disgust as for economy. That does not mend matters—no more does the Duke's letter, written at the French king's suggestion for communication to Prior. D'Audriffet's despatch of 3d May 1714 shows that Leopold at that time quite expected that he might be made to give effect to the English demand. Meanwhile Queen Anne dies. James issues his proclamation, at which George and our Parliament take needlessly great offence, and an icy coldness springs up between the two Courts—just under circumstances which make a coldness appear least acceptable to Leopold. For however little Queen Anne might have had it in her power to cross him, her successor is Elector of Hanover as well as King of England, fast friends with the Emperor, and has a great say in the bestowal of ecclesiastical patronage in Germany, for which Leopold, on behalf of his "near and dear relations," has an insatiable appetite. Accordingly he grows uncomfortable. He notices with alarm, so the letters show, that George takes an unusually long time advising him of the late Queen's death, and when the advice comes, it says nothing about his own succession. Anxious to make up the breach, Leopold at once despatches a special envoy, Lambertye, to present his congratulations. To the Duke's dismay George will

not receive him. Leopold, however, bids him stay where he is, and addresses to the king his well-known memorial, which must certainly be pronounced dignified in tone and just in substance. James's proclamation, Leopold shows, was issued without any knowledge or consent on his part. Privately, he causes it to be explained that he is simply obeying dictatorial orders from Versailles. But—"on a beau leur dire," writes de Bosque, D'Audriffet's substitute, on the 31st of October, "*que la France a un pouvoir arbitraire sur le Duc de Lorraine et ses Etats, cela ne les contente plus.*" The poor Duke grows most uncomfortable. However, in January the matter is made up, and King George consents to receive Lambertye at last—at the very time when Queen Mary Beatrice threatens once more to trouble relations just settling down again, with her visit to Lunéville. In any case Lambertye's mission did not bring Lorraine any good—except, says Noel, it be the importation of a new variety of potato, which he brought from England, and which proved much superior to the old Lorraine sort.

If our statesmen had little right to call upon Leopold to expel James, they had of course every reason to be vigilant. And they do not appear to have failed often in that duty. To be quite fair, James's followers, on the whole, made the task pretty easy for them. They were always plotting, but at the same time also always letting out their secret,—a tippler talking in his cups; an officer confiding intelligence to his sweetheart; a bungling conspirator boasting in very big words. Long before October 1715, when the great "invasion" at length took place, we have references to some

intended move. All is promptly reported to England, and to Paris, where, after his arrival at his post, Stair, when not engaged in smuggling goods for his friends, spares neither pains nor money to obtain the very best and most prompt intelligence.

At length, after much posting backwards and forwards of trusted but untrustworthy messengers and confidants, after more than one false alarm, and one very provoking act of treachery (on the part of a bankrupt banker), after much dissuasion from the Duke of Lorraine, who seems to have exhausted all his powers of reasonable argument in vain, after stealthy visits said to have been paid by Bolingbroke and Ormonde to Bar, and by Mar to Commercy, the great move takes place. To the end Leopold appears to have considered James's recall by the spontaneous act of the English nation a probable contingency. Now he warns him that a Hanoverian king on the English throne will play his game far more effectively than he himself possibly can by taking up arms—that, in the face of the unpopularity which the foreign ruler is sure to bring upon himself, if left alone, James will, by raising the flag of rebellion, only be cutting his own throat. However, James will not hear. Becoming prudent, at any rate, as the time for action draws nearer, both the Chevalier and his friends grow close and uncommunicative, so as to extract complaints even from D'Audriffet, who, having been previously let into all the harmless little secrets of the plot at first hand, now finds himself reduced to coaxing intelligence out of "*une personne attachée au Chevalier de St George, qui est de mes amies.*" However, in October, just before the depar-

ture actually takes place, Leopold confides to him that James has expressed himself resolved to take his fortune into his own hand. He has been advised from England and Scotland that circumstances will never be more favourable. If he misses this chance, he will have no other. "*C'est tout gagner ou tout perdre.*"

The final escape of James was, on the whole, managed with secrecy and some skill, though things went a little untowardly. Stair, who was sparing no pains to keep the Chevalier watched to his every step, was a little deceived, partly by that false information which Bolingbroke says that he purposely gave him, partly by the diplomatic bearing of the Regent and Torcy, who were both secretly befriending the Chevalier. Certainly Stair got his correct intelligence too late to be of much use, and so sent to Château Thierry to have James seized after the bird had flown. Cadogan in Brussels was better informed. He had stationed a "gentleman from Mecklenburgh," M. de Pless, at Nancy, ostensibly to attend the Academy, really to play the spy upon the Chevalier. A letter from the Regent to D'Audriffet shows that the object of his mission was perfectly understood in the French capital. The news of the Chevalier's departure comes out through the indiscretion of some one in the secret arriving from Commercy—and immediately Pless takes formal leave of the Duke, and hurries without a moment's delay off to Brussels, where Cadogan has a courier ready, who, but for provokingly prolonged contrary winds, would have reached England in excellent time.

Finding the Chevalier's mind made up, Leopold, wishing to be kind to the last, sends his *protégé*

as a parting gift, along with an affectionate valedictory letter, the acceptable present of 27,000 louis in gold, which James at once stows away in his private strong-box. This, we read, he always carried about with him, placing it under his bed at night, and allowing no one to come near it. How he managed to transport it, when riding on horseback from St Malo to Dunkirk, we are not told.

It is well known that James started from Commercy on the 28th of October 1715 in disguise. But the precise manner of his escape, as related in the '*Gazette de Hollande*,' on what professes to be trustworthy evidence, has been strangely ignored in England. It explains why, for a full fortnight after James's disappearance, newspapers still go on reporting his supposed doings in Lorraine. The escape was of course abetted by the Prince de Vaudémont, who, to make it possible, invited a large company to Commercy for the day appointed, to hunt in his forests. James went out to hunt, and James apparently came back in the evening. But the James who returned was not the real Stuart prince, but a follower of his, who bore a striking resemblance to his master, and had more than once been mistaken for him. Who this gentleman was I have not been able to trace. With this man James had exchanged clothes, unseen by any one, out in the forest. And so, as the Duc de Villeroy writes to Madame de Maintenon (the letter is in the Paris MSS.), "*Il partit misterieusement de Commercy en chaise roulante, vestu du violet en Ecclesiastique, avec un petit colet, malgré la vigilance des Espions, sans qu'ils ayent pu avoir ni vent ni nouvelles de son départ, que deux ou trois*

jours après sa sortie." The Chevalier pursued his journey, carefully avoiding highroads, reaching Peterhead safely in the end, though after much travelling backwards and forwards, taking pains to elude Stair's spies, who were placed at all important points. At Nonancourt he narrowly missed being caught, as we know, by Captain Douglas and two other emissaries, evidently what Bunyan calls "ill-favoured ones." For the impression became general in France—over which the editor of 'The Annals of the Earls of Stair,' Mr Murray Graham, grows exceedingly indignant—that these men were assassins retained to destroy the Chevalier by Lord Stair, whose passports they carried, and who promptly came to their rescue when they were brought before the Grand Prévôt de la Haute Normandie. Very probably they looked cut-throats. One of them was armed. And as cut-throats, not spies, the *maîtresse de la poste* cautioned James against them, helping him off, to save his life, in a disguise and with a guide provided by herself. As supposed cut-throats they were seized by the police, and as cut-throats they were brought before the judge. Stair's interference probably saved their lives. But all his explanations and all his protestations could not for a long time remove from the mind of the French people the impression that the men were assassins. The Regent, we hear, released them without inquiry, simply to avoid scandal.

How the Chevalier's enterprise ended we all know. He does not appear to have been particularly attentive to his late host, the Duke of Lorraine. On the 24th of October he sent him a formal farewell; but on the 7th November we have the Duke stating as a

grievance that he is without news. During November we find people in Paris growing remarkably confident. On the 2d of December Lord Stair complains that "*les plus sages à la Cour*" are just again beginning to treat the Chevalier as Pretender. Until two days before he was "King of England" to every one in Paris, "*et tout le monde avoit levé le masque.*" There was not a single Frenchman, having any connection with the Court, who so much as set foot in Stair's house. Everybody thought that the Stuart cause was about to triumph. But the 11th of January 1716 saw James back at Gravelines, "*d'où il repassa en Lorraine,*" say the MSS. in the *Archives Nationales*. Miss Strickland will have it that he went to Paris, where Bolingbroke advised him to go straight into Lorraine, without first asking leave of the Duke—which advice he did not follow. Independent Lorraine sources state that he passed through Lorraine, "*courant la poste à 9 chevaux.*" As he had left all his goods and chattels at Bar-le-Duc, that seems the more likely version. Before his departure Duke Leopold had assured the Chevalier that his dominions would always be open to him, and that he "*pourroit compter sur luy en tout ce qui en pourroit dépendre.*" In March, however, under altered circumstances, we find him advising Queen Mary Beatrice, "for the second time," that he cannot again receive her son into his duchy. The Chevalier himself seems to have taken the first warning. For we read in the '*Gazette de Hollande*' that his *Domestiques et Equipages* were removed from Bar to Paris in February. According to M. Konarski (I have not verified the entry in the archives, but it is doubtless correct), James left Bar on the 9th of

February—"sans adresser ses remerciements et ses adieux au duc Leopold," says Noel; "*comme un escroc vulgaire*," says M. Konarski. "*Ne se contentant par de l'argent que Léopold lui donnait, il emprunta des sommes assez fortes aux seigneurs et partit sans les rembourser.*" The sum of 15,000 francs paid to his friend M. de Bassompierre, which appears in the official accounts, is only one such debt. "*Cette ingratitude de la part du Chevalier de Saint Georges*," adds Noel, "*indignait toute la Cour.*" People spoke to Leopold about it. "Gentlemen," said the Duke, "you forget that this Prince is in misfortune, and that he was a king."

If the direct benefits which the hospitality extended to James brought to Lorraine were less than nil, the indirect were scarcely more valuable. No doubt, the Chevalier having set the example, not a few Roman Catholics from the United Kingdom, so Noel relates, sought the same hospitable refuge. Others came—among them both Noel and Marchal name the elder Pitt—to take advantage of the new Academy opened by Leopold, and rapidly blossoming into greatness under such distinguished masters as Duval and Vayringe. Some of these men brought plenty of money with them, and their liberal fees went to swell acceptably the professors' receipts. But the number of impecunious persons, more particularly Irish, who flowed to the Lorraine Court to prey upon Leopold's generosity, seems to have been even larger. "*Nous regorgeons d'Irlandais*," writes the Duke's friend Bardin in 1719—Irlandais who evidently boasted but little money and less gratitude. Bardin complains of an exceptionally bad case of the latter sort. Leopold mildly replies, "I helped

him, not for his sake, but for my own."

In 1749, when the Duc fainéant, Stanislas Leszinski, "*simple gentil-homme lithuanien*," was holding his gay little Court at Lunéville, with Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet to lend brilliancy to it, and Madame de Boufflers to preside as elderly Venus, we read that the whole company were deeply touched when the great French writer, as was his wont, read out aloud his just concluded chapter on the Stuarts, in the '*Siècle de Louis XV.*' Everybody had a regret for the hardly used dynasty. Scarcely had Voltaire closed his book when in rushed a messenger, bringing the tidings that James's son, Charles Edward, doubly an exile after the failure of his rebellion of 1745, had, on the demand of the English Government, been seized at Paris on leaving the Opera. "Oh heaven!" exclaimed Voltaire, "is it possible that the king can suffer such an indignity, and that his glory can have been tarnished by a stain which all the water of the Seine will not wash away!" The whole company was moved. Voltaire retired gloomily into his own room, threw down his MS. into a corner, and did not take the work up again till he found himself amid the more prosaic surroundings of Berlin. Very shortly after Charles Edward himself knocked at Stanislas' door. What he did during the nearly three years that he was a refugee at Lunéville it seems impossible to ascertain. The French State Papers are silent—at Lunéville not a tradition has survived. His doings evidently were not considered worth recording. The drama of Stuart kingship was played out. The dream had come to an end.

HENRY W. WOLFE.

ONE OF A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

GENERAL ROBERT MACLAGAN, R.E.

A WIDE circle of family and friends, together with numerous societies, religious, charitable, and scientific, have to mourn the loss of General Robert Maclagan, R.E., who died in London on April 22, in his seventy-fourth year. In his life and conduct he was as modest as he was hardworking and trustworthy. Amongst his friends many were persons of distinction, whilst the family to which he belonged may fairly be termed remarkable, and has for more than one generation commanded the respect and esteem of their fellow-citizens in Edinburgh. Hence we believe that a short account of the General's kindred and services will interest a number of our readers.

Maclagan's most intimate friend, the late Sir Henry Yule, calculated that Scotland supplied one-third of the officers of the Bengal Engineers, and that of the Scotsmen a third came from Aberdeenshire. He was generally accurate, but we think Edinburgh cannot have been far behind the northern county, for even in this notice three men are mentioned who came from the capital or its neighbourhood—Richard Baird Smith, Henry Yule, and Robert Maclagan.

The first was born at Lasswade on the last day of 1818, and went to India in 1836. When he died in 1861, after a "career crowded with brilliant service," he was Master of the Mint in Calcutta, C.B., and A.D.C. to the Queen.

Henry Yule was born at Inveresk in 1820, appointed to the Bengal Engineers in 1838, and died

in 1889. His career in India was sufficiently distinguished, but his reputation is world-wide as a geographer and man of letters. He received on his deathbed the compliment of election by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* as corresponding member, and thanked them in a few touching Latin words, the last sentence being, "*Cum corde pleno et gratissimo moriturus vos, illustrissimi domini, saluto.*" Whereon "D. M.," in the 'Academy' of March 29, 1890, at the end of some appropriate verses, remarked:—

"*'Moriturus vos saluto,'*
Breathes his last the dying scholar,
And the far-off ages answer,
'Immortales te salutant.'"

Robert Maclagan, third son of the late Dr David Maclagan, was born at Edinburgh on December 14, 1820. Dr David began life as a surgeon in the army, and served under Wellington in the Peninsular War. He retired in 1816, and commenced private practice in Edinburgh, where he had the rare honour of being President of the College of Surgeons, and also of the College of Physicians. He lived on intimate terms—we quote from the 'Scotsman'¹—with "James Abercromby, the Horners, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Murray, Ivory, Fullerton, John Allen of Holland House, Daniel Ellis, Charles Maclaren, the Gibson-Craigs, sire and sons." He belonged to the Established Church of Scotland, was a warm advocate of civil and religious liberty, and

¹ June 8, 1865.

was a faithful but kind father. And he is not yet forgotten. Some of our readers can doubtless recall a picture of father, mother, and seven sons marching with scrupulous regularity and solemnity every Sunday to St George's Church; and those who relieved the tedium of proceedings with a little play still remember the awe with which, as backsliders, they received his disapproving glance.

His sons all grew to man's estate. The eldest, Sir Douglas, we need scarcely say, does many things well. Not to mention his professional attainments, he is an archer, an angler, and a sportsman of repute; a man of highly cultivated mind, a poet, and a sweet singer. He too has held the offices of president of both the great medical colleges, is surgeon of the Queen's Bodyguard, and a professor in the Edinburgh University. In 1887 he was knighted in recognition of his eminent position and of his valuable public services. The second son, Philip Whiteside, who died at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1892, was first an army surgeon; he was an enthusiastic botanist, and devoted to good works, whereby he gained the affectionate respect of his neighbours. Passing Robert (the subject of this notice), the next son was David, who for many years managed various insurance companies; he wrote 'The History of St George's Church from 1814 to 1873,' and 'The Life of Sheriff Cleghorn,' and was prominent in connection with the Patriotic Fund at the time of the Crimean War. The fifth son, William Dalrymple—*miles olim inter Indos*—is now, after a career as brilliant as it is unusual, Archbishop of York, Primate of England and Metropolitan. John Thomson, the sixth son, after some service in India, is now, we

believe, Foreign Mission Secretary to the Church of Scotland; whilst James M'Grigor, the youngest son, was for a time in the Indian medical service, and afterwards became officer of health for Hexham and Haltwhistle: he died in 1891.

And now, before passing from family detail, it is interesting to note that the Dalrymples of Langlands and Orangefield in Ayrshire were ancestors both of Robert Maclagan and of his wife Patricia Gilmour. One of these Dalrymples and his connection the Earl of Glencairn were patrons of Robert Burns, by whom the Rev. William Dalrymple is mentioned in several satires, always with respect. This worthy pastor, who with his father-in-law held between them continuous charge of the parish church of Ayr for the extraordinary period of a hundred and twenty years, baptised both Robert Burns and Sir Douglas Maclagan.

So much for family history. The subject of our sketch was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and afterwards at Addiscombe, where his career was specially distinguished. We get a glimpse of him and of his father, who was present at the public examination, in a letter, their joint production, to the home in Edinburgh. It is commenced by the younger man: "We have just returned from Addiscombe: everything is now over, and Robert Maclagan, Esq., rejoices in the power of adding H.E.I.C.S. to his name, as well as calling himself an Engineer officer." His father, supplementing this, has recorded with justifiable pride the encomiums passed by the Governor, Sir Ephraim Stannus, and the compliments paid by Colonel Pasley, R.E., who "expressed to me the pleasure he would have in

Robert being under his command at Chatham. . . . Robert has just gone to perform his duties as chairman of the cadets' festival in a most respectable coffee-house in Piccadilly."

After two years at Chatham, Maclagan arrived in India at the end of 1841—an anxious time, for affairs in Afghanistan were not prospering, though the extent of our disasters was not then known. Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded Lord Auckland on February 28, 1842, was at once confronted with the bad news, and decided to recover our prestige and then to withdraw from that country. By the end of the year these objects were in great measure attained; and the Governor-General proceeded to Firozpur to welcome the returning forces. Nothing that ceremony or display could add was wanting on the occasion. An army of reserve was formed, which Maclagan was ordered to join. He was employed preparing and decorating boat-bridges on the Sutlej, over which the army passed in safety, but the works were carried away by a flood within a week.

When the camp was broken up, Maclagan was employed road-making on the southern slope of the Himalaya, and experienced the pleasure, not to be fully appreciated save by those who have for a time been deprived of it, of seeing pure streams flow through undulating land. He described his sensations thus: "This morning's march was about nine miles, and I crossed, for the first time in India, a little clear burn, with stony bed. The pleasant sound of its ripple, with the fine scenery before me, made me feel at home," &c.

He was not allowed to enjoy

such prospects long, for in May 1843 he was posted to the Delhi canals under Captain W. E. Baker, whom he accompanied in August to the dry and thirsty region of Sind, then ruled by the able but eccentric Sir Charles Napier. Baker, afterwards Sir William, was a great geologist, who inspired his assistants with some of his own zeal, and Maclagan seems to have been an apt pupil. He suffered, however, from fever, and in 1845 was obliged to apply for transfer to the North-West Provinces, whither Baker had preceded him. Sir Charles wrote kindly: "I am very sorry to lose you, and still more for the reason. I do hope your health will recover in India, and no word of mine shall be wanting if I can serve you." But these plans were altered owing to the outbreak of war with the Sikhs. Maclagan was appointed assistant field-engineer and ordered to Firozpur, for which place he set forth, but was halted at Baháwalpur to await Sir C. Napier, who was to be second in command of the army of the Sutlej. Whilst there, news of the battles of Múdkí, Firozsháh, and Sobráon arrived, first in that mysterious way whereby in the East it is so rapidly transmitted, but afterwards it was confirmed by letters. When Napier arrived they pushed on to Lahore, pausing at Firozpur to see the captured Sikh guns. Carriages were sent to bring the party in. "The first is a large coach, once Runjeet Singh's, a regular hackney-coach, panels green and yellow. This team urged by a couple of postilions." The other a *palkee-garry*,¹ in which "the mules [were] driven four-in-hand. About twenty miles more in three stages to our camp at Lahore, where I

¹ A palankin coach—i.e., like a palankin on wheels.

left Sir Charles's party and proceeded to the Engineer camp."¹

Napier arrived on March 3, 1846, and two days later Gough reviewed the army prior to its return to our own provinces. Viscount Hardinge, who was present on the occasion as private secretary to his father, has described the scene.² After mentioning the various regiments on parade and their recent losses in action, he has recorded that the Governor-General approached the gallant 50th, "the dirty half-hundred," and presenting their old commander, told them how proud he was of their behaviour in the late battles, where they had lost 300 killed and wounded. The men received Napier with deafening cheers, which were taken up and repeated by every regiment on the ground. Sir Charles was so overcome that his speech failed, and he could only wave his hand in acknowledgment. His dress was remarkable—a pith helmet, a native leather jacket, and breeches and long boots. It was, moreover, believed that this costume had never been changed since his arrival in camp.

When the main body of our troops had marched, Maclagan was attached to the force which was left in occupation, and was employed on the defences of Lahore in case of attack by the Sikh army. When Napier heard this, he gave our young engineer, to whom he had evidently taken a fancy, the following characteristic advice:—

"Well, take my word for it, Maclagan, you'll have fighting here before long. We English are bold and brave in battle, and can carry everything before us then, but we are too easily

lulled into a sense of security when the fighting is over. Here you may be in peace and quiet without a thought of danger; enjoying all your comforts—take a glass of beer—and all that sort of thing, and the blow may come down like a sledge-hammer. It's my opinion they'll attempt to surprise you in Lahore. I've been receiving information daily chiefly through moonshees, natives, and others, and it's my opinion that will be the case. Look now at the Sikh army that has been disbanded. There may be 150,000 of them, and they're all armed; having probably 120 or 130 pieces of cannon. There are 70, Sir Henry tells me, in this place—open, exposed to view—besides those that may be concealed. Well, these men have all dispersed for the present. Are they at all more friendly disposed towards us than they were, think ye? And the others that have been entertained here—do ye think they can be highly pleased with 6 Rs. a-month, instead of 12, with golden bracelets and all that? Don't fancy for a moment that they've all settled down permanently in quiet. They'll watch your proceedings here, and it's my belief they'll attempt to surprise you. And the only way to be prepared is to keep every man drilled at his proper post, and to have constant examination of the state of your defences. And in as far as in you lies, Maclagan, you look to this. You take the advice that I can give you from my experience. I can't be talking in this way to Col. —, an officer of rank and experience. He would only put his tongue in his cheek. But I do to you. You are young, and may be guided by my experience. . . . When I was in the north of England, Nottingham was to be attacked at the same time with Sheffield. It was not attacked; and on the trials it came out that the only reason of this was that they had seen we were on our guard. I was prepared on every point, and had every man trained at his proper post; and that's the only way to avoid confusion and disaster at the time of an

¹ These extracts are from Maclagan's diary.

² *Rulers of India*. Viscount Hardinge, by his son Charles, Viscount Hardinge (Clarendon Press), p. 130.

attack. If you are on your guard in that way, though it be in the dark, every man will know his place and immediately be at it; and if not, you will be surprised: they will be rushing in all directions and in confusion; then every man will run to the front and fire, not knowing where. But do your utmost to have everything in order and prepared for such an event; and increase your own exertions, if you see any tendency to carelessness and disregard of danger. . . . I'll be coming back some day to let you out. There will be plenty for you to do here. Now's the time for you to distinguish yourself."

No attack, however, was made, and Maclagan having continued to suffer from fever, was sent to Simla, where he met many eminent men. Besides the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, and the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, the names of Henry Lawrence, Robert Napier,¹ Henry Marion Durand, Herbert Edwardes, and others are found in his diary. He also attracted the attention of James Thomason, Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces, by whom he was chosen to be Principal of a college to be established at Rurki for the preparation of young men as civil engineers. The wisdom of the selection was justified, and to this day Maclagan's arrangements, with but slight modification, are in force at the Thomason College.

Rurki was then a specially interesting station as headquarters of the Ganges Canal; but in India, work seldom goes on long without interruption. In 1848 the second Sikh war broke out, and Maclagan was desired to march a corps of *beldars* (diggers) to the scene of action. Verily, the mistakes which are made even by persons of experience are

astounding. To send such men to oppose the warriors of the Khálsa, who had fought us as we had never in India at any rate been resisted before, was to expect the lamb to fight the lion. Fortunately for the coolies, they were stopped when almost within touch of our army, and on their way home they heard the sound of the guns at Chilianwála.

In 1852 Maclagan returned to England on leave, having visited Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, Athens, and Venice. After a short rest, he was deputed to America to study her systems of education, travelling out with Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, who introduced him to Mr Ticknor and other celebrities on arrival at Boston. He met Longfellow, Lowell, Dana, Sumner, Asa Gray, Prescott, and Agassiz; and all was new and mostly delightful. Journeying to Montreal, he seemed much impressed with the business qualities and chaff of a gentleman who travelled in "Ross's Premium Soap"; and on his return to Boston he went to church one Sunday at the Sailor's Bethel, and has thus described the scene and performance: "Behind the pulpit a large picture of a vessel in a stormy sea off a rocky coast—flag Bethel. An angel high up in the clouds, an anchor in another part of the sky. . . . The whole service, prayer and preaching, very melancholy;" the prayer in extravagant language, bad grammar, and to the accompaniment of excited movement of body and head; the preaching having to do with everything save the text, and, when discoursing about the elect on whose account the world was saved from destruction, containing such language as: "God would

¹ Afterwards first Lord Napier of Magdala.

have destroyed the whole world, but Moses came out and stood right in the way, and held up those tremendous hands of his, &c., &c. And so God said, 'Well, Moses, you must just have your way.' After more irrelevant and irreverent discourse, the pastor remarked, "I must haul in here; if I go on, I shall break loose!"

Next day happened to be the 4th of July, in honour of which occasion there was a parade of the available military force, which prudence and due regard for international considerations forbid us to describe. The declaration of independence was read, and a good speech was made, in which all that could be said for America, and little or nothing offensive to other nations, were combined.

Maclagan visited and was much pleased with the Military Academy at West Point, where he made acquaintance with Colonel Lee. The situation is described as most desirable, and the students as being soldierly and smart.

On returning home, he was promoted in 1854 to be captain, and next year he married Patricia, fifth daughter of Patrick Gilmour, Esq. of the Grove, Londonderry. They left England in 1855, arriving in India at the end of the year, and went to Rurki, where college work was resumed and continued till it was interrupted by the Mutiny.

Though that station escaped the horrors of the crisis, yet, with Meerut and Delhi at no great distance, the situation was sufficiently serious, and demanded efficient precaution. Baird Smith was the senior officer, bold and sagacious, whilst under him Maclagan was most useful, always maintaining a calmness which was of immense value. The workshops were defensible, and accommodation in them was provided for

women and children; and here were born Baird Smith's daughter and Maclagan's eldest son. The garrison, though containing but ninety Europeans, some of whom were civilians, patrolled the country round, and restored confidence to the wavering. Captain Maclagan's firmness, and his kindness to those in distress, have made a lasting impression on persons who were present, amongst whom Mrs Baird Smith and Lady Chesney have recently referred to these qualities in terms of deserved admiration. The former has remarked that his "resolution, his sleepless care for all, and his special tender care for all who were left most lonely, are hardly to be described"; and that his conduct then is an unfading light in her memory of a time of sore distress.

The capture of Delhi, however, soon restored tranquillity: the College was reopened, and work went on as usual till 1861, when Maclagan was appointed to the Punjab as chief engineer, and was promoted to be Lieut.-Colonel. He held this appointment till he retired in January 1879, with the exception of some periods of leave, when his place was taken by Colonel Alexander Taylor. During these eighteen years, many important works were completed, whilst others were commenced. Railways and canals have greatly altered the condition of the country, mostly for the better; whilst many minor works of much use and convenience were constructed. Within the same period some noteworthy events occurred, with which General Maclagan was more or less concerned, of which we may mention the reception of Amir Sher Ali Khán of Kábul in 1869; the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to Lahore in 1870; the death of Sir Henry Durand, Lieut.-

Governor of the Punjab, at the close of the same year; the ceremonies connected with the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1876; and the war with Afghánistán in 1878.

Before the General left Lahore, the native members of the P.W. Department established a prize or scholarship to preserve his memory in the Punjab, a circumstance which afforded him much gratification.

On return to England he joined many religious and scientific societies, and contributed articles to various periodicals. In concert with Colonel Yule he wrote a Memoir of General Sir W. E. Baker; and he was engaged on a Life of Akbar, which we may hope to see published hereafter.

General Maclagan was greatly interested in the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, of which his brother-officer Sir Alexander Taylor is President, and he was rarely absent on prize-day, when the successful students are nominated to the Indian P.W. Department. He attended many ceremonies, of which some were public, others private: amongst them we may mention the service in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee (June 21, 1887), various garden-parties at Marlborough House, and a visit to Edinburgh in April 1890, when his name was enrolled amongst the Honorary Doctors of Laws, as an old *alumnus* of whom the University was most justly proud. The degree was at the same time conferred on Sir John Fowler, Bart., the eminent civil

engineer, and on James Anthony Froude, the historian and man of letters, whose vivid imagination and beauty of style have acquired for him so distinguished a position amongst the authors of this century.

Other ceremonies of a different nature became more frequent as time went on: old friends and comrades died, and Maclagan was most particular in paying to them the last token of respect. Sir Robert Montgomery, the successor of Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, died in 1888; Sir Henry Yule died in 1889; followed in a fortnight, on January 14, 1890, by Lord Napier of Magdala, whose funeral at St Paul's was an impressive public spectacle, and a signal testimony of national regard.

General Maclagan had fair health till Christmas 1892, when he suffered from bronchitis and congestion of a lung, and it may be questioned whether he ever fully recovered from this illness. He spent next summer at Lochearnhead, where he was again taken ill. After a time he was removed to Edinburgh, and later to London, with the view of wintering abroad; but his strength was unequal to the fatigue of a long journey, and he went instead to Torquay. There, after a period of uncertainty, unfavourable symptoms were developed, and he returned to London, where he died in perfect peace, leaving to his family and friends the satisfaction of retaining in their thoughts and affections the memory of his useful, unselfish, and blameless life.

W. BROADFOOT.

THE END OF THE STORY.

FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF THE LATE GENERAL SIR R. CHURCH.

AFTER the capture and execution of Ciro Annichiarico, related in November 1892 of this Magazine, Francavilla regained its normal condition as a quiet little country town. The crowds who had gathered from the country round dispersed to their own homes; no traces remained of the ghastly scene in the little Piazza; the churches, there and everywhere, resounded with *Te Deums*; the gates of the cities were adorned with triumphal arches; the troops had a couple of days' holiday, and then escorted the General and a company of his friends (among whom was his brother, come from Florence to pay him a visit) from place to place in the province. They were welcomed everywhere with speeches and shouting, presented with the freedom of the city here, with a sword of honour there.

Still stragglers from the brigands were found by the peasants, and brought in from caves and forests; and there are curious stories of such captures, of which one shall be related here.

Two officers were returning from Taranto to Lecce one night. A dark and stormy night it was, and very glad were they to see the twinkling of a light at no great distance, as they were crossing the plain not far from Manduria, famous for its holy well, "della Madonna di Misericordia." Also, we are told, "the inhabitants of Manduria are distinguished for their love of order, urbanity, and hospitality." The twinkling light led them to a poor little *masseria*; but poor though it was, the two officers were glad of shelter. So they put

their horses into the stable and entered the house. The only inhabitants were an old man and his little granddaughter. An "old old man," bent and bowed, with a queer brown face, all seamed and crossed with wrinkles, who regarded the uninvited guests with small favour, muttering to himself and shaking his head, as he shot furtive glances at them out of his little ferrety eyes; and after informing the officers that he had nothing to give them to eat, and no beds to offer them, he threw a log on the hearth, lay down on a heap of straw in one corner of the room, where the child was already asleep, and appeared to follow her example.

The young officers took it very coolly, shook streams of water from their hats and cloaks, pulled a bench in front of the fire, devoured such refreshment, in the shape of bread and sausage and wine, as they had with them, and then pulled out their cigars and prepared to make a night of it. An hour had passed, when the door of the *masseria* was pushed open, and another guest, after standing silently for a moment on the threshold, came forward and joined himself to their company. He was very tall, with a muscular sinewy frame, showing great strength and activity, gaunt, brown, with dark glittering eyes which reminded the officers of those of a hungry wolf, and hands disproportionately large, even for his great height. Also, one finger was wanting on the right hand. All this the officers were able to note as he shook his long brown cloak and slouched hat, before putting

them on again. They saw also that he carried a carbine, and that in his belt were stuck three pistols and a curved and curiously embossed hunting-knife; while round his neck and on his breast were hung several relics, a small black cross, a silver death's-head, and two figures of the Madonna, embroidered in crimson silk.

The officers glanced at one another: they did not like this apparition; but what was to be done? They were far away from headquarters, there were no other inhabitants of the *masseria* than a feeble old man and a child. Besides, they had no commission to arrest suspicious wayfarers, and it was by no means certain whether a whistle might not fill the house with armed confederates, if they showed mistrust of the stranger.

So it seemed best to salute him, to make way for him on the bench, and to take out fresh cigars. The stranger returned their civilities, and remarks upon the weather followed, while the thunder growled, the lightning came in fitful flashes, and the rain pattered steadily on the roof. Presently the stranger tried a new topic. "*Signori miei*," he asked, while his wild glittering eyes seemed to gleam from under his slouched hat in a way to make one shudder, "do you know General Giorgio?"

The officers turned and looked at him at this unexpected question. "*Sì, signore*," answered they.

"Ah, he is a fine man!" The mysterious stranger kept his face in the shadow of his hat, but "held them with his glittering eye" as he spoke. "He has rid the country of robbers, and we travel in safety by night and by day."

"Signore, do you know General Giorgio?"

"Oh yes; but perfectly! In fact, I am in his service."

If these had not been young officers, new to their work, they would have recognised by the silver death's-head round his neck, and the curious characters traced on his long black-handled knife, that this was no follower of General Church, but a *guapo*, a brigand, and, worst of all, one of the sect of the *Decisi*. But as it was, though they doubted whether any amount of sheep's clothing would make him anything but a wolf, there was the possibility, they thought, of his being a *gendarme* in disguise returning from some secret mission to headquarters, like themselves. At any rate, it seemed best to accept the statement.

"Signori," he said, "when next we meet I hope you will bear witness that you found me busy in the General's service." To this they answered with a gesture, and the stranger went on: "Yes, yes, I have done good service against *Oiro Annichiarico*. Ah, his time is over now! Eighteen years he was king of these provinces and more, but, *per Santo Diavolo*, his head is off at last, and his reign is over! *Che briccone!* what a rascal! and now we are free, thanks to General Giorgio. And I have served him so well! Ah, when we meet at headquarters you will see, you will see!"

They made some reply to this, and the conversation dropped. Now and then one or another threw a fresh log on the hearth, and lit a fresh cigar. Now and then the two officers made some remark to each other in French, but otherwise they sat still and silent, till the crowing of the first cock made them all start.

"It will soon be daybreak. What kind of night is it now? The thunder has ceased," said one of the young men, rising; and, followed by his comrade, he went to

the door, opened it, and stepped outside. It was still raining, and "dark as a wolf's throat," and they returned to the fire to wait till daylight. But where was their strange companion? They had left him sitting on the bench, staring at the smouldering fire, cigar in mouth, carbine in hand. They stirred the logs till flames shot up and lighted the room. They seized a splinter, and, using it as a torch, searched every corner. He was not there! Yet the room possessed but one door, and its only window was but a few inches square, and, moreover, full fifteen feet from the ground. They looked in vain for a ladder, or even a chair to mount by, and the bench stood exactly where they had left it. As to the old *massaro*, he was snoring on his heap of straw, and there was not a cupboard or chest, or corner, which offered any chance of concealment.

"What do you think about it?" asked one, with an involuntary shudder.

"*Per Bacco!* I don't know what to think," answered his companion, gloomily. "Brigands in flesh and blood are all very well, but as to this——"

"Since *Ciro* is dead, upon my word I think it was the devil himself," said the other. "Could any mortal have escaped in such a fashion?"

They went to the door again and looked out. The rain had ceased, and a faint greyness showed that dawn was on its way. Every now and then a gust of wind shook the trees, bringing down a shower of drops. Otherwise, everything was still and quiet.

"Let us leave this place," said the two young officers. "*Holà, amico!*" to the sleeping *massaro*; "wake up and tell us our way to *Lecce*."

The old man got up and came forward, glancing timidly round

him, and hurried off to fetch the horses. The little girl crept after him, and both listened with frightened eyes as the officers told the adventure of the night. Then exclaiming, "O *Madonna*, protect us! It was doubtless the devil himself. If he should return? *O poveri noi!*" the *massaro* seized the child by the hand and hurried off into the woods which stretched like a belt round his house, leaving the two young men staring after him in amazement! However, as there was no use pursuing him down unknown paths, they saddled their horses, took the widest road, and arrived at *Lecce* in safety in time for breakfast.

Presently they were summoned to General Church's room, and found him, map spread on table, ready to listen to their report, which they gave, winding up with a full account of the night's adventure, and an inquiry as to whether the mysterious stranger was really in the General's service.

The General leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "don't you know the meaning of the death's-head? Have you never seen the black-handled dagger of the *Decisi*, with emblems inscribed on the blade? Well, you never saw the papers and things found at *Grottaglia* and *San Marzano*, so how should you? That fellow, from your description, must be *Occhio Lupo* of the seventeen Murders—a nice name, is it not?—and you must go after him. Come to me at sundown for instructions, and each of you provide a dozen men. You won't want more, now that *Ciro* is dead."

When they returned, General Church showed them on his map that there were two roads which reached the *masseria* from *Lecce*, and directed that each of the officers should take one, with his

little company of men, and reaching the fringe of wood that surrounded the house, at two o'clock in the morning, should take up their positions on either side of the door in silence, and wait there till the crowing of the cock.

"But if the fellow has not dared to come back to the same place, General?"

"He will, and he will leave it as soon as the first cock crows. I know the ways of those gentry," answered their chief. "Only mind that your men make no noise of any kind."

So said, so done. And sure enough, as soon as the first cock began to crow the door of the *masseria* opened, and the dull glimmer of light within showed a dark figure stepping swiftly and silently across the threshold. But half-a-dozen strong arms were round him, and in a moment he was thrown to the ground and securely chained, his evil eyes glancing from one to another, till he saw the faces of his companions of the night before. Then an angry gleam and an oath showed that he recognised them, but he said not a word more.

"And now, friend *massaro*, what have you to say for yourself? Harboured brigands in your *masseria*, eh? You will come along with us to Lecce, and see what General Giorgio has to say to you."

The old *massaro* threw himself on his knees, and the child wept piteously, turning with clasped hands from one officer to the other, and entreating pardon for her *povero nonno*, her dear *nonno*, until the young men consented to hear the old man's story.

"He harbour the robbers? But no, no, the Madonna knew better than that! It was true that this bad man had taken shelter in his house at night; but what then?

How could he, a poor old man, help it, if such a one opened the door and walked in? Could he drive him out by force? See then, let the gentlemen ask the little one, if what he said was not true." Ah yes, but it was true, and the Madonna knew it. And the child chimed in, bringing to the rescue a pair of artless blue eyes, and many pretty gestures of appeal and coaxing, which quite softened the hearts of the two young officers. But how did Occhio Lupo escape? Let the *massaro* tell that, and then——

Certainly he would tell all. To such kind signori it was a pleasure to tell everything! The signori thought he was asleep; but no, not exactly asleep—on the contrary, he appeared to sleep, from fear, and thus he could see what happened. The signori went to the door—well. And opened it—well. And returned to find the *guapo* gone? Had the signori happened to turn their heads, they would have seen that he followed at their heels, so close that at the moment they stepped outside, just at that moment he stepped outside too, and slipped into the shadow, so that when they returned, the door that shut them in shut him out! He, the old *massaro*, prayed for the good gentlemen to all the saints, when he saw the wolf-eye creeping behind them—so—with his carbine in his hand. For, you understand, there might have been a shot from the carbine, a blow from the dagger—but why speak of those things, when it was past, and, blessed be the Madonna, they were safe!

"And the kind signori will not hurt the poor *nonno*?" cried the child, clinging to him, and turning her pale little wistful face towards the questioners.

"No, little one, we will not hurt him. But see here, friend, you

may get your neck into the noose if you don't give up the habit of harbouring assassins; so be warned. Now let us march!"

The two officers returned with their captive to headquarters, where of course he was tried by the Military Commission, and met with the fate which his name shows that he deserved. There was no longer any difficulty in finding people who would witness to his crimes, now that his chief was dead; and he was taken to a village where one of his most atrocious murders had been committed, and there shot, behaving like the hardened ruffian he was to the last. "Ah!" said he to Colonel Bentz, shaking his head and grinding his teeth, as the place of his doom came in sight, "if I could only burn the whole village!" When, according to custom, the coffin which had been carried before him as a condemned criminal was laid on the ground beside him, he shuffled round it in spite of his irons, in an uncouth dance, called for a glass of brandy, and grumbled when wine was given him instead. A priest came near, holding forth the crucifix: the wretch spat upon it, pouring forth a flood of oaths and foul language. Then turning to the soldiers, who stood with levelled carbines, he said, "I go then. It is my turn. Good. I have killed seventeen and more, and it is only fair that I should die for that. I had thought I could venture on one more night in the *masseria*; but never mind, I can die as well as others have done. So now let us go,—*addio, addio, addio!*" and the words were cut short by a volley which laid him dead on the ground, the last of the captains of the *Decisi*, if not the worst.

For the next two years General Church lived at Lecce as commandant of the province of Apulia.

Lecce, which for some years had lost its old reputation for gaiety and light-heartedness, again became "one of the pleasantest cities of Italy." He "enjoyed the agreeable society and splendid hospitality of the inhabitants of the provinces of Bari and Otranto." "Not a single murder or robbery took place during this time." He was flattered and *fêted*, the Government gave him thanks, and promised him rewards which never came. His brother writes, "Richard is promised a post of great honour and eminence, so now his fortune is made;" and a little later, "He has not yet got his reward, but before long (*entre nous*) we shall have a Marquess in the family with a fine estate! So attached are the people to him that his recall would cause a rebellion. Will you believe that such has been the state of the country for years under the sway of the terrible brigand and his band, that many people have not ventured outside their doors, and even the *Sindaco* of the place and the *Intendente* of the province had not ventured outside the gates of the city?"

Meanwhile the General has expended his own little fortune, and has borrowed a large sum from his devoted brother, in paying his soldiers, and returning the hospitalities offered him, but is unable to get from the Government even his arrears of pay.

The work was done, and done well. But as to paying the workmen, that was another matter. And as time went on, and other claims were pushed to the front, the Government was glad to forget old promises, and throw aside their no longer needed instrument.

Even during this period of General Church's prosperity there might be heard the grumbling of the coming storm. It was im-

possible that it should be otherwise. He was a foreigner, set in a high place, over the heads of native governors: this of itself would naturally cause jealousy and dislike. He was uncompromising, determined to do his work in his own way, to hold to his rights—very likely a bit arrogant in asserting them, very likely not so courteous as prudence would dictate towards those whom he disliked and thought badly of.

Two stories will illustrate his methods of dealing with those who were not worthy of respect or trust.

There was a certain Government spy in Lecce, Don Luigi Gentili, who for years had lived and grown rich by his infamous trade. Everybody detested him, but everybody feared him too much to show it. He was almost as powerful in the city as *Ciro Annichiarico* himself. His mode of action was equally simple and ingenious. He merely sailed with the stream. When King Ferdinand reigned, Gentili furnished him with lists of the disaffected people who were on the side of Napoleon. When Ferdinand gave place to Joseph Buonaparte, Gentili was equally ready with lists of those who were plotting to get the old Government back. The same game was played under Murat; and when Murat was shot, and Ferdinand IV. of Naples came back as Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies, who so ready with protestations of service as Don Luigi Gentili? And each Government in turn seems to have accepted his services, and paid for them too! The Government registers revealed this fact on inspection. "Most extraordinary papers they were," says General Church. "Long lists of the most respectable people of the neighbourhood were found, denouncing them as favourers of first one

party, then another, year by year, month by month; and subjoined were the punishments inflicted—shooting, fines, imprisonment for years—and the records of money received, from whichever Government was in power, for information given. His own receipts, in his own handwriting, bore witness against him. More than a hundred families had suffered from the infernal calumnies of this wretch!"

Don Gentili was a great ally of the *Intendente* of Lecce, a timid man, and no friend to General Church, who got him displaced and recalled to Naples; also he was a member of half-a-dozen secret societies, which would account for the respect shown to him by the same *Intendente* and other authorities. Some time before this date, when the General first came to visit Lecce, Gentili had tried to stir up the people to attack the troops on their way from one city to another,—thus, as he put it, "freeing the country, driving back the foreigner, and establishing the Salentine Republic." The idea was responded to with acclamation, and a body of armed citizens were placed in ambush on the Bari road, the day the General was expected to enter Lecce. Perhaps it was as well for them that he happened to come in by a different road, so no harm was done! Then Don Gentili went off to the authorities and denounced several people as having been concerned in a plot to attack the royal troops—and was duly paid for the information by the Government.

"The fellow deserves hanging," said the General, pulling his moustache, and pacing the room perplexedly, as he listened to all these details. "Yes, the world would be well rid of him, no doubt. But then, there are probably half-a-dozen nearly as bad;

and he has a wife, you say, and a whole tribe of children. What is to become of them? Can't we keep him out of doing any more mischief without going to extremities? If I send him before the court, he is doomed. Suppose he is banished, and put under surveillance for the present, so as to give him a chance of mending his ways?" So Don Luigi Gentili was sent to Barletta, out of his own province, and with stern warnings and threatenings if he should venture to leave the place without express permission from headquarters; and for a short time he kept quiet enough. But he had a friend in the displaced *Intendente* of Lecce, the Marchese Pietracatella, now living at Naples, and brooding over his displacement, which he set down as the work of the meddling Englishman.

One fine day King Ferdinand, in his state carriage, was taking his usual drive along the Chiaja. The four fat horses pranced solemnly along, conducted by the gorgeous coachman in royal livery. The lazy, good-humoured, self-indulgent King sleepily returned the salutations of passers-by. The sky was blue, the sea was blue, the air was golden, dazzling; early summer made the Chiaja of Naples into an earthly Paradise; bright-eyed, bare-legged boys played *moro*, sellers of macaroni and lemonade cried their wares at every corner, flower-girls showed their white teeth in ready smiles when likely customers came by, —all was pleasure, ease, light, colour, movement, amusement. Suddenly King Ferdinand rubbed his eyes; a respectable-looking man, dressed in black, darted forwards, seized the handle of the carriage-door with one hand, and waved a paper with the other, wildly gesticulating and exclaim-

ing, "*Giustizia, Maestà—giustizia, giustizia!*" The carriage was stopped. The King ordered a lackey to open the door. He was fond of posing as the father of his people, when it did not entail too much trouble; and in his best "*Rè di lazzaroni*" manner, "*Ebbene, amico*," he said, "*che volete? Parlate, parlate.*"

Upon this Gentili fell upon his knees, seizing the King's hand and kissing it effusively, while he poured forth most lamentable complaints against General Giorgio, who was persecuting an unfortunate gentleman of Lecce to death! The King shook his head at this. "How? how? Persecuted by Giorgio! Can't believe it; can't believe it. I know Giorgio well, too well to believe that he would persecute one of my people!" Gentili, still on his knees, swore by everything in heaven and earth that he spoke the bare truth, and that he and his innocent family would die of want unless his Majesty would interfere to protect them from this grasping foreigner. "Well, well," said the King, "give me your paper—the matter shall be seen to;" and taking the petition, Ferdinand ordered the lackey to shut the door, and the carriage drove away, leaving Gentili, with clasped hands, invoking blessings on the head of the father of his people.

A few days later the petition reached General Church, having been forwarded to him by the Minister of Justice, Tommasi, and accompanied by a request that he would explain what it all meant. The General's reply is characteristic. "I am not a little surprised," he says, "at hearing from your Excellency that Don Luigi Gentili is at Naples, he having been placed by my orders at Barletta, under surveillance. I shall be happy to give your Excellency information

about the man when I hear that he has returned to Barletta. Till then you will, I am sure, understand that to do so would derogate from the respect due to the *alter ego* with which his Majesty has invested me."

On the next Council day the King inquired what reply had been received from General Giorgio, and the letter was produced and read aloud. "Let me read it myself," said Ferdinand; and having done so, he threw it on the table, and a frown gathered on the royal brow. The white-haired Marchese Circatella next took it up, put on his spectacles, read it through, and put it down in silence. Then the Cavaliere Luigi di Medici took the missive, read it aloud, glanced at his companions, and observed deferentially, "It is very well written, Sire!" and the others chimed in assenting to this fact, though observing that perhaps the General was a little—a little—the English were a stiff-necked race!—doubtless he *might* have replied differently, since the query was made in his Majesty's behalf, yet—"Yet, knowing the General as I do," quoth old Circatella, "I say, depend upon it he won't give in!"

"And after all, he has right on his side," put in De Medici.

The King's little fit of temper had gone by; he laughed and rubbed his hands in easy-going fashion,—"What a fuss about nothing! What have you to say, Tommasi?"

"I say, your Majesty, that the General saved Apulia."

"Yes, yes, quite true. I know I owe him half my kingdom; but he might have sent me an answer."

"The English are fierce and intractable, but they are honourable, and hold fast to their friends," said the old Marchese.

"Well, well, we have had enough of it," said the King. "Tommasi

had better write and tell Giorgio I never doubted he had done right about that fellow. I only asked for information."

So Tommasi wrote again, but to no purpose. Naturally General Church felt that he, being on the spot, knew a great deal more of the intrigues and malpractices which had been going on for years than did the Government at Naples. Besides, he felt the necessity for making his authority felt, so he replied thus: "I beg to inform your Excellency that I am perfectly well aware that it was his Majesty who required information; but no information can be obtained from me till Gentili is sent back to Barletta. What will people think if a person of Gentili's character can set at defiance the authority of the Crown? It would be no less, since the *alter ego* was intrusted to me by his Majesty himself. I think your Excellency will see that either this man must leave Naples or I must beg leave to resign the command with which I am at present intrusted." This settled the matter, and a few days later the General received an official despatch informing him that Gentili had been sent back to Barletta, and also the following letter from Prince Zurlo:—

"*Caro Amico*,—I congratulate you. Your firmness has broken up the plot. This affects the security of every household in the province, for those who have been injured by this infamous man will now venture to witness against him."

As to Don Luigi Gentili, he had better have trusted to the General's clemency, and kept quiet in his banishment, for now he was handed over to the royal courts of Naples, and sent to the galleys for ten years.

The second story relates the fate of Maestro Longo, tailor and citi-

zen of Lecce,—a very good tailor, but a very bad citizen! It was an evil day for Maestro Longo when he dropped the tape and scissors and took to politics, attended meetings of the secret societies, and stuck a stiletto in his belt. He never murdered anybody, but he talked as if he were ready to slay the whole Government! He had a ready tongue, and loved to use it in furious declamation. The applause of the rabble was sweet to him, and much more sweet the feeling that his betters were afraid of him. So he talked mysteriously in corners, gave it to be understood that he was on intimate terms with the chiefs of banditti, was always a principal speaker at patriotic meetings, gave weekly receptions at Lecce, and insisted on the young gentlemen of the place attending them, if they valued their safety; and it shows how great was the fear caused by these secret societies that his noble customers dared not disobey his mandate! The then *Intendente* was a special patron of the tailor, and fed his arrogance by treating him familiarly, until Maestro Longo gave himself airs as the most important person in the town.

But this glory ended when General Church took up his quarters at Lecce. His coming was heralded by a grand ball, where Maestro Longo appeared, swaggering among the best; but, alas! times had changed, and before long he found himself taken up by a couple of tall youths, and fairly tossed out of window—by which means the poor little man broke his arm.

"It would be quite a pity to harm the fellow. We must teach him to attend to his trade," said General Church to a group of young gentlemen of Lecce, who were paying their respects. "He is a good tailor, is he not?"

"None better, your Excellency. Did your Excellency ever hear of the tailor and the Marchese's pantaloons? No? Then, *con rispetto*, you must know that the Marchese Pietracatella one day sent for his friend Maestro Longo, who arrived with scissors and tape to take his patron's order, and found that patron lying on his bed, much in need of some new diversion. 'Have you ever seen me dance?' said the Marquis. 'It is something worth seeing, my friend. I believe I could dance down any man in the Two Sicilies.' And springing off his bed, he began a tarantella to his own whistling, snapping his fingers, springing half-way to the ceiling, whisking round faster and faster, until at last he sank panting on a chair. 'Give me one minute to recover my breath, Longo,' said he, 'and then you shall measure me for a pair of pantaloons.' 'Certainly,' said the tailor; 'but first it is my turn. I have waited for your Excellency—it is only fair that you should wait for me; and, in truth, I flatter myself I can do better than that!' So he began to dance, and went on dancing as if he was bewitched! The Marchese begged him to stop, ordered him to stop, stamped, swore, threatened: still the tailor danced on to his own whistling, serenely ignoring his patron's anger, until in despair Pietracatella called his servants to put the fellow out. But for months after the Marchese had to wear his old clothes, for the angry tailor flatly refused to make him new ones, and the other tailors of the town dared not disoblige Maestro Longo!"

"Look here, gentlemen," said the General, when he had done laughing. "I have determined to give a ball at my house every Monday during my stay here. I am afraid—I am really very much

afraid—that this will clash with the weekly ball which I understand is given by Maestro Longo. But pray observe that you are perfectly at liberty to take your choice and go where you will. I would not interfere with the tailor for worlds! Only, unhappily, it will be quite impossible for you to be in two places at once, and you will clearly understand that it is at your own choice to attend one or the other—not both.”

The young men looked at one another, laughed, and declared that they had not the least intention of entering Maestro Longo's house in future except as customers, but they hoped to attend the General's receptions.

The next day the tailor received a summons to wait on the General. Softly and sadly he went, with his arm in a sling, and meekly he sat in the anteroom for a considerable time before he was admitted to the great man's presence. The General fixed his keen blue eyes on the round, little, black-eyed person, who fidgeted and bowed nervously, and expressed his desire to serve his Excellency.

“Measure me for a coat, *Signore Sarto*, if you please,” said General Church.

“Uniform or plain? But pardon me, your Excellency, I have not brought my measure. With permission, I will run and fetch it, though indeed”—and he shook his head mournfully and looked at his arm—“an accident, your Excellency. *Poco, poco*, but for the moment it causes me difficulty.”

“No hurry, Maestro Longo. Let us talk of something else. Though you have never worked for me, I have a pretty long account to settle with you, I find,” said the General, locking the door as he spoke, and seating himself in an old-fashioned armchair. The tailor's ruddy face grew pale, and

his teeth positively chattered. Down he went on his knees, protesting that he was a guiltless man, a good citizen.

“I believe, as far as I know, you have never committed a murder; so much the better for you,” said the General. “Get up. Now tell the truth, for you will gain nothing by lying.”

“It is true that I have been guilty; but I will tell your Excellency all. I throw myself on your Excellency's mercy,” gasped the poor little man.

“Good, so far. Get up, and answer my questions. And mind, you must alter your ways, if you don't want to spend some years in the galleys. You have become uncommonly expert of late with the small sword, I hear. How many stilettoes have you on your premises?”

“O, your Excellency knows everything! Pardon, pardon, and my life shall be devoted to serve you.”

“Look here, my friend. I happen to know that you have the diplomas of the *Filadelfi* and the *Patrioti Europei*. Lucky for you that you have had nothing to do with the *Decisi*! Now, how many men have you in your squadron of *Filadelfi*?”

“Sixty, *Signore Generale*.”

“All armed?”

“Si, *signore*.”

“How many altogether in Lecce?”

“About 300.”

“All armed?”

“But no, *signore*, only about half.”

“Any assassins among them?”

“Not to my knowledge, *signore*.”

“Under what supreme authority do you, or rather did you, act?”

“Under the Salentine Republic.”

“Your own rank?”

"Prefect of the city of Lecce. Your Excellency knows that is the same as *Intendente*."

"Have you a diploma as prefect?"

"Sì, *Signore Generale*."

"What do you aim at?"

"Equality, your Excellency. No man to have more land than another."

"Very good. And now, *Signore Sarto*,"—the General's eyes twinkled in spite of himself,—
"pray, what was your fancy for giving those weekly balls?"

Poor Maestro Longo hung his head, and looked like a boy caught in an apple-tree and brought face to face with the head-master. He cast piteous looks at the General, and stammered out, "I—I wanted to—to break the pride of the gentry, *Signore Generale*."

"And did many of them come to your balls?"

"A good many, especially—that is——"

"Well, go on. Especially——?"

"When the invitations were signed by me—with four dots after——"

"Four dots! What does this mean?"

"They were bound to comply—else——"

"Speak out, man; else what?"

In a very low voice, and with eyes fixed on the ground, the tailor finished his sentence. "It meant—they would die, your Excellency."

There was a pause, long enough for the last remains of courage to ooze out of the tips of the poor tailor's fingers. He stood, limp, pale, and shaking, with the feeling that two stern eyes were fixed upon him, that lies were of no avail, and that—O heavens! if he should have to leave his pleasant house, his admiring friends, his chats on the Piazza, his speechifyings at meetings, for the galleys!

Presently the questions began again.

"Who paid the expenses of these balls?"

"The Government, *Signore Generale*—that is, the Salentine Republic. The money was raised by—by forced contributions."

"Did you collect the money?"

"*Per Dio*, no, no, no, your Excellency! I had nothing to do with it, and it went to the Directory."

"Where is your muster-roll?"

"In a priest's house in Surbo."

"Is Major Farini your superior?"

"In the military line, *sì*, *signore*. I am the superior in the civil line."

"How many officers of the *Reale Corona* Regiment belong to you?"

"Twelve or fourteen."

"Any other regiment?"

"Not to my knowledge, your Excellency."

"Now, Maestro Longo, attend to me. Can I depend on your good conduct in future?"

"O, your Excellency, pardon me, save me! I swear you shall have no cause of complaint against me!"

"Will you go back to your tailoring, and keep your fellows to their proper work?"

"Sì, *sì*, *signore*."

"Will you go round to all the gentlemen you have insulted, and ask pardon, one by one, for your former insolence?"

"I will, *signore*, I will, and gladly!"

"Will you give your associates clearly to understand that these secret societies must be broken up?"

"They are so already, your Excellency; and in truth the majority of people are delighted at it, and feel safe under your Excellency's protection."

"And are you of that opinion?"

"Ah, signore, I am a reformed man! I am yours for the rest of my life."

"If that is so, you need fear nothing for the past, and I am sure you will find tailoring a much more profitable trade than sword-exercise. But you must hand over all your weapons to Colonel Bentz, and all your papers to me."

"*Per l'amor di Dio!* but there is enough to hang us all!"

"*Signore Sarto*, you will please to understand that I am not admitting you to a capitulation. I am giving you commands, which you will disobey at your peril."

Poor Maestro Longo was crushed again. "Certainly, certainly," he murmured. "My life is in your Excellency's hands. I will give up all, all. I trust to your Excellency's generosity."

Thereupon the General unlocked the door, and desired two officers to go with Maestro Longo to his house and seize all his arms and papers. It was a wonderful find! Six hundred stilettoes, 260 stand of firearms, were handed over to the military authorities, and Maestro Longo himself brought the papers, books, and diplomas; and what was his joy and relief when he saw them blazing in the grate, while he, with tape and scissors, was employed in measuring the General for two new uniform coats and several pairs of pantaloons!

Two years later, a family letter from Naples says: "I expect Richard here in about a month. He has been selected by the King for an important commission in the island of Sicily, a most honourable and flattering appointment." A very unfortunate appointment for the General it turned out, as we shall see; though at the time it was considered a matter of congratulation. "You speak, my dear

General, of returning to England," says the Minister De Medici.

"You don't expect me to agree to *that*, I hope. You may leave the province of Lecce perhaps, but the King counts on you for another mission. . . . You, who are so attached to the King and your other friends, will surely put by the thought of going away, out of kindness to both." And again, "You will see in the new commission destined to you by his Majesty a striking proof of his affection and confidence. Let me be the first to congratulate you." While Sir William à Court, British Minister to the Court at Naples, writes, "I was very glad to hear from De Medici that you were to be sent to assume the command at Palermo. It is an honourable thing for you, and I hope will be attended with *solid* advantage."

When King Ferdinand was in exile in Sicily he had been ready to promise anything—civil liberty, reduced taxation; had flattered the *Carbonari*, and promised oblivion for all past offences against the law; but at the same time, when the Sicilian Parliament refused to give him as much money as he asked for, he sold the Communal lands; and when the Parliament protested against this infraction of the old Sicilian Constitution, he put several of the members into prison. When he was brought back to his kingdom, "having learnt nothing and forgotten nothing," he had a heavy bill to pay to his Austrian allies, who had put him there, and that of course meant fresh taxation to his already overburdened people. "There are fresh difficulties at Palermo," writes Sir W. à Court, April 1819. "Another regiment was sent off in a hurry yesterday. The King's journey is postponed

sine die. The Hereditary Prince returns as Viceroy to Palermo as soon as the Emperor (of Austria) is gone." But apparently it was thought wiser that the Hereditary Prince should keep out of the way; and in the following year General Naselli, a Neapolitan, was appointed Lieut.-General of Sicily—a post equivalent to that of Viceroy—and General Church to have command of the troops. The chestnuts were in the fire, and it was convenient that foreign fingers should pull them out!

General Church pressed for permission to take with him his own foreign troops, well known and trusty, as he was aware that no dependence was to be placed on the Sicilians; but this was not allowed. They were wanted at Naples; but they should be sent, he was assured, early in the autumn. Before that time the revolution in Sicily was over, and the General in prison.

He reached Palermo July 5th, and found "the force in Palermo quite insufficient for garrisoning that city, and the discipline of the troops lax. No military system whatever, no public place of parades, no regular mode of transmitting orders. The officers always dressed in plain clothes, and were scattered in different lodgings in and out of the town. Nothing like military regularity was to be seen in Palermo. A spirit of insubordination reigned in several of the corps, and all of them were in some degree infected with Carbonarism." Palermo was crowded for the great national festival, the Feast of Santa Rosalia, which lasts, we are told, five days; and just as it began, a despatch from Naples brought the news of the revolt there, of the new constitution for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The sailors of the boat landed, all with tricolour cockades

in their hats; and in a few minutes, as if by magic, all the crowd in the streets had mounted the tricolour, instead of the royal white ribbon, and were cheering for the Constitution, Liberty, Independence.

In July 1820, the 'Constitutional Journal' of Naples publishes an article giving an account of what happened. It laments the excesses which took place, but throws all the blame on the "foolish and stupid conduct of General Church, a stranger to us by birth and feeling, who tore from the breast of a peaceful citizen the yellow ribbon. The tumult would not have occurred but for his folly and imprudence."

This yellow ribbon was added to the tricolour as the sign of independence. The General replies: "It is a fable, an absolute falsity. Never did prudence so abandon me that I should risk my life among the infuriated mob." "It was my singular fate," he adds, evidently smarting under the sense of failure and injustice, "that precisely what I did to fulfil my duty is imputed to me as a crime, and the pride and honour of a soldier cruelly wounded for the first time in my life." And he gives his own account of what took place.

At 8 o'clock P.M., July 14, the Viceroy, General Naselli, sent to General Church with news of the revolution and new constitution at Naples. "My first act was to tender my resignation to the Viceroy, who refused it, begging me not to abandon him in so critical a position, until the arrival of his successor, General Fardelli, who had been appointed by the revolutionary Government." General Church consented to withdraw his resignation, but begged for definite orders. Getting none, and finding that his officers were "all thunderstruck at the pros-

pect of affairs, and indifferent to anything but their own safety," he went home, desiring Marshal O'Ferris, chief of the staff, to call on the Viceroy at six next morning, and request definite orders *in writing*. These proved to be "to announce to the troops the King's acceptance of the new constitution, and to order them to wear the tricolour cockade, as worn by his Majesty and the royal family." The troops were, however, forbidden to add the yellow ribbon for the independence of Sicily.

The orders were given out, and at 10 A.M. all functionaries, military and civil, went in state to the Cathedral Church to assist at the great national festival of Santa Rosalia. The streets, the Piazza, the Cathedral itself, were crowded with people wearing the four-coloured ribbon, and shouting for liberty and independence, but there was no disturbance; and the service over, all went their way, to meet again at the Palace of the Senate that evening according to custom, and see the fireworks and processions from the windows.

At first all went well. The Viceroy, the generals, the magistrates, and their friends chatted together and watched the crowds coming and going, with singing and laughter, bandying of jests and shouting, under the soft, starlit July night. But presently there was a rush and a tumult, the crowd swayed and parted; a noisy procession, headed by a number of non-commissioned officers and soldiers, marched into the Piazza, stopping under the palace windows, waving their hats, and shouting, "*Viva l'Indipendenza di Sicilia! Viva la Libertà! Viva Robespierre!*" Then they marched on, the people following and joining in the cry, out into the Cassaro, the principal street of Palermo.

The Viceroy looked uneasy. "This conduct on the part of soldiers is infamous! It will lead to mischief," said he, addressing General Church; and as soon as the Piazza was clear, he took leave and went home with his guard of honour. Most of the other guests slipped away, and Generals Church and Coglitore and Lieutenants Quandel and De Nitis were left alone.

General Church proposed to follow the procession, and order the soldiers back to barracks. General Coglitore demurred to this, as useless and dangerous; but when his friend replied, "It can't be helped. It is my duty. We had better show the people that we share their pleasure," he agreed to the plan, and the four soldiers went out together. They reached the thronged and brightly lighted Cassaro, and found some difficulty in making their way. The soldiers had been the instigators of these riotous proceedings, and General Church contrived to approach one of the non-commissioned officers, and asked him to "tell his comrades not to make so much noise, to conduct themselves with more regularity, and when they had reached the end of the street to return to their quarters; adding that I had no objection to their sharing the general joy on the last night of the festival, but that the manner in which they were acting might lead to disturbances." This had no effect. The soldiers moved on, the crowds closed round, the four officers were pushed and hustled, and threatened with death, unless they would join the popular cry. General Church consented to cry, "*Viva il Rè! Viva la Costituzione!*" but as to anything else, in spite of General Coglitore's advice, "*Jamais!*" said the sturdy Briton. "*Pas un mot!*"

The tumult rose higher, daggers were brandished, cries arose of "Down with them! Death to all

tyrants! Kill them! away with them!" Fortunately General Coglitore's carriage was waiting at the entrance of the Piazza, and, extricating themselves from the crowd, they managed to reach it and jump in, though not before General Coglitore had been wounded by a dagger, and General Church half stunned by a stone. Off they drove, full speed, followed by execrations, threats, showers of stones, and beating with their swords those who climbed upon the carriage. I have before me an old print representing the scene: the open carriage, the coachman whipping up his horses, the mob clinging on or following with brandished daggers and up-lifted stones; the occupants of the carriage in their cocked-hats; while at a little distance stands another carriage and pair, and coachman, with the utmost placidity!

After a while they distanced their foes, and stopped to hold a consultation. General Coglitore went to his sister's house, promising to send disguises to his friends; but they heard no more of him. In fact, he was forced to remain in hiding for several days, and could do nothing for them. They were close to a small fort, and a house by the roadside was inhabited by an artilleryman. Lieutenant De Nitis borrowed this man's clothes and went to Palermo. Church and Quandel took refuge in the fort, which stood on a rising ground, above the sea, and consisted of a loop-holed wall, and open-rail gate, without even a lock. The artilleryman stood sentinel, and the officers, still in dress costume, took shelter within.

So the night passed, and the summer morning broke blue and golden. People began to pass to their business, singing and whistling; fishing-boats came out from the neighbouring villages, but

would not come near, in spite of signals, for fear of the *sanita* (health officer). Groups came from Palermo, and the fugitives could hear them shouting information about what happened in the town, and threats as to what they would do to General Giorgio when they caught him. Once some lads ran up the slope, looking everywhere round the battery, but not *into* it. The two officers gave themselves up for lost, and determined to sell their lives dearly. They crouched close to the wall; and after a good deal of shouting to a group of men on the road below, the lads ran away, and the fugitives could breathe again. At last an officer in plain clothes came to them, saying that a gunboat, sent by General Naselli, was on its way to rescue them. It soon appeared, but dared not land, for a throng of people assembled on the shore, evidently watching its movements. At that moment, most fortunately, a little fishing-skiff slowly passed beneath the rock on which the fort was built, and immediately the two officers sprang over the parapet and into the boat, "much to the terror of the poor fisherman, whom we obliged to row us to the gunboat, where we found De Nitis awaiting us."

The gunboat carried the Viceroy's orders that General Church should be taken to Trappani. The General, on the contrary, wished to return to Palermo, and try his authority with the troops there. He persuaded Captain La Rocca to wait a while, and sent letters by a sailor to General Naselli; but the man came back, reporting that the troops had fraternised with the populace, that he had had great difficulty in gaining admittance to the palace, and that the Viceroy had ordered him to go back at once and tell General Church that

it was impossible for him to write, and that the gunboat must instantly proceed to Trapani.

"The man is quite right, General," said De Nitis, in French. "I was in the town this morning, and the people were in a state of fury. It is useless to expect any help from the troops; there is no confidence to be placed in them. They would have given you up to the mob, had you been in Palermo."

Meanwhile the sailors were getting up the anchor and putting out to sea; whereat General Church seems to have lost his temper, and rated the Captain soundly, calling him a traitor, and declaring that he meant to throw the fugitives into the sea.

"I am not a traitor, General," said Captain La Rocca; "I am your friend. I dare not disobey my orders, which are to go to Trapani; and I can give you no better proof of my fidelity than the assurance that I and my crew have left our wives and families in Palermo, in danger of being murdered, in order to save your life!"

So to Trapani they went, but found no welcome there. The Commandant told them that the soldiers openly declared their intention of deserting as soon as they got outside their barracks; that the officers had set free and brought into their *vendita* (club) certain *Carbonari* from the province of Lecce who had been condemned for murder by the Military Commission there of two years ago, and whom "the misguided clemency of the Government" had exiled to Sicily. They sailed on to Marsala, where they were most hospitably received by a Mr Wodehouse, who had a house near the sea, on the outskirts of the town. He ordered wine, and food, and ammunition to be got ready for provisioning

their boat, and brought them all home to dine with him, assuring them they need fear nothing either for themselves or for him: for in the first place, the people of Marsala owed him too much to wish to offend him; and in the second, he had workmen enough to defend his house against the whole population! He wanted them to remain with him a day or two; but before dinner was over, a messenger from Palermo brought the news that the galley-slaves had been set free, and that the troops had quarrelled with the people, and were fighting them in the streets. Upon this the General thought he saw a chance of recalling the soldiers to their allegiance, and, in spite of all remonstrance, insisted upon hurrying off with the gunboat in the direction of Palermo. This was on the evening of the 17th July.

On the way they called at Trapani, but were received with threats that the fort would fire on the gunboat if she came closer. So they went on their way, till at dawn they came to the point of S. Vito. Here were three gunboats and an armed boat at anchor. Quandel was sent to parley with them, and returned with the captain, who, in answer to the usual inquiry how things were going at Palermo, said all was lost. The galley-slaves were let loose, the Viceroy had fled, the Palermitans had armed a number of boats, and no one was allowed to land. Then, turning to Captain La Rocca, "Your boat is under my orders," said he.

"I was under your orders," was the answer; "but having been sent on a special service by the Viceroy and General Staiti, I can obey no orders but theirs, or those of his Excellency here, for whose safety I am answerable."

The other captain scowled at

this reply, and getting into his little boat, took a hasty leave and returned to his gunboat.

"I don't like his manner," said La Rocca, "and those sailors are mostly Palermitans. We are much better without them."

While they were discussing what was best to be done, they suddenly observed that the gunboats had left their moorings, and were approaching them—in fact, were but forty yards away. The sailors seized their oars, muttering *Tradimento*, and began to row as hard as they could. The other side shouted to them to stop, or every one of them should be cut to pieces; but the brave fellows took no notice of the threats. They were outnumbered three to one, says the General: no blame could be attached to them if they yielded to so superior a force, and to give up their stranger guests would ensure them personal safety and large rewards. However, they entered into the race gleefully, shouting defiance at their pursuers, while every epithet that Sicilian wit or rage could invent was bandied from one to the other. "Trust us," they cried, in answer to the General's words of encouragement; "those are rascals, traitors, *Carbonari*! We have better hearts, and God will be on our side. We will sooner die than give you up;" and they rowed with all their might out of the line of fire, for they had no idea that their foes happened to be short of ammunition.

It had been a perfectly still morning, hot and clear as July should be, but very exhausting for the oarsmen; and now a breeze sprang up, and they hoisted their sails, cheerily exclaiming that theirs was the fastest sailing-boat in Sicily, and that they should soon leave the others behind. So it proved, and after three hours'

chase the enemies slackened sail, gave up, and returned home, and with great joy Captain La Rocca and his men refreshed themselves with Mr Wodehouse's excellent wine: then came thanks and mutual congratulations, and a few hours of much-needed sleep.

On July 23 they reached Naples, entering the Mola with the King's colours flying from the mast. What did they find? "The Government overturned, the King and Prince prisoners in their palace, the tricolour flag waving everywhere. Our boat was boarded by officers of the port, and the King's colours struck by them. An immense mob was collected on the Mola, exceedingly attentive to everything going on in the port, and apparently directing all the movements there. An awning over our boat (the sun being very hot) fortunately kept the persons in her from being easily seen. In an hour Major Staiti came with orders to confine me in the Castel dell' Ovo, to which I was conveyed by water." There he remained four months, no charge being preferred against him.

"I admire the spirit of rectitude which brought you here," writes Sir W. à Court, "and lament your imprudence in committing yourself into your enemies' hands. In revolutionary times the spirit of reason and justice is hushed. Why did you not go on board the English frigate in the bay? How can I serve you? I have no power or influence now. I am assured you are in personal safety; but is the present Government master of the country?" And again, "The Parliament is composed of a set of *Carbonari*, over whom neither the Prince nor his Ministers have any more influence than you or I. I know not what advice to give you. It appears to me that you are more closely watched than formerly. I was myself stopped

by the sentinel the other day, and only released by the sergeant. It is an infamous business altogether. Campochiaro himself says he is ashamed of it."

In September a protest, signed by nineteen English nobles and gentry resident at Naples, entreats Sir W. à Court, as accredited Minister of England, to obtain the liberation of their fellow-countryman, who has been in prison nine weeks without any accusation of any sort being brought against him. This, they say, is "an act of injustice on the part of the Government of a kingdom to whose prosperity General Church is universally admitted to have essentially contributed. The steady principles of loyalty and honour which have distinguished him; his tried firmness and moderation upon all occasions, especially in the late commotions in Sicily; his watchful attention over the tranquillity of the provinces under his command; the successful measures he adopted to suppress a system of defalcation in the public revenues,—claim respect from every candid mind, and the peculiar hardship of his case calls in the strongest manner for the support and protection of his country." This protest was forwarded, accompanied by a protest of Sir W. à Court's own, in which he points out that though a Commission had been appointed to inquire into the affair, nothing had been done. And in the month of November a family letter says: "Richard is still in prison, though his liberation or trial has been demanded officially and unofficially. The Commission appointed last August of ten civil judges and ten generals gave no opinion. The Committee appointed by Parliament declared that he had done his duty; yet he remains in prison. He bears his change of circum-

stances with great philosophy. He lost everything at Palermo—furniture, books, papers, &c.—but the Government refuse even to give him his pay; besides, he has incurred a debt of £3000 in providing clothes, &c., for his troops."

The fact was, the *Carbonari* ruled in Naples, and the Government was powerless. A letter (undated, but evidently of this time) from Sir W. à Court says: "Your affair, you may depend on it, is drawing to a close—that is to say, if the *Carbonari* do not overpower the Government and the well-meaning part of the community to prevent your release. Campochiaro has promised to demand an interview with the Deputies expressly for this purpose." At last he was released, and the story may wind up with a letter from Frederick, Duke of York, and Commander-in-Chief, dated March 7, 1822: "On the 3d instant I received with great satisfaction your letter with its enclosures, and I lose no time in congratulating you upon the result of an investigation which, if correctly conducted, could indeed be no other than honourable to you, and such as would do justice to the spirit and zeal with which you had discharged your duty under very trying circumstances. I never doubted that your conduct had on this occasion been consistent with the character which you have always maintained."

So ended this chapter in General Church's history; and if it seems rather a dull ending to a dashing story, he had at least plenty of opportunity in later life to make his mark during the wars which made Greece free—Greece, which became the country of his adoption, and where he finished his days in peace and honour fifty years later.

E. M. CHURCH.

A LUCKY DAY IN A DEER-FOREST.

DURING the year 1893 red-deer and the places where they abide were a good deal in evidence. A Commission, biassed as regards the majority of its members from its birth, was appointed to inquire into matters connected with them, and it made many laborious journeys and compiled much interesting information. The stalking season was an unusually good one: it began well and ended well, and about the middle of it the famous Glen Quoich stag was slain, and many people who knew little about forests, and less about the Inquisition sitting on them, were interested in the twenty-pointer. The present writer has more than once had the privilege of giving in these pages an account of days when everything went awry in the forest; when the mist was always low and the wind always wrong, and stags seemed to be clad in invisible armour, impervious to an express bullet. He trusts that he will not be harshly judged, or set down as a praiser of himself if—once in a while—he shows a pleasant reverse to the picture.

One sunny morning last October a big wood in Easter Ross was being driven for deer. A good many men were walking through it in a more or less regular line; not beating it minutely, as for pheasants or rabbits, but—an ignoramus might think—in a casual and indifferent way. Four men with rifles commanded as many of the most likely passes, leading from the wood to the hill, and with one of the latter was a lady.

"Yes—you have been very unlucky, but never mind; this is the third time, and the third time is always fortunate. Besides, I'm going too."

It was once our privilege to hear three ladies simultaneously make such an announcement. They were all young and beautiful, and the question was, How would they allot themselves? There were four passes to watch that day also, and four men to do it, and yet every one of those dames went with the present writer. It would be a never-ending source of congratulation and happiness to that individual if he could by any means persuade himself that they "kept company" with him that chilly day because they liked him best. Alas! they were quite frank in what they said; they made no foolish attempt to conceal the truth. The top pass was a very good one, but it was a high one, exposed to any wind that chose to blow into it almost, and they said they did not intend to catch colds. The next place and its occupier was rejected for the same reason. And to get at the outlook occupied by the third rifle it was necessary to go up a ride in a steep face, covered with exceedingly rank heather, trying to people encumbered with petticoats. And so the lowest and easiest-got-at place was chosen, and they took the man who happened to be in it with what equanimity they might.

The departure of that martyr must have been a touching sight to witness: he went first, concealing his emotions. Then followed a keeper with the rifle, and then—at irregular intervals, discussing many things—came the three fair dames. But lest perchance any of these ladies should read this account, and be dissatisfied with what has been said about them, we hasten to add that no three daughters of Eve could possibly

have behaved better than they did during the whole of that day. Any desire to sally forth in white petticoats and yellow jackets and flamingo-coloured parasols was checked by the knowledge and experience of one of them, and no doubt by an innate sense of propriety in all. We reached the pass, we established the three in a kind of nest in the very long heather, and then we judiciously moved a dozen yards away, and sat alone. If no stags came out at that particular place—and none did come—it was not owing to any indiscretion on the part of the covey. If occasionally a plaintive voice was heard through the heather, announcing that its owner was cold, or stiff, and wanted to jump about and warm herself, a bit of stick judiciously thrown in among the lot always brought silence; and a very small bit of chocolate apiece was the only reward given for four or five hours' patient waiting. And so it was with no demur at all, but with cheerful confidence born of experience, that a year later we climbed to a higher pass in the same great wood. Indeed our companion was no ignoramus about deer and their ways; she was herself capable of doing a hard day's work in a real forest, and stopped to look at the view, when going up a steep hill-side, as seldom as, or seldomer than, most others of her sex with whom we are acquainted. It was much to be hoped that her presence would bring a change in the luck, for a change was greatly needed. Barking roe had alarmed deer one day, and spoilt a certain chance. A little clump of bushes between us and a good stag, and a dangerous slant of wind, had been too much for us another: after some hours of patient waiting within rifle-shot, we had to give it up. But the luck was to be broken to-day.

So we sat in the pleasant sunlight, on the warm side of the hill. To the south lay the Moray Firth, backed by the Grampians; nearer at hand was the Black Isle; the sun shining on its scores of crofters' houses made their white-washed gables, all standing in the same direction, look like so many tents. In the immediate foreground, stretching down to the rapid Orrin, was the great wood out of which our prey was to come. It was a beautiful pass; the wood, thick below, thinned out here into scattered stunted trees, and, supposing the deer came where they were expected to come, it would be the fault of the man and not his weapon if they all got safely away. For a long time nothing was to be seen or heard; then three or four roe made their appearance, and stood some hundred yards below the watchers. They were suspicious and uneasy, and uncertain what to do; they stood quite motionless with pointed ears, listening. Finally they decided that the wood they had come out of was safer than the open hill, and they went back into it. At last we heard a shot or two, and the far faint cry of the beaters, and then a gillie came and said we must shift our ground and take up another position. Here again we waited an hour or two, and lunched.

When the line came up to us the second time we learned that we had been moved too soon. We heard—without much surprise, indeed, but with great sorrow—that an hour after we had left the first watching-place two good stags had come out of the wood, and had stood for a long time just in the very place where they were expected to stand, within easy shot of our pass. It was no good saying anything—though we said it—and it was no use blaming the

gillie—though we did blame him: he, poor man, had sinned with the best intentions, and was as much put out as any one by the catastrophe. But John Burns, the head-keeper, said that there was something uncanny in the air, and that it was no good going out after deer any more. And he was confirmed in his opinions by the way in which we were again done the following day. On a bit of green on the moor, which had once been worked by some long ago dead and forgotten man, we saw a stag. When we got within shot of the green the stag had disappeared. But, on the very spot on which he had been standing, sat a huge rabbit. One of its ears stuck up and one lay down, and there was a something in the expression of its countenance which told us we were looking at no ordinary beast. No doubt those possessed of that sixth sense we sometimes hear of would have been able to make out behind it the shadowy form and horns of a stag.

"We must go and shoot partridges to-morrow," said Mr Burns.

These proceedings took place on a big shooting which was not a regular forest, and then we changed our ground and made a long journey westward to a district where stalking is made a daily business and not a mere interlude; where ladies come sometimes, but not very often; where pheasants and partridges are quite unknown, and grouse are left undisturbed, and even ptarmigan are very seldom attacked. Thirty-four miles by road and six by water took us into a country very different to that we had left behind on the coast; it would be difficult to find a greater contrast than that between the house we left in the morning and its far-away lodge where we slept at night.

There are three lodges in Monar:

one of them is never occupied—has, we believe, never been slept in since it was built some forty years ago save by a passing tramp, who even in this solitary country sometimes makes his appearance. It is a somewhat eerie-looking place on a gloomy day, lying in the middle of a small thick fir-wood close to the loch-side, with no other habitations near; bearing perhaps some resemblance to that "lonely lodge" where the Heir of Lynne repaired, when all his gear was spent and all his hope gone.

This is the middle lodge. That on the east side is a cheery little house, in which a man might live all the year round, and be very comfortable. But when you get to the third house, away to the westward, you leave behind all luxuries as far as outdoor arrangements go—all gravel walks, and flower-beds, and trees, except a few stunted things just round the building. There is a boat-house and a venison larder, and in place of flowers and suchlike the neighbourhood of the house is ornamented during the stalking season by many skins of stags, hanging on fences and bushes to dry. The loch in high water comes pretty close to the front door. It is in the very heart of deer-forests, and is as solitary a place as it would be easy to find. On any night in October you will hear the long-drawn-out roar which stags make at this season—sometimes mournful, sometimes, we have heard men say who have listened to both, as like the roar of a lion as any sound can be. In winter there is plenty of company round about—hundreds of hinds come down here for shelter and grass; they are never shot or disturbed, and in gratitude for the consideration shown them they send out in the spring, not only to their own forest but to all the forests round, hundreds of

young stags. If there was, at any rate in very bad weather, something sombre about the place, it never affected the spirits of those who live there during the first autumn months. To a stalker it was an ideal home; and for our part we associate that little loch-washed, wind-swept, weather-beaten building with the happiest days we have ever spent. In such a place, if anywhere, a man can for a time shake off his troubles and forget unpleasant things.

To this lodge, then, one dull October evening we came across the hill, and we met there an old friend whose record of sport during the previous week had been at once our admiration and our envy. Our friend that day had killed two stags, and we, under Murdoch Macphail's skilful guidance, had the same. One of them was perfectly black with rolling in the peat-hags: he really looked more like a great bear on the yellow hillside than a red-deer. It would be wearisome to give an account of each day's sport; we both had ample. The weather was tolerable, the wind fairly favourable, and neither of us came in any night "clean." And so we pass on to the last day of the season.

High up above the lodge there is a great rock, or rather cliff, called "Creagan Dhu," below which at this time of the year, if the wind is right, there is often a stag. There was one on the eventful morning of which we are giving an account; but he was not in a very good place, and we decided to move the deer to the rifle instead of carrying out the reverse process. So Angy, another of Macphail's sons, went up to the top and round to let them have his wind, and we took up our position above the line which, when shifted from their quarters here, they generally took, and

patiently waited, sitting close together, so as to be able to talk in whispers. Far below us stretched the dull yellowish flat, through which a river, so sluggish in places as almost to turn on itself, wound and twisted to the big lake. Loch Monar and the long chain of the Gedd lochs in Pait wore a sullen, lead-coloured appearance; and around us for very many miles, as far as the eye could see in every direction, stood up the great brown solemn hills. Angy did his work properly; and at last the deer arrived—a string of hinds and calves first, trotting along with the delicate high action which always makes one think of King Agag. The oldest and most experienced hind led the company: her long ears were well pointed forward; she moved as if she was stepping on eggs. The wind, which blew fair on her tail, told her of danger behind: she peered eagerly in front, but did not pay much attention to what was above, and never noticed the two grey-clad figures sitting so motionless among the old grey stones. Then passed out more hinds, and after them the stag; he ambled leisurely along, looking rather bored at having to leave the comfortable shelter. Yet other hinds appeared, quite close, and they saw us, and, after one frightened look to make sure, bolted. The stag, who was a good way farther down the hill, saw them galloping, and instead of making off too—as a wise beast would have done—stopped for a moment, looking up towards us. And then—without any suffering accompanying the act—he died: one tremendous shock, and his troubles, if he had any, and his life, came to an end.

As he rolled over and over down the hill, a second stag came in sight, some thirty yards below the first. All the hinds were wildly bolting

now, but they were bolting in every direction; and though this stag knew well enough that things were wrong, he had been round the corner of the rock when the shot was fired, and had not a good idea of where it came from, and was not sure which lot of deer to follow. So he too, undecided, came to a halt, wildly staring about.

There are some people who tell you that enough is as good as a feast, and that one stag in a day should satisfy the most greedy sportsman; but such folk forget that every day does not give its quota,—wrong winds and mists, and perhaps a temporary scarcity of deer, account for many blanks. Perhaps such a moralist would find it hard to carry out his theories, if he sat on a hillside with a rifle in his hand, and was capable of using it. This second stag offered a fair, almost broadside, shot, and he too parted with his life as quickly and painlessly as his brother. Then we went down to look at them: the first was a pretty eight-pointer, and was found later to weigh exactly fifteen stone; the second had also eight points, but was not so heavy.

There is—if the doer of deed be a novice—something a little solemn in going up to a great animal which he has killed. A few moments earlier and the deer, if it had been unable to get from you—if it had been cornered in any way—would almost have died with fear at your approach. Now you can put your hand on his shaggy sides, and touch his horns, and pull straight his long cold grey-brown legs. Some people say they never shoot a stag without a feeling of regret. It is a hateful thing to shoot a hind which has a calf, and if many hinds have to be killed this must sometimes happen even with the greatest care. For our part we

experience no great satisfaction in shooting even the most barren hind. But the measure of such folk's sorrow is to be not unfairly gauged by what they do afterwards, and by the hatred with which they look on a stag they have missed. For ourselves we have never spared a stag—a good stag—from any motives of commiseration; if he has got off unscathed it was to the hand and eye of the rifleman he was indebted, not to any pity of heart. The fight is not an unequal one: the deer, in a wild state at any rate, does not use his arms in it; but the cunning and subtlety and strength which he sets against you often turn the balance in his favour. It is otherwise with smaller beasties; sometimes—once in a day's shoot—it is a satisfaction to us to spare a rabbit. He is sitting amongst his rushes; we catch sight of him just in time to avoid putting him up. There is something touching in the little creature's appearance; his ears are set as far back as possible; nothing but a roller could press him nearer to the ground than he is now; his eyes, if they are to be seen, have something appealing in them. We let him sit, and go on, and say nothing about his affairs, hoping that the beaters on either side did not notice the short interview, dimly conscious that perhaps, after all, one has done something to be a little ashamed of. Is it quite honest, for instance, when a friend asks you to come and shoot his rabbits, that you should knowingly spare even one in a day? Perhaps—in some far distant age—when things have got mixed and reversed, and rabbits walk about with Maxim guns on their shoulders to prey on man, it may be accounted for some good to a small shivering creature that he, in his time and opportunity, was soft-

hearted enough to spare even one thing that was in his power.

We said just now that a stag does not fight mankind with his arms—which are his horns. This is true when he is in a wild state; when he is in a tame state he will sometimes fight you to the death—to your death. For if you go into a paddock or enclosure where there is a savage tame stag kept for breeding or any purpose, and you are unprovided with a gun or rifle, your death is certain. If Scotland was paved with gold a foot thick, and we could have it all for passing unarmed through such a place, we should think the reward very poor compared with the service asked. To follow a wounded tiger into cover or crawl into a bear's den to shoot him there would be much less risky; you might conceivably escape them, but you would be a doomed man if once caught in the quarters of such a deer. There is another peculiarity about these animals—they will sometimes injure you after they are dead. One of our host's sons came down during this particular stalking season with a cut on his right hand. By long practice he had taught himself to jam open his Henry rifle, get the empty case out and another cartridge in, with wonderful quickness. That a hole should be cut in the palm of his hand by constantly carrying out this operation was to him a matter of indifference; speed was wanted, and the hand had to take care of itself. And other little cuts and scratches were acquired during his scrambles. Then, from handling deer—probably their horns—some subtle substance got into the small wounds, and he was fortunate, though he hardly thought so at the time, in getting through a sharp attack of blood-poisoning with no greater loss than giving up some shooting

engagements and staying for a few days in bed.

To be in possession, before half-past nine, of two stags, is to be in possession also of a large amount of positive happiness,—happiness to be added to indefinitely when you think of the possibilities of a day begun so well. The deer-pony men had been spying us from the lodge, and were soon on their way, but long before they arrived we were high up on the mountain above, on the blunt rounded ridge which runs up to the stony top of Spiegen. We had spied a good stag in Corrie Hallie in the morning. The great bend in the mountain had long cut him off from us, but when we came in sight of the place he was still there, and our proceedings at "the Rock" all unknown to him. So we got high up on the huge grey stony saddle, and prepared to come down on the top of him, and just then we heard a rifle-shot. To get at the man who fired it—our lodge companion—would have meant several thousand feet of up and down, and a good bit of glen to cross, but the sound came in a quicker way. Macphail thought the report might disturb our deer, so we ran, squint-way, across the face of the corrie, still keeping high, so as to have command of the ground, and to be able to cut them off if the start made them make for the Sanctuary—Strath Mhulich—which lay in a bare tarn-filled glen on the right.

Easy and graceful were the movements of two out of that party of three as they passed along the hillside. For the hundredth time we admired the elegance with which a man used all his life to steep hills can run on them. Farquhar Macphail is not a very young man; some would call him old; many at his time of life would think that they had earned a right to sit in their gar-

dens and smoke their pipes, and talk of what they had done. With beautiful ease he ran along the steep, sharp-pointed, stone-covered ground; he never seemed to hurry, and seldom cared to use his stick, which stuck for the most part out behind him, wagging like a tail. This writer flatters himself that if the occasion arose he could run down a pretty steep hillside in a way which would, at any rate, extort the admiration of people who did not know very much about good hill-work. But when he has been toiling after Macphail, either up or down, he has always felt as if he was a very poor copy of an admirable picture—that he accomplished with more or less difficulty and clumsiness what the other did with no difficulty at all. Angy came trotting along contentedly behind: we always felt thankful, when out with that boy or his brother Murdoch, that they had a good heavy double-barrelled rifle on their shoulders to carry in addition to themselves; they have the blood and the teaching of their father, and less than a third of his years. There is always a great difference between a fairly good amateur and a first-class hill-man; witness Swiss guides: you may fancy when you are roped on to them, and do a hard day's work with them, that you are nearly as good as they. It is when you are *off* the rope, and watch them unhampered, that you see the difference.

Macphail was right; when we were able to see the place where the deer had been, we saw the place only—they had disappeared. So we had to go on too—hurrying a little more now, keeping a very sharp look-out below, lest we should run into them: there were great swells and rounded dips in the ground, and often it was impossible to see many yards, but we

hit off the right place; the deer were coming up, squinting along for the corrie. On a little farther, and then there was the quick sitting down, the hurried question and answer, the whipping of the rifle out of its cover—so much easier when it is a hammerless; the shoving two spare cartridges into Angy's ready hand—in case of need. Then fifty yards of careful slipping down the wet hillside, and we were in position, and within fifty yards of the stag. And he too went down; the gods were on our side that day. He got a second bullet and then a third, and then he was ours. Three stags before eleven o'clock.

When you have crawled or slipped into the place from which to take the shot and raise the rifle to fire there are two frames of mind in which to be in. To think within oneself, "I hope I shall hit him!" is one. The other is the best; it is to clench one's teeth, and grip the rifle hard and say, "By Jupiter! I'll get a bullet into you *somewhere*, anyhow!" If the stag drops instantaneously to the shot, you cannot do better than put another into him as speedily as may be. For he is very likely only grazed, stunned for a moment, and if nothing more is done to stop him, may be off and away, and never seen again. A deer shot in the heart seldom drops at once; but his movements then tell any one who has had a little experience that he is safe. A bullet through the head or neck, or through the backbone, is of course instantly fatal, and the deer will fall at once; but so he will if he is just grazed on the point of the shoulder or on the back, and the beast is none the worse for these wounds. How often has the man who writes this stormed and raged—we might use stronger words—at himself, for not doing

what he knew he *ought* to have done; for leaving a well-begun bit of work unfinished, and losing it all when it was within his power to complete it with certainty! The most experienced men will sometimes make mistakes when a stag first tumbles over; will say "All right!" when it is all wrong. You get your chance, and the deer falls and lies where he fell: but, if the ground is steep, a wriggle or a kick may lift him over some stone which is keeping him, or out of some small hollow, and he may roll for hundreds of yards more; if the place is not actually precipitous the fall and the bullet combined may do him no great harm, and, after cautiously descending, and carefully peering into this or that hole or corner for your dead or dying stag, you may suddenly hear an impatient exclamation from the stalker, and the snapping open of a glass, and then realise, with a disgust that is hard to describe, that your deer has pulled himself together, and is off—a mile away—never to be seen by you again. This is a maddening incident in a day's work, and it can often be avoided: if your stag, however bad he may seem, show any signs of feebly struggling to his feet on to his legs, shoot him again; another loud crack, where there has been already one or more, does not do much harm, and if you get the ball into the neck or ribs, the venison is little the worse. We once had hold of a stag's foreleg, and thought he was dead, and the knife was just at his throat when he gave such unmistakable signs of life that—we confess it—we fled out of his way. That stag went far, and it was good luck alone which let us get at him again. We have *heard* of a deer going off with the knife actually in his throat, and never a one of the two of them ever being seen again.

We heard a shot now, on the opposite south face, and then a second, and then a third. A careful search with the glass showed that our neighbour had also been fortunate, and had finished his stag up on the skyline, close to the Attadle march, and then we knew that there was at any rate one other man in the world who at that particular moment was happy. A curious little natural phenomenon had been in evidence between these two points a few days before. The same man fired a shot, and immediately heard another, as it were an echo, from the other side of the glen. He was afraid he might have disturbed deer his host was after, and on meeting the latter at night said so. "Oh!" said the other, "but I fired first." The truth was that they had fired simultaneously, and the time it took the sound to travel made each think he had been the first to pull the trigger. It was something of a coincidence that when only two people were out over a vast extent of country, firing only two or three cartridges each, the identical moment should have been chosen by both of them for these shots.

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the previous day, and the high ground was quite white; in some places the steep smooth slopes were difficult to walk on, and here and there dangerous. Far up—just where the hanging mist and snow ran into one another, so that it was difficult to say where either began, lay a good stag: to get at him from above it was necessary to climb nearly to the top of sharp-peaked, over three thousand feet high, Spiegen. So we set our faces to the hill and plodded steadily up,—passing the place where a day or two before we had killed a royal, and found when we got to him that his four brow-antlers were broken short

off, by a fall, or by a fence when the horn was green; passing another place where things had gone badly instead of well, and a good stag had gone away with a bullet in him, and, after giving us a weary hunt for many hours, had disappeared altogether from our ken. As we toiled up, the snow, from merely powdering the sharp-edged stones, covered them, and made them difficult to cross; it was sometimes a couple of feet deep. The storm had not driven the ptarmigan down; here and there their dismal croak was to be heard through the mist, and once or twice Angy stopped to have a shy at a covey crouching some fifteen or twenty yards away. Most stalkers have wonderful stories to tell of the execution they have at times done among these birds; but we have never seen any killed by their sticks or stones.

We came right down above the deer; the stag was still lying, and we got within some hundred and fifty yards of him, as near as the ground would allow. Some one else in past days had seen deer in the same place, and had made the same stalk, and had chosen the same position that we did for the shot, for on a stone in front of us were lying four empty cartridge-cases. Was it a good or evil omen? we wondered if they had done their work.

The stag was lying just as we had seen him at first: only the tops of his horns were visible out of the hole in which he had settled himself; but his kind is seldom quiet long at this time of the year, and we confidently expected to see him soon get up. Our watching-place was a somewhat exposed one; we were just out of the deep snow, but had taken plenty of it away with us in shoes and knickerbockers, and we all hoped for a speedy termination to the stalk.

"He'll very soon be up," said Macphail. Half an hour passed, and the stag still lay; an hour passed—an hour and a half all but passed, and still that provoking beast sat in his hole. How we all hated him! Once indeed he stood up, and showed he *was* a deer, and not a couple of withered sticks, as we were beginning to fear; but he was down again in the same bed in a moment. What was to be done? Setting aside the cold, it does not do to wait long at this time of the year for any stag unless he is something quite out of the common. Just as a fisherman—on a river where salmon are plentiful and taking well—will not allow an impudent ten-pounder to sulk and put off much time, so now it was not advisable, when stags were many and days short, to bear patiently a very long delay. Yet it was difficult to know what we *should* do: it was impossible to get nearer, and equally hopeless to fire at a pair of horns. In such emergencies we have tried various experiments, such as whistling softly, or pitching stones down the hill. Such plans sometimes work. But deer have a nasty habit of listening attentively, till they get to know exactly where the strange sounds come from, and then bolting all of a sudden, without giving the opportunity of anything but a hopeless flying shot. And so we waited on, trying to keep one hand warm by clasping the thigh, and the other tight in a pocket. After the first hour we were all three pretty cold, and the luxury of stamping or beating one's self, or indeed moving anything but one's eyes, was out of the question.

At last—one hour and five-and-twenty minutes after we had taken up our places—the enemy played into our hands. The hinds got up, and walked slowly up the hill till they passed well within a hun-

dred yards of us, and then the stag—seemingly reluctant even then—got up and followed them. He was a light-coloured big-bodied stag, with long narrow-set horns, and he stood within seventy yards of us. And—we missed him; it was certainly the nearest and the easiest chance we had that season, and we missed him—first with one barrel, and then with the other. Then a change came over the feelings of the responsible member of that party; the sun, which had been shining in a sickly way before, seemed to die out and leave the world all grey and cold and dim: the thought of the three already slain deer gave him no consolation; he felt—both inside and out—like a refrigerator. When Mr Briggs missed his Royal, Leech has shown us how the forester threw up his arms in despair, and though we are not told what he said, we can guess some of it. We have never had the ill fortune to be out with a man who whispers, “Mind you hit him!” when you are just about to fire, or makes disagreeable remarks when you miss. To a young stalker advice of this kind is not only useless but most harmful, as tending to make him nervous,—of course he will hit if he can. Macphail is not of that kidney: if he feels vexed at a good chance being lost he never shows it; he takes a miss most philosophically. On this occasion he watched the deer carefully for a long time, and when he had satisfied himself that it was untouched, he shut up his glass, and muttered, half to himself, with a little sigh, “A big brute!” That was all.

The running commentary Macphail would make when following with his glass a wounded stag was sometimes amusing, always instructive. “Lying down,” he

would say, getting into a comfortable position for the spying. “Up again—going on—going east—standing—going east—lying down—up—going east—looking back—looking back still—looking back—going on.” If our own glass was spoiled with damp, as was often the case, it was with great anxiety we used to listen to these remarks. The lying down was satisfactory (a wounded stag will sometimes lie and get up again twenty times within a few hundred yards), but the “going east” brought temporary despair to one’s heart.

For missing this stag we had no excuse to make except the cold; there was no grass waving about before the sights, and no smoke came back into the shooter’s face, for the wind took that away as soon as made. It is not easy to see how any great improvement can now be made in sporting rifles; a hammerless ejecting—if one does not mind the click—modern express is very nearly a perfect weapon. But with powder there is more scope; and one or other of the new smokeless and comparatively noiseless materials will probably soon altogether take the place of the honest black stuff which has played so prominent a part in gunnery for so many centuries. There is a great advantage in using a chemical powder in a rifle, for on still muggy days the reek of the other hangs about in a thick cloud, and often prevents a second barrel being got in. The writer’s rifle was a double .450, and it made a report which could be recognised from other reports—so he was told—at a great distance. Our host’s eldest son shot with a .320, and he gained a great deal by being able to use such a small bore. The difference in weight, which amounts

to a good many pounds, need not be considered much, for very few sportsmen carry their own rifles. It was in the light report, and in the comparative absence of smoke, that the advantage came in. Firing this small weapon—he constantly used it for rooks—made so little noise that deer paid scant attention to it; the sound was lost at once if there was any wind, or any turns and corners in the hill. Whereas a .450 is heard far and wide, and puts everything for a great distance round on the alert, if it does not shift them altogether. A .320 is a very pretty weapon, and quite as deadly as the larger kind *if* it is used properly: the disadvantage is—the smaller shock its bullet gives, and the absolute necessity there is for holding it very straight. A deer which is wounded by a .320 bullet and *all* but secured, would be almost certainly secured if it had been hit in the same place by the heavier ball. Our friend also used solid instead of expanding bullets, and an indifferent shot working with this arm and ammunition would be sure to wound and lose a good many deer in the course of the season.

We all silently watched our stag till we could watch him no longer. He disappeared in the remote mosses on the Achnashellach march. Then we had a solemn drink, and started again.

It was a subject of almost nightly debate at the little lodge what its inmates should drink. The cellar at Strathmore is an unpretentious-looking apartment; but it contained an ample supply of very good champagne, and it may be set down to the credit of the two men who jointly possessed the key that they sometimes rose superior to temptation, and did not drink any of it, thus showing that there is something in the

theory which asserts that true sportsmen are self-denying beings. There are some men "so constituted" that it makes little difference to them what they drink or how much of it; but mere ordinary mortals have to take more care of themselves, and will find that a bottle of champagne at dinner, and the usual allowance of whisky before going to bed—which latter in this country may be called a necessity—are not conducive to good shooting with a rifle the next day.

After our last stopping-place had been left far behind, and become an indistinguishable dot on the huge face, hope again revived in our breast. When we had run down into Tollachurin and crossed its burn, and got round the shoulder of the mountain called Scurr na Conbhaire, we all felt warmer and better, and willing to forget the hours passed in the misty bivouac. The day was not so very old; the wind was still good; there would no doubt be stags somewhere on before us,—there might be balm in Gilead yet.

There *was* a stag before us: we came on him of a sudden, peering at us from the sky-line, round the shoulder of the hill. Perhaps for a shot of this kind, when a man cannot sit down and fire from his knees, as he would for a chance below, the best plan is to stand boldly up and shoot from the shoulder. To sit down on very steep ground, with nothing but the atmosphere behind you, and fire uphill is a poor game, as any one who tries it will find out. Angry, however, on the spur of the moment, acted as the something behind, and with his support—a support which must always under such circumstances be an unreliable one—and with the rifle wobbling about and a general feeling of insecurity attending us,

we fired at the stag and hit him—low be it said—in the haunch. (It was the only one we did so hit.) The poor beast made off, and then there was a mighty hunt: he could go far faster than any of us, and he did it. This was the way of the chase, which passed along the slippery green hillside, cut into every now and then by mighty scoops, in which were burns. First—a good way—the stag. Then Macphail, nipping along like a chamois, balancing himself on anything he chose to balance himself on, and never making a false step. Then the rifleman, a middling third, doing his best; every now and then going an imperial cropper on some unusually steep bit, and coming to on the top of a stone, with a sensation as if his heart had been driven into his stomach, and found its new abode too small for it. Decency forbade Angy to pass the latter, so he was fourth. To cut short what might be made a long story, we got another bullet into the deer as he was climbing out of one of the great water-courses, and crippled him terribly, but still he went on. We missed him then, first with both barrels and then with one, and finally managed to hit him again, and so finished him. It was a wild business while it lasted; and it looked at one time as if he would get away from us and down the mountain, and have done us after all. It was a bad place to lose a wounded stag in; there were holes about which it would take days to examine, whence our hurry and anxiety to keep him in view. He cost as many cartridges—and more—as the three other deer. When a man is streaming with perspiration, panting like a cab-horse, with a heart jumping like a steam-engine, it is not easy to hold a rifle straight.

So this fourth stag died, and we were left about four o'clock high up on Scurr na Conbhaire with Macphail and three cartridges, for Angy was despatched to drag the deer down into the valley below, where a pony could get at it, and the hillside was so steep and smooth he could easily do this alone.

We went on for another hour, keeping high and ever round, till we got above the wild glen which runs up to Balloch, called Cruithin, where Achnashellach and Monar meet, and where, at the foot of the hill opposite Ben Tharsin, we hoped to see deer. There were a great many deer between us and the Balloch; but the wind blew wrong here, and they soon found us out, and went scampering up into the snow towards the Bowman's Pass and the "Hill with Eleven Steps," to write the name of which, in Gaelic, would take some minutes, and fill half a page of Maga. It was getting late now, and raining heavily, and daylight would be soon changing into dusk. Far away down below us were a good many hinds and a fine stag, and though the wind was queer and uncertain, we decided to try for them. At the beginning of a day the sight of these deer and their position would have necessitated the holding of a council of war, and much debate, and perhaps a good deal of waiting to see if they would move into a better place; but there was no time for this now, and the stalk had to be made and the shot fired in less than an hour, if at all. The stag was in a very unsettled state, driving off small rivals which kept coming round the herd, and running his hinds up and down the face, trying to herd them, just as a sheep-dog will his flock. We had to make the stalk from the side instead of coming right down, and the deer were sometimes for

a time above us. There was some rapid delicate manœuvring on our part, a good deal of shifting of ground on theirs, and at last, just before six o'clock, we got the chance, and shot the stag through the heart. The second one killed in the morning weighed only a little over thirteen stones, and he pulled down the average, which for the five deer was 14 stones 7 lb.

It is wonderful how indifferent a man becomes to time and distance in a forest. On a hot August day, when lazy with a good long tramp, it is an exertion to go a couple of hundred yards up a steep bit of hill to a point. But in a forest at the same time in the evening one thinks nothing of as many thousand feet: either your sport has been good, and you wish to add to it, or it has been indifferent, and you wish to retrieve the day. After shooting grouse, too, or any Lowland game, no one thinks of walking six or eight or ten miles home; but this again must often be done after stalking, and if the road back is rough and the night dark, the tramp is sometimes rather a dismal one. There are some minor troubles in life which are so aggravating that when they beset us, and stick persistently to us for a long time, they almost make us cry with vexation. Any one who has had to come down an immensely long Alpine moraine in a bad light, or many thousands of feet of hill which is just not sufficiently steep to be dangerous, will know what we mean. The pleasure of the day is past, and its excitement; you have conquered your peak, or perhaps it has beaten you, and now—jaded and weary—you have to go on for hours downward, till your knees ache with the burden so continuously put upon them.

So it is here: you set your foot on what you think is a stone, and

it turns out to be a hole. You are willing to step into a pool of water which seems a foot below you, but it is three feet below you, as you know when you have sufficiently recovered from the unexpected shock to climb out of it. You rejoice on getting on to a nice smooth slope, but it is a slope uphill, and seems to tilt and jar you all over. You tumble into a great peat-hag, landing on the bank opposite on your chest, and bite your tongue, and drive all the wind out of your body, and wish you were dead—yes—if you had shot fifty stags. And if you have shot *none*—if you have only a sorrowful tale of misses to relate when you get in—what a fate is yours! But Monar is well provided with pony-tracks, and one is never long in striking one somewhere, and once on a path, even in a dark night, it is always possible to get along.

We reached the lodge in an hour and a half, and found that our companion there had also had fine sport. Indeed, when we got down into the low country, and added up the scores for the two lodges for the last few days to our host, his kind face assumed for a little a somewhat severe expression. But only for a little: none knew better than he the temptations to which his poor children in the wilderness had been exposed; no one could enter more sympathetically into all our hopes and fears and anxieties than he—himself a keen stalker—did; and forgiveness was soon meted out.

The next day we bade adieu to a long line of stalkers and gillies, who set then their melancholy faces towards their respective abodes in the forest, and prepared to possess their souls with what patience they might during the dreary coming winter and long fruitless spring.

G. W. HARTLEY.

THE LOOKER-ON.

It is common to say that it is the bystander who sees most of the game; and there is so much wisdom in the elastic proverb that it may be accepted as at least one of those half-truths to which we often pin our faith, more strongly than to better established axioms. There is a kind of bystander who plumes himself on seeing behind the scenes, and knowing the *dessous des cartes*, the often small strings which pull the wires of fate. But this is a dangerous assumption, and is very apt to seduce the rash looker-on into false conclusions and prophecies unwarranted by any after fulfilment. We make no such pretension on our part. The summer is nearly over, the season is ending in that rush and whirl of clashing engagements and festivities, too many for even the capacity of those skilful persons born to amuse themselves, who make a business of it, and dovetail their engagements like a clever mosaic. Very soon the picture-galleries will be emptied, the great actors will leave the stage clear for humbler performers. Already the annual consumption of brown paper has begun, and shutters are being closed in the noble purlieus of Belgravia, even in the stony serenity of South Kensington. A sense of dust, of shabbiness, of fatigue, is in the air—although nothing is really shabby but the minds of the elegant crowd, not its dresses certainly, nor even its ardour in the pursuit of pleasure. One thing is undeniably shabby, and that is Parliament, where the unfortunate persons who rule us get greyer and greyer; and the time seems ever nearer approaching

when the professional politician will become a necessity, as he has already become in most other countries. Such sessions as we have had lately are scarcely possible except for those to whom they are a trade. "Six weeks! few of my constituents have so long a holiday as that," said lately to us a member of this class, whose hard-working steadiness at his profession would have been most praiseworthy and admirable had his profession been that of making shoes, or even of writing books and newspaper articles, and not of governing a great empire.

The season, however, is over; even members of Parliament will get free one time or another, and those people who are affected by the rush of the season have time now to pause a little and think what they have been about. There is a list of marriages as long as one's arm in the columns of the papers which concern themselves with these subjects. Things have been done which cannot be undone; dreadful lights of publicity have been thrown into unlooked-for places, betraying much that makes the heart sick; reputations have been made, mildly or foolishly, here and there; they have been ruined wantonly in other places. But in the meantime it is all over. The world withdraws to talk over its feats, to give the *coup de grâce* to the fallen in the small talk of the country-houses, and prove to itself that those who have risen instead of falling have done so by petty arts, and may be comfortably dissected another day. The painters take back their pictures, the briefless barristers close their chambers, which it has been

so little use to keep open, moralising sadly over the shame and pity it is that some people should be killed, or nearly killed, by overwork, and some have nothing or next to nothing to do. Why should this be, and is there nothing that can ever equalise it? It is the hard fate of educated men that they cannot believe in trades-unions, or take the matter into violent hands, and try to rectify it by force as the ignorant do.

One of the most curious facts about the season, formally so called, is the small number of people who are really affected by it, and the immense number of people who pretend to be—nay, are really somehow moved by the back turn of its tide, and obey its laws, though under circumstances totally different, and conditions of their own. We heard lately of a large Scottish commercial town which must be entirely unaffected by any flux or reflux of Society, where everybody was on the wing—everybody was already, with the first and finest flight of the great world, going away. And a very sensible thing too: flying from the dust and smoke of the town to country retreats and good air, and green trees, even though the head of the house must plod back wearily to town and business every day—but not one that would occur if it were not the fashion. In a very different kind of region, in a little English country town, buried in woods and tranquil fields, the same exodus takes place. Amidst our quiet gardens, and surrounding woods, and all the glory of the August weather, a belated family finds itself, like the hermit in the wilderness, alone—or like a man in a forsaken club, in those deserts which form the parish of St James. The season is over,—how simple a one! with

no riotous enjoyment,—and everybody has gone away. Thus the rule of Society, which carries off tired revellers, to save their lives, from town and its breathless rush of occupation, affects the quiet population everywhere, even in places where it would do a great deal better to enjoy itself at home while home is beautiful, and go away when all is dull and dreary under November skies.

In this respect Society is wiser than its humble imitators: for Town is never so good to live in as in May and June; and when the smart people, as they call themselves (heaven forbid that we should brand any of our fellow-creatures with such a name!), have done all that flesh and blood can do in the way of racketing, it is home they go—as many of them as have homes to go to—to refresh themselves in the natural and genuine way: whereas the small people leave home when it is at its best, and make themselves uncomfortable in seaside lodgings or Swiss hotels. Thus Society, being more experienced in the methods of enjoying itself, and having (in some cases) more money and resources for enjoyment, does better, and, in reality, more sensibly, than those who follow its usages more or less servilely, without understanding the moral of them—or at least the meaning of them, for no moral is necessarily involved. Imitation is always subject to this drawback—for in the first, the example, there is usually a certain meaning, whereas in the copy the letter remains, but the spirit, not being understood, is very apt to steal away.

The three months of the season are certainly the time in which our world is seen at its best, if it is not precisely the best time to study its character and understand its ways.

The foreigner, in one meaning of the word,—that is to say, the visitor from foreign countries who is not of the cosmopolitan class, not “smart” himself, nor of high degree (and this is the class which writes, which describes what it sees, often under very strange lights),—generally comes later, when London is “empty,” as we say, when the great ‘Arry rules supreme, and when the sights he sees are characteristic, perhaps, of the lower developments of life, but not of England on any general scale. We met not very long ago a most accomplished French lady, who was, we found, actually better “up,” as we say, in English literature than ourselves; but who, in some strange failure of information, was visiting London in August, and going about with the liveliest interest from one public place to another, in full confidence that she was studying English Society. The restaurants, she declared, were so amusing, so instructive! And so, no doubt, they would be; but the difference in the view thus afforded to a stranger of English life is one not of degree but of kind.

‘Arry, for example, is provincial to the last degree, though he may never be out of hearing of Bow Bells. But, notwithstanding all the efforts of the new generation, the slang, and the gossip, and the narrowness of those smart circles which revolve round each other, and become oblivious, for the time, of everything else, the great characteristic of Society is that it is not provincial. The great people and the fine people, and even the people who would only like to be fine and to be great—ending in that indefinite fringe of the educated classes which sometimes comes out of nothing, but yet is unquestionable in its position, more

than mere education makes it in any other country—come from all the corners of the island, and are English, Scotch, Irish, and of all intermediate shades of northern and of western, full of varied individualities of race, though blended into one, and for the time acknowledging no difference. The Frenchman, like that distinguished visitor, M. Max O’Rell, can employ his power of generalisation, and mark down his subjects in little subdivisions, when he has only ‘Arry to deal with, and the good shopkeepers of Clapham and Islington; but these are methods which would not be possible at what he would call the West End, where the inhabitants are not Londoners but Britishers, with interests and connections and partialities spreading far beyond the circles of any, even the greatest of towns. This is exactly the contrary of those which a recent clever writer in an evening paper attributes to the American, whose “I am from Boston,” “I am from New York,” denotes, he says, their most cherished individuality. If this is true, it is a sort of voluntary bondage, like the Chinese shoe crippling the gait of the free man. (But, by the by, it is only women that are compelled to this slavery.) Few, very few, will say, “I am a Londoner.” The roots of Society are struck deep into the soil. It belongs to everywhere: it is English, even though our dear countrymen from Scotland, and the Irishman, who often is the delight of Society, may rebel against that convenient nomenclature which embraces all. It is almost impossible to be provincial in the midst of a world which comes from all the sources of the race, and, indeed, that is one reason for the extremely droll views of English Society which are given

by so many foreign writers. The Parisian is Parisian above all, like the American; but no one, or at least a very small proportion of people, are Londoners above all. We are all representative, even when it is without knowing it, keeping very firm hold of the ties of nature, yet always modifying them with the other, the general, the broader bond.

At the same time, granting this superiority, we fear it must be allowed that almost all the great scandals that occur from time to time—and we suppose always must occur as long as the world continues—come to us from Society, from among “the best people.” The scum mounts to the top, people say, and whether this is true or not, the other is sadly evident,—that a kind of licence, a kind of freedom, is permitted amid the rush and sweeping current of social life at the high tide, which make many things possible, and which have certainly deteriorated the tone of Society in general. Things are not with us as they were when the Queen was young and held a sway more intimate, more immediate, over the habits of her age. We have come back to the fashions of her Majesty’s early reign, not, we think, with very much advantage to the grace of costume, for the early Victorian was not a beautiful mode, in dress at least. But we wish it might be possible to return to the early Victorian epoch in dignity and self-restraint. It would be ridiculous to assert that even that age was wholly pure; but it was very different from this. We should not have been asked then to discuss in a periodical the edifying question whether or not young girls should be made acquainted with all the temptations which curse the lives of young men,

in order to be able to judge which had escaped best, and which they might most safely marry, as has been recently done. We should not have heard of horrible bargains between man and wife, of tolerations and compliances enough to make the hair stand upright on every honest head; or even to hear that gentlemen talk among themselves of who is “honest,” and not to be assailed, among the ladies of their class, and who is not—with a large inference even in the exception—as men do in French novels, and as they used to do in the last century.

Ah! if the Queen had been but always young: if our Sovereign Lady had been always happy, always at the head of her own Court, always exercising that wise control in Society as in other regions! but that is to wish for the impossible. As it is, the scandals are more rife, they reach the public ear more easily,—they seem to form, as they did not before, a sort of horrible standard of morals in which, if the real step into guilt is not always—perhaps, let us hope, not often—taken, at least all the preliminaries are familiar and uncondemned. The Looker-on is old-fashioned, he is perhaps prejudiced; but it seemed to him the other day, in the great calamity that overshadowed France, that the presumptuous message of condolence of a famous actress, addressed to the lady who has held with so much dignity and nobility, for some years, the first place in France, was an intolerable piece of impertinence, as well as an evidence how completely all bonds were loosened. This was made ridiculous indeed by a second advertisement of the sympathy of another, not even illustrious, actress and her coadjutors; but even the irony of the second intimation did

not do away with the harm of the first. That was in France, it is true; but were there not names attached to congratulations on our own side of the Channel which would not have been received in such a place when the Queen was young? These incongruities are not consoling features in the records of a period. There is something of which the poet has said, that—

“Seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Is it not very hard, very old-fashioned, to speak of such a thing as vice in connection with the name of a pretty and attractive woman, especially when she has outlived it, and is no longer young enough to be naughty? But we did not think so when the Queen was young, and the royal whiteness brooked no such shadow near; and toleration of this description is very dangerous, even possibly fatal to the common weal. The young ladies who are invited to inquire into the possible iniquities of the young men, and who know that there are some women, idols of society, whose story everybody knows yet everybody forgives, may learn various lessons therefrom—which are not those which their instructors desire to teach. Such lessons are not for the pure in heart, who, heaven be praised! are very largely in the majority, and who are invincibly ignorant and will not be taught. But this is not the case with all; and we are certainly doing our utmost in every silly and every philosophical way, in the chatter of the Dodos and the solemn absurdity of the Evadnes, as well as by newspaper reports and high-flown discussions, to recommend and indicate to the steps that are inclined to stray

where the wrong path is and how it tends. This may be an enlightened thing to do, but it is neither safe nor seemly, and no credit to us in any way.

It is impossible to look on at the common life which flows about us with all its vagaries without remarking the much talk about women, and their rights and disabilities, with which the air is full. It is very noisy and often very silly talk, and it is in a great degree fictitious, and intended for the amusement and excitation of the very large feminine audience for which enterprising newspapers, and even magazines, have now learnt that they must largely provide. As sporting articles are specially interesting to men, so papers upon women and upon their work and missions and wrongs are found specially attractive to the other half of humanity. Whether they agree or disagree, women, in this generation at least, love to read about themselves; and the subject, though beginning, we hope, to pall upon the better intellects, is always attractive to the mass, which—when its special interest is not the fashions, and the many discussions of that endless subject which find place in the papers of to-day—is more than anything else drawn to the consideration of its own gifts and graces, as specially seen in its attitude towards its partner in life. All this is no doubt part of the defective education of the past, and of the fact that a generation or two ago women had many real and galling disabilities, and were held under an actual subjection (by law, if only now and then in fact) which was sometimes very cruel and unjust, and always highly offensive to feminine pride. Women who take up this subject are like the Irish orators who have

wrought us so much woe—they grow hot over wrongs that have long ceased to be, and argue as they might have done before there was any Married Women's Property Act or other amelioration, just as Messrs Redmond, &c., rave, as if the Government of Ireland was now as in the eighteenth century. To both a certain amount of indulgence may be given, on the ground that their grievances did once exist, and that people often do not awake to a due sense of what they have suffered until the suffering is past. But there is a limit to this indulgence, and neither women nor Irishmen can claim it for ever.

It is, however, the natural effect of belated enthusiasm and a fine subject for eloquence—which is never so easy or so warm as in denunciation of a grievance which is over—and a ready audience anxious to hear, and delighted to discuss a theme which is so useful in conversation, that the Woman-question, as the penny-a-liner calls it, should proceed to new developments. The young ladies who are so tall, taller than ever women were before, the new type produced by athletics (which it is a pity do not have the same effect upon their brothers), the daughters who revolt, and demand latch-keys, and to go to music-halls of an evening—the girls who are to examine into all the antecedents of their lovers, and to be taught for this purpose what everything means—are the last and newest thing. The latter, we believe, is the newest of all; and it is apparently the conviction of one very clever writer (should we say Woman-writer? and if we said so, what would it mean?—a plea to excuse her weakness because she was only a woman, or a claim of the highest superiority?) that to corrupt the mind of the

girls by unnecessary and most unsavoury knowledge is the best corrective for the other kinds of corruption, which—not to excuse them, heaven knows!—are yet at least seldom the result of voluntary evil-intention, as this would be, but of temptation, weakness, excitement, and all the other dread and terrible forces, which the Apostle calls (but Apostles are not much thought of in these days) the law in the members warring against the law of the mind, and which made even the austere Paul cry out to be delivered from the body of this death. The girls, heaven be praised! are to a very great degree safe from these temptations and struggles. Would it be well that they should enter into the tainted atmosphere of their own free will, or by the will of their instructors, in order, in cold blood, to dissect and survey that body of death?

This question is, we believe, being discussed at the present moment in a sufficiently known periodical, and that it should even be mooted is one of the most curious moral problems of the time. Mr Stead's so-called revelations were not so bad as this, for he at least sounded his trumpet before him, that innocent spectators might get out of his way, before he dragged his semi-fictitious monster through the streets. Madame Sarah Grand, we presume, thinks that method a mistake. Her idea is that the young women should gather round, and that able lecturers should expound to them the nature of the monster, and all about it. It is the highest morality, we are told, which inspires this quest into the possibilities of immorality—which was what Mr Stead also professed. And we do not doubt the good faith of these curious fanatics. There are niceties

of vice invented in the confessional which would astonish the dissolute—and the very height of conscious (too conscious) cleanness seems to give sometimes an interest, a curious daring—Who's afraid?—to the investigation of things unclean. Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be re-proved, says the highest of authorities—which is the natural instinct even of the ill-doer: but the new reformers would like to drag that culprit into the light, that the innocent might understand those deeds which vice itself desires to cover over. We have had some experience already of this strange fancy of the unimpeachably virtuous for dabbling among filth, but it has never come quite so far as this before. Everything is progressive: we wonder whether it might not perhaps presently be thought a great thing to expose the young ladies, walking home with their latch-keys from the music-halls, to the insults of the streets (as indeed it would be difficult to guard them entirely from them), in order that their beautiful demeanour should strike awe into the ungodly youth that might pursue them. This would be almost more reasonable than the other. We remember to have heard of a lady walking home at night by some accident alone, who, being accosted in Piccadilly, turned upon the man who addressed her with one forcible and expressive word "Idiot!" which, it is to be hoped, quenched him for ever: and then our girls are as strong as, or perhaps stronger than, the young men, and might as easily knock an impertinent person down as transfix him with a word or angelic look, according to the old formulas. We may, perhaps, come to that before next season. We have only advanced in this to the urgent

necessity of training the young women in the ways of wickedness. But further developments are possible. There might even be something very exciting and attractive in the formation of a new Police, composed of the immaculate, the herculean young women who are bigger than most of our soldiers and in perfect training, for the purification of the Haymarket and other such regions, and the rescue of the weaker stripling who is there so often led astray. The first appearance of this white band would undoubtedly produce a great effect.

There is, however, if we may dare to say it, something a little old-fashioned in the idea of this pursuit of knowledge. It is a going back upon a state of society which has been supposed inferior to our own. Pamela, for instance, was not at all ignorant in this point of view, and the most timid and trembling maiden who ever cried, Unhand me, villain! showed, by the very fact of her readily excited alarm, a consciousness which we have been trying ever since to banish, and with great success. Yet Pamela is not a heroine whom we esteem nowadays. She is no longer, like Lady Somebody's stick, the support of virtue, but shocks the nineteenth-century reader, to whom even the exquisite Clarissa, with her broken heart and pathetic despair, is not a possible heroine.

There is, however, one point in which we have evidently made great progress. Madame Grand and her disciples seem, after all, though they do not say it, to have a great confidence in the improved education of men: they instinctively expect these much-belied personages to be gentlemen; and in this lies an extraordinary difference between them and the French writers, whose treatment of the

subject is so much more easy. Gyp does not expect her heroes to be gentlemen; she expects them to behave like beings without honour or respect for any law, human or divine, and to take every advantage of ignorance or folly or incautious daring on the other side. It is a high testimony to the Englishman, though Madame Grand does not love him, that she is quite sure of him in this respect. The naughty husband of Evadne, whom that tremendously superior young woman treats with such high-handed absurdity, is a *preux chevalier*, full of honour and faithfulness to his promise. It is not intentional, but it is all the greater as a testimonial for that. He is by far the most high-minded, the most self-controlled person in the book, which would be such a clever book, with its queer touch of genius, if it were not so school-girlish and full of such superficial skipping and floating over the problems of mankind. But it is a curious feature of the times that a woman with such a programme gets a following—nay, even indeed forms a new Party, save the mark! to clear up along with other sages all the difficulties, political and otherwise, of the world. A new Party! which probably these visionaries think is one of the features of the Time, and shows what moral progress we are making, and will soon embrace all that is worth thinking of in the world. So Laurence Oliphant thought too, who was a man of the world, and knew better than all these wise men and women put together—but who also, alas! was strong on the Sex-question, and thought it was the lever which should lift the universe. What a happy thing it is that Christianity knows no Sex-question, and that our religion, at least for those who are not too superior to believe

in it, is for men and women alike, and does not inquire which is which!

But the Woman-question, and the Sex-question, and all their details, are invaluable to the *littérateur*, using the word not in its highest sense; and again we are led to remark what an immense, what an incalculable audience of women the popularity of, at all events, the first of these questions involves. "I should like," said an eminent journalist who has now developed into a yet more eminent official and ruler of the world—"I should like the paper to be as popular with the ladies of the family as with the men,—I should like it to be looked for in the drawing-rooms, and to call forth as much interest there as the sporting news or the price of stocks do elsewhere." That eminent person has had his wish, we do not doubt. The paper which once was his care describes the toilets at every great social gathering, which is the other way of satisfying the women, besides and in competition with the Woman-question. There is no particular fault to be found with this. It is just as elevating information to hear how the princesses were dressed, as to be told how many runs Mr Fry made, or what wickets fell to the incomparable bowling of Mr Bathurst. But it is more or less a new thing, and therefore more open to remark. And it leads to the conclusion, either that the feminine audience has much increased, or that it has grown so much in importance that its tastes must be consulted, and due provision made for them, which is, in its way, perhaps an even more curious sign of the times than the subjects themselves which are treated for its amusement or pleasure. It has often been said that it is wo-

men who read (as well as so often write) the novels; but it is only within the last few years that the preponderance of the feminine reader has been acknowledged in the newspaper and the popular periodical. If this has advantages in occupying and interesting a very large audience, it certainly has its inconveniences and drawbacks too. But there are hopeful signs, we think, that the women are beginning to get sick of the Woman-question, which is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. That the other kind of women should ever be tired of the fashions is a thing not to be hoped for, perhaps not even to be desired, for the fashions are a great resource. They have their moral uses which are not to be despised.

A totally different kind of literature has lately been honoured in a most admirable and interesting way, and by a class perhaps not usually much addicted to paying honours of that kind, in the banquet given the other day—nominally to the American fleet, really to the great American writer, of whom, to our shame be it spoken, a great many of us had never heard, until the depths of the two services were moved at his coming, and English soldiers and sailors arose as one man to welcome and applaud Captain Mahan. This was a very remarkable event, far more interesting than most of those mutual civilities between the two great Anglo-Saxon empires (to speak like the Press) which come to nothing, and so often mean nothing but claptrap, and an occasion for some clever speaker or writer to exhibit himself. It was pretty to see how the American admiral and officers took, with real or pretended *naïveté*, the compliment to themselves; and how the usual blast

of trumpets about the advantage of drawing the bonds of kindred closer was received demurely on all sides: though everybody knew very well that admiral and fleets and the great Columbia had nothing to do with the matter, but only a book and its author. Literature does not get very much credit in our day—perhaps it rarely has in any days, except as a useful sycophant, important occasionally for the services it could render in an emergency. But the respect paid to Captain Mahan was purely a homage to literature, more than any amount of busts or memorials. We think better of the men who gave that unadulterated homage, that being no students for the most part, or specially given to reading, it was in them so to appreciate and so to honour a great book. We do not know anything like it as an evidence of respect to the writer. The tribute got up last year to Zola, in the dull season, when the cat was away, so to speak, and the mice were free to gambol at their will, was a very feeble as well as absurd performance, rousing more wonder than sympathy, and more laughter than either. Captain Mahan was a very different kind of hero, and very different were they who carried his name to the skies—men who were not given to literature, of many of whom a superficial looker-on would have been tempted to say that they never opened a book; yet here for a book they stood up in enthusiasm, proclaiming it to all the echoes. Our respected Commander-in-Chief is not a literary character, but he was there in genuine admiration for a literary production. We do not know when we have seen all round such an admirable demonstration of what true fame is—fame, we add with a blush, not

as a lady and retain her little luxuries if his young wife was added to her household, so she divides the income with her son, in order that if the young lady can make up her mind to face starvation she may do so at her own risk. We wish all our sons and daughters had £1500 a-year to begin upon; but then we are only modest English folk. Mr Crawford, by the way, is far happier and better (in art of course we mean, not in fact) when he is *not* upon American soil.

What a good thing it is for the Looker-on that 'Marcella,' and the 'Rubicon,' and a number of other highly popular works, came out before the season! He can only report how rueful those persons look who have been learning political economy and the social question from the first work, and how indignant those who have been deluded into the other. "No, no," says one friend, shaking his head; "when I want to study these subjects the British Museum is open, and there are all manner of text-books;" and we have heard a lady impertinently ask concerning the second, of which sex the author wore the costume? whether, in short, not to put too fine a point upon it, he was in petticoats, or the other things? We pause, however, to note that in 'Marcella' there is one admirable piece of description, which, in discussion of the very different objects of the book, among which the art of literature is not included, seems to have escaped notice. It is the description of a winter night in cold white moonlight and black shadow, and a poacher setting his traps. It is so fine as to induce this Looker-on to believe that if Mrs Humphry Ward would shut all her books and forget all her philosophies, she might do some-

thing worthy of a real reputation in literary art.

In the long preponderance of the domestic and philosophical novel, and especially in the new development of Sex-literature, with its manifold indecencies, there has arisen a great desire among many highly superior persons, as well as others of a humbler kind, for adventure and incident—nay, for Gaboriau and Boisgobey as an antidote. These readers now do not require to go so far afield. We need not say anything of our heaven-born detective, who is always sure of his audience, and who sometimes is as good as the Frenchmen, though sometimes much the reverse; but the new brand of historical adventures is startling, and in some cases as good as they are new. Mr Stanley Weyman is a great gain to literature. He has a few faults, which the Looker-on has no space to indicate; but for a wholesome story, full of the picturesque, of interest, and excitement, and life, there have been few things better than that episode in the life of the Sieur de Marsac, which he has published under the excellent title of 'A Gentleman of France.' Neither Quentin Durward nor D'Artagnan need be ashamed of their successor, though he is a graver man than either, and less of the usual hero of romance. We reserve our judgment upon the 'Raiders,' though it is more a book of the season than any of the others, and has made a great impression upon the world of readers. We think, and are sorry to think, that if 'Kidnapped' had not been written, this very clever book would probably never have come into existence. One curious thing let us note in this connection, and that is—that the very broadest and most obstinate of Scotch in no

given by us of the literary craft, who assume to ourselves in general the right of dispensing it, but by practical men, not great readers, not writers at all. It is significant that no literary honours, properly so called, were given to Captain Mahan. The Society of Incorporated Authors did not send him a deputation, nor did the dignified Athenæum elect him an honorary member. No tribute was offered to him (as perhaps was natural) by the worshippers of Zola. We were silent, we who love to represent ourselves as the chief trumpeters of Fame. Perhaps he was all the better pleased.

We freely forgive Captain Mahan for being an American—nay, we like it: it is pleasant to find in a more or less antagonist force a man whose book can rouse our honest sailors and soldiers, not much given that way, to enthusiasm; but for a great deal of the Americanism which is now current we have little patience. For instance, London and Paris, with perhaps a limited extension in favour of Vienna, are the capitals of the world. We permit geographical details in respect to these cities. There is no harm in speaking of the Boulevards, and of Piccadilly, or even of the Bois and the Row, in books; but if Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow were to parade their streets in literature—as if anybody cared!—we should quickly inform these presumptuous towns that they were assuming an importance that did not belong to them. But we are expected to listen complacently while we are told within what limits of ridiculous streets New York gentility may dwell, and whereabouts in Boston it is permitted to a man who respects himself to take a house. What can any man (or woman) in his

senses care for East Sixty-fifth Street? We allow the mention of Broadway, or perhaps of Beacon Street; they are symbols, the one of noise and traffic, the other of that exclusiveness which the true American loves. Otherwise, what are these unknown localities to English readers? Yet a clever writer has lately been discoursing upon them in a clever evening paper, for our instruction, as if they were a subject of universal human interest.

American novels are a different matter: they are, of course, intended for their own native audience in the first place, and we hear of the dangers which exist at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street with an unblenching brow; but we are insulted by such details in an English paper—as if, we repeat, anybody cared! There are some wonderful things in these same American novels about the grandeur of the upper classes, which fill us with amaze and admiration. We have dukes, &c., of our own, on whose pretensions (in a general way very mild and modest to the common eye) our American friends comment very angrily; but these are nothing to the pretensions of that aristocracy which dwells between—Alas! the Looker-on has not the best of memories, and forgets exactly what are the numbers of the streets between which fashion ordains that the New-Yorker should dwell. How fine, how admirably fine, that aristocracy is, may be seen in Mr Marion Crawford's book, 'Katherine Lauderdale.' The hero of that work, an extremely unfortunate young man, cannot possibly marry because all he has to reckon upon is about £1500 a-year. His mother has an income of £3000; but she could not maintain herself

as a lady and retain her little luxuries if his young wife was added to her household, so she divides the income with her son, in order that if the young lady can make up her mind to face starvation she may do so at her own risk. We wish all our sons and daughters had £1500 a-year to begin upon; but then we are only modest English folk. Mr Crawford, by the way, is far happier and better (in art of course we mean, not in fact) when he is *not* upon American soil.

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way seems to hinder the English reader nowadays. Sir Walter's Scotch was very different from Mr Crockett's, and even from Mr Barrie's, and indeed afforded but few occasions for stumbling. Both these young writers are fond of dialect, and think, we presume, that it gives piquancy to say e'e instead of eye, and awa' instead of away—which, after all, is not Scotch, but simply dialect—with many things much more objectionable. It is not, however, with this peculiarity that we are at present concerned, but with the much more curious fact that it is in England that these books have attained their reputation. Mr Barrie is a man of genius of whom every Scotsman has a right to be proud. But, strange to say, it is only Scotsmen, generally so keen to appropriate every honour, whom we have heard to doubt this fact. There is no doubt on the question on the other side of the Tweed among those who have any right to express an opinion; but his countrymen hesitate, nay, sometimes declare that they see little in him. It is just Thrums, they say, and not Mr Barrie—delightful conclusion! And we have remarked that Mr Barrie does not appear on the bookstalls in his own country—which are consecrated to Miss Annie S. Swan: one of the queerest instances we know. These are things which perhaps do not call for solemn notice, but fill the soul of the Looker-on with admiration and amaze. We wonder if anything of the kind occurred with Sir Walter—if the Edinburgh audience hesitated while the London one leaped to the feet of the Great Magician! We think not, from all we have heard, but only a contemporary would know.

There is not very much to be

said of the theatre: it has set up a new way of instructing the world, which, after all, is not a new way, but one largely adopted at all times in that peculiar college of morals, and almost necessary, indeed, to its broad and sudden effects,—the method of teaching people to be good by showing them how bad some people can be. It has come to be a foregone conclusion, not to be wondered at when France is the origin of so many of our dramas, that the badness must necessarily be of one kind, and that a woman with a guilty secret, or an evil past, or an almost overwhelming temptation to transgress her marriage vows, is the only heroine possible. Shakespeare, we remember, did not find it so, nor even, we think, at the other end of the scale, does Ibsen, though he has now become the tutelary genius of the English stage. Nora of the 'Doll's House,' if we remember rightly, had no lover. Her guilt, which developed her soul, and showed her for how little she counted personally in the ideas of her husband and other belongings, had nothing to say to the seventh commandment. But the seventh commandment has a perennial charm for the theatre. It is all the decalogue for the French; it means everything,—the only active interest that is in life. The curious thing is, that while we have heard some excellent persons demur and regret that they had taken a daughter to see "Faust," that most universally known of stories, they should cheerfully—or rather, mournfully and sympathetically—attend upon the "Second Mrs Tanqueray." We by no means demand that a play should have a moral object and meaning; but this is a play solemnly introduced to the world on

that ground : and we wonder what its object is—to prove to the world that guilt never can be forgotten, nor a sinner reclaimed? There have been two or three French novels lately written with a similar purpose. One we remember called ‘*Un Préjugé*,’ in which a man marries a woman of that notably, exceptionally pure character which in many French novels, and in some of our own (‘*Tess*,’ for example, the story of a Pure Woman), distinguishes in a special degree ladies who have gone astray. In the French book there was no publicity attaching to the previous fall; nobody knew—it was only prejudice which could consider the woman as any the worse. But that prejudice rises up in the mind of the husband, destroying his happiness. She is a suffering martyr, with no hankers after evil; but he cannot forget it. It is a thing which cannot be got over in any way, not even by the aforesaid extreme beauty of character or the most immaculate virtue. It is well to fence the pure with every barrier, and to allow no toleration of guilt; but is not this going rather too far for a moral? It is better, in our opinion, to have no moral at all.

Beside this tendency towards plays of pretension, which are literary as well as dramatic,—which involves many failures and much inflated sentiment and strain after the impossible,—there is the same dread reign of burlesque always going on which gives to the vacant mind a kind of enjoyment not easily to be appreciated by those who do not understand it; and the same broad farce, which is at least human, of which ‘*Charley’s Aunt*’ is the amusing representative. But even in that light line the past season has produced

no special sensation. There has been nothing new. Mr Barrie, not content with one reputation, has made a second essay in another; but it is not yet clear whether the ‘*Professor’s Love-story*’ is to make any decisive mark or not. The mark, at least, will not be of the highest kind. We want a heaven-born Dramatist greatly. There are many, and they are very well paid—which is no small matter; but no one apparently has yet appeared who is of the first order, or who can use without abusing the licence allowed to the stage. Nor does even the appearance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt arouse the wild and exceedingly silly enthusiasm by which all decent persons were startled a few years ago. She is received with calm, she is no longer apparently a sensation, as she was in her own person as well as in her performances. We are less fresh, perhaps, in our feelings, perhaps we are a little ashamed of that outburst; also perhaps society has been too busy to trouble itself about the great actress. There are so many princesses in the field that there is no room for the lion, or even for the lioness—a more exciting individuality. Indeed we think that in the past year or two the extending ranks of royalty must have taken a great deal from the race of lions. Society is flat where there is not a flash of the purple for a half-hour or so; and people who feel themselves left out in the cold without the chance of a smile from a Royal—or even Serene—Highness, are not disposed to receive as a compensation even the *bon mot* of a wit, much less the reserve of an author, a painter, or any other celebrity—who expects, instead of amusing them, to be admired in his own person.

The pictures are a great thing in the life of the world. It is not perhaps that we admire them very much or that we buy them, which would be a satisfactory way of showing interest, but that they are a precious something to talk about, especially when they are new, and everybody recollects them more or less. The practice of arranging special little exhibitions which are not merely pictures, but mean something, has now taken firm hold among the customs of the time. Stuart exhibitions, Tudor exhibitions, and the like, cannot last for ever. We wonder who the inventive genius is who finds out new things which will "take" to show. The Grafton Galleries are pretty rooms, answering all the requirements which our advanced and fastidious tastes begin to demand in an exhibition—luxurious furnishing, moderate size, so as not to tire the visitors, and appropriate decoration. In all these points, except that in the hot weather they were very hot, and therefore presumably defective in ventilation, they are all that is to be desired; and the show, as everybody knows, is one of portraits, somewhat fictitiously nominated Fair Women—in those advertisements with which nowadays everybody attempts to attract the crowd. The crowd on a June afternoon was scarcely less fair than the pictures, perhaps rather more so; for even Sir Joshua's colours fade, but the complexions of a number of young Englishwomen in their pretty *modes* and fashions show no sign of the possibility of such an event. The living beauties were on the whole more attractive than they of the past. The exhibition had taken the fancy, it was evident, of the *beau monde*. Ascot could not have shown prettier dresses, or

a Drawing-Room more beautiful people; and as there were many there in whose fair faces might be traced a hereditary resemblance to the faces on the walls, the whole scene acquired an additional attraction. As we have said of the readers of the time, we may say of the spectators. The women were again in the majority. They had come in bands, drawn by that charm of beauty which is always so attractive to women, to wander among the beautiful shadows of their predecessors, not perhaps without an unconscious comparison, which was by no means to their own disadvantage. It was a pretty sight.

We hesitate to say a word of cold criticism on such a charming show; but if anything, it was perhaps a little monotonous. As many men would have been still less interesting. The ladies redeemed it by their difference of costume, their silken petticoats, hoops and ornaments. But yet with all these adventitious helps, it was, as we say, a little monotonous. From Holbein to Sir Thomas Lawrence—nay, still further, to our own day—the succession went on; from the little schoolgirl in the corner of the first room with a gentle vacant face, who, it was a little shock to hear, was Lady Jane Grey, to her Majesty herself in all the bloom of the newest Court paint. The faces which caught the attention of the Looker-on were not always the most beautiful. We know the fair ladies of Sir Joshua Reynolds almost too well. They are always delightful. Still, we pass them with a nod of recognition, even that sweet little girl with her little coats kilted, who stands against the dim blue in a mile of canvas, with her pretty half-conscious look as if she had been

doing something amiss, and hoped—yet did not much mind whether or not—that we didn't know. Here is a plain honest face looking steadily at us with the name of Allan Ramsay upon it—not a painter who is often to be inspected, nor yet a great painter, but capable of doing good work—and representing a living interesting woman, as we are glad to see for the sake of his father's name; and of course there is the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and other Duchesses of Devonshire not so beautiful, and Lady Hamilton, ever fair, and many sirens who in other days have led men's hearts astray. How calmly we stand in the midst of them now! while their grand-daughters raise faces still more fair to the pictured images with the powdered locks and fictitious emblems which once were the world's delight!

It is curious, however, to recognise, as we do for the hundredth time, that the great beauties celebrated as such are often less beautiful in fact than those whose names have no celebrity at all. Our Scots Mary, for one, would never be selected out of a collection like this as a Queen of Hearts—and, to add a name which it is rather disrespectful to place by that of a monarch, neither would Nell Gwynn, though we are accustomed to think of her as one of the types of the winning and fascinating. It is evident that these ladies had something beyond which was more than beauty—that indefinable gift of *charm*, which makes all the difference. It is curious indeed to contrast some of these portraits with the characters which we know more or less in history—Anne of Austria, for instance, the large, solid, fair woman, big enough to overshadow half a kingdom. Was this she who loved the

airy, graceful Buckingham, and sent him a mission we know of, of which the leader was a certain D'Artagnan, a gentleman of Gascony? And that robust Venetian woman, with an arm which could fell an ox, was she the romantic Queen of Cyprus, the daughter of St Mark, who held her fantastic Court at Asolo amid all the twittering of the love-songs? As we make the round, gleams of romance shine out on every side. There is the lovely Miss Linley, whom Sheridan carried off in a post-chaise from the midst of all her adorers. She does not look by any means so lovely on the canvas as she does in the imagination. Queen Henrietta Maria looks small and sad and ineffective, with those long, exquisite, waxen fingers, without any bones in them, which Vandyke endowed all his sitters with. Sir Joshua was not in this respect fortunate in the quality of his sitters, though they have every other gift that Art can give them. They were rarely of any note, save for beauty and rank; they have no stories; there is little record of character or meaning in their beautiful faces. We ourselves, more cognisant of these latter qualities than of art, prefer the "beautiful Duchess of Devonshire" in that picture where she has a triumphant baby in her lap, babbling and shouting so that all the world might hear. This is what we will allow to be the literary, what the French call the anecdotal, point of view.

Might it be permissible, we wonder, for the Looker-on to interpose one word of respectful remonstrance to his Sovereign? Her Majesty is here, as in every collection of portraits the greatest lady in the land must be. There is a young slim maiden raising her

eyes to heaven, in the act of taking the coronation oath, which is not a masterpiece of art, yet is suggestive, and conveys a sensible impression of that royal lady with the queenly eyes whom elder people remember—blue eyes, well opened, full of light, taking in with instinctive faculty everything around; too great for shyness or shrinking, too completely assured of supremacy to be proud—royal eyes which we remember with a certain overawed sensation, which lingers still, far away through the mists of youth, throwing everything else into the shade. Sir George Hayter was not a great painter, yet we forgive him for that look. But, alas! our royal Liege, and God save her Majesty! The art of portraiture is a great English art. We may not be supreme in any other field, but there is no nation in the world which can beat us in this—not, above all, Germany, in its present development. Will the Queen never give us the satisfaction of seeing her portrait by an English hand before we die? Let us not say a word against the Herr von Angeli. He who paints royalty every day ought to do it well by this time: but—There are half-a-dozen English names we could mention who, we are sure, would do it better, and leave us an image which would be worth pointing out to our great-grandchildren as that of a great English Queen. Herr von Angeli is too particular, perhaps, about the orders and the jewels to understand the full importance of the royal countenance.

It is curious how this natural and national gift for portraits comes out, after the passage of a century or more, as the one great distinguishing faculty of the English school. We cannot indeed claim Professor Herkomer's won-

derful portrait of Miss Grant as the work of an Englishman, though it will always be classified as of the English school. But there is another portrait which suggests itself as more or less the rival and pendant to that admirable piece of painting, the "portrait of a lady," by Mr Orchardson, in the Royal Academy's exhibition in Burlington House. The admirable, forcible painting, the lively character in the face, the subjection of every accessory to the one great object of the portrait-painter's art, the record of an individual being, all tend towards this end with noble effect. Mr Orchardson is not a portrait-painter, and there is something in the yellowish tones of this picture, and a peculiar management of the background, which link it, though so true a transcript of life, to those scenes of imagination in which he has so often distinguished himself. It is "an Orchardson," distinctly and before anything else—which probably is, though we would not make so bold as to assert it, a drawback. But it is at the same time a captivating portrait—one of those which stand out among a hundred lifeless canvases as instinct with the very glow of existence,—no portrait, but a woman. The lady is not beautiful—not so handsome as Mr Herkomer's model—but with a buoyant vivacity in her look and air which is extremely fascinating, though not a touch beyond the modesty of nature. It would be a constant problem what she was just going to say did we live in the same room with that young lady. We should be tempted in some twilight hour to startle her with a sudden clap of our hands, and cry, Speak, then, and have it out! And yet the presence is not too great—not like that of a dazzling lady in a yellow

gown, against a red curtain, on the wall opposite, whose size and urgency are such that she would fill any room, however big, and push the Looker-on out of it, breathing all the air, taking up all the space.

Much cannot be said in this exhibition of the pictures into which imagination and fancy enter, or ought to enter. It would be unkind to speak of the Sir Percival, holding a cup evidently containing a black draught, or something equally horrible, in his hands, and making faces over it, while the buxom person by his side encourages him to drink; or of the loathly lady, in hues of Berlin wool, who holds the magic crystal in her hand, but certainly cannot be gratified by the sight if she sees herself therein; or for the unfortunate Lady of Shallott, entangled in the green and purple threads of her web, which are so truly magic that they must have come out of the loom on purpose to intercept her. Nor does Mr Poynter's *Serene Hours*, under arches evidently made for the uses of a theatre, and against a blue canvas very little resembling a sky, tempt us to linger. Never on sea or shore were there such hours as these, except in tapestry or scene-painting, which indeed is, perhaps, what a great decorative artist wishes, and not any such trumpery as life. The few pictures which linger in our mind are of the very rudeness of life, and perhaps charm us all the more by the contrast. There is a picture (but we think it is in the New Gallery, not the Academy) which pulls us up sharply in the midst of a mildly interested lounge, in which no keen sensation is. It is of a small sea-going craft bearing down upon us, with a rattle of cordage and a swish of tremendous progress

through the salt tumultuous water—a bit, only the bow and half a crowded deck, of a brown weather-worn brig or smack, but coming along upon the crest of the wave with the velocity and passion of doom. What is it? The sea is not so terrible that the brows of these brown sea-dogs should be so strained with anxiety; but how the boat comes on! so that we put up our hands to keep it off—not to run us down into the churned wave under the keel. There are some dolls' heads bobbing about in front, which had better be away, in proof that this is the Mermaid's Rock upon which the doomed ship is about to dash and split asunder. The rush of that vessel is a thing to see in one's dreams. It brings with it a rush of suggestions—a sudden touch of the tragic among all the mild things that move no man.

Is this perhaps, however, *not* the object of art? Is it anecdotal as the French say, an effort rather of a literary than of a pictorial kind? This is a question that may, perhaps, have to be argued out one of these days, but not by a Looker-on. We are old-fashioned, we admit. We go away with our breath a little affected, and sit down in a corner (one excellent point in these luxurious galleries is that there are so many delightfully upholstered places on which to sit down), and dash as it were the spray out of our eyes, and calm ourselves with the artificial and conventional. We perceive dimly that this is perhaps an argument for keeping that strong passion of life and tragedy and disaster out of paint. Perhaps we ought not to seek suggestion of any marked kind, sensation, emotion, in a picture, but only calm images, tranquillising scenes, which go no deeper than the can-

excellence of training, honesty of purpose, tell for a great deal—almost for everything; but in those fantastic arts which we hold the highest it is not so, or only to a very small degree. The painter, the writer, may have gone through the finest education, and may be the most devoted workman in the world; yet he will be passed at a gallop by some little scrub who has nothing to recommend him but a spark of that unchancy thing called genius, which comes from nobody knows where, and which he has picked up in some odd corner nobody knows how. A great many clever people of late have been very anxious to disprove the existence of this Will-o'-the-wisp, upon which no one can calculate. Genius, pooh! it is heredity, it is development, it is the gradually growing tendencies of ordinary nature. It would be a good thing to put these doctrines to a scientific test, and try whether by some elaborate system of Conservatories and scientific methods a thing which is so simple could not be produced. In so many cases it does not fall to the hands which by every rule ought to be sure of it—which is a lamentable thing to be compelled to say.

Outside, in the bigger world of life and movement, what wonderfully varied events have marked the progress of the season. Nothing could be more dramatic than the contrast which the same day, or at least the same week, presented to the world in two great countries.

"A wedding and a funeral,
A christening and a burial,"

are the very types of vicissitude in every claptrap effusion—but seldom does Fate so point the actual lesson. In our country

there occurred the joyful birth of an heir to a long-established throne, the third in direct succession behind the Queen—a very unusual thing to be witnessed by a royal, or indeed any other, parent. For our own part we are not so very sure, though we are aware it is in harmony with the general feeling, and especially with heraldic and genealogical principles, that the event is so much more triumphant because the Duchess of York's baby is a boy. It is not very respectful to the Queen, for one thing, to insist upon this point. Her Majesty has been, and is, by far the most successful sovereign of her race—more honoured, more wise, more full of sense and spirit, to say nothing of other qualities, than any of them. For George III. the country has always retained a kindness; but he was a wrong-headed old gentleman, though we have forgotten all that in the sadly conciliatory fact which overcomes all prejudices, of his mournful and pathetic end. But there can be no doubt that of all the House of Brunswick her Majesty is the noblest example of the race, and that her reign has been more free than any other of misfortune of any kind. None of us are very sure whether the plunge of a new succession may not be a plunge among the lions, into the waves of a much more uneasy and dangerous time, when the influence of the Queen's personality is no longer here to overawe and to defend. Therefore the chance of a new Victoria would not have been one to be despised, notwithstanding all our triumph over a boy. But that sentiment is all but universal, and is wholly independent of facts or the inferences of history. And it is a picturesque event, besides all its other advantages. Our kings

to be stand visible almost in a crowd, three of them awaiting their turn. It is a thing which has never happened before, except, we presume, in Germany, where the present Crown Prince must have begun before his old iron great-grandfather had ceased to be. At all events it has never before happened in these isles.

And that day or next day, we forget the exact date, the blow was struck which filled our neighbour's house with horror and with mourning. We are not loved in France,—indeed it would scarcely be too much to say that we were hated. We have no doubt that had some fool or knave thought of saying that there was joy in England over M. Carnot's assassination, there is not a Frenchman on the boulevards but would have believed it. And yet no rustic neighbour in a village could have been more truly, more sincerely sorry than we were, both for the victim and for the country which had such a sudden loss to bear. The feeling was as true as it was widely spread. Carnot was not a great man, nor impressive to the imagination in any way. Nay, there was something about the solemnity of his respectability and his look, more grave than ever man was, which tempted such profane wits as Gyp to make fun of the President. Was that look—perhaps like the not very dissimilar look of Charles I.—the look of premonition and fate to come, upon which persons seeking an effect have so often remarked? Nothing could be more terrible in suddenness and swift relentless speed of operation. The decorations in all the streets, the multitude with more or less heart but much noise shouting *Vive Carnot!* to all the winds: the flags flying, the bands blaring: and in a moment the

swift death at the throat of the object of all this triumph. Nothing could be more tremendous nor unlooked for,—the superficial popular joy turned into most mad indignation, fury, and terror—all or almost all that was fictitious swept away, and the world suddenly brought face to face with the event most interesting, most exciting to it—the awful phenomenon of the death of a strong man in the midst of his life.

And for what end? If it had been hoped to throw France out of gear, to disarrange the machinery of the State, and throw the order of the government into chaos, none of these things happened. A hundred years ago it might have done so. But France, which was then swept by rude tumultuous passions, is now of a different temper. That great nation ever, as her neighbours were pleased to say, so excitable, so fickle, so open to assaults of passion, has now put on another aspect. She is *digne* to her fingers' ends, as M. Carnot was, who was the impersonation of worth and a befitting attitude, as M. Dupuy was when he sat sublimely quiet among the morsels of the flying bomb, and imposed that demeanour of calm on the swift conception, swift comprehension of a chamber full of excitable Frenchmen. With the admirable intelligence which is their special grace the Deputies there perceived, even though some of them were wounded and some of them, no doubt, afraid, that this was the fit way in which that abominable attack was to be received. We fear a collection of phlegmatic English in the House of Commons would not have maintained such a noble attitude. There would have been a great deal of noise and tumult, members

excellence of training, honesty of purpose, tell for a great deal—almost for everything; but in those fantastic arts which we hold the highest it is not so, or only to a very small degree. The painter, the writer, may have gone through the finest education, and may be the most devoted workman in the world; yet he will be passed at a gallop by some little scrub who has nothing to recommend him but a spark of that unchancy thing called genius, which comes from nobody knows where, and which he has picked up in some odd corner nobody knows how. A great many clever people of late have been very anxious to disprove the existence of this Will-o'-the-wisp, upon which no one can calculate. Genius, pooh! it is heredity, it is development, it is the gradually growing tendencies of ordinary nature. It would be a good thing to put these doctrines to a scientific test, and try whether by some elaborate system of Conservatories and scientific methods a thing which is so simple could not be produced. In so many cases it does not fall to the hands which by every rule ought to be sure of it—which is a lamentable thing to be compelled to say.

Outside, in the bigger world of life and movement, what wonderfully varied events have marked the progress of the season. Nothing could be more dramatic than the contrast which the same day, or at least the same week, presented to the world in two great countries.

"A wedding and a funeral,
A christening and a burial,"

are the very types of vicissitude in every claptrap effusion—but seldom does Fate so point the actual lesson. In our country

there occurred the joyful birth of an heir to a long-established throne, the third in direct succession behind the Queen—a very unusual thing to be witnessed by a royal, or indeed any other, parent. For our own part we are not so very sure, though we are aware it is in harmony with the general feeling, and especially with heraldic and genealogical principles, that the event is so much more triumphant because the Duchess of York's baby is a boy. It is not very respectful to the Queen, for one thing, to insist upon this point. Her Majesty has been, and is, by far the most successful sovereign of her race—more honoured, more wise, more full of sense and spirit, to say nothing of other qualities, than any of them. For George III. the country has always retained a kindness; but he was a wrong-headed old gentleman, though we have forgotten all that in the sadly conciliatory fact which overcomes all prejudices, of his mournful and pathetic end. But there can be no doubt that of all the House of Brunswick her Majesty is the noblest example of the race, and that her reign has been more free than any other of misfortune of any kind. None of us are very sure whether the plunge of a new succession may not be a plunge among the lions, into the waves of a much more uneasy and dangerous time, when the influence of the Queen's personality is no longer here to overawe and to defend. Therefore the chance of a new Victoria would not have been one to be despised, notwithstanding all our triumph over a boy. But that sentiment is all but universal, and is wholly independent of facts or the inferences of history. And it is a picturesque event, besides all its other advantages. Our kings

to be stand visible almost in a crowd, three of them awaiting their turn. It is a thing which has never happened before, except, we presume, in Germany, where the present Crown Prince must have begun before his old iron great-grandfather had ceased to be. At all events it has never before happened in these isles.

And that day or next day, we forget the exact date, the blow was struck which filled our neighbour's house with horror and with mourning. We are not loved in France,—indeed it would scarcely be too much to say that we were hated. We have no doubt that had some fool or knave thought of saying that there was joy in England over M. Carnot's assassination, there is not a Frenchman on the boulevards but would have believed it. And yet no rustic neighbour in a village could have been more truly, more sincerely sorry than we were, both for the victim and for the country which had such a sudden loss to bear. The feeling was as true as it was widely spread. Carnot was not a great man, nor impressive to the imagination in any way. Nay, there was something about the solemnity of his respectability and his look, more grave than ever man was, which tempted such profane wits as Gyp to make fun of the President. Was that look—perhaps like the not very dissimilar look of Charles I.—the look of premonition and fate to come, upon which persons seeking an effect have so often remarked? Nothing could be more terrible in suddenness and swift relentless speed of operation. The decorations in all the streets, the multitude with more or less heart but much noise shouting *Vive Carnot!* to all the winds: the flags flying, the bands blaring: and in a moment the

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jumping from their seats, outcries of all kinds, shouts to the officials, and, to know what it meant, wild appeals to the Speaker, who can remedy everything. The Speaker himself, no doubt, would have sat tight: but the scene would probably not have been at all *digne*. France, however, is so nowadays—perhaps with a pleasant touch of consciousness that she is affording the most noble of all spectacles to the world, which suits her, and increases her conviction that this and no other is the right way,—an idea which would probably not move in the least our ruder race. And thus while we christen our baby with quiet state, and rejoice in the restoration of the young mother's health, the new President takes his seat, and over calamity as over joy the even tide of common life closes serene. Everything is changed, and nothing, except one house desolate, and one young fool the more in a French prison, proud of the blood-stain on his hands and the mad childish mischief he has done.

It is the most curious and pitiful thing to see how young all these mad idiots are. Twenty is about the average age—an age irresponsible, enlightened by no experience, incapable of seeing beyond its own small horizon, or of understanding the great principles by which the world has swung on, to the knowledge of men, through more than twice as many centuries as these ignorant lads have years. What is all that to them? They are not restrained by any sense of the greatness of either the moral or physical powers about them, or the pitiful smallness of themselves. They are like children setting fire to a house for the delightful blaze it would make, breaking their toys to see how they are made. Nothing can be more instructive or more

sad than this exhibition of remorseless youth, incapable of any larger conception. It is educated, as it believes: it can combine chemicals, and make a tin kettle into an instrument of death and destruction. It has no relation to the ignorant clown who cannot read. It can read, it can write, it can speechify, and it believes can dominate the world. Poor flies that the hand brushes away! but not before their paltry sting has carried the poison of the dunghill to some sensitive veins.

We say that there is much that is pitiful, almost pathetic, in this terrible ignorance of boyhood, which makes so much mischief in this generation; but it is the same thing, without that excuse, which has been wrecking America, and in all probability will leave ineffaceable marks on our own statute-book and life. Ignorance, not anything that can be put to rights in the board schools, which has little to do with the arts of reading and writing,—that ignorance which comes from want of thought, from want of experience, from the absence of all wide knowledge of life. The fundamental knowledge of what can be done, and what cannot be done, which is the foundation of at least worldly wisdom, is a thing which it is very difficult to teach. It is a knowledge acquired in his own individual sphere by every man who knows a handicraft or possesses a trade. He knows what iron can do, and what wood can do, and laughs frankly at the theorist who ignorantly thinks they can be put to uses incompatible with their character. But who is to make him see that equal capacity and incapacity is in everything; that money, for instance, which he and his master both think to be the root of all good instead of evil, will run only

in its own channels, and cannot be forced into rills that will irrigate every garden, by any force of State: and that destruction and waste never can mend or heal. All these are blank to a great many people, who know very well how to write and to read, but who read only the productions of people as ignorant as themselves, and who think with them that governments can do whatever they please, and that happiness is in the gift of the State. They know well that wood cannot do the work of iron, or bricks stand without mortar, which are things of which knowledge comes by practice; but not that the rich man has as great a right to the protection of the law as the poor man, or that human nature had already gone through a prodigious circle of experiments and experiences before this present generation began.

Who shall teach us to understand these things? The result is often not very encouraging. The thing that hath been is that that shall be. The world rolls round in morals as in physics, one circle going after another, one force now in the ascendant, now another, but all rolling to a similar balance, doing and undoing. It is the very character and specialty of this mysterious world that nothing is complete in it, nothing permanent, everything to be done over and over again, and those convulsions which seem to rend earth and heaven asunder continually pieced up again, making on the whole but little difference, though everybody engaged in them believed that they were to change the face of the universe. It is not a hopeful point of view: perhaps in some ways, after all, ignorance is best.

But it is unpleasant to reflect how rampant ignorance is in our

enlightened days. *Fin de siècle*, and most of us so clever that we don't know how to bear ourselves—"I am so seeck, I am so clevare," as the famous scene-painter was reported to say: and yet Ignorance almost in possession, almost king of the world, and only that unthinking, stupid thing a bullet, as people say, between us and destruction. The story in the papers, how those shots at Featherstone saved a whole countryside from rapine and destruction, is too dreadful to think of. We hope it is not true. But it is evident that a volley or two saved the situation at Chicago. One brute force must be confronted with another as long as the world wags on.

Speaking of France, however, which the Looker-on turns to with a sigh of relief, feeling himself able there to comment at his ease, irresponsible and involved in nothing, it is very curious to see how the late and indeed existing wave of Bonapartism which has swept over the country should be dropping away without even the ghost of a result. Everybody now who knows anything about French literature or art must have remarked this strange revival—produced by nothing that we know of, except some caprice of the national mind. Taine not a generation, scarcely half a generation ago, and other philosophers, did their best to quench even the tradition of Napoleon, that legend of genius and glory, from the mind of their country—an unpatriotic effort, we think. Perhaps it is in the revulsion of these cold teachings that there has rushed back into the press such countless details not only about the great Emperor, but him also whom it was once the highest *chic* to call Napoleon le Petit. Perhaps it was the terrible and tragic sketch of

the last Bonaparte in the *Débâcle*, a picture so hotly contested, and proved, we think, in its details to be untrue, but revealing such a depth of hopeless anguish in the unfortunate man, who had himself powdered and painted, not to show the misery of his countenance to his soldiers, and rode with them like a wooden image stupefied with suffering—which helped to produce the revulsion in his favour. We almost wish it had been true; for, though paint and powder are not heroic, that *triste* and silent figure, all sham without, all pain and anguish within, is as deeply impressive as anything we know. But whatever the reason is, there can be no doubt as to the fact. French papers, French magazines, have been for a year back running over with Napoleon,—sometimes he of Austerlitz and Wagram, of Moscow and Waterloo; sometimes he of Ham and of Sedan, unroyal memories. Private reminiscences, diaries, letters, of people worth listening to and of people not worth listening to, have sent a wave of sympathy through France, even for the last days of that Empire which brought her so little glory,—for the awful suspense of Fontainebleau and St Cloud which the downfall of Sedan threw into despair. The strange thing is that

this wonderful spontaneous (apparently) wave of public emotion seems to be passing away without even an effort to take advantage of it. "In France everything is possible to youth," said Count de Montalembert, speaking of that Prince, then a child, who perished (under our care, as we must always reflect with a pang) among the Zulus. There are young princes of the blood now, and they have never even tried to make a clutch at the reins,—never an attempt, however desperate, to make it apparent that there were still heirs to the Napoleons. The adventure at Ham was but a sorry business, and all the world laughed at it—but it was the first step to an unthought-of, incredibly unlikely, but for a long time to all appearance tolerably stable throne. The youths of the family do not seem to have even that amount of courage and enterprise now. One respectable President has succeeded another without an *émeute* or a cry. We have fallen upon an age of mediocrities, and *parmi les aveugles le borgne est roi*.

We wonder what other strange things the Looker-on may have to witness and to record as the year passes on. Let us hope he will have nothing more to do than to chronicle small-beer.

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"THAT DAMNABLE COUNTRY."

SUCH was the description—"this damnable country"—given of Ireland, now many generations ago, by an English statesman to his superiors in London concerning the land he had been sent awhile to administer; and the same phrase, or the same sentiment in different words, has been re-echoed hundreds of times since, by politicians and non-politicians on each side of the Channel, respecting the island "lying a-loose," as Campion the historian in the reign of Elizabeth has it, "on the west ocean." That damnable country! Far be it from me to add the very smallest stone to the colossal cairn of controversy that has recently been raised over the Irish Question. I went to Ireland—I am ashamed to say, for the first time—this spring, and I returned from it with the feeling that it is anything rather than damnable. Indeed, I sometimes find myself almost wishing that the intervening seasons would

pass, that it might again be May, and I might anew be gathering thrift amid the landward-flying foam of Loop Head, listening to the missel-thrushes shrilling in the gardens of Tourin or the woods of Dromana, watching the smiles and tears of fair fitful Killarney, losing myself in the gorse-covered clefts of matchless Glengariff, or dazzled and almost blinded by the boundless bluebell woods of Abbey Leix. I do not willingly allow that Ireland is lovelier still than England, but it is. One has said with Æneas, only too often, when Spring came round, *Italiam petimus?* Yet are not Bantry Bay and Clon-Mac-Nois as beautiful, and as hallowed by the past, even as the Gulf of Spezia and the cyclopean walls of Sora? But then I went to Ireland, not in the pursuit of angry polemics, to which I feel I can add nothing new, but in search of natural beauty and human kindness.

Nowhere have I ever met with more of either.

First impressions are a sort of premonitory experience; and as the sun sank lower in a cloudless sky over a surgeless sea, I could not gaze on the tender sinuosities of the Wicklow Mountains, or turn to the Hill of Howth, Ireland's Eye, and the more distant Lambay Island, without a sense of rising gladness that I was at last to set foot on a land that greets one with so fair and feminine a face.

The most indulgent imagination could hardly cast a halo over the unloveliness of Dublin; and not even the most gracious and agreeable hospitality could make regret prevail over anticipation as I turned my face westward. But the gorse, the pastures, and the streams of Kildare would have made me forget the most attractive of cities, though I was well aware I was passing through perhaps the least beautiful part of Ireland. A couple of mornings later I was driving on an outside car, balanced on the other side by a congenial companion, towards Athlone, where we were to take train for the coast of Clare. The driver assured us that he could easily traverse the distance in an hour and twenty minutes, so I gave him an hour and forty. I had quite forgotten, in the exhilaration of a new experience, that accuracy is not a Celtic gift, and that time is computed long or short, according as it is thought you wish it to be the one or the other. Moreover, the Irish mile is a fine source of confusion when distances are computed. In one county a mile means a statute mile, in another it means an Irish mile; and though you may recollect that it takes fourteen of the first to make eleven of the second, it does not at all follow that your local conductor

will do so. My companion, who knew something of the road, suddenly asked me from under her umbrella (for it was raining in the most approved Irish manner) what time it was, and on getting her answer, she rejoined we had still three miles to cover, and only eighteen minutes to do it in. The wish to oblige, and native hopefulness of temperament, made the driver exclaim, "Oh, we'll do it!" and straightway he imparted to his horse an alertness of which I should not have thought it capable. Watch in hand, I saw us trot through the streets of Athlone at a rattling pace, and we had both made up our minds that the train was caught. But again that curious vagueness of mind and happy-go-lucky indiscipline of character came into play; and though we really were just in time, he drove past the entrance to the station, and did not discover his mistake till too late. It then turned out that he had never been to Athlone before, and had not the faintest notion where the station was. I have observed that most travellers in such circumstance fume, fret, and objugate. We laughed consumedly, though we were well aware that Athlone is scarcely a place in which to spend several hours pleasantly, and that now, instead of arriving at Kilkee at half-past three, we could not get there till after nine. Perhaps our good-humour was due in some measure to the fact that, some three miles away, was a house where we knew we could consume the inevitable interval agreeably enough; and we were soon making for it. But Irish hospitality does not understand the mere "looking-in-on-us" which satisfies so many English people; and we were bidden, indeed irresistibly commanded, to pass the

night with the hosts we had thus surprised. We were amply repaid, in more ways than one, for our equanimity; for the next day was as fine as the previous one had been morose, and so we started on our wanderings in search of striking scenery, in sunshine instead of in storm.

I am told Kilkee is "a fashionable watering-place." Happily watering-places and fashion mean something different on the west coast of Ireland from what they signify on the south coast of Britain, or one need scarcely have bent one's steps towards Kilkee even in order to see Loop Head and the Cliffs of Moher. Even at the height of its season, for I suppose it has one, Kilkee must be what those who resort to Eastbourne or Bournemouth would call a very dull little place. You can get out of any part of it in two or three minutes, to find yourself on the undenized cliffs that form the westernmost barrier between this Realm and the Atlantic. If there were any strangers in the place in the early days of May save ourselves, I did not observe them. We were the sole occupants of a large, old-fashioned, and quite comfortable enough inn, which the local taste for high-sounding words would probably wish one to call a hotel. It takes its name from Moore's Bay on which it stands. You observe by various little indications that the standard of comfort, convenience, and refinement is lower by a few inches than in England; but why should it not be? I pity the people who travel through the world with their own weights and measures, their own hard-and-fast rule of how things should look, and how they should be done. If you have to sit with the door open because, should you not do so, the

smoke and dust of the turf fire would be blown all over the house, is that such a hardship to folks who have got nothing to do but to be pleasant and enjoy themselves? If the green Atlantic water, the blackly towering cliffs, the vast expanse of rising and rolling emerald down, the soft insinuating air, and the sense of freedom and "away-ness," do not compensate you for the lack of hot water in your sleeping chamber and for a certain friendly irregularity in the service, go not to Clare or Galway, but follow your own trite footsteps to Brighton, Nice, or Cannes. We for our part thought Kilkee, its lean chickens, its imperfect soda-bread, and its lack of vegetables (all, of course, save the national potato) absolutely delightful. How the winds must blow and bellow sometimes, and the waves rear and plunge and toss their iron-gray manes along and over that crenelated coast! The word "over" is no figure of speech, for there are times when the foam is flung, by waves indignant at the first check they have met with for two thousand miles, high over the foreheads of the loftiest crags and far inland on to the stunted grass of the gray-green downs. There is a peculiar pleasure in watching how gentle the strong can be, how strong the gentle; and when we got to Kilkee, there seemed at first almost a caressing touch in the dimpling green water, as though it had the soothing stroke of a soft and velvety hand. But as we pushed on to the bolder bluffs and towards the open sea, even on that comparatively windless May sundown, the waves, when challenged or interfered with, waxed black and angry, swirled round and round in great sinuous troughs and coils, and then rushed and raced with imperative fury

through the jagged channels made for them by the millions of domineering breakers that had for centuries preceded them, and forced a way somehow, somewhere, through the granite barriers. We stood hushed by the splendour and sonorous terror of it, and like Xenophon's Ten Thousand, I cried out at length, *Θάλασσα! Θάλασσα!* as though I had never seen the Sea before. Neither the Yorkshire nor the Devonshire cliffs can show anything comparable in stern beauty and magnificence with the west coast of Ireland. Their billows are baby billows, mere cradles rather, swaying and swinging for a child's or a lover's lullaby, when paragoned with these monsters of the real deep, these booming behemoths, never fixed nor crystallised, and therefore never extinct,—charging squadrons of ocean-horses, coming on ten thousand strong, glittering and gleaming in all the panoply of serried onset, and then broken and lost in the foam and spume of their own champing and churning. Turn the headland, which mayhap now fronts leeward, and all those warlike waves seem like dolphins at peace and play. Their very backs subside, and you see nothing but indescribably green water, green of a green you have never seen before, pearly, pellucid, the mirror, not of eternity, but of whatever tender mood of the moment. Look round! look wide! look far! your eye will meet nothing but the lonely and uncompromising gaze of Nature. This it is that gives one the sense of "awayness" of which I spoke. Is it not the duke in "Measure for Measure" who says—

"For I have ever loved the life removed?"

Here indeed he might have got it,

far more effectually than in any cloister that was ever reared. England nowhere now gives one quite this sensation. Should you get beyond the smoke of the locomotive, you will with difficulty evade the shadow of the tourist. But even by this all-penetrating person some of the most beautiful parts of Ireland are forgotten and spared.

A road that for the most part follows the wavering coast-line was made from Kilkee to Loop Head in the dark days of the still remembered Famine, and the driver of our car told me he had helped to make it. He was communicative enough in answer to questions put to him; but in his case, as in many another later on, I observed little of that loquacious gaiety, and still less of the spontaneous humour, which we are educated to expect from Irish companionship. Of course, my experience was limited and imperfect; but I found myself once remarking, no doubt with a touch of extravagance, that it must be a very dull Englishman who finds Irish people particularly lively. Doubtless they are more amiable in the social sense; but I cannot put aside the impression that sadness is the deepest note in the Irish character. They remind one of what Madame de Staël said of herself, "*Je suis triste, mais gai.*" Under provocation or stimulus they become both loquacious and merry; nor need the provocation be very forcible. But they readily fall back again into the minor key, and much of their wit springs from their sensibility to the tearfulness of things. "You can talk them into anything," said one of themselves to me; and I think it is still more true that they can talk themselves into anything—for the moment at least.

They are sad, but not serious. Indeed their want of what an Englishman means by seriousness is very noticeable; and they shift "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with astonishing mobility. It is the profound sadness of their character which makes them so sociable, since in companionship, and most of all in voluble talk, they for a time escape from it. A person of high seriousness requires no one to help him to be gravely cheerful, and his spirits are never depressed by solitude. It is in society, rather than in solitude, that he is conscious of being, or at least of seeming, morose. The gaiety of a sad person is always demonstrative, exuberant, almost noisy; for he wants others to see how tremendously happy he has suddenly become. Again removed from "wine and women, mirth and laughter," he relapses into the passive gloom natural to one who is conscious of a mystery which is too congenial to him for him to try or to want to solve it. The Irishman sees into his native mist, but not through it. He is best understood when you watch him abiding within the influence of brown, barren bog, of unapproachable peaks, and of the wail of homeless waves. Though otherwise but little akin to the island of the lotos-eaters, Ireland is withal a land where it seems always afternoon. In their normal movements the Irish are much quieter than the English. I am speaking, of course, of peasants, not of politicians, nor yet of folk huddled so closely together in streets that they irritate each other all day long. The very children in Ireland do not shout as English children do. Both young and old stand, or sit, or gaze, well content to do so: being alive—I might

almost say, waiting for life to come to an end—seeming occupation enough for them. Ebullitions and explosions of gaiety, of course, they have; and these are so volcanic, that they perforce attract much attention. But I think people fail to observe that, like to volcanoes generally, their normal condition is one of quietude. They have irregular impulses, but they have no settled purpose. How can they have, in a world they do not profess or care to understand?

"Their soul proud Science never taught
to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way."

They know their own cabin, their own patch of "lazy" potatoes, their own boat and fishing-nets, their eternal dependence on the forces of Nature, their eternal feud with people who they think do nothing for them, yet claim a share in the fruit of their labours; the imperfectly understood theories of a pastor who, perhaps, is himself imperfectly instructed in the dogmas he affirms, and that there is something called Ireland whose lot they believe is, and has immemorially been, as hard as their own. Truth to tell, in ordinary moments, and when some one does not come and "talk them into" indignation, they bear its supposed wrongs very patiently, just as they patiently bear their own. When not stimulated by professional agitators they ask little, they expect little, from life. They are not *indociles pauperiem pati*. Indeed poverty seems natural, and even congenial, to them. Life is not to them, as to Englishmen or Scotsmen, a business to conduct, to extend, to render profitable. It is a dream, a little bit of passing consciousness on a rather hard pillow,—the hard part of it

being the occasional necessity for work, which spoils the tenderness and continuity of the dream. A little way before you get to Loop Head, there is a series of seaward-jutting rocks of low elevation, which have been christened *The Bridges*, for the waves have burrowed under them, so that they stand arched in mid-air. At the extreme point we saw a young fellow in knee-breeches, blue woollen stockings, short jacket, and Mercury hat—the only human thing visible, save ourselves, whether seaward or landward—gazing apparently at the waves. "I wonder what he comes here for," said my companion.

"Ask him," I said, and she did so.

"I've coom to see the toombling," he said.

The "toombling" was the plunging and shattering of the breakers, and looking at them was occupation enough for this letterless lad. A potential poet, some one perhaps will say? But no. A poet, to be of much account, must understand, must find or put a meaning in, inanimate things; and this boy, typical of his race, was asking no questions, much less finding harmonious answers to them. He was only gazing at the "toombling" he could not control, any more than he and his can control the wilful seasons, the fiat that brought them here, that will take them away, and that deals so austere with them in the interval.

Such, at least, was the explanation I offered of his being there, and the cause of it. Perhaps we found reason, in some degree, to modify our conclusion a few minutes later; for, seeking to return to the point where we had left our car, we passed through a gap in a loose stone-wall, and saw sitting under it, just to the right of us, a

bare-headed, bare-legged peasant girl of, I daresay, some eighteen years of age, just as unoccupied as the youngster we had left pondering at the waves, but looking by no means so unhappy. On her face was

"The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love,"

and her eyes seemed to sparkle with amorous mischief. Possibly she was the cause of his having gone, in vexation of spirit, to look on the "toombling," and so make himself yet more miserable, like many another tantalised swain before him, by communicating his ephemeral sorrow to the permanent indifference of Nature.

Within three miles of Loop Head, we were told, no flower will grow save the pink sea-thrift; and I can well believe it. It is a sort of Hinterland to the ocean, within whose influence it lies; and, though the sea has not actually annexed it, it permits no law save that of its own blustering barrenness to rule there. The Coast-Guard Station represents the indomitable audacity and imperious usurpation of man; but at Loop Head, though he can build walls, and take and record observations, he can do no more. He can grow nothing for his own sustenance; and on many a wild winter night, if he ventures out-of-doors, he has to crawl on hands and knees under the protection of the walls of the small herbless enclosure, lest he should be blown and battered against the barriers of his own raising. From the lighthouse one gets a commanding view of the estuary of the Shannon. Looking southward, one descries, if dimly, Kerry Head, Brandon Mount, and the hills of Dingle promontory, with the summits of Macgillicuddy's Reeks darkly be-

hind them. Northward lie the mountains of Connemara, and the islands of Aran well out to sea. A little way below the Coast-Guard Station, there is what you may call either a little island or a huge rock, separated from the mainland by a narrow but terrific chasm. An enterprising engineer thought a few years ago he would like to throw a bridge across it, and he persevered in his task for about half the distance. He then wearied either of the labour or the cost, and the intended communication thus stops short mid-way over the profound black gap and the tormented waters. Last year, however, a derrick was pushed across, and a small party landed for the day, leaving behind them a couple of goats. One we could still desery calmly grazing, but the other has either died or been blown out to sea. On the dark narrow ledge on each side of the rocky chasm, all the way down innumerable puffins were congregated, as restless in their flight, and as melancholy in their cry, as the waters over which they skim, or into which they fitfully dive and awhile disappear.

It takes some time to get beyond the impression of such a scene, even though one may have left it, visually, behind; and I could still hear those pairing seabirds, and still see the sweeping, swirling coils of strandless water running in and out of the black honeycombed abysses, until the bay and village of Carrigaholt, and the hamlets of Cross and Kilbaha, obliterated the reminiscence by stimulating the senses to receive fresh sights and sounds. I was greatly surprised at finding so many National Schools in so wild and poorly populated a district as that between Loop Head and Kilkee; and I noticed that, almost in

every instance, an older, meaner, and thatched building had been superseded by a new, larger, and more commodious one of stone and slate.

In the afternoon of the following day we crossed the Shannon from Kilrush to Tarbert, and had occasion to note how a river, nobler and more inviting in its proportions than any English stream, be it Thames, or Severn, or Mersey, showed neither sail nor funnel, and is practically neglected by the commerce of the world. The modern rhetorician, primed with statistics, and animated by conventional convictions, might doubtless produce—and, for anything I know of, may frequently have produced—a striking effect on the platform by dwelling on this conspicuous fact, and out of it manufacturing another Irish grievance. But I think I can perceive that, in presence of the many painful phenomena and perplexing problems that owe their origin to high-pressure enterprise and material development, it is gradually becoming pardonable to hint that Civilisation, as properly understood, is not necessarily identical with huge cities, countless factories, and interminable goods-trains. I am aware that the English ideal of life is, or has been till quite recently, that every man, woman, and child should get as much work out of himself as he possibly can, and should in turn get as much out of the machines that he produces. In a word, according to their view, existence was given us in order that we may be perpetually active, and by our activity go on increasing what is called the wealth of the world. Of course, as it is only fair to add, there underlies this theory the further doctrine or belief that, by the operation

thus described, Man will best expand his intellect and most surely improve his morals.

An examination of the soundness of this view, to be of any value, would require no little time and demand no little space; and this is not the moment for it in any case. But one cannot travel in Ireland without perceiving that this so-many-horse-power and perpetual-catching-of-trains theory of life is not one that is accepted by the Irish people; and I do not think it ever will be. Their religion, their traditions, their chief occupations, their temperament, all of which I suppose are closely allied, are opposed to it. The saying, "Take it aisy; and if you can't take it aisy, take it as aisy as you can," doubtless represents *their* theory of life; and, for my part, if it were a question either of dialectics or of morals, I would sooner have to defend that view of existence than the so-many-horse-power one. So far from a wise man getting all he can out of himself in one direction, he will, it seems to me, rigidly and carefully abstain from doing so in the interests of that catholic and harmonious development which requires that he should get a little out of himself in every direction. One would not like to assert that the bulk of the Irish people are "harmoniously developed." But neither, if I may be permitted to say so, are the English or the Scotch people; and as, in reality, all three probably err by lob-sided activity or lob-sided inactivity, it still remains to be seen whether too much perpetual-catching-of-trains, or too much taking-it-aisy, is, on the whole, the wiser course, and the less insane interpretation of the purport and uses of life. I fear I am not an impartial judge; for, when I continually hear the

Irish upbraided with sitting on gates or walls and doing nothing, I remember that some of us in England likewise sit on gates and walls and do nothing, and are greatly addicted to that pastime. But whether taking-it-aisy, or for ever trying to beat the record, be the best use to make of life, certain it is that the English, speaking generally, hold the one theory, and the Irish, speaking generally, hold the other, and manifest little or no intention of abandoning it. Unfortunately, Englishmen are not satisfied with being allowed to hold their own view of life. For the life of us we cannot help trying to force it on the acceptance of other people; and if they prove recalcitrant, we at once regard them as inferior, because they are different from ourselves. Our religion, our manners, our morals, our way of conducting business, our pace, our goal, are ours, and therefore must be the best. No doubt it is this masterful narrowness that makes us an imperial and a conquering race. But should we not do well to interpret *parcere subjectis* as including some consideration for the conceptions of life and duty entertained by the peoples we have annexed? Failing to do so, we find ourselves baffled all the same. There is a feminine power of passive resistance in the Celtic race which all our masculine Saxon imperiousness has not overcome. The Virgilian *curis acuens mortalia corda* applies but imperfectly to the majority of the Irish people, who quietly refuse to be prodded and sharpened into exertion beyond a certain point, let heaven send them what cares and difficulties it may. No doubt, an agricultural people always take life more easily than a manufacturing people. One cannot well

live habitually in the presence and within the influence of Nature without imbibing and finally imitating something of her deliberation and serene patience. Man may increase the pace of his machine-made wheels and pistons, but he cannot compel or induce Nature to go any faster. Neither, beyond a certain point which is soon reached, can he force her to be more wealth-producing, as the most recent results of high farming plainly show. The bulk of the Irish people are bred on and wedded to the soil, the air, the seasons, the weather, mist, hail, sunshine, and snow; and familiarity and co-operation with these help to deepen that pious Christian fatalism which is innate in their temperament. Therefore they work in moderation, and with long rests between whiles,—rest, perhaps, not absolutely needed by the physical frame, but akin to that passiveness which Wordsworth somewhere calls wise. Compare an ordinary English or Scotch with an ordinary Irish railway station, and the contrast is most striking. In the latter there is a total absence of fuss, bustle, expedition, and of a desire to get the trains off as summarily as possible. Even the railway porters are of opinion that there is plenty of time between this and the Day of Judgment in which to get life's rather unimportant business done, after a fashion.

After leaving Kilkee, I was so anxious to get to Killarney, and to get there quickly, in order that we might enjoy the sharp and sudden contrast between the barren grandeur of Clare and the leafy loveliness of Kerry, that, had it not been for the foregoing reflections, prompted by the splendid but sailless Shannon, I might perhaps have been impatient at

the railway dispensation which forbade us to get farther that night than Tralee. But abiding by the true traveller's motto—

"Levius fit patientia
Quidquid corrigere est nefas,"

—I am sure Horace learned that little bit of wisdom, not in Rome, but at his Sabine farm—we congratulated ourselves on the easy-goingness which permitted us to have tea and a couple of hours at Listowel, to saunter towards sundown by the banks of the salmon-haunted Feale, and to gaze at what is left upon its banks of the last stronghold that held out against Elizabeth in the Desmond insurrection.

Spring never arrayed herself in beauty more captivatingly child-like than on the mid-May morning when we arrived at Killarney. She had been weeping, half in play, half for petulance; but now she had put all her tears away, or had glorified what was left of them with radiating sunshine. Was it April? Was it May? Was it June? It seemed all three. But indeed every month keeps reminiscences of the one that precedes, and cherishes anticipations of the one that is to follow it.

"Fresh emeralds jewelled the bare
brown mould,
And the blond swallow tasseled itself
with gold;
The hive of the broom brimmed with
honeyed dew,
And Springtime swarmed in the gorse
anew."

There is no such gorse in wealthy Britain as enriches the vernal season in Ireland. I had come to that conclusion from what I had seen in King's County, in West Meath, and in Clare itself; but they in turn seemed poor in this opulent flower compared with the golden growth all about Mahony's

Point and many another open space near Killarney Lake. Yet, at the same time, here was

"June blushing under her hawthorn veil."

For Ireland is the land of the white as well as of the black thorn. But indeed of what wild flower that grows, of what green tree that burgeons, of what shrub that blossoms, are not the shores and woods and lanes and meadows of Killarney the home? Such varied and vigorous vegetation I have seen no otherwhere; and when one has said that, one has gone far towards awarding the prize for natural beauty. But vegetation, at once robust and graceful, is but the fringe and decoration of the loveliness of that enchanting district. The tender grace of wood and water is set in a framework of hills, now stern, now ineffably gentle, now dimpling with smiles, now frowning and rugged with impending storm, now muffled and mysterious with mist, only to gaze out on you again with clear and candid sunshine. Here the trout leaps, there the eagle soars, and there beyond the wild deer dash through the arbutus coverts, through which they have come to the margin of the lake to drink, and, scared by your footstep or your oar, are away back to crosiered bracken or heather-covered moorland. But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur and a look of awe only in order to heighten, by passing contrast, the sense of soft insinuating loveliness. How the missel-thrushes sing, as well they may! How the streams and runnels gurgle and leap and laugh! For the sound of jour-

neying water is never out of your ears, the feeling of the moist, the fresh, the vernal, never out of your heart. My companion agreed with me that there is nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney, meaning by Killarney its lakes, its streams, its hills, its vegetation; and if mountain, wood, and water, harmoniously blent, constitute the most perfect and adequate loveliness that Nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has, all the world over, no superior. I suppose there is a time when tourists pass through Killarney. Happily it had not commenced when we were there. But I gathered that they come for but a brief season; and a well-known resident and landowner, to whom we were indebted for much that added to the inevitable enjoyment of our visit, told me that he had in vain tried to provide himself with a few neighbours, by maintaining and even furnishing some most attractive and charmingly placed dwellings on his estate. It is so far away, so remote from London. And then—it is Ireland.

To portray scenery by language is not possible, often as the feat has been attempted in our time. The utmost one can do is to convey an impression of beauty, or grandeur, or picturesqueness; and one could but use familiar epithets and adjectives to but little purpose, were one to attempt to depict in words what one saw on Long Island, at Muckross Abbey, at Torc Waterfall, in the Lower Lake, the Upper Lake, the Long Range, or what one gazed out on at Glenna Cottage, where we found tea and Irish slim-cakes provided for us in a sitting-room silently eloquent of the taste and refinement of its absent mistress. Equally futile would it be to try to describe the

eight hours' drive from Killarney to Glengarriff by Kenmare Bay. I can only say to everybody, "Do not die without taking it." As for Glengarriff, I scarcely know how any one who goes there ever leaves it. For my part, I have been there ever since. It is a haven of absolute beauty and perfect rest.

I came to the conclusion at last that the reason why, though Ireland is more beautiful still than Britain, it is less travelled in and less talked about, is that it has never produced a great poet, a great painter, or even a great novelist,—I mean one who has sung or depicted the beauties of Ireland so as to excite general enthusiasm about them. *Carent vate sacro*. The crowd have not been bewitched into going to Ireland; and indeed, if they went, the crowd would never discover loveliness for themselves, or at least never apprehend its relation to other loveliness. I hope I shall not give offence to a race I greatly admire, if I say that Irishmen do not seem to love Ireland as Englishmen love England, or Scotchmen Scotland. If Tom Moore had only loved Ireland as a poet should love his native land, he might have brought its extraordinary charm home to the world, and made its beauty universally known. I am sure the Vale of Cashmere is not lovelier than Innisfallen and all that surrounds it; but for want of intimate affection he wrote of both in precisely the same strain and style, insensible to local colour, local form, local character, and in each case satisfying himself and asking us to be satisfied with vague dulcet adjectives and melodious generalities. But in truth I doubt whether the Irish are a poetical people, in the higher sense. They

have plenty of fancy, but little or no imagination; and it is imagination that gives to thought, feeling, and sentiment about a country a local habitation and a name. The Irish are both too inaccurate and too sad to produce poetry of the impressive and influencing sort. The groundwork of the highest imagination is close attention to and clear apprehension of the fact, which imagination may then, if it chooses, glorify and transfigure as it will. To the typical Irishman of whom I am speaking, the fact, the precise fact, seems unimportant. He never looks at it, he never grasps it; therefore he exaggerates or curtails,—the statement he makes to you, and indeed the one he makes to himself, being either in excess or in diminution of the reality. I am aware that, according to the habitual conception of many persons, perhaps of most, exaggeration and imagination are one and the same thing, or at any rate closely akin. There could not be a more complete error. Not only are they not akin, they are utterly alien to each other. Fancy exaggerates or invents. Imagination perceives and transfigures.

Equally common is the belief, more especially in days when pessimism is a creed with some and a fashion with others, that poetry and sadness are not only closely but inseparably related; and up to a certain point, and within a certain range of poetry, but necessarily a lower and a narrower one, that is true. Much beautiful lyrical and elegiac verse do we owe to sadness; but it is unequal to the task of inspiring and sustaining the loftier flights of the poetic imagination. The Athenians were not sad. The Italians are not sad. The Germans are not sad. The English are not sad.

They are serious, which is a totally different thing; and, as I have ventured to assert, the Irish character, though sad, is noticeably wanting in seriousness. Be it observed too, in passing, that serious people are accurate—I mean, of course, as far as human infirmity will permit. But as regards poetry and sadness, did not Euripides long ago say, in "The Suppliants," that it is well the poet should produce songs with joy; and did he not ask how, if the poet have it not, he can communicate delight to others? The joy here spoken of is not a violent or spasmodic joy, which is own brother to sadness, but a serene and temperate joy, such as Tennyson had in his mind when he wrote concerning the poet—

"He saw through life and death,
through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul."

I was again struck by the superiority of Irish scenery to its reputation, when, passing round from west to south, I found myself on the Blackwater. What Englishman has not seen Warwick Castle, and to whom are its romantic position and imposing aspect not household talk? How many Englishmen have seen, or even heard of, Lismore? To my surprise and shame, I suddenly discovered that Lismore—concerning which, I will be bound to say, most persons, if interrogated, would reply, "Lismore? Lismore? It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, does it not?"—is much more beautiful than Warwick, and almost as picturesque. It was my good fortune to spend several days in a most charming and hospitable house, whose spacious grounds slope gradually down to the Blackwater, where that noble stream is

a quarter of a mile broad; passing on one side the ruined Castle of Tourin, and on the other the woods of Dromana, through which I galloped—as only Irish horses will gallop over rough and uneven ground—for the better part of two hours, without coming to the end of them. What strikes one in Ireland is the abundance of everything, the "lots to spare," what Irish people call "lashins." Flower-garden, kitchen-garden, pleasure-garden alike, are invariably much larger in Ireland in proportion to the size of the domain than in England. An Irish acre is about the very least anybody apparently has ever troubled himself to enclose for vegetables and fruit; and frequently this handsome allowance is exceeded where, from the domestic conditions, you would have thought it considerably in excess of the needs of the family. This superfluous and prodigal assignment of space frequently leads to a good deal of untidiness; but Irish people seem to prefer waste places and neglected corners to prim parsimoniousness. But it must not be supposed that all establishments in Ireland are untidy and uncared-for. I saw several gardens, not only near Dublin,—like Lady Ardilaun's beautiful one of St Ann's at Clontarf,—but in the most remote and rustic parts of Ireland, that would hold their own against the best-kept ones in England. In the grounds of the house on the Blackwater to which I have alluded, I found the most effective spring-garden I ever saw,—the Irish climate being peculiarly favourable to spring and early summer gardening, where man seconds with any pains the bounty and geniality of Nature. One must go to the most favoured spots in the south of Devonshire to meet, in England, with such

flowering-shrubs, such rhododendrons, such out-door azaleas as abound all over the west, the south, and even the east of Ireland. At the same time, with Irish gardens and gardening, as with most other Irish things, "taking-it-aisy" is the general law. The result is far from being always disastrous, where neglect and unkemptness have not been carried too far. Many a fair and precious flower is coddled and "titivated" out of existence in these trim and orderly days; and I shrewdly suspect that the greater part of the old-fashioned herbaceous plants which have recently come into favour with all of us, and which had died out in most parts of England, have been brought over from Irish gardens, where they have always flourished undisturbed and un-superseded. I can say for myself that I am indebted to the sister island for several new, otherwise old, herbaceous flowers; for, as we all know, Irish people are never happier than when they are giving what they have got.

I wish this love of flowers, which educated folk in Ireland exhibit in so marked a manner, was felt by its peasantry. Could their whitewashed cottages but have little gardens in front of them, instead of what they call "the street," which consists of a dung-hill-tenanted bit of roughly-paved, and not always paved, ground that abuts on the road; could they be got to plant creepers against their walls, to cherish a climbing rose, to embower their porches in honeysuckle, Ireland would, as if by enchantment, be an utterly transformed country to travel in. But just as its people, in many respects so gifted, have little imagination, so have they little feeling for beauty. After leaving the country of the Black-

water, I found a warm welcome in Queen's County from one who is indeed a Lady Bountiful, and well known as such, and who is doing her utmost to get the peasantry to understand the charm and the refining influence of flowers, just as she has employed almost every known method for adding to the grace and dignity, as well as to the material comfort, of their lives. If she succeeds, as I fervently hope she may, she will indeed have been a benefactress to the people among whom she lives, and who, I could perceive, are not insensible to her large, catholic, and unostentatious interest in them. I had always imagined that Kent has no superior as a home for wild-flowers. But all that I know at home of floral woodland beauty fades into insignificance when compared with the miles on miles of bluebells, under secular timber of every kind, through which she led me on the evening of my arrival. At last I saw Fairy Land, not with the mind's eye but with the bodily vision; and not for days did the colour of that seemingly endless tract of wildwood hyacinths fade from the retina. Here again was another, and perhaps the most surprising, instance of the lavishness, the abundance of everything in Ireland, of which I have spoken, and the complete ignorance of Englishmen of what Ireland has to show them in the way of natural and cultivated beauty, which they are supposed, and not unjustly, to love so dearly.

No country is beautiful throughout, but I cannot agree with the opinion I have heard expressed so frequently that the centre of Ireland is ugly. For my part, I have yet to see an ugly country where it still remains country; and I cannot understand how any rural

tract can be otherwise than enchanting to the eye that has ample colour in the foreground and the middle distance, and boasts a mountain horizon. Alike in Queen's County, in King's County, and in Westmeath, the Slieve Bloom Mountains are rarely out of sight; and I observed more than once, in the light and shade of their ample folds, effects of colour such as I had hitherto seen only in Italy. I spent a delightful morning, wandering tracklessly and aimlessly over a portion of the Bog of Allen, which strongly reminded me of the wetter portions of the Yorkshire moorlands familiar to my childhood. But apart altogether from the glamour of association, I saw in its colour and its character, in its heather, its bog-cotton, its bilberry leaves and blossoms, an effective and unusual contrast to the golden gorse, to the patches of green oats, to accidental clumps of timber, and to the irregular barrier of purple hill-land in the immaterial distance. It was pleasant to pay a visit to a property in that part of Ireland, the owner of which was, for thirty years of his manhood, engaged in administering the affairs of many millions of her Majesty's subjects in India, and who, now that in the course of nature he has come into his inheritance, spends his days, his pension, and his savings in improving "the old home" and developing his estate, instead of hanging about London Clubs and trying to extract diversion out of the hackneyed amusements of society. Will those who come after him do the same? Let us hope so; for what Ireland most wants is the presence, the love, and the encouragement of its own children. I found the majority of

landowners with whom I talked in favour of the compulsory sale and purchase of holdings; and when I asked if they did not think this would finally deplete Ireland of its rural gentry, which would be a culminating curse to it, they one and all expressed the opinion that it would have no such effect, since the expropriated landlords would retain the house, the demesne, and what we call in England the home farm, and would live on excellent terms with the farmers and the peasantry, once the burning question of the tenure of land was extinguished.

It has frequently been said to me, when extolling the extraordinary beauty and natural charm of Ireland, "But what a climate! It rains incessantly." This assertion is one of the exaggerations incidental to ignorance or to very partial knowledge. Most persons of my acquaintance who live habitually in London abuse the English climate, which, I humbly venture to assert, is the best climate in the world. The climate is good, though the weather may sometimes be bad; just as in Italy and kindred countries, the weather is generally good, but the climate is usually the reverse of pleasant, being almost either excessively hot or excessively cold, or, thanks to conflict between sun and wind, both one and the other at the same time. I cannot well conceive of an agreeable climate without a certain amount of rain. Londoners, who do not like to have their hats injured or their boots dirtied, and to whom the beauty of Nature, as not being within sight, is a matter of complete indifference, consider the weather good when the pavements are clean and the sky cloudless. But that is a characteristically

narrow view of the matter. It may be that Ireland has too much of a good thing in respect of rain. But there is a quality of mercy in Irish showers, which are, for the most part, of the soft sort sent by southerly or westerly breezes. We had abundant sunshine at Killarney; but I remember greatly enjoying a tramp in the rain one wet morning up to Aghadoe and Fossa. I cannot understand why people abuse rain as they do. It is one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most precious, of Nature's gifts. Watch it beginning to fall on the silvery water, making delicate fretwork of the dinted surface, which, as the rain comes faster, becomes a sheet of dancing diamonds. Then the watery spears slacken, and gradually cease to fall, and the lake resumes its silvery serenity as though nothing had happened. I say it rained that morning, and on into the early part of the afternoon; and what a goodly sight were the young children, the girls especially, making haste homeward from school, with bare legs and bare heads, save that some of the girls cowed the latter with their picturesque shawls, lest they should be caught in another shower! It might have rained all day, for anything I cared, after the comfort I had gleaned from the stockingless legs and unbonneted heads that went withal with comely garments and well-washed faces; and I came to the conclusion that Irish rain is warm as an Irish welcome, and soft as an Irish smile. But by three o'clock—in Ireland the children leave school, I observed, at that early hour—the clouds melted into thin air; and what Killarney then was for hour on hour, till the gloaming deepened into starlight, I shall never forget,

but should vainly struggle to describe.

No eulogy of the attractions of Ireland would be complete that did not bear grateful testimony to the hospitality of its people, the example of which seems to be imitated even by those who go to live there only for a time. On first arriving at Dublin, anxious as I was to push on into the interior, I could not well reject the graceful welcome that kept me a willing prisoner for several days in a comely home, surrounded by a beautiful garden and exquisite grounds, not far from the Vice-regal Lodge; and on reaching the Capital again on my way homeward, it was difficult to get away from the hearty hospitality of the brilliant soldier, himself an Irishman, who had just published the first instalment of that important biography on which he has for years been working, amid a thousand distractions of public duty, private friendship, and social intercourse, with characteristic tenacity; and the popularity of which, added to the distinction its author has won as an active and successful soldier, justifies one in enrolling him among those *quibus decorum munere datum est*—the original, it will be remembered only says, *aut —facere scribenda, et scribere legenda*.

My parting exhortation, therefore, naturally is—"Go to Ireland, and go often." It is a delightful country to travel in. Doubtless the Irish have their faults; I suppose we all have. Ireland never had, like England, like most of Scotland, like France, like Germany, like Spain, the advantage of Roman civilisation and Roman discipline, by which their inhabitants are still influenced far more than they dream of. Ireland, no

doubt, is a little undisciplined ; for it has remained tribal and provincial, with the defects as with the virtues of a tribal and clannish race. But the only way to enjoy either countries or people is to take them as they are, and not, when you travel, to carry your own *imprimatur* about with you. There is no true understanding without sympathy and love, and Ireland has not been loved enough by Englishmen, or by Irishmen either. The direst offence, however, against the duty they owe each other would be to sever or weaken the tie that subsists between them ; and I cannot help thinking it might be insensibly but effectually strengthened, and rendered more acceptable to both, if Englishmen would but make themselves more familiar with the charm of Irish scenery and Irish character.

I have said the Irish seem to be

somewhat deficient in a sense of beauty. Yet I noticed one gesture, one attitude, as common as the gorse itself, the gracefulness of which would be observed if one met with it even in Italy or Greece. As you drive along the rudest parts of Ireland, there will come to the open doorway of a ling-thatched hut a woman, bare-headed, bare-footed, very quiet and patient of mien, and she will raise her hand, and with it shade her eyes, while she gazes on you as you pass. Then she will return to the gloom of her narrow home. When I think of Ireland, now that I have visited it, I seem to see a solitary figure, that emerges at moments from a settled twilight of its own to gaze, but with shaded eyes, at the excessive glare and questionable march of English progress.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

WHO WAS LOST AND IS FOUND.

CHAPTER XIII.

For a moment Mrs Ogilvy's heart sank within her. There was something in the moment, in the hour, in that sudden appearance like a ghost, only with a noise and energy which were not ghost-like, of this man whom at the first glance she had taken for Robbie, which chilled her blood. Then she reminded herself that a similar incident had befallen her before now. A tramp had more than once made his way into the garden, and, but for her own lion mien, and her call upon Andrew, might have robbed the house or done some other unspeakable harm. It was chiefly her own aspect as of a queen, protected by unseen battalions, and only conscious of the extraordinary temerity of the intruder, that had gained her the victory. She had not felt then as she felt now: the danger had only quickened her blood, not chilled it. She had been dauntless as she looked: but now a secret horror stole her strength away.

"I think," she said, with a little catching of the breath, "you have made a mistake. This is no public place, it is my garden; but if you have strayed from the road, I will cry upon my man to show you the right way—to Edinburgh, or wherever you may be going."

"Edinburgh's not good for my health. I like your garden," he said, strolling easily towards her; "but look here, mother, give me something for my scratch. I've got a thorn in my hand."

"You will just go away, sir," said Mrs Ogilvy. "Whoever you may be, I permit no visitor here at this late hour of the night. I will cry upon my man."

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCCXLVII.

"I'm glad you've got a man about the place," said the stranger, sitting down calmly upon the bench and regarding her little figure as she stood before him, with an air half of mockery, half of kindness. "It's a little lonely for an old lady. But then you're all settled and civilised here. None the better for that," he continued, easily; "snakes in the grass, thieves behind the door."

"I have told you, sir," said Mrs Ogilvy, trembling more and more, yet holding her ground, "that I let nobody come in here, at this hour. You look like—like a gentleman:" her voice trembled on the noiseless colourless air, in which there was not a breath to disturb anything: "you will therefore not, I am sure, do anything to disturb a woman—who lives alone, but for her faithful servants—at this hour of the night."

"You are a very plucky old lady," he said, "and you pay me a compliment. 'I'm not sure that I'm a gentleman in your meaning, but I'm proud that you think I look like one. Sit down and let us talk. There's no pleasure in sitting at one's ease when a lady's standing: and, to tell the truth, I'm too tired to budge.'"

"I will cry upon my man Andrew——"

"Not if you're wise, as I'm sure you are." The stranger's hand made a movement to his pocket, which had no significance for Mrs Ogilvy. She was totally unacquainted with the habits of people who carry weapons; and if she had thought there was a revolver within a mile of her, would have felt her-

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self and the whole household to be lost. "It will be a great deal better for Andrew," said this man, with his easy air, "if you let him stay where he is. Sit down and let's have our talk out."

Mrs Ogilvy did not sit down, but she leant trembling upon the back of her chair. "You're not a tramp on the roads," she said, "that I could fee with a supper and a little money—nor a gentleman, you say, that will take a telling, and refrain from disturbing a woman's house. Who are you then, man, that will not go away,—that sit there and smile in my face?"

"I'm a man that has always smiled in everybody's face,—if it were the whole posse, if it were Death himself," he replied. "Mother, sit down and take things quietly. I'm a man in danger of my life."

A shriek came to her lips, but she kept it in by main force. In a moment the vague terror which had enveloped her became clear, and she knew what she had been afraid of. Here was the man who was like Robbie, who was Robbie's leader, his tyrant, whose influence he could not resist—provided only that Robbie did not come back and find him here!

"Sir," she said, trembling so that the chair trembled too under the touch of her hand, but standing firm, "you are trying to frighten me—but I am not feared. If it is true you say (though I cannot believe it is true), what can I do for you? I am a peaceable person, with a peaceable house, as you see. I have no hiding-places, nor secret chambers. Where could I put you that all that wanted could not see? Oh, for the love of God, go away! I know nothing about you. I could not betray you if—I desired to do so."

"You would never betray any-

body," he said, quite calmly. "I know what is in a face. If you thought it would be to my harm, though you hate me and fear me, you would die before you would say a word."

"God forbid I should hate you!" cried Mrs Ogilvy, with trembling white lips. "Why should I hate you?—but oh, it is late at night, and you will get no bed any place if you do not hurry and go away."

"That's what I ask myself," he said, unmoved. "Why should you hate me, if you know nothing about me?—that is what surprises me. You know something about me, eh?—you have a guess who I am? you are not terrified to death when a tramp comes in to your grounds, or a gentleman strays: eh? You call for Andrew. But you haven't called for Andrew—you know who I am?"

"I know what you are not," she cried, with the energy of despair. "You are no vagrant, nor yet a gentleman astray. You would have gone away when I bid you, either for fear or for right feeling, if you had been the one or the other. I know you not. But go, for God's sake go, and I will say no word to your hurt, if all the world were clamouring after you. Oh, man, will ye go?"

She thought she heard that well-known click of the gate,—the sound which she had listened for, for years—the sound most unwished and unlooked for now—of Robbie coming home. He saw her momentary pause and the holding of her breath, the almost imperceptible turn of her head as she listened. It had now become almost dark, and she was not much more than a shadow to him, as he was to her; but the whiteness of her shawl and cap made her outline more distinct underneath the faintly waving shadows of the surrounding trees. The stranger settled himself into

the corner of the bench. He watched her repressed movements and signs of agitation with amusement, as one watches a child. She would not betray him—but even in the dimness of the evening air she betrayed herself. Her eagerness, her agitation, were far more, he judged rightly, being a man accustomed to study the human race and its ways, than any chance accident would have brought about. She was a plucky old lady. A vagrant would have had no terrors for her, still less a gentleman—a gentleman! that name that the English give such weight to. Her appeal to him as being like one had gone deep into his soul.

"I will do better," he said, "mother, than seek a bed in any strange place; you will give me one here."

"I hope you will not force me—to take strong measures," she said, with consternation which she could scarcely conceal. "There is a constable—not far off. I will have to send for him, loath, loath though I would be to do so, if ye will not go away."

The stranger laughed, and made again that movement towards his pocket. "You will have to provide then for his widow and his orphans: and a country constable has always a large family," he said.

"Man," cried the little lady with passion, "will ye mock both at the law and at what is right? Then you shall not mock at me. I will put you forth from my door with my own hands."

"Ah," he said, startled, "that's a different thing." He was moved by this extraordinary threat. Even in her agitation Mrs Ogilvy felt there must be some good in him, for he was visibly moved. And she felt her power. She went forward undaunted to take him by the arm. When she was close to him he put out his hand, and smiled in her

face, not with a smile of ridicule but of appeal. "Mother," he said; "is it the act of a mother to turn a man out of doors to the wild beasts that seek his life—even if he has deserved it, and if he is not her son?"

There came from her strained bosom a faint cry. A mother, what is that? The tigress that owns one cub, and would murder and slay a thousand for it, as men sometimes say—or something that is pity and help and love, the mother of all sons through her own? Her hand dropped from his shoulder. The sensation that she would have done what she threatened, that he would not have resisted her, made her incapable even of a touch after that.

"Besides," he said in another tone, having, as he perceived, gained the victory, "I have come to tell you of your son."

A swift and sudden change came over Mrs Ogilvy's mind. He did not know, then, that Robbie had come back. He had come in ignorance, not meaning any harm, meaning to appeal to her for help for Robbie's sake. And she was in no danger from him, though Robbie was. She might even help him secretly, and do her son no harm. If only a good Providence would keep Robbie late to-night.

"Sir," she said, "I can do nothing against you with my son's name on your lips; but if you are in danger as you say, there is no safety for you here. I have friends coming to see me that would wonder at you, and find out about you, and would not be held back like me. I cannot undertake for what times they might come, morning or night: and their first question would be, Who is that you have in your house? and, What is he doing here? You would not be safe. I have a number of friends—more than I want, more than I want—if there was anything to

hide. But if you will trust yourself to me, I will find a good bed for you, and a safe place, where my word will be enough. I will send my woman-servant with you. That will carry no suspicion: and I will come myself in the morning to see what I can do for you—what you want, if it is clothes or if it is money, or— Ah! I think I heard the click of that gate,—that will be somebody coming. There is a road by the back of the house—oh, come with me and I will show you the way!”

For a moment he seemed inclined to yield; but he saw her extreme agitation, and his quick perception divined something more than alarm for him behind.

“I think,” he said, stretching himself out on the bench, “that I prefer to take the risks and to stay. If I cannot take in a parcel of your country folks, I am not good for much. You can say I am a friend of Rob’s. And that is true, and I bring you news of him—eh? Don’t you want to hear news of your son?”

She heard a step on the gravel coming up the slope, slow as it was now, not springy and swift as Robbie’s once was, and her anguish grew. She took hold of his arm again, of his hand. “Come with me, come with me,” she cried, scarcely able to get out the words, “before you are seen! Come with me before you are seen!”

He was so carried away by her passion, of which all the same he was very suspicious, that he permitted her to raise him to his feet, following her impulse with a curious smile on his face, perhaps touched by the feeling of the small old soft hand that laid hold upon his—when Janet with her large solid figure filling the whole framework of the door suddenly appeared behind him. “Will I bring in the

supper, mem?” Janet said in her tranquil tones, “for I hear Mr Robert coming up the road: and you’re ower lang out in the night and the falling dew.”

The stranger threw himself back on the bench with a loud laugh that seemed to tear the silence and rend it. “So that’s how it is!” he said. “You’ve got Rob here—that’s how it is! I thought you knew more than you said. Dash you, old woman, I was beginning to believe in you! And all the time it was for your precious son!”

Mrs Ogilvy took hold of the back of her chair again to support her. Here was this strange man now in possession of her poor little fortress. And Robbie would be here also in a moment. Two lawless broken men, and only she between them, a small old woman, to restrain them, to conceal them, to feed and care for them, to save their lives it might be. She felt that if the little support of the chair were taken from her she would drop. And yet she must stand for them, fight for them, face the world as their champion. She felt the stranger’s reproach, too, thrill through her with a pang of compunction over all. Yes, it had been not for his sake, not for pity or the love of God, but for her son’s sake, for the love of Robbie. She was the tigress with her cub, after all. Her heart spoke a word faintly in her own defence, that it was not to betray this strange man that she had intended, but to save him too: only also to get him out of her way, out of Robbie’s way; to save her son from the danger of his company, and from those still more apparent dangers which might arise from his mere presence here. She did not say a word, however, except faintly, with a little nod of her head to Janet, “Ay,—and put another place.”

The words were so little distinct that, but for her mistress's look towards the equally indistinct figure on the bench, Janet would not have understood. With a little start of surprise and alarm she disappeared into the house, troubled in her mind, she knew not why. "Andrew," she said to her husband when she returned to the kitchen, "I would just take a turn about the doors, if I were you, in case ye should be wanted." "What would want me? and what for should I turn about the doors at this hour of the night?" "Oh, I was just thinking——" said Janet: but she added no more. After all, so long as Mr Robert was there, nothing could happen to his mother, whoever the strange man might be.

There was silence between the two outside the door of the Hewan—silence through which the sound of Robbie's slow advancing step sounded with strange significance. He walked slowly nowadays—at least heavily, with the step of a man who has lost the spring of youth: and to-night he was tired, no doubt by the long day in Edinburgh, and going from place to place seeking news which, alas! he would only find very distinct, very positive, at home. While Mrs Ogilvy, in this suspense, almost counted her son's steps as he drew near, the other watcher on the bench, almost invisible as the soft dimness grew darker and darker, listened too. He said "Groggy?" with a slight laugh, which was like a knife in her breast. She thought she smelt the sickening atmosphere of the whisky and tobacco come into the pure night air, but said half aloud, "No, no," with a sense of the intolerable. No, no, he had never given her that to bear.

And then Robbie appeared another shadow in the opening of the road. He did not quicken his

pace, even when he saw his mother waiting for him: his foot was like lead—not life enough in it to disturb the gravel on the path.

"You're late, Robbie."

"I might have been later and no harm done," he said, sulkily. "Yes, I'm late, and tired, and with bad news which is the worst of all."

"What bad news?" she cried.

Robbie did not see the vague figure, another shadow, in grey indistinguishable garments like the night, which lay on the bench. He came up to her heavily with his slow steps, and then stopped and said, with an unconscious dramatic distinctness, "That fellow—has come home. He's in England, or perhaps even in Scotland, by now: and the peace of my life's gone."

"Oh, Robbie," cried his mother in anguish, wringing her hands; and then she put her hands on his shoulders, trying to impart her information by the thrill of their trembling, which gave a shake to his heavy figure too. "Be silent, be silent; say no more!"

"Why should I say no more? I expected you would feel it as I do: home was coming over me, the feeling of being here—and you—and Susie. But now that's all over. You cannot get away from your fate. That man's my fate. He will turn me round his little finger,—he will make me do, not what I like, but what he likes. It's my fault. I have put myself in his power. I would go away again, but I know I would meet him, round the first corner, outside the door." And Robert Ogilvy sighed—a profound, deep breath of hopelessness which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart. He put his heavy hand on the chair which had supported his mother. She now stood alone, unsupported even by that slight prop.

"You will come in now, my dear, and rest. You have had a hard

day: and everything is worse when you are tired. Janet has laid your supper ready; and when you have rested, then we'll hear all that has happened—and think," she said, with a tremor in her voice, "what to do."

She did not dare to look at the stranger directly, lest Robbie should discover him; but she gave a glance, a movement, in his direction, an appeal—which that close observer understood well enough. She had the thought that her son might escape him yet—at which the other smiled in his heart, but humoured her so far that he did not say anything yet.

"It is easy for you," said Robbie, with another profound sigh, "to think what you will do—you neither know the man, nor his cleverness, nor the weak deevil I am. I'll not go in. That craze of yours for all your windows open—they're not shut yet, by George! and it's ten o'clock and more—takes off any feeling of safety there might be in the house. I shall sit here and watch for him. At least I can see him coming, here."

"Robbie, oh Robbie! come in, come in, if you would not kill me!"

"Don't take so much trouble, old lady," said the stranger from the bench, at the sound of whose voice Robbie started so violently, taking up the chair in his hand, that his mother made a spring and placed herself between them. "I see what you want to do, but you can't do it. It's fate, as he says; and he'll calm down when he knows I am here. So, Bob, you stole a march on me," he said, raising himself up. He was the taller man, but Robbie was the heavier. They stood for a moment—two dark shadows in the night—so near that the whiteness of Mrs Ogilvy's shawl brushed them on either side.

"You're here, then, already!"

Robbie held the chair for a moment like a weapon of offence, and then pitched it from him. "What's the good? I might have known, if there was an unlikely spot on the earth, that's where you would be found."

"You thought this an unlikely spot? Why, you've told me of it often enough, old fellow: safety itself and quiet; and your mother that would feed us like fighting cocks. Where else did you think I would come? The t'other places are too hot for us both. But I say, old lady, I should not mind having a look at that supper now: we've only been waiting for Rob, don't you know?"

Mrs Ogilvy, in her anguish, made still another appeal. She said, "For one moment listen to me. I don't even know your name; but there's one thing I know—that you two are safest apart. I am not, sir, meaning my son alone," she said with severity, for the stranger had given vent to a short laugh, "nor for the evil company that I have heard you are. I am speaking just of your safety. You are in more danger than he is, and there's more chance they will look for you here than elsewhere. If it was to save your life," she added, after a pause to recover her voice, "even for Robbie, no, I would not give up a young man like you to what you call your fate. But you're safest apart: if you think a moment you will see that. I will," cried the little indistinguishable whiteness between the two men, "take it in my hands. You shall have meat, you shall have rest, you shall have whatever you need to take you—wherever may be best; not for him, but for you. Young man, in the name of God listen to me—it's not that I would harm you! The farther off you are from each other the safer you are—both. And I'll help—I'll help you with all my heart."

"There's reason in what she says, Bob," said the stranger, in an easy voice, as if of a quite indifferent matter. "The old lady has a great deal of sense. You would have been wise to take her advice long ago while there was time for it."

She stood between them, her hands clasped, with a forlorn hope in the newcomer, who was not con-

temptuous of her, like Robbie—who listened so civilly to all she said.

"But," he added, with a laugh, "what's safety after all? It's death alive; it's not for you and me. The time for a meal and a sleep, and then to face the world again—eh, Bob? that's all a man wants. Let's see that supper. I am half dead for want of food."

CHAPTER XIV.

Robert had led the way sullenly into the dining-room. He had made as though he would not sit down at table, where the other placed himself at once unceremoniously, pulling towards him the dish which Janet had just placed on the table, and helping himself eagerly—waiting for no grace, giving no thanks, nor even the tribute of civility to his entertainers, as Mrs Ogilvy remarked in passing, though her mind was full of other and more important things. "I'm too tired, I think, to eat; I'll go to bed, mother," Robbie said. Mrs Ogilvy seized the chance of separating him from the other with rapture. She ventured—it was not always she could do so—to give him a good-night kiss on his cheek, and whispered, "I will send you up something," unwilling that he should suffer by so much as a spoiled meal.

"What! are you going to leave me in the lurch, Bob? steal another march on me, now I've thrown myself like an innocent on your good faith? That's not like a *bon camarade*. I thought we were to stick to each other for life or death."

"I never bargained—you were to come here and frighten my mother."

"No, no," she cried; "no, no," with her hand on his arm patting it softly, endeavouring to lead him away.

"Your mother's not frightened,

old boy. She's full of pluck, and we're the best of friends. It's you that are frightened. You think I've got hold of you again. So I have, and you're not going to give me the slip so soon. Sit down and don't be uncivil. I never yet got the good of a dinner by myself."

Mrs Ogilvy held her son's arm with her hand. She felt the thrill in him turning towards his old comrade, though he did not move. Perhaps the pressure of her hand was too strong on his arm. A woman does not know exactly how far to go. An added hair's-breadth is sometimes too much.

"I don't want to be uncivil," said Robbie, after a moment's hesitation. "After all, I think I'll try to eat a morsel, mother; I'm in my own place. And you asked him in, I suppose; he's in a manner your guest—"

"If you think so, Robbie—"

Her hand loosened from his arm. Perhaps if she had been firm at that moment,—but she had already been fighting for a long time; and when a woman is old she gets tired. Her legs were trembling under her. She did not feel as if she could stand many minutes longer. She did, however; while Robbie, with an air of much sullenness and reluctance, took his place at the table, and secured the remains of the dish which his friend had nearly emptied. Robert held his place as host with

an air of offended dignity, which would have touched his mother with amusement had her mind been more free. But there was no strength in him; already he was yielding to the stronger personality; and as he ate and listened, though in spite of himself, it was clear that one by one the reluctances gave way. Mrs Ogilvy did not pretend to take part in the meal. It was prepared for Robbie, as was always the case when he went to Edinburgh and returned late. She remained in the room for a time, sometimes going to the kitchen to see what more could be found to replenish the table,—for the stranger ate as if he had fasted for a twelvemonth, and Robbie on his part had always an excellent appetite. How it did not choke them even to swallow a morsel in the situation of danger in which they were, bewildered her. And greater wonders still arose. As she went and came, the conversation quickened between them; and when she came back the second time from the kitchen, Robbie was leaning back in his chair, his mouth open in a great peal of laughter, his countenance so brightened and smoothed out, that for the first time since his return Mrs Ogilvy's heart bounded with a recognition of her bright-faced smiling boy as he had been, but was no more. His face overcast again for a moment at the sight of her, as if that was enough to damp all pleasurable emotion; and when she had again looked round the table to see if anything was wanted, the mother, with a little movement of wounded pride, left them. She went into her parlour, and sat down in the dark, in the silence, to rest a little. If her overstrained nerves and the quick sensation of the wound of the moment brought a tear or two to her eyes, that was nothing. Her mind immediately began to plan arrange how this dangerous

stranger could be got away, how his safety could be secured. I presume that Mrs Ogilvy had forgotten what his crime was. Is it not impossible to believe that a man who is under your own roof, who is like other men, who has smiled and spoken, and shown no barbarous tendency, should be a murderer? The consciousness of that had gone out of her mind. She thought, on the contrary, that there was good in him: that he was not without understanding, even of herself, an old woman, which was, Mrs Ogilvy was aware, unusual among young men. He had no contempt for her, which was what they generally had, even Robbie: perhaps—it was at least within the bounds of possibility—he might be got to do what she suggested. She searched into all the depths to find out what would be the best. To provide a place for him more private than the Hewan, a room in a cottage which she knew, where he would be made quite comfortable; and then, after great thought taken, where would be the best and safest refuge, to get him to depart thither, with money enough—money which, with a faint pang to lose it for Robbie, she felt would be well-spent money to free him for ever from that dangerous companion. Mrs Ogilvy thought, and better thought, as she herself described the process: where would be the safest place for him to go? How would one of the Highland isles do, or the Isle of Man, or perhaps these other islands which she believed were French, though that would most likely make no difference—Guernsey or Jersey, or some of these? She was strongly, in her mind, in favour of an island. It was not so easy to get at, and yet it was easy to escape from should there be any pursuit. She thought, and better thought, sitting there in the dark, with the

window still open, and the air of the night blowing in. The wind was cold rather; but her mind was so taken up that she scarcely felt it. It is when the mind is quite free that you have time to think of all these little things.

While she was sitting so quiet the conversation evidently warmed in the other room, the voices grew louder, there were peals of laughter, sounds of gaiety which had not been heard there for many a day. Mrs Ogilvy's heart rose in spite of herself. She had not heard Robbie laugh like that—not since he was a boy. God bless him! And, oh, might she not say, God bless the other too, that made him laugh so hearty? He could not be all bad, that other one: certainly there was good in him. It was not possible that he could laugh like that, a man hunted for his life, if he had his conscience against him too. She began to think that there must be some mistake. And so great are the inconsistencies of human nature, that this mother who had repulsed the stranger with almost tragic passion so short a time ago, sat in the dark soothed and almost happy in his presence—almost glad that her Robbie had a friend. She heard Janet come and go, with a cheerful word addressed to her, and giving cheerful words in return and advice to the young men to go to their beds and not sit up till all the hours of the night. After one of these colloquies Robbie came into the room where Mrs Ogilvy was. "Are you here, mother?" he said, "sitting in the dark without a candle—and the window still open. I think it is your craze to keep these windows open, whatever I may say."

"It can matter little now, Robbie—since he's here."

"Oh, since he's here! and how about those that may come after him? But you never will see what

I mean. There is more need than ever to bar the doors." He closed the window himself with vehemence, and the shutters, leaving her in total darkness. "I will tell Janet to bring you a light," he said.

"You need not do that: I will maybe go up-stairs."

"To your bed—as Janet has been bidding us to do."

"I'll not promise," said Mrs Ogilvy; "I've many things to think of."

"Never mind to-night; but there's one thing I want of you,—your keys. Janet says the mistress locks everything up but just what is going. There is next to nothing in the bottle."

"Oh, Robbie, my man, it's neither good for him nor for you! It would be far better, as Janet says, to go to your beds."

"It is a pretty thing," said Robbie, "that I cannot entertain a friend, not for once, and he a stranger that has heard me boast of my home; and that you should grudge me the first pleasant night I have had in this miserable dull place."

"Oh, Robbie!" she cried, as if he had given her a blow. And then trembling she put her keys into his hand, groping to find it in the dark. He went away with a murmur, whether of thanks or grumbling she could not tell, and left her thus to feel the full force of that flying stroke. Then she picked herself up again, and allowed to herself that it was a dull place for a young man that had been out in the world and had seen much. And it was natural that he should be pleased and excited, with a man to talk to. Almost all women are humble on this point. They do not hope that their men can be satisfied with their company, but are glad that they should have other men to add

salt and savour to their life. It gave Mrs Ogilvy a pang to hear her gardevin unlocked, and the bottles sounding as they were taken out: but yet that he should make merry with his friend, was not that sanctioned by the very Scripture itself? She sat there a while trying to resume the course of her thoughts; but the sound of the talk, the laughing, the clinking of the glasses, filled the air and disordered all these thoughts. She went softly up-stairs after a while; but the sounds pursued her there almost more distinctly, for her room was over the dining-room,—the two voices in endless conversation, the laughter, the smell of their tobacco. You would have said two light-hearted laddies to hear them, Mrs Ogilvy said to herself: and one of them a hunted man, in danger of his life! She did not sleep much that night, nor even go to bed, but sat up fully dressed, the early daylight finding her out suddenly in her white shawl and cap when it came in, oh! so early, revealing the whole familiar world about,—giving her a surprise, too, to see herself in the glass, with her candle flickering on the table beside her. It was broad daylight—but they would not see it, their shutters being closed—before the sounds ceased, and she heard them stumbling up-stairs, still talking and making a great noise in the silence, to their rooms; and then after a while everything was still. And then she could think.

Then she could think! Oh, her plan was a very simple one, involving little thought,—first that house down the water, on the very edge of the river, where Andrew's brother lived. It was as quiet a place as heart could desire, and a very nice room, where in her good days, in Robbie's boyhood, in the time when there were often visitors at the Hewan, she had sent any guest she

had not room for. Down the steep bank behind on which the Hewan stood, you could almost have slid down to the little house in the glen. There would be very little risk there. Robbie and he could see each other, and nobody the wiser; and then, after he was well rested, he would see the danger of staying in a place like the Hewan, where anybody at any moment might walk up to the door. And then the place must be chosen where he should go. If he would but go quiet to one of the islands, and be out of danger! Mrs Ogilvy's mind was very much set on one of the islands; I cannot tell why. It seemed to her so much safer to be surrounded by the sea on every side. If he would consent to go to St Kilda or some place like that, where he would be as safe as a bird in its nest. Ah! but St Kilda—among the poor fisher-folk, where he would have no one to speak to. A chill came over her heart in the middle of her plans. Would he not laugh in her face if she proposed it? Would he go, however safe it might be? Did he care so much for his safety as that? She wrung her hands with a sense of impotence, and that all her fine plans, when she had made them, would come to nothing. She might plan and plan; but if he would not do it, what would her planning matter? If she planned for Robbie in the same way, would he do it? And she had no power over this strange man. Then after demonstrating to herself the folly of it, she began her planning all over again.

In the morning there were the usual pleasant sounds in the house of natural awakening and new beginning, and Mrs Ogilvy got up at her usual hour and dressed herself with her usual care. She saw, when she looked at herself in the glass, that she was paler than usual. But what did that matter for an old

woman? She was not tired—she did not feel her body at all. She was all life and force and energy, thrilling to her finger-points with the desire of doing something—the ability to do whatever might be wanted. She would have gone off to St Kilda straight without the loss of a moment, if her doing so could have been of any avail. But of what avail could that have been? The early morning passed over in its usual occupations, and grew to noon before there was any stirring up-stairs. Then Janet, who had no responsibility, who had always kept her old footing with Robbie as his old nurse who might say anything and do anything—without gravity, laughing with him at herself and her old domineering ways, yet sometimes influencing him with her domineering more than his mother's anxious love could do—Janet went boldly up-stairs with her jugs of hot water, and knocked at one door after another. Mrs Ogilvy then heard various stirrings, shouts to know what was wanted, openings of doors, Robbie, large and heavy, though with slippered feet, going into his companion's room, and the loud talk of last night resumed. Nearly one o'clock, the middle of the day. Alas for that journey to St Kilda, or anywhere! When the day was half over, how was any such enterprise to be undertaken? And if the police were after him—the police! in her honourable, honest, stainless house—how was he to get away, to have a chance of escape? in his bed and undefended, sleeping and insensible to any danger, till one of the clock. It must have been two before Robbie showed down-stairs. He was a little abashed, not facing his mother—looking, she thought, as if his eyes had been boiled.

"We were a little late last night," he said. "I'm sorry, but it's noth-

ing to look so serious about. Lew's first night."

"Robbie," she said, "it's nothing. I'm old-fashioned. I have my prejudices. But it was not that I was thinking of. Is he in danger of his life or no?"

Robbie blanched a little at this, but shook himself with nervous impatience. "That's a big word to use," he said.

"It was the word he used to me when he came upon me last night. If he is in danger of his life, he is not safe for a moment here."

"Rubbish!" said Robbie; "why is he not safe? It is as out of the way as anything can be. Not a soul about but your village people, who don't know him from Adam, nor anything about us, good or bad. I am just your son to them, and he is just my friend."

"If that were so! It is not a thing I know about: it is only what you have told me, him and you. He said he was in danger of his life."

"He was a fool for his pains; but he always liked a sensation, and to talk big——"

"Then it is not true?"

She looked at him, and he at her. He was pale, too, with the doings of last night, but a quick colour flashed over his face under her eyes. "I am not going to be cross-examined," he said. Then after a pause: "It may be true, and it mayn't be true—if they're on his track. But he doesn't think now that they are on his track."

"He thought so last night, Robbie."

"What does it matter about last night? You're insufferable—you can imagine nothing. There is a difference between a man when he's tired and fasting, and when he's had a good rest and a square meal. He doesn't think so now. He's quite happy about us both.

He says we'll pull along here famously for a time. You so motherly (he likes you), and Janet such a good cook, and the whisky very decent. He's a connoisseur, I can tell you!—and nobody here that has half an idea in their heads——”

“You may be deceived, there,” said Mrs Ogilvy, suddenly resenting what he said—“you may be deceived in that, both him and you——”

“Not about the cook and the whisky,” said Robbie, with a laugh. “In short, we think we can lie on our oars a little and watch events. We can cut and run at any moment if danger appears.”

“You say ‘we,’ Robbie?”

“Yes,” he said, with a momentary scowl, “I said ‘we.’ Of course, I’m in with Lew as soon as he turns up. I always said I was. You forget the nonsense I’ve talked about him. That’s all being out of sight that corrupts the mind. Lord, what a difference it makes to have him here!”

She looked a little wistfully at the young man to whom her own love and devotion mattered nothing. He calculated on it freely, took advantage of it, and thought no more of it—which was “quite natural”: she quieted all possibilities of rebellion in her own mind by this. “But, Robbie,” she said, “if he is in danger. I’m not one to advise you to be unfaithful to a friend—oh, not even if—— But his welfare goes before all. If it’s true all I’ve heard—if there’s been wild work out yonder in America, and he’s blamed for it——”

“Who told you that?”

“Partly Mr Somerville before you came, Robbie, and partly yourself—and partly it was in a newspaper I read.”

“A newspaper!” he cried, almost with a shout. “If it has been in the newspapers here——”

“I did not say it was a newspaper here.”

“I know what it was,” said Robbie, with a scornful laugh. “You’ve been at a woman’s tricks. I thought you were above them. You’ve searched my pockets, and you’ve found it there.”

“I found it lying with your coat, in no pocket: and I had seen it before in Mr Somerville’s hands. You go too far—you go too far!” she said.

“Well,” he said with bravado, “what does a Yankee paper matter?—nobody reads them here. Anyhow,” he added, “Lew and I, we’re going to face it out. We’ll stay where we are, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can. Danger at present there’s none. Oh, you need not answer me with supposing this or that; I know.”

Mrs Ogilvy opened her lips to speak, but said no word. She was perhaps tempted to suggest that it was her house, her money, her life and comfort, of which these two men were disposing so calmly; but she did not. After all, she said to herself, it was not hers, but Robbie’s; everything that was hers was his. She had saved the money which he might have been spending had he been at home—which he might have been extravagant with, who could tell?—for him. And should she grudge him the use of it now? If he was right, if all was safe, if there was no need for alarm, why, then—— Her peace was gone; but had she not all these years been ready to sacrifice peace, comfort, life itself—everything in the world—for Robbie’s sake? And now that he had been brought back to her as if it were out of the grave,—“this thy son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found,”—what was there more to say? That father who ran out to meet his son, who fell upon his neck, and clothed him in the best garment, and would

not even listen to his confession and penitence—perhaps when the prodigal had settled back again into the monotony of home, was not so happy in him as he had hoped to be.

CHAPTER XV.

There followed after this a period which was the most terrible of Mrs Ogilvy's life. It had not the anguish of that previous time when Robert had disappeared from his home; but in pain and active distress, and the horrors of fear and anxiety, it was sometimes almost as bad—sometimes worse than that. When she looked back on it after, it seemed to her like a nightmare, the dream of a long fever too dreadful to be true. The happiness of having her son under her own roof was turned into torture, though still remaining in its way a kind of terrible happiness; for did not she see him day by day falling into all that was to her mind most appalling—the habits of such a life as was odious and terrible to the poor lady, with all her traditions of decent living, all her prejudices and delicacies? His very voice had changed; it was more gay and lively at times than she had ever known, and this gave her a pang of pleasure often in the midst of her trouble. Indeed there were times when even the noise of the two young men in the house affected her mind with a certain pleasure and elation, and gratitude to God that she was there to make their life possible, to make it comfortable, to give them occasion for the light-heartedness, though she could not understand it, which they showed. But these were evanescent moments, and her life day by day was a kind of horror to her, as if she were herself affected by the careless ways, the profane words, the self-indulgence, and disregard of everything lovely and honest and of good report, which

she seemed to be encouraging and keeping up while she looked on and suffered.

The situation is too poignant to be easily recorded. One has heard of a wife oppressed and disgusted by a dissipated husband; one has heard of the horrors of a drunkard's home. But this was a different thing. So far as any one in the house was aware, these young men were not drunkards. There were no dreadful scenes in which they lost control of themselves or the possession of their senses. Was it almost worse than that? Mrs Ogilvy felt as if she were being put through the treatment which some people suppose to be a cure for that terrible weakness, the mixture of intoxicating spirit with every meal and every dish. Her very cup of tea, the old lady's modest indulgence, seemed to be flavoured from the eternal whisky bottle which was always there, the smell and the sight of which made her sick, made her frantic with suppressed misery. They meant no harm, she tried to explain to herself. It was a habit of their rough life, and the much exercise and fatigue to which they subjected themselves, for good or for evil, in the far-away place from which they had come, the outskirts of civilisation. They were not capable of understanding what it was to her to see her trim dining-room always made disorderly (as she felt) by that bottle, the atmosphere flavoured with it, its presence always manifest. The pipes, too: her mantelpiece, always so nicely arranged with its clock, its flower-vases, its shells and ornaments, was

now encumbered and dusty with pipes, with ashes of cigars, with cans and papers of tobacco: how they would have laughed had they known what a vexation this was! or rather Robbie would have been angry—he would have said it was one of her ridiculous ways—and only the other would have laughed. It is a little hard to have your son speak of your ridiculous ways before another man who is indulgent and laughs. But still the pipes were nothing in comparison with that other thing—the bottle of whisky always there. What would the grocer in Eskholm think, from whom she got her supplies, when, instead of the small discreet bottle at long intervals—for not to have whisky in the house, the old-fashioned Scotch remedy for so many things, would have seemed to Mrs Ogilvy almost a crime—there were gallon jars, she did not like to ask Andrew how many, supplied to the Hewan? The idea that it was not respectable cut into her like a knife. And it would be thought that it was Robbie who consumed all that,—Robbie, who was known to be there, yet never had been seen in Eskholm, or taking his walks like other sober folk on Eskside.

And they turned life upside down altogether, both in and out of the house. They rarely went out in daylight, but would take long walks, scouring the country in the late evening, and come home very late to sit down to a supper specially prepared for them, as on the first day of the stranger's appearance. He had affected to think it was the ordinary habit of the house, and approved of it much, he said. And they sat late after it, always with a new bottle of whisky, and went to bed in the daylight of the early summer morning, with the natural consequence that they did not get up till the middle of

the day, lacerating Mrs Ogilvy's mind, doing everything that she thought most disorderly and wrong. She never went to bed until they had come in and she had seen them safely established at their supper. And then she would go quietly upstairs, but not to rest, for her room was over the dining-room, as has been said, and the noise of their talk, their jokes and laughter, kept sleep from her eyes. She was not a very good sleeper at the best. It could scarcely, she said to herself, be considered their fault. And sometimes the sound of their cheerful voices brought a sudden sense of strange happiness with it. Men that are ill men, that have done dreadful things, could not laugh like that, she would sometimes feel confident—and Robbie gay and loud, though all that she had once hoped to be refinement had gone out of his voice: this had something in it that went to her heart. If he was happy after all, what did anything else matter? His voice rang like a trumpet. There was no sound in it of depression or dejection. He had recovered his spirits, his confidence, his freedom. The heavy dullness, which was his prevailing mood before the stranger appeared, was gone. Then he had been discontented and miserable, notwithstanding the thankfulness he expressed to have escaped from the dominion of his former leader. But now he was, or appeared to be, happy, hugging his chains, delighted, as it seemed, to return to his bondage. It was not likely that this change could be a subject of gratification to his mother; and yet his altered tone, his brightened aspect, the sound of his laughter, gave her something that was almost like happiness. But for this, perhaps, she could not have borne as she did the transformation of her life.

The two young men sometimes went to Edinburgh, as Robbie had

been in the habit of doing before the other's arrival. They went in the morning and returned late at night, the much disturbed and troubled household sitting up for them to give them their meal and secure their perfect comfort. After the first time Mrs Ogilvy, though her heart was always full of anxiety for their safety, thought it best not to appear when they returned. They had both giped at her anxiety, at the absurdity and impossibility of her sitting up for them, and her desire to tie her son to her apron-strings. Robbie was angry, indignantly accusing her of making him ridiculous by her foolish anxiety. Poor Mrs Ogilvy had no desire to tie him to her apron-strings. It was not foolish fondness, but terror, that was in her heart. She had a fear—almost a certainty—that one time or other they would not come back,—that they would hear bad news and not return at all, but depart again into the unknown, leaving her on the rack.

But though she did not appear, she sat up in her room at the window, watching for the click of the gate, the sound of their steps on the path, the dark figures in the half dark of the summer night. They had means of getting news, she knew not how, and came back sometimes elated and noisy, sometimes more quiet, according as these were bad or good. And then she heard Janet bustling below bringing their supper, asking, in the peremptory tones which amused them in her, if they wanted anything more, if they could not just get what they wanted themselves, and let a poor woman, that had to be up in the morning to her work, get to her bed. Sometimes Janet held forth to them while she put their supper on the table. "It's fine for you twa strong buirdly young men, without a hand's turn to do, to turn day into nicht and nicht into day—

though, losh me! how ye can pit up with it, just jabbering and reading idle books a' the day, and good for nothing, is mair than I can tell. But me, I'm a hard-working woman. I've my man's breakfast to get ready at seeven, and the house to clean up, and to keep the whole place like a new pin. Bless me, if ye were to take a turn at the garden and save Andrew's auld bones, that are often very bad with the rheumatism, or carry in a bucket of coals or a pail of water for me that am old enough to be your mother, it would set you better. Just twa strong young men, and never doing a hand's turn—no a hand's turn from morning to nicht."

"There's truth in what she says, Bob—we are a couple of lazy dogs."

"I was not just made," said Robbie, who was less good-humoured than his friend, "to hew wood and to draw water in my own house."

"It would be an honour and a credit to you to do something, Mr Robert," said Janet, with a touch of sternness. "Eh, laddie! the thing that's maist unbecoming in this world is to eat somebody's bread and do nothing for it—no even in the way of civeelity—for here's the mistress put out of everything. She has no peace by night or by day. Do ye think she is sleepin', with you making a' that fracaw coming in in the middle of the nicht, and your muckle voices and your muckle steps just making a babel o' the house? She's no more sleepin' than I am: and my opinion is that she never sleeps—just lies and ponders and ponders, and thinks what's to become of ye. Eh, Mr Robert, if you canna exerceese your ain business, whatever it may be——"

Then there was a big laugh from both of the young men. "We have not got our tools with us, Janet," said the stranger.

"I'm no one that holds very much with tools, Mr Lewis," said Janet. "Losh! I would take up

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"I'm no one that holds very much with tools, Mr Lewis," said Janet. "Losh! I would take up

just the first thing that came, and try if I couldna do a day's work with that, if it were me."

Mr Lewis was what the household had taken to calling the visitor. He had never been credited with any name, and Robert spoke to him as Lew. It was Janet who had first changed this into Mr Lewis. Whether it was his surname or his Christian name nobody inquired, nor did he give any information, but answered to Mr Lewis quite pleasantly, as indeed he did everything. He was, as a matter of fact, far more agreeable in the house than Robbie, who, quiet enough before he came, was now disposed to be somewhat imperious and exacting, and show that he was master. The old servants, it need scarcely be said, were much aggrieved by this. "He would just like to be cock o' the walk, our Robbie," Andrew said.

"And if he is, it's his ain mother's house, and he has the best right," said Janet, not disposed to have Robert objected to by any one but herself. "He was aye one that likit his ain way," she added on her own account.

"That's the worst o' weemen wi' sons," said Andrew; "they're spoilt and pettit till they canna tell if they're on their heels or their head."

"A bonnie one you are to say a word against the mistress," cried Janet; "and weemen, says he! I would just like to ken what would have become of ye, that were just as bad as ony in your young days, if it hadna been for the mistress and me?"

But on the particular evening on which Janet had bestowed her advice on the young men in the dining-room, they continued their conversation after she was gone in another tone. "That good woman would be a little startled if she knew what work we had been up

to," said Lewis; "and our tools, eh, Bob?" They both laughed again, and then he became suddenly serious. "All the same, there's justice in what she says. We'll have to be doing something to get a little money. Suppose we had to cut and run all of a sudden, as may happen any day, where should we get the needful, eh?"

"There's my mother," said Robert; "she'll give me whatever I want."

"She's a brick of an old woman; but I don't suppose, eh, Bob? she's what you would call a millionaire." Lew gave his friend a keen glance under his eyelids. His eyes were keen and bright, always alive and watchful like the eyes of a wild animal; whereas Robbie's were a little heavy and veiled, rather furtive than watchful, perhaps afraid of approaching danger, but not keeping a keen look-out for it, like the other's, on every side.

"No," said Robert, with a curious brag and pride, "not a millionaire—just what you see—no splendour, but everything comfortable. She must have saved a lot of money while I was away. A woman has no expenses. And I'm all she has; she'll give me whatever I want."

"You are all she has, and she'll give you—whatever you want."

"Yes; is there anything wonderful in that? You say it in a tone——"

"We're not on such terms as to question each other's tones, are we?" said Lew. "Though I'm idle, as Janet says, I have always an eye to business, Bob. Never mind your mother; isn't there some old buffer in the country that could spare us some of his gold? The nights are pretty dark now, though they don't last long—eh, Bob?"

There was more a great deal than was open to a listening ear in the tone of the question. And Robert Ogilvy grew red to his hair. "For

God's sake," he cried, "not a word of that here—in my own place, Lew! If there's anything in the world you care for——"

"Is there anything in the world I care for?" said the other. "Not very much, except myself. I've always had a robust regard for that person. Well—I'm not fond of doing nothing, though your folks think me a lazy dog. Janet's eyes are well open, but she's not so clever as she thinks. I'm beginning to get very tired, I can tell you, of this do-nothing life. I'd like to put a little money in my pocket, Rob. I'd like to feel a little excitement again. We'll take root like potatoes if we go on like this."

Mr Lewis's talk was sprinkled with words of a more energetic description, but they waste a good deal of type and a great many marks of admiration. The instructed can fill them in for themselves.

"I don't think we could be much better off," said Robbie, with a certain offence; "plenty of grub, and good of its kind—you said that yourself—and a safe place to lie low in. I thought that was what you wanted most."

"So it was, if a man happened always to be in the same mind. I want a little excitement, Bob. I want a good beast under me, and the wind in my face. I want a little fun—which perhaps wouldn't be just fun, don't you know, for the men we might have the pleasure of meeting——"

"If those detective fellows get on the trail you'll have fun enough," Robert said.

"I—both of us, if you please, old fellow: we're in the same box. The captain—and one of the chief members of the gang. That's how they've got us down, recollect. You never knew you were a chief member before—eh, Bob? But I don't like that sort of fun. I like to

hunt, not to be hunted, my boy. And I'm very tired of lying low. Let's make a run somewhere—eh? I like the feeling of the money that should be in another man's pocket tumbling into my own."

"It'll not do—it'll not do, Lew, here; I won't have it," cried Robbie, getting up from his supper and pacing about the room. "I never could bear that part of it, you know. It seems something different in a wild country, where you never know whose the money may be, got by gambling, and cheating, and all that, and kind of lawful to take it back again. No, not here. I'll give myself up, and you too, before I consent to that."

"I've got a bit of a toy here that will have something to say to it if any fellow turns out a sneak," said Lew, with that movement towards his pocket which Mrs Ogilvy did not understand.

"Does this look like turning out a sneak?" said Robbie, looking round with a wave of his hand. "You've been here nearly a month: has any one ever said you were not welcome? Keep your toys to yourself, Lew. Two can play at that game; but toys or no toys, I'm not with you, and I won't follow you here. Oh, d—— it, *here!* where there's such a thing as honesty, and a man's money is his own!"

"My good fellow," said the other, "but for information which you haven't to give, and which I could get at any little tavern I turned into, what good are you? You never were any that I know of. You were always shaking your head. You didn't mind, so far as I can remember, taking a share of the profits; but as for doing anything to secure them! I can work without you, thank you, if I take it into my head."

"I hope you won't take it into your head," said Robbie, coming

quite right when she was away; but this feeling was doubly strong now. She felt that the little house was quite undefended in her absence, that all the doors and windows which she could not bear to have shut were now standing wide open to let misfortune come in.

When she did at last succeed in seeing Mr Somerville, however, he was very comforting to her. It was not that he did not see the gravity of the situation. He was very grave indeed upon the whole matter. He did not conceal from her his conviction that Robert stood a much worse chance if he were found in the company of the other man. "Which is no doubt unjust," he said, "for I understood you to say that your son had a great repugnance to this scoundrel who had led him astray." Mrs Ogilvy responded to this by a very faltering and doubtful "Yes." Yes indeed—Robbie had said he hated the man; but there was very little appearance on his part of hating him now—and Mrs Ogilvy herself did not hate Lew. She hated nobody, so that this perhaps was not wonderful, but her feeling towards the scoundrel, as Mr Somerville called him, was more than that abstract one. She felt herself his defender, too, as well as her son's. She was eager to save him as well as her son. To ransom Robbie by giving up his companion was not what she thought of.

I do not know whether she succeeded in conveying this impression to Mr Somerville's mind. But yet it was a relief to her to pour out her heart, to tell all her trouble; and the old lawyer had a sympathetic ear. They sat long together, going over the case, and he insisted that she should share his lunch with him, and not go back to the Hewan fasting after the long agitating morning. Even that was a relief to Mrs Ogilvy, though she was scarcely

aware of it, and in her heart believed that she was very impatient to get away. But the quiet meal was grateful to her, with her kind old friend taking an interest in her, persuading her to eat, pouring out a modest glass of wine, paying all the attention possible in his old-fashioned old-world way. She was very anxious to get back, and yet the tranquil refectory gave her a sense of peace and comfort to which she had been long a stranger. There were still people in the world who were kind, who were willing to help her, who would listen and understand what she had to bear, who believed everything that was good about Robbie,—that he had been "led away," but was now anxious, very anxious, to return to righteous ways. Mrs Ogilvy's heart grew lighter in spite of herself, even though the news was not good—though she ascertained that there was certainly an American officer in Edinburgh whose mission was to track out the fugitives. "He must not stay at the Hewan—it would be most dangerous for Robert: you must get him to go away," the old gentleman said.

"If I could but get him to do that! but, oh, you know by yourself how hard it is for the like of me, that never shut my doors in my life to a stranger, to say to a man, Go!—a man that is a well-spoken man, and has a great deal of good in him, and has no parents of his own, and never has had instruction nor even kindness to keep him right."

"Mrs Ogilvy, he is a murderer," said Mr Somerville, severely.

"Oh, but are you sure of that? If I were sure! But a man that sits at your table, that you see every day of his life, that does no harm, nor is unkind to any one—how is it possible to think he has done anything like that?"

"But, my dear lady," said Mr Somerville, "it is true."

knew anything about it. After many questions with herself, and much determined endurance of her burden, it came upon her like an inspiration that this was the thing to do. It would be a comfort to be able to speak to some one, to have the support of somebody else's judgment. It is true that she was afraid of leaving her own house even for the little time that was necessary; but she decided that by doing this early in the morning before the young men were up, she might do it without risk. She gave Janet great charges to admit no one while she was away. "Nobody—I would like nobody to come in. Mr Robert is up so late at night that we cannot expect him to get up early *too*; but I would not like strange folk who do not know how late he has to sit up with his friend, to come in and find him still in his bed at twelve o'clock in the day. There's no harm in it; but we have all our prejudices, and I cannot bide it to be known. You will just make the best excuse you can——"

"You may make your mind easy, mem," said Janet; "I will no be wanting for an excuse."

"So long as you just let nobody in," said her mistress. Mrs Ogilvy had never in her life availed herself even of the common and well-understood fiction, "Not at home," to turn away an unwelcome visitor; but she did not inquire now what

it was that Janet meant to say. She went away with a little lightening of her heavy heart. To be able to speak to somebody who was beyond all doubt and incapable of betraying her, of perhaps having something suggested to her, some plan that would afford succour, was for the moment almost as if she had attained a certain relief. It was July now, the very heat and climax of the year. The favoured fields of Mid-Lothian were beginning to whiten to the harvest; the people about were in light dresses, in their summer moods and ways, saying to each other, "What a beautiful day—was there ever such fine weather?"—for indeed it was a happy year without rain, without clouds. To see everybody as usual going about their honest work was at once a pang and a relief to Mrs Ogilvy. The world, then, was just as before—it was not turned upside down; most people were busy doing something; there was no suspension of the usual laws. And yet all the more for this universal reign of law and order, which it was a refreshment to see—all the more was it terrible to think of Robbie, lawless, careless of all rules, wasting his life—of the two young men whom she had left behind her, both in the strength of their manhood, doing nothing, good for nothing. These two sensations, which were so different, tore Mrs Ogilvy's heart in two.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr Somerville was engaged with another client, and it was a long time before Mrs Ogilvy could see him. She had to wait, trembling with impatience, and dismayed by the passage of time, following the hands of the clock with her eyes, wondering what perhaps might be happening at home. She

was not, perhaps, on the face of things, a very strong defensive force, but she had got by degrees into the habit of feeling that safety depended more or less upon her presence. She might have perhaps a little tendency that way by nature, to think that her little world depended upon her, and that nothing went

He says we'll pull along here famously for a time. You so motherly (he likes you), and Janet such a good cook, and the whisky very decent. He's a connoisseur, I can tell you!—and nobody here that has half an idea in their heads——"

"You may be deceived, there," said Mrs Ogilvy, suddenly resenting what he said—"you may be deceived in that, both him and you——"

"Not about the cook and the whisky," said Robbie, with a laugh. "In short, we think we can lie on our oars a little and watch events. We can cut and run at any moment if danger appears."

"You say 'we,' Robbie?"

"Yes," he said, with a momentary scowl, "I said 'we.' Of course, I'm in with Lew as soon as he turns up. I always said I was. You forget the nonsense I've talked about him. That's all being out of sight that corrupts the mind. Lord, what a difference it makes to have him here!"

She looked a little wistfully at the young man to whom her own love and devotion mattered nothing. He calculated on it freely, took advantage of it, and thought no more of it—which was "quite natural": she quieted all possibilities of rebellion in her own mind by this. "But, Robbie," she said, "if he is in danger. I'm not one to advise you to be unfaithful to a friend—oh, not even if—— But his welfare goes before all. If it's true all I've heard—if there's been wild work out yonder in America, and he's blamed for it——"

"Who told you that?"

"Partly Mr Somerville before you came, Robbie, and partly yourself—and partly it was in a newspaper I read."

"A newspaper!" he cried, almost with a shout. "If it has been in the newspapers here——"

"I did not say it was a newspaper here."

"I know what it was," said Robbie, with a scornful laugh. "You've been at a woman's tricks. I thought you were above them. You've searched my pockets, and you've found it there."

"I found it lying with your coat, in no pocket: and I had seen it before in Mr Somerville's hands. You go too far—you go too far!" she said.

"Well," he said with bravado, "what does a Yankee paper matter?—nobody reads them here. Anyhow," he added, "Lew and I, we're going to face it out. We'll stay where we are, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can. Danger at present there's none. Oh, you need not answer me with supposing this or that; I know."

Mrs Ogilvy opened her lips to speak, but said no word. She was perhaps tempted to suggest that it was her house, her money, her life and comfort, of which these two men were disposing so calmly; but she did not. After all, she said to herself, it was not hers, but Robbie's; everything that was hers was his. She had saved the money which he might have been spending had he been at home—which he might have been extravagant with, who could tell?—for him. And should she grudge him the use of it now? If he was right, if all was safe, if there was no need for alarm, why, then—— Her peace was gone; but had she not all these years been ready to sacrifice peace, comfort, life itself—everything in the world—for Robbie's sake? And now that he had been brought back to her as if it were out of the grave,— "this thy son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found,"—what was there more to say? That father who ran out to meet his son, who fell upon his neck, and clothed him in the best garment, and would

not even listen to his confession and penitence—perhaps when the prodigal had settled back again into the monotony of home, was not so happy in him as he had hoped to be.

CHAPTER XV.

There followed after this a period which was the most terrible of Mrs Ogilvy's life. It had not the anguish of that previous time when Robert had disappeared from his home; but in pain and active distress, and the horrors of fear and anxiety, it was sometimes almost as bad—sometimes worse than that. When she looked back on it after, it seemed to her like a nightmare, the dream of a long fever too dreadful to be true. The happiness of having her son under her own roof was turned into torture, though still remaining in its way a kind of terrible happiness; for did not she see him day by day falling into all that was to her mind most appalling—the habits of such a life as was odious and terrible to the poor lady, with all her traditions of decent living, all her prejudices and delicacies? His very voice had changed; it was more gay and lively at times than she had ever known, and this gave her a pang of pleasure often in the midst of her trouble. Indeed there were times when even the noise of the two young men in the house affected her mind with a certain pleasure and elation, and gratitude to God that she was there to make their life possible, to make it comfortable, to give them occasion for the light-heartedness, though she could not understand it, which they showed. But these were evanescent moments, and her life day by day was a kind of horror to her, as if she were herself affected by the careless ways, the profane words, the self-indulgence, and disregard of everything lovely and honest and of good report, which

she seemed to be encouraging and keeping up while she looked on and suffered.

The situation is too poignant to be easily recorded. One has heard of a wife oppressed and disgusted by a dissipated husband; one has heard of the horrors of a drunkard's home. But this was a different thing. So far as any one in the house was aware, these young men were not drunkards. There were no dreadful scenes in which they lost control of themselves or the possession of their senses. Was it almost worse than that? Mrs Ogilvy felt as if she were being put through the treatment which some people suppose to be a cure for that terrible weakness, the mixture of intoxicating spirit with every meal and every dish. Her very cup of tea, the old lady's modest indulgence, seemed to be flavoured from the eternal whisky bottle which was always there, the smell and the sight of which made her sick, made her frantic with suppressed misery. They meant no harm, she tried to explain to herself. It was a habit of their rough life, and the much exercise and fatigue to which they subjected themselves, for good or for evil, in the far-away place from which they had come, the outskirts of civilisation. They were not capable of understanding what it was to her to see her trim dining-room always made disorderly (as she felt) by that bottle, the atmosphere flavoured with it, its presence always manifest. The pipes, too: her mantelpiece, always so nicely arranged with its clock, its flower-vases, its shells and ornaments, was

now encumbered and dusty with pipes, with ashes of cigars, with cans and papers of tobacco: how they would have laughed had they known what a vexation this was! or rather Robbie would have been angry—he would have said it was one of her ridiculous ways—and only the other would have laughed. It is a little hard to have your son speak of your ridiculous ways before another man who is indulgent and laughs. But still the pipes were nothing in comparison with that other thing—the bottle of whisky always there. What would the grocer in Eskholm think, from whom she got her supplies, when, instead of the small discreet bottle at long intervals—for not to have whisky in the house, the old-fashioned Scotch remedy for so many things, would have seemed to Mrs Ogilvy almost a crime—there were gallon jars, she did not like to ask Andrew how many, supplied to the Hewan? The idea that it was not respectable cut into her like a knife. And it would be thought that it was Robbie who consumed all that,—Robbie, who was known to be there, yet never had been seen in Eskholm, or taking his walks like other sober folk on Eskside.

And they turned life upside down altogether, both in and out of the house. They rarely went out in daylight, but would take long walks, scouring the country in the late evening, and come home very late to sit down to a supper specially prepared for them, as on the first day of the stranger's appearance. He had affected to think it was the ordinary habit of the house, and approved of it much, he said. And they sat late after it, always with a new bottle of whisky, and went to bed in the daylight of the early summer morning, with the natural consequence that they did not get up till the middle of

the day, lacerating Mrs Ogilvy's mind, doing everything that she thought most disorderly and wrong. She never went to bed until they had come in and she had seen them safely established at their supper. And then she would go quietly upstairs, but not to rest, for her room was over the dining-room, as has been said, and the noise of their talk, their jokes and laughter, kept sleep from her eyes. She was not a very good sleeper at the best. It could scarcely, she said to herself, be considered their fault. And sometimes the sound of their cheerful voices brought a sudden sense of strange happiness with it. Men that are ill men, that have done dreadful things, could not laugh like that, she would sometimes feel confident—and Robbie gay and loud, though all that she had once hoped to be refinement had gone out of his voice: this had something in it that went to her heart. If he was happy after all, what did anything else matter? His voice rang like a trumpet. There was no sound in it of depression or dejection. He had recovered his spirits, his confidence, his freedom. The heavy dullness, which was his prevailing mood before the stranger appeared, was gone. Then he had been discontented and miserable, notwithstanding the thankfulness he expressed to have escaped from the dominion of his former leader. But now he was, or appeared to be, happy, hugging his chains, delighted, as it seemed, to return to his bondage. It was not likely that this change could be a subject of gratification to his mother; and yet his altered tone, his brightened aspect, the sound of his laughter, gave her something that was almost like happiness. But for this, perhaps, she could not have borne as she did the transformation of her life.

The two young men sometimes went to Edinburgh, as Robbie had

been in the habit of doing before the other's arrival. They went in the morning and returned late at night, the much disturbed and troubled household sitting up for them to give them their meal and secure their perfect comfort. After the first time Mrs Ogilvy, though her heart was always full of anxiety for their safety, thought it best not to appear when they returned. They had both giped at her anxiety, at the absurdity and impossibility of her sitting up for them, and her desire to tie her son to her apron-strings. Robbie was angry, indignantly accusing her of making him ridiculous by her foolish anxiety. Poor Mrs Ogilvy had no desire to tie him to her apron-strings. It was not foolish fondness, but terror, that was in her heart. She had a fear—almost a certainty—that one time or other they would not come back,—that they would hear bad news and not return at all, but depart again into the unknown, leaving her on the rack.

But though she did not appear, she sat up in her room at the window, watching for the click of the gate, the sound of their steps on the path, the dark figures in the half dark of the summer night. They had means of getting news, she knew not how, and came back sometimes elated and noisy, sometimes more quiet, according as these were bad or good. And then she heard Janet bustling below bringing their supper, asking, in the peremptory tones which amused them in her, if they wanted anything more, if they could not just get what they wanted themselves, and let a poor woman, that had to be up in the morning to her work, get to her bed. Sometimes Janet held forth to them while she put their supper on the table. "It's fine for you twa strong buirdly young men, without a hand's turn to do, to turn day into nicht and nicht into day—

though, losh me! how ye can pit up with it, just jabbering and reading idle books a' the day, and good for nothing, is mair than I can tell. But me, I'm a hard-working woman. I've my man's breakfast to get ready at seeven, and the house to clean up, and to keep the whole place like a new pin. Bless me, if ye were to take a turn at the garden and save Andrew's auld bones, that are often very bad with the rheumatism, or carry in a bucket of coals or a pail of water for me that am old enough to be your mother, it would set you better. Just twa strong young men, and never doing a hand's turn—no a hand's turn from morning to nicht."

"There's truth in what she says, Bob—we are a couple of lazy dogs."

"I was not just made," said Robbie, who was less good-humoured than his friend, "to hew wood and to draw water in my own house."

"It would be an honour and a credit to you to do something, Mr Robert," said Janet, with a touch of sternness. "Eh, laddie! the thing that's maist unbecoming in this world is to eat somebody's bread and do nothing for it—no even in the way of civeelity—for here's the mistress put out of everything. She has no peace by night or by day. Do ye think she is sleepin', with you making a' that fracaw coming in in the middle of the nicht, and your muckle voices and your muckle steps just making a babel o' the house? She's no more sleepin' than I am: and my opinion is that she never sleeps—just lies and ponders and ponders, and thinks what's to become of ye. Eh, Mr Robert, if you canna exerceese your ain business, whatever it may be——"

Then there was a big laugh from both of the young men. "We have not got our tools with us, Janet," said the stranger.

"I'm no one that holds very much with tools, Mr Lewis," said Janet. "Losh! I would take up

just the first thing that came, and try if I couldna do a day's work with that, if it were me."

Mr Lewis was what the household had taken to calling the visitor. He had never been credited with any name, and Robert spoke to him as Lew. It was Janet who had first changed this into Mr Lewis. Whether it was his surname or his Christian name nobody inquired, nor did he give any information, but answered to Mr Lewis quite pleasantly, as indeed he did everything. He was, as a matter of fact, far more agreeable in the house than Robbie, who, quiet enough before he came, was now disposed to be somewhat imperious and exacting, and show that he was master. The old servants, it need scarcely be said, were much aggrieved by this. "He would just like to be cock o' the walk, our Robbie," Andrew said.

"And if he is, it's his ain mother's house, and he has the best right," said Janet, not disposed to have Robert objected to by any one but herself. "He was aye one that likit his ain way," she added on her own account.

"That's the worst o' weemen wi' sons," said Andrew; "they're spoilt and pettit till they canna tell if they're on their heels or their head."

"A bonnie one you are to say a word against the mistress," cried Janet; "and weemen, says he! I would just like to ken what would have become of ye, that were just as bad as ony in your young days, if it hadna been for the mistress and me?"

But on the particular evening on which Janet had bestowed her advice on the young men in the dining-room, they continued their conversation after she was gone in another tone. "That good woman would be a little startled if she knew what work we had been up

to," said Lewis; "and our tools, eh, Bob?" They both laughed again, and then he became suddenly serious. "All the same, there's justice in what she says. We'll have to be doing something to get a little money. Suppose we had to cut and run all of a sudden, as may happen any day, where should we get the needful, eh?"

"There's my mother," said Robert; "she'll give me whatever I want."

"She's a brick of an old woman; but I don't suppose, eh, Bob? she's what you would call a millionaire." Lew gave his friend a keen glance under his eyelids. His eyes were keen and bright, always alive and watchful like the eyes of a wild animal; whereas Robbie's were a little heavy and veiled, rather furtive than watchful, perhaps afraid of approaching danger, but not keeping a keen look-out for it, like the other's, on every side.

"No," said Robert, with a curious brag and pride, "not a millionaire—just what you see—no splendour, but everything comfortable. She must have saved a lot of money while I was away. A woman has no expenses. And I'm all she has; she'll give me whatever I want."

"You are all she has, and she'll give you—whatever you want."

"Yes; is there anything wonderful in that? You say it in a tone——"

"We're not on such terms as to question each other's tones, are we?" said Lew. "Though I'm idle, as Janet says, I have always an eye to business, Bob. Never mind your mother; isn't there some old buffer in the country that could spare us some of his gold? The nights are pretty dark now, though they don't last long—eh, Bob?"

There was more a great deal than was open to a listening ear in the tone of the question. And Robert Ogilvy grew red to his hair. "For

God's sake," he cried, "not a word of that here—in my own place, Lew! If there's anything in the world you care for——"

"Is there anything in the world I care for?" said the other. "Not very much, except myself. I've always had a robust regard for that person. Well—I'm not fond of doing nothing, though your folks think me a lazy dog. Janet's eyes are well open, but she's not so clever as she thinks. I'm beginning to get very tired, I can tell you, of this do-nothing life. I'd like to put a little money in my pocket, Rob. I'd like to feel a little excitement again. We'll take root like potatoes if we go on like this."

Mr Lewis's talk was sprinkled with words of a more energetic description, but they waste a good deal of type and a great many marks of admiration. The instructed can fill them in for themselves.

"I don't think we could be much better off," said Robbie, with a certain offence; "plenty of grub, and good of its kind—you said that yourself—and a safe place to lie low in. I thought that was what you wanted most."

"So it was, if a man happened always to be in the same mind. I want a little excitement, Bob. I want a good beast under me, and the wind in my face. I want a little fun—which perhaps wouldn't be just fun, don't you know, for the men we might have the pleasure of meeting——"

"If those detective fellows get on the trail you'll have fun enough," Robert said.

"I—both of us, if you please, old fellow: we're in the same box. The captain—and one of the chief members of the gang. That's how they've got us down, recollect. You never knew you were a chief member before—eh, Bob? But I don't like that sort of fun. I like to

hunt, not to be hunted, my boy. And I'm very tired of lying low. Let's make a run somewhere—eh? I like the feeling of the money that should be in another man's pocket tumbling into my own."

"It'll not do—it'll not do, Lew, here; I won't have it," cried Robbie, getting up from his supper and pacing about the room. "I never could bear that part of it, you know. It seems something different in a wild country, where you never know whose the money may be, got by gambling, and cheating, and all that, and kind of lawful to take it back again. No, not here. I'll give myself up, and you too, before I consent to that."

"I've got a bit of a toy here that will have something to say to it if any fellow turns out a sneak," said Lew, with that movement towards his pocket which Mrs Ogilvy did not understand.

"Does this look like turning out a sneak?" said Robbie, looking round with a wave of his hand. "You've been here nearly a month: has any one ever said you were not welcome? Keep your toys to yourself, Lew. Two can play at that game; but toys or no toys, I'm not with you, and I won't follow you here. Oh, d—— it, *here!* where there's such a thing as honesty, and a man's money is his own!"

"My good fellow," said the other, "but for information which you haven't to give, and which I could get at any little tavern I turned into, what good are you? You never were any that I know of. You were always shaking your head. You didn't mind, so far as I can remember, taking a share of the profits; but as for doing anything to secure them! I can work without you, thank you, if I take it into my head."

"I hope you won't take it into your head," said Robbie, coming

back to the table and resuming his chair. "Why should you, when I tell you I can get anything out of my mother? And with right too," he continued, "for I should have been sure to spend it all had I been at home; and she only saved it because I was not here. Therefore the money's justly mine by all rules. It isn't that I should like to see you start without me, Lew, or that I wouldn't take my share, whatever—whatever you might wish to do. But what's the good, when you can get it, and begged to accept it, all straight and square close at hand?"

"For a squeamish fellow you've got a good stiff conscience, Bob," said Lew, with a laugh. "I like that idea,—that though it's bad with an old fogey trotting home from market, it ain't the same with your mother. In that way it would be less of a privilege than folks would think to be near relations to you and me, eh? I've got none, heaven be praised! so I can't practise upon 'em. But you, my chicken! that the good lady waits up for at nights, that she would like to tie to her apron-strings—"

"It's my own money," said Rob; "I should have spent it twice over if I had been at home."

And presently they fell into their usual topics of conversation, and this case of conscience was forgotten.

Meanwhile Mrs Ogilvy fought and struggled with her thoughts up-stairs. She had all but divined that there had been a quarrel, and had many thoughts of going down, for she was still dressed, to clear it up. For if they quarrelled, what could be done? She could not turn Lewis out of her house—and indeed her heart inclined towards that soft-spoken ruffian with a most foolish softness. He might perhaps scoff a little now and then, but he was not unkind. He was always ready to receive her with a smile

when she appeared, which was more than her son was, and had a way of seeming grateful and deferential whether he was really so or not, and sometimes said a word to soothe feelings which Robbie had ruffled, without appearing to see, which would have spoiled all, that Robbie had wounded them. Of the two, I am afraid that Mrs Ogilvy in her secret heart, so far down that she was herself unconscious of it, was most indulgent to Lew. Who could tell how he had been brought up, how he had been led astray? He might have been an orphan without any one to look after him, whereas Robbie— Her heart bled to think how few excuses Robbie had, and yet excused him with innumerable eager pleas. But the chief thing was, that life was intolerable under these conditions: and what could she do, what could she propose, to mend them?—life turned upside down, a constant panic hanging over it, a terror of she knew not what, a sensation as of very existence in danger. What could be done, what could any one do? Nothing, for she dared not trust any one with the secret. It was heavy upon her own being, but she dared not share it with any other. She dared not even reveal to Janet anything of the special misery that overwhelmed her: that it was possible the police might come—the police!—and watch the innocent house, and bring a warrant, as if it were a nest of criminals. It made Mrs Ogilvy jump up from her seat, spring from her bed, whenever this thought came back to her. And in the meantime she could do nothing, but only sit still and bear it until some dreadful climax came.

She had a long struggle with herself before she permitted herself the indulgence of going in to Edinburgh to see Mr Somerville, who was the only other person who

knew anything about it. After many questions with herself, and much determined endurance of her burden, it came upon her like an inspiration that this was the thing to do. It would be a comfort to be able to speak to some one, to have the support of somebody else's judgment. It is true that she was afraid of leaving her own house even for the little time that was necessary; but she decided that by doing this early in the morning before the young men were up, she might do it without risk. She gave Janet great charges to admit no one while she was away. "Nobody—I would like nobody to come in. Mr Robert is up so late at night that we cannot expect him to get up early *too*; but I would not like strange folk who do not know how late he has to sit up with his friend, to come in and find him still in his bed at twelve o'clock in the day. There's no harm in it; but we have all our prejudices, and I cannot bide it to be known. You will just make the best excuse you can—"

"You may make your mind easy, mem," said Janet; "I will no be wanting for an excuse."

"So long as you just let nobody in," said her mistress. Mrs Ogilvy had never in her life availed herself even of the common and well-understood fiction, "Not at home," to turn away an unwelcome visitor; but she did not inquire now what

it was that Janet meant to say. She went away with a little lightening of her heavy heart. To be able to speak to somebody who was beyond all doubt and incapable of betraying her, of perhaps having something suggested to her, some plan that would afford succour, was for the moment almost as if she had attained a certain relief. It was July now, the very heat and climax of the year. The favoured fields of Mid-Lothian were beginning to whiten to the harvest; the people about were in light dresses, in their summer moods and ways, saying to each other, "What a beautiful day—was there ever such fine weather?"—for indeed it was a happy year without rain, without clouds. To see everybody as usual going about their honest work was at once a pang and a relief to Mrs Ogilvy. The world, then, was just as before—it was not turned upside down; most people were busy doing something; there was no suspension of the usual laws. And yet all the more for this universal reign of law and order, which it was a refreshment to see—all the more was it terrible to think of Robbie, lawless, careless of all rules, wasting his life—of the two young men whom she had left behind her, both in the strength of their manhood, doing nothing, good for nothing. These two sensations, which were so different, tore Mrs Ogilvy's heart in two.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr Somerville was engaged with another client, and it was a long time before Mrs Ogilvy could see him. She had to wait, trembling with impatience, and dismayed by the passage of time, following the hands of the clock with her eyes, wondering what perhaps might be happening at home. She

was not, perhaps, on the face of things, a very strong defensive force, but she had got by degrees into the habit of feeling that safety depended more or less upon her presence. She might have perhaps a little tendency that way by nature, to think that her little world depended upon her, and that nothing went

quite right when she was away; but this feeling was doubly strong now. She felt that the little house was quite undefended in her absence, that all the doors and windows which she could not bear to have shut were now standing wide open to let misfortune come in.

When she did at last succeed in seeing Mr Somerville, however, he was very comforting to her. It was not that he did not see the gravity of the situation. He was very grave indeed upon the whole matter. He did not conceal from her his conviction that Robert stood a much worse chance if he were found in the company of the other man. "Which is no doubt unjust," he said, "for I understood you to say that your son had a great repugnance to this scoundrel who had led him astray." Mrs Ogilvy responded to this by a very faltering and doubtful "Yes." Yes indeed—Robbie had said he hated the man; but there was very little appearance on his part of hating him now—and Mrs Ogilvy herself did not hate Lew. She hated nobody, so that this perhaps was not wonderful, but her feeling towards the scoundrel, as Mr Somerville called him, was more than that abstract one. She felt herself his defender, too, as well as her son's. She was eager to save him as well as her son. To ransom Robbie by giving up his companion was not what she thought of.

I do not know whether she succeeded in conveying this impression to Mr Somerville's mind. But yet it was a relief to her to pour out her heart, to tell all her trouble; and the old lawyer had a sympathetic ear. They sat long together, going over the case, and he insisted that she should share his lunch with him, and not go back to the Hewan fasting after the long agitating morning. Even that was a relief to Mrs Ogilvy, though she was scarcely

aware of it, and in her heart believed that she was very impatient to get away. But the quiet meal was grateful to her, with her kind old friend taking an interest in her, persuading her to eat, pouring out a modest glass of wine, paying all the attention possible in his old-fashioned old-world way. She was very anxious to get back, and yet the tranquil refection gave her a sense of peace and comfort to which she had been long a stranger. There were still people in the world who were kind, who were willing to help her, who would listen and understand what she had to bear, who believed everything that was good about Robbie,—that he had been "led away," but was now anxious, very anxious, to return to righteous ways. Mrs Ogilvy's heart grew lighter in spite of herself, even though the news was not good—though she ascertained that there was certainly an American officer in Edinburgh whose mission was to track out the fugitives. "He must not stay at the Hewan—it would be most dangerous for Robert: you must get him to go away," the old gentleman said.

"If I could but get him to do that! but, oh, you know by yourself how hard it is for the like of me, that never shut my doors in my life to a stranger, to say to a man, Go!—a man that is a well-spoken man, and has a great deal of good in him, and has no parents of his own, and never has had instruction nor even kindness to keep him right."

"Mrs Ogilvy, he is a murderer," said Mr Somerville, severely.

"Oh, but are you sure of that? If I were sure! But a man that sits at your table, that you see every day of his life, that does no harm, nor is unkind to any one—how is it possible to think he has done anything like that?"

"But, my dear lady," said Mr Somerville, "it is true."

"Oh," cried Mrs Ogilvy, "how little do we know, when it comes to that, what's true and what's not true! He's not what you would call a hardened criminal," she said, with a pleading look.

"It's not a small matter," said the lawyer, "to kill a man."

"Oh, it is terrible! I am not excusing him," said Mrs Ogilvy, humbly.

These young men had disturbed all the quiet order of her life. They had turned her house into something like the taverns which, without knowing them, were Mrs Ogilvy's horror. Nobody could tell what a depth of shame and misery there was to her in the noisy nights, the long summer mornings wasted in sleep; nor how much she suffered from the careless contempt of the one, the angry criticism of the other. It was her own boy who was angrily critical, treating her as if she knew nothing, and made the other laugh. One of these scenes sprang up in her mind as she spoke, with all its accessories of despair. But yet she could not but excuse the stranger, who had some good in him, who was not a hardened criminal, and make her fancy picture of Robert, who had been "led astray." The sudden realisation of that scene, and the terror lest something might have happened in the meantime, something from which she might have protected them, seized upon her once more after her moment of repose. She accepted with trembling Mr Somerville's proposal to come out to the Hewan to see Robbie, and to endeavour to persuade him that his friend must be got away. "It is just some romantic notion of being faithful to a friend," said the old gentleman, "and the prejudice which is in your mind too, my dear mem, in favour of one that has taken refuge in your house—but you must get over that, in this case, both him and you. It

is too serious a matter for any sentiment," said Mr Somerville, very gravely.

In the meantime things had been following their usual routine at the Hewan. The late breakfast had been served; the three o'clock dinner, arranged at that amazing hour in order to divide the day more or less satisfactorily for the two young men, had followed. That the mistress should not have come home was a great trouble and anxiety to Janet, but not to them, who were perhaps relieved in their turn not to have her anxious face, trying so hard to approve of them, to laugh at their jests and mix in their conversation, superintending their meal. "Where's your mother having her little spree?" said the stranger. "In Edinburgh, I suppose," said Robbie. "Eh! Edinburgh? that's not very good for our health, Bob. She might drop a word—" "She will never drop any word that would involve me," said Robert. "Well, she's a brick of an old girl, and pluck for anything," said the other. And then the conversation came to a stop. Their talk was almost unintelligible to Janet, who was of opinion that Mr Lewis's speech was too "high English" for any honest sober faculties to understand. Mrs Ogilvy's presence, though all that she felt was their general contempt for her, had in fact a subduing influence upon them, and the mid-day meal was generally a comparatively quiet one. But when that little restraint was withdrawn, the afternoon stillness became as noisy as the night, and their voices and laughter rose high.

It was while they were in full enjoyment of their meal that certain visitors arrived at the Hewan—not unusual or unfamiliar visitors, for one of them was Susan Logan, whose visits had lately been very few. Susie had been more wounded than words could say by

Robbie's indifference. He had been now more than a month at home, but he had never once found his way to the manse, or showed the slightest inclination to renew his "friendship," as she called it, with his old playfellow. Susie, whose fortunes and spirits were very low, who was now aware of what was in store for her, and whose mind was painfully occupied with the consideration of what her own life was to be when her father's second marriage took place, was more than usually susceptible to such an unkindness and affront, and she had deserted the Hewan and her dearest friend his mother, though it was the moment in her life when she wanted support and sympathy most. "He shall never think I am coming after him, if he does not choose to come after me," poor Susie had said proudly to herself. And Mrs Ogilvy, without at all inquiring into it, was glad and thankful beyond measure that Susan, whom next to her son she loved best in the world, did not come. She, too, wanted sympathy and support more than she had ever done in her life, but in her present fever of existence she was afraid lest the secrets of her house should be betrayed even to the kindest eye.

Susie was accompanied on this occasion by Mrs Ainslie, her future stepmother, a very uncongenial companion. It was not with her own will, indeed, that she made the visit. It had been forced upon her by this lady, who thought it "most unnatural" that Susie should see so little of her friends, and who was anxious in her own person to secure Mrs Ogilvy's countenance. They did not approach the house in the usual way, but went up the brae through the garden behind, which was a familiarity granted to Susie all her life, and which Mrs Ainslie eagerly desired to share. The way was steep, though it was shorter

than the other, and the elder lady paused when they reached the level of the house to take breath. "Dear! the old lady must have company to-day. Listen! there must be half-a-dozen people to make so much noise as that. I never knew she entertained in this way."

"She does not at all entertain, as you call it, Mrs Ainslie: though it may be some of Robbie's friends." Susie spoke with a deeper offence than ever in her voice; for if Robbie was amusing himself with friends, it was more marked than ever that he did not come to the manse.

"Entertain is a very good word, Miss Susie, let me tell you, and I shall entertain and show you what it means as soon as your dear father brings me home."

"I shall not be there to see, Mrs Ainslie," said Susie, glad to have something which justified the irritation and discomfort in her mind.

"Oh yes, you will," said the lady. "You shan't make a stolen match to get rid of me. I have set my heart on marrying you, my dear, like a daughter of my own."

To this Susie made no reply; and Mrs Ainslie having recovered her breath, they walked together round the corner, which was the dining-room corner, with one window opening upon the shrubbery that sheltered that side of the house. Susie's rapid glance distinguished only that there were two figures at table, one of which she knew to be Robbie; but her companion, who was not shy or proud like Susie, took a more deliberate view, and received a much stronger sensation. Immediately opposite that side window, receiving its light full on his face, sat the mysterious inmate of Mrs Ogilvy's house, the visitor of whom the gossips in the village had

heard, but who never was seen anywhere nor introduced to any visitor. Mrs Ainslie uttered a suppressed exclamation and clutched Susie's arm; but at the same time hurried her along to the front of the house, where she dropped upon one of the garden benches with a face deeply flushed, and panting for breath. The dining-room had another window on this side, but the blinds were drawn down to keep out the sunshine. This did not, however, keep out the sound of the voices, to which she listened with the profoundest attention, still clutching Susie's arm. "My goodness gracious! my merciful goodness gracious!" Mrs Ainslie said.

Susie was not, it is to be feared, sympathetic or interested. She pulled her arm away. "Have you lost your breath again?" she said.

Mrs Ainslie remained on the bench for some time, panting and listening. The voices were quite loud and unrestrained. One of them was telling stories with names freely mentioned, at which the other laughed, and at which this lady sitting outside clenched her fist in her light glove. After a minute Susie left her, saying, "I will go and find Mrs Ogilvy," and she remained there alone, with the most extraordinary expressions going over her face. Her usual little affectations and fine-ladyism were gone. It must have been an expressive face by nature; for the power with which it expressed deadly panic, then hatred, then a rising fierceness of anger, was extraordinary. There came upon her countenance, which was that of a well-looking, not unamiable, but affected, middle-aged woman in ordinary life, something of that snarl of mingled terror and ferocity which one sees in an outraged dog not yet wound up to a spring upon his offender. She sat and panted, and by some curious gift which belongs

to highly-strained feeling heard every word.

This would not have happened had Mrs Ogilvy been at home—the voices would not have been loud enough to be audible so clearly out of doors; for the respect of things out of doors and of possible listeners, and all the safeguards of decorum, were always involved in her presence. Also, that story would not have been told; there was a woman in it who was not a good woman, nor well treated by Lew's strong speech: therefore everything that happened afterwards no doubt sprang from that visit of Mrs Ogilvy's to Edinburgh; and, indeed, she herself had foreseen, if not this harm, which she could not have divined, at least harm of some kind proceeding from the self-indulgence to which for one afternoon she gave way.

"No, Miss Susie, the mistress is no in, and I canna understand it. She went to Edinburgh to see her man of business, but was to be back long before the dinner. The gentlemen—that is, Mr Robert and his friend—are just at the end o't, as ye may hear them talking. I'll just run ben and tell Mr Robert you are here."

"Don't do that on any account, Janet. Mrs Ainslie is with me, sitting on the bench outside, and she has lost her breath coming up the hill. Probably she would like a glass of water or something. Don't disturb Mr Robert. It is of no consequence. I'll come and see Mrs Ogilvy another day."

"You are a sight for sore een as it is. The mistress misses ye awfu', Miss Susie; you're no kind to her, and her in trouble."

"In trouble, Janet! now that Robbie has come home!"

"Oh, Miss Susie, wherever there are men folk there is trouble; but I'll get a glass of wine for the lady."

Janet's passage into the dining-room to get the wine was signalised by an immediate lowering of the tone of the conversation going on within. She came out carrying a glass of sherry, and was reluctantly followed by Robert, who came into the drawing-room, somewhat down-looked and shame-faced, to see his old companion and playmate. Janet, for her part, took the sherry to Mrs Ainslie, who had drawn her veil, a white one, over her face, concealing a little her agitated and excited countenance. The lady was profuse in her thanks, swallowed the wine hastily, and gave back the glass to Janet, almost pushing her away. "Thanks, thanks very much; that will do. Now leave me quiet a little to recover myself."

"Maybe you would like to lie down on the sofa in the drawing-room out of the sun. The mistress is no in, but Mr Robert is there with Miss Susie."

"No, thanks; I am very well where I am," said Mrs Ainslie, with a wave of her hand. The conversation inside had ceased, and from the other side of the house there came a small murmur of voices. Mrs Ainslie waited until Janet had disappeared, and then she moved cautiously, making no sound with her feet upon the gravel, round the corner once more to the end window. Cautiously she stooped down to the window ledge and looked in. He was still seated opposite to the window, stretching out his long legs, and laying back his head as if after his dinner he was inclined for a nap. His eyes were closed. He was most perfectly at the mercy of the spy, who gazed in upon him with a fierce eagerness, noting his dress, his thickly grown beard, all the peculiarities of his appearance. She even noticed with an experienced eye the heaviness of his pocket, betraying something within that

pocket to which he had moved his hand without conveying any knowledge to Mrs Ogilvy. All of these things this woman knew. She devoured his face with her keen eyes, and there came from her a little unconscious sound of excitement which, though it was not loud, conveyed itself to his watchful ear. He opened his eyes drowsily, said something, and then closed them again, taking no more notice. Lew had dined well and drank well; he was very nearly asleep.

She crept round again to the front and took her seat on the bench, again pulling down and arranging the white veil, which was almost like a mask over her face. Susie and Robert came out to her a few minutes after, she leading, he following. "If you will come in and rest," said Robert, "my mother will probably be back very soon."

"Oh no, it is best for us to get home," said Mrs Ainslie. "Tell your dear mother we were so sorry to miss her. You were very merry with your friend, Mr Robert, when we came up to the house."

"My friend?" said Robbie, startled. "Yes—I have a friend in the house."

"All the village knows that," said the lady, "but not who he is. Now I have the advantage of the rest, for I saw him through the window."

Robert was still more startled and disturbed. "We're—not fond of society—neither he nor I. I was trying to explain to Susie; but it sounds disagreeable. I—can't leave him, and he knows nobody, so he won't come with me."

"Tell him he has an acquaintance now. You will come to see me, won't you? I've been a great deal about the world, and I've met almost everybody—perhaps you, Mr Robert, I thought so the other day, and certainly—most other people:

you can come to see me when you go out for your night walks that people talk of so. Oh, I like night walks. I might perhaps go out a bit with you. Dark is very long of coming these Scotch nights, ain't it? But one of these evenings I'll look out for you." She paused here, and gave him a malicious look through her veil. "I'll look for you, Mr Robert—and Lew."

Robert stood thunderstruck as the ladies went away. Susie's eyes had sought his with a wistful look, a sort of appeal for a word to herself, a something to be said which should not be merely formal. But Robbie was far too much concerned to have a thought to spare for Susie. She had not heard Mrs Ainslie's last words: if she had heard them, she would have cared nothing, nor thought anything of them. What could this woman be to Robbie? was she trying to charm him as she had charmed the innocent unconscious minister? Susie turned away indignantly, and with a sore heart. She saw that she was nothing to her old comrade, her early lover; but yet she did not know how entirely she was nothing to him, and how full his mind was of another interest. He hurried back into the dining-room with panic in his soul. Lew lay stretched out on his chair as Mrs Ainslie had seen him; the warm afternoon and the heavy meal had overcome him; his long legs stretched half across the room; his head was thrown back on the high back of his chair. His eyes were shut, his mouth a little open. More complete rest never enveloped and soothed any fat and greasy citizen after dinner. Robert looked at him with mingled irritation and admiration. It is true that there was no thought of peril in the outlaw's mind—this long interval of quiet had put all his alarms to sleep—but he would have

been equally reckless, equally ready to take his rest and his pleasure, had he been consciously in the midst of his foes.

"Lew," said Robert, shaking him by the shoulder, and speaking in a subdued voice very different from the noisy tones which had betrayed them,— "Lew, wake up—there's spies about—there's danger at hand."

"Eh!" cried the other. He regarded his friend for an instant with the half-conscious smile of an abruptly awakened sleeper. The next moment he had shaken himself, and sat up in his chair awake and intelligent to his very fingertips. "Spies—danger—what did you say?"

His hand stole to his pocket instinctively once more.

"Oh, there's no occasion for that," said Robert. "All that has happened is this,—there is a woman here—that knows you, Lew—"

"A woman—that knows me!" Perhaps it was genuine relief, perhaps only bravado to reassure his comrade—"Well, Bob, the question is, is she a pretty one?"

"For heaven's sake," cried Robert, "be done with nonsense—this is serious. She's—not a young woman. I've heard of her: she's a stranger, but has got some influence in the place. She saw you as she passed that window."

"I thought I saw some one pass that window—it's a devil of a window, a complete spy-hole."

"And she must have recognised you. She invited me to come to see her when we were out on one of our night walks,—and to bring Lew."

Lew gave a long whistle: the colour rose slightly on his cheek. "We'll take her challenge, Bob, my fine fellow, and see what she knows. Jove! I've been getting bored with all this quiet. A start's a fine thing. We'll go and look after her to-night."

A RECENT VISIT TO HARRAR.

Now that amid the European scramble for Africa prominent notice has been attracted to Harrar and its surrounding districts, some account of a journey recently made there by the writer may not be inopportune. While no little mention has been made *pro* and *con* of the annexation of Harrar by Italy, so far but little or no account of what advantages, or disadvantages, the country offers to Europeans, whether Italian or French, has appeared. The English travellers who in recent years have been tempted to push into that remote corner of Africa, except in pursuit of sport in Somaliland, have been so few and far between that the country remains almost a *terra incognita*. Yet at one time Harrar was, for a period at least, a spot that attracted some little attention, for it was the goal of Burton's first explorations, when still a subaltern at Aden, and to him belongs the honour of having been the first European to reach that city. This was in 1854. A year later happened one of those tragedies that unfortunately have recurred too often in the vicinity of Aden, either in the Yemen or in the Somali country; for a small expedition organised by the Government of Bombay for the exploration of Somaliland came to a disastrous end, and of the four officers in charge, Lieutenant Stroyan was killed, and Lieutenants Burton and Speke wounded, in a night attack. The two latter escaped, together with Lieutenant Herne, in a native boat, and crossed to Aden.¹ It was through this sad misadven-

ture that the British Government ever came to hold any jurisdiction over Somaliland, for in punishment of this act of treachery a blockade was enforced along that coast, which entirely put a stop to the trade of Berbera and other ports during the season of 1855-56. In order to realise how serious a matter this meant for the natives of the Somali coast, a few words are necessary.

The Somalis are, one and all, a wandering people, whose sole means of livelihood are their flocks and herds and the products thereof, such as *ghee*—preserved butter—&c.; and as they engage in no agricultural pursuits, they obtain many of the necessities of life from extraneous sources. These necessities consist for the most part of dates and rice; and before the running of steamships between the African ports and Aden, their sole means of obtaining supplies was by the trade of the native craft—*buggaloes*, they are called. Owing to the regularity of the monsoons, there gradually sprang up at Berbera a great winter fair, lasting several months, the boats coming down, principally from the Persian Gulf, at the beginning of the north-east monsoon, and returning as soon as the weather broke and the south-west monsoon commenced. So regular became this institution of a winter fair—and it still exists—that the Somalis from all over the great districts they inhabit would collect their produce during the summer, and bring it down to Berbera as the north-east monsoon began, when exchange of goods became

¹ See 'What Led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile.' By Captain Speke. William Blackwood & Sons: 1864.

the order of the day—the native craft taking away such products as the Somalis offered in exchange for the necessities of life, of which a sufficient stock would have to be laid in to maintain existence during the spring and summer. To be entirely cut off from this trade must have completely shaken the country from end to end, and the blockade instituted by the British Government was so successful as to prevent, as has above been stated, the great winter fair of 1855-56. It is as well, in cases of this sort, not to look too closely into the results of such an action, for the distress must necessarily have been appalling, and to remember only the treachery that caused its institution, and the beneficial results that have accrued from it—and these are very great. Before raising the blockade, the assistant Political Resident at Aden, Captain (now Sir) R. L. Playfair, visited Berbera, and carried out a treaty with the Habr Awal tribe, ensuring due respect to British subjects, certain rights of trade, and a clause for the delivering up of such as violated the treaty. These conditions were ratified by Lord Canning, then Viceroy of India, on January 23, 1857.

This, then, was the real commencement of British influence in Somaliland, and though instituted by vigorous means, the benefits that have resulted have been most satisfactory. England, through the Indian Government, has kept such guard over the coast, and so protected the interests of the natives, that to-day the country exhibits a wonderful example of response to British influence; while a policy so beneficial to the natives has been throughout carried on—such, for instance, as the veto on the importation on arms, and the exceedingly heavy duties on spirits—that little or no trouble is experienced in

keeping peace amongst some of the wildest and most warrior-like of all the many peoples of Africa. But no code of laws, no manner of legislation, could possibly have led to the results now existing had not the Indian Government been most careful in selecting the two or three English officers, whose duty it is not only to watch events in Somaliland, but to act as consul, judge, arbitrator, or in any other capacity that may be necessary; and the writer can speak from experience of the immense moral influence exercised by the Political Residents of the Indian Government at Zeilah, Berbera, and Bulhar—and speak too for more than their moral influence,—for their popularity also; while the fact that one is an Englishman is sufficient passport to travel in almost perfect security all over the country. The writer's nationality led him to receive a pleasant reception during the whole of his journey, together with an amount of confidence and trust such as he has experienced in no other part of the world.

With these few words as to Somaliland in general, some account will now be given of the writer's personal experiences.

At early dawn, after some sixteen hours' passage from Aden, we sighted the low coral-reefs that lie off the port of Zeilah, and render so difficult its navigation. Then as we proceeded the white town rose into view, for so low is the coast on which it is situated that one sees only the white houses standing up as it were upon the horizon. A long way from the shore we dropped anchor, and leaving Abdurrahman, my ever-faithful Arab servant, to follow with my baggage, I was rowed ashore, and a few minutes later found myself being kindly welcomed by the assistant Political Resident, Mr

Prendergast Walsh, who was good enough to put me up during the day or two's stay necessitated at Zeilah in collecting my little caravan.

The town of Zeilah offers but few attractions for the traveller, beyond the picturesqueness of its mixed population of Somali, Indian, and Arab, with a few Jews. The streets are clean, the houses high and whitewashed, the largest belonging to Indian and Arab merchants, whom trade with the interior has enticed to this otherwise very unattractive spot. The Somalis themselves do not inhabit houses, being satisfied with small huts of mats or thatch, the very acme of heat and discomfort; and their quarter lies at the back of the town, where caravans of camels congregate, bringing down coffee from Harrar, and taking back a general cargo of European and extraneous goods. Although Somalis are to be seen any day in Aden, it is not until one meets them on their native soil, and in large numbers, that one can gain a satisfactory idea as to their personality. The men, as a rule, are tall and well-built, their limbs long and lithe. The features are purely Semitic, a strange fact when their absolute blackness is taken into account, and they present none of the characteristics of the negro. By nature they are alternately docile and savage, nearly always merry, and habitually idle. Even in busy Aden they work as little as possible, and then do no manual work, for their inherent pride forbids that. Cab-driving, boat-manning, and grooming are the general crafts of the Aden Somali. In the interior of his own country his principal occupation is plundering and cattle-lifting, at which latter pursuit he is said to be unparalleled in skill. In religion they are all Moham-

medans. The great peculiarity of the Somali is, however, his hair, —for, contrary to the custom of most races professing Islam, he does not shave his head, but allows his locks to run wild. Nor is his hair the wool of the negro, for instead of growing in one dense cluster all over his head, as is the case of the Galla, for instance, it tangles into long cords, not unlike those of a poodle, which, parted over his forehead, hang down on either cheek, often projecting almost as far as his shoulders. Not content with the show of hair that nature and neglect ensures him, he plasters his head with a peculiar light clay, which has the effect of bleaching its blackness to a light-reddish hue; and a Somali in a new *tobe* — as their winding-sheet of a garment is called — and a freshly clayed head is the very acme of dandyism.

From the cool shade of Mr Walsh's verandah I watched my little caravan of three camels set out the second morning after my arrival at Zeilah. It is the custom of the Englishman travelling in Somaliland to bring out an enormous camp equipment, which, besides the expense it ensues, necessitates a large number of camels and men, of whom it is difficult to say which is the greater bother; for although the Somali is tractable enough, and his camel almost more so, all provisions for the journey, both for man and beast, have to be taken from the coast. Therefore the larger one's caravan is, so much the larger does the amount of fodder and rations become, entailing a proportionate increase of trouble and management. With three camels I found myself amply supplied. One carried skins for water, and the other two bore my scanty baggage and small tent, while a mule for myself and another

for my Arab servant completed the caravan. Six natives accompanied me, of whom one or two words must be written. The first was the *aban* or guide, who acts as a safe-conduct. Himself the son of a rich Somali family of the Esa tribe, through whose territory my journey lay until reaching the Abyssinian frontier—that is to say, for some hundred and fifty miles—he acted as guide, at the same time his presence being security for my person. Without an *aban*, travelling in Somaliland is impossible. Two Somali boys, one of whom, Mairánu by name, spoke also Galla, Harrari, and Arabic, were taken as servants. While Mairánu acted as interpreter, we used Arabic as a medium of communication. The remaining five men were Somali soldiers, or police in the employ of her Majesty's Government. All walk, as it is considered *infra dig.* for a Somali to ride unless his position or illness necessitates it. The same custom exists in Abyssinia to a great extent,—King Menelek himself often marching barefoot with his army.

Crossing arid plains for a few miles, we camped for the night near a few thorn-trees, at a spot where water is procurable,—for Zeilah possesses no wells of fresh water, all the supply having to be brought from this spot. The wells here are sunk in the, at that time, dry bed of a river; but although there was no running water, from the manner in which the soil was torn up one could see that after the rains a complete change must come about, and that what was now a sandy valley must become a roaring torrent. Our camp was picturesque enough: my one little tent, pink in the bright firelight against the blackness of the sky—for there was no moon; while over the camp-fires

squatted my men, cooking their supper and laughing the while, every now and again one or another bursting into song. I had hoped to have made an early start, but one soon learns that, whoever it may be who proposes in Somaliland, it is one's *aban* who disposes; and it was therefore ten o'clock before our water-skins had been filled and tied on to the back of the moaning camels and a start made.

As we proceeded the plain became clear of bush, its place being taken by long rank grass, burned up and dry with the heat of the sun. About five in the afternoon we halted at a spot called Agar-weina, though why it should have a name at all was not very apparent, as there was nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding plain. Here we did not pitch the tent, as there being no water we determined to push on during the night, so lighting a camp-fire we laid ourselves down to sleep.

There is no need to describe here the many camps at which a night was spent on the road from Zeilah to the highlands, for the dreary monotony of the scene repeated itself with never-ending weariness; and except that here one found high jungle along the sandy river-beds, and there jagged hills of desolate bare rock, the hundred and fifty miles of road over the Somali plains may be said to present little beyond an appearance of thirsty desert and tangled jungle. The latter in some places, however, added not a little to the comfort of travel, for there at least one found shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, while the vegetation, cool and green, was a change that must be experienced to be appreciated. With the exception of a few Somalis in charge of flocks and herds

and camels, we saw no human being; but animal life there was in plenty, from the varieties of partridge, francolin, bustard, and guinea-fowl that abounded, to the lion that stole a sheep from our camp one night; from the ugly wart-hog to the graceful "dig-dig" (*Neotranus saltianus*), the smallest of all the antelope tribe. The pleasantest part of the day was without doubt when, an hour or two before sunset, the air was sufficiently cool to make walking bearable; and then with my rifle in my hand and Mairánu with a shot-gun, we would stroll about, now stalking some antelope or gazelle, now putting up a flock of guinea-fowl from the long grass; and it was seldom indeed that we were not able to rejoice of an evening over a good supper of fresh meat. There is probably no country in the world that offers such attractions to the sportsman as Somaliland, and from the large quantities of game that I saw there myself one can imagine what bags can be made by those who give up their entire time for a couple of months or so to this noble pursuit. But I had other objects in view, and the weather being extremely hot—it was during March and April that I crossed the plains—I made sport a secondary consideration; yet in spite of this I was able to return to the coast with a few trophies that I shall always treasure—things that in themselves might be despised by great hunters, but which nevertheless it is not every one's lot in life to obtain an opportunity of bagging. Foremost amongst these are the horns of the lovely oryx, one of the most beautiful of all the antelopes.

Often we suffered from want of water—not absolutely from thirst, for we were able to carry ample

supply in our fourteen water-skins to quench that; but in the hot dusty climate one longed to wash, though it was only about every second day that such a luxury was to be thought of, and more rarely still that water was to be found in sufficient quantities to allow of a bath. Although I speak of the plains, it must not be thought that this part—Somaliland—lies altogether on the dead level; for as we proceeded, a series of observations with boiling-point tubes showed that, little as one appreciated the fact, we were ascending, and that by no means slightly. Three days out, we had reached an altitude of almost exactly two thousand feet above the sea-level, the road—stone-strewn as usual—here lying along the ridges of undulating barren hills, here following the dry course of some sandy river-bed. The third day we crossed the beds of the rivers Elam-boala and the Dega-hardani, of which the latter in the rainy season eventually reaches the sea, though with but very few exceptions all the Somali rivers are exhausted by the strip of desert skirting the coast. Here it was that for the first time vegetation other than the interminable thorny mimosa became apparent, both banks of the rivers bearing a fringe a few hundred yards in width of jungle, in which a low-growing variety of euphorbia and aloes, all ablaze with scarlet and orange flowers, predominated, while above, the forest-trees were hung in festoons of creepers. On the east bank of the Dega-hardani are the remains of a fortress built by the Egyptians during their occupation of this country, of which I shall have more to say. The object of this wayside fort was to protect their trade from the plundering Gadabursi tribe, whose

country at this place approaches the road. At one spot only on the whole road to the mountains does the country change its aspect—namely, at Araweina, where high conical hills, ending in precipitous peaks, rise abruptly from the valley. They are, however, destitute of all vegetation, and beyond their peculiar form add no attractive feature to the scene.

At the next camping-ground beyond Araweina we met with events that nearly put a stop to my journey. Although it is well within the limits of British protected Somaliland, the Abyssinians have wandered from their frontier at Jildessa, and arrived at this spot,—Biyo Koboba,—where they have erected, on the summit of a high conical hill overlooking the river, a fort. With that cool impudence that the Abyssinians know so well how to make use of, they ventured to stop my onward journey with a show of force, and this at a spot many miles inside the radius of British protection. In charge of the fort was an Armenian of the name of Tcherkis, one of those upstarts who hold office in the government of King Menelek; and although he was not present at the time of my arrival at Biyo Koboba, he had sent orders to his Soudanese soldiers, some ten in all, to obstruct my further passage, together with that of Count Salambeni, the late Italian Agent-General in Abyssinia, who was a day or two behind me on the road. No Englishman had been to Harrar since Major Hunter's visit some ten years previously, so the Abyssinians, on their conquest of the place and the surrounding country, had received no manner of check to their impertinent annexation of British territory. It is true the matter had been made mention of in letters to King Menelek;

but the Abyssinians had assured the Aden Government that the fort was built solely for the protection of trade; that it was not a permanent outpost; and that they claimed no authority over the surrounding country. In spite of their protestations, the first Englishman to pass along the road was forbidden to proceed. On my reporting the case officially at Aden—and it was an excellent test case—the Abyssinian Government apologised for having stopped me—not very successfully managed, as will be seen—and promised that the governor of the fort—the said Tcherkis—should be punished. Apologies don't cost much, and promises in Abyssinia still less, so in all probability Tcherkis still remains at Biyo Koboba. After all, no punishment they could bestow upon him could exceed existence in so dreary a spot with no one as companions but a few Soudanese negroes.

I was forced to remain two days at Biyo Koboba, when, finding that my provisions were running out, and that no fodder existed in the neighbourhood for my camels, I determined to push on. This I did the third night at midnight, and though this was done with the knowledge of the Soudanese and Abyssinian soldiers, they offered no resistance. Count Salambeni and his party, who had overtaken me, left too at the same time, we undertaking to bear all responsibility for so doing on our arrival at Harrar. The two days' delay was, however, a great annoyance, not only as our provisions for man and beast were not estimated with an allowance for an extra two days' stoppage, and, as it was, we had been two days longer on the road than I had hoped; but another cause of worry was that every day the weather

and camels, we saw no human being; but animal life there was in plenty, from the varieties of partridge, francolin, bustard, and guinea-fowl that abounded, to the lion that stole a sheep from our camp one night; from the ugly wart-hog to the graceful "dig-dig" (*Neotragus saltianus*), the smallest of all the antelope tribe. The pleasantest part of the day was without doubt when, an hour or two before sunset, the air was sufficiently cool to make walking bearable; and then with my rifle in my hand and Mairánu with a shot-gun, we would stroll about now stalking some antelope or gazelle, now putting up a flock of guinea-fowl from the long grass, and it was seldom indeed that we were not able to rejoice of the evening over a good supper of fresh meat. There is probably no country in the world that offers such attractions to the sportsman as Somaliland, and from the large quantities of game that I saw there myself one can imagine what bags can be made by those who give up their entire time for a couple of months or so to this noble pursuit. But I had other objects in view, and the weather being extremely hot—it was during March and April that I crossed the plains—I made sport a secondary consideration; yet in spite of this I was able to return to the coast with a few trophies that I shall always treasure—things that in themselves might be despised by great hunters, but which nevertheless it is not every one's lot in life to obtain an opportunity of bagging. Foremost amongst these are the horns of the lovely oryx, one of the most beautiful of all the antelopes.

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CLVI.—NO. DCCCCXLVII.

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Leaving at midnight, we reached
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was becoming hotter, and though I had nothing to fear in that way on my journey to Harrar, I had to consider my return from that town to the coast by the same road, when in all probability water would be more scarce than it was now, and the heat far more intense. Therefore the rest at Biyo Koboba was by no means a pleasure, though the sport was good, and if our camels went on short fare, our men did not. One event happened which varied the monotony of the time. One of Count Salambeni's Arab soldiers quarrelled at the wells with a Somali woman, and eventually struck her. The affair having reached the ears of our Somalis in camp, the man was set upon, and only escaped with his life to the protection of Count Salambeni's tent. On the affair being reported to him a summary court-martial was held, and the soldier received a good thrashing at the hands of Count Salambeni's servants, being at the same time fined a dollar, which was given to the dusky lady in the case, who dried her tears and went away in high glee. Had Count Salambeni not taken summary measures in the matter, there is little doubt his Arab would have lost his life, for the Somali is a veritable fiend when his blood is up.

Four or five hours from Biyo Koboba, and just as dawn was beginning to show, we were stopped by a band of men, one of whom, mounted on a small pony, announced that he was Tcherkis, and that he brought orders that we were to return at once to the fort until the permission of the Grazmatch Banti, governor of Harrar, should arrive for us to proceed. I was tired and feverish, and the night air was cold, and had Tcherkis been King Menelek himself I

should have refused to go back. I knew that I was in British territory, and that neither Tcherkis nor the Abyssinian Government that employed him had any right to stop me, so I consigned him to other and warmer regions, and proceeded. Not so, however, Count Salambeni, for he was bound on many accounts to keep on good terms with the authorities, especially as he intended remaining a long time at Harrar. So bidding me adieu, he turned back to Biyo Koboba, I pitching my tent at a dreary spot called Dalli-malli, on the borders of a dry stream-bed, which in rainy weather flows across a flat plain, broken only by coarse grass, a few mimosa trees, and enormous ant-heaps, some at least ten and twelve feet in height. A few shrubs grew along the edge of the river-bed, and under these I found a little shelter from the sun, amusing myself by watching the gorgeous flocks of birds that seemed to inhabit this inhospitable spot. Of all sizes and colours they were, from the metallic blue, now turquoise, now sapphire, of a variety of starling to diminutive butterfly-looking creatures of rainbow hues.

Proceeding to Kotto the same afternoon, we pushed on by night, and sunrise found us ascending a steep stony hill by the vilest of roads. However, the view from the top was reassuring, for the horizon to the south was bounded by the welcome sight of the highlands of the Galla country—Gara (Mount) Gondodo standing out far above the rest. Finding quite a number of the Esa tribe grazing their flocks and herds at this spot, we stopped to obtain a drink of ewe's milk. The Somali sheep is a small animal, with black head and a heavy tail, containing fatty

deposit, on which he is said to be able to subsist for nourishment when the grazing is not sufficient to sustain strength, or when on the march in search of new pastures. Of a night the flocks and herds are driven into "zarebas" of thick thorn-bushes, in which they are protected from the attacks of wild beasts. At this particular encampment there was no water to be found in the neighbourhood, and the natives sustained life by drinking milk, while the heavy dew at night sufficiently damped the grass to allow the goats and sheep to exist without drinking. Within the thorn "zareba" one finds, too, the little mat-huts of the natives, scarcely large enough to creep underneath, but judged by them sufficient protection from the cold and dew at night and the sun by day. Probably all the world over there is scarcely a more simple life lived than that of the up-country Somalis. A common sight all along the road had been their graves, and often for days together this was the only sign we saw that the country was, or had been, inhabited. The graves generally consist of a square enclosure, with loose stone walls about a foot in height, in the centre of which a pile of stones marks the resting-place of the deceased. Often exceedingly large blocks of stones are laid above the actual grave, in order, no doubt, to prevent the hyenas, with which the country abounds, from scratching up the bodies. The only noticeable fact about these cemeteries was that the graves all possessed on the north side a small addition, evidently corresponding to the *mihrab* of a mosque, pointing toward Mecca—for the natives are one and all Moslems.

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and from a knoll above my camp one's eyes wandered over a forest of trees—only the mimosa, but none the less impressive. Away and away it stretched, rising and falling in gentle undulations, until it sank into the hazy distance somewhere near the spot where the mountains rose like a great barrier to bound the horizon. It was a scene of strikingly wild desolation—this great forest, uninhabited by man, and sheltering the lion and the elephant and hundreds of other varieties of animal life. Below me, at my feet, in an open glade, grazed a little herd of antelope, yellow against the dark soil. So serene and quiet they looked, that I sat watching them, forbearing the temptation to go and stalk them; for our camp was well supplied with venison, and I could not bear the thought of being the messenger of death in a scene so perfectly tranquil and peaceful. On arrival at camp, however, I found my men so keen for sport that, seeking another direction, I shouldered my shot-gun, and brought back an extra feed for the men in the shape of "dig-dig"—the tiny gazelle—and guinea-fowl, though the latter the Somalis refused to eat, it being contrary to their customs to eat fowl, or even eggs, though, curiously enough, the flesh of the great bustard is permissible.

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sight by day; but apparently he had become gorged upon the carcass of a gazelle and overslept himself in the open. Our meeting was not satisfactory on either side, for he appeared quite as frightened of me as I was of him; for a 20-bore shot-gun is no match for the king of beasts, though, as was the case, he be still young. I was too frightened to run away, so the lion did it before me, and sauntered into some jungle near by. As soon as he was out of sight I became very brave, and, calling my men together, we beat out the jungle—it was only a small patch—with the result that Leo came forth, only to disappear into impenetrably thick wood near by, and too far away to allow of my firing at him. It is not everybody who has seen a wild lion, and I am proud of the episode; but next time I should like to know beforehand exactly where he is and what he is going to do, for I imagine, had the king of beasts been hungry or evilly inclined, I might not have reached Harrar after all.

From Artu to Jildessa, the frontier of the Galla and Somali countries, the road was more interesting, the low hills being highly wooded with trees and jungle, and there being far more signs of life than we had as yet come across. All sorts and varieties of birds, including gaudy parrots, screeched overhead, flying from tree to tree, like jewels in their dazzling brightness, their hues equalled only by the long clusters of scarlet and orange aloe-blossom which shot upright from the upturned spikes. As we proceeded the forest increased in size, the trees, other now than the everlasting mimosa, stretching their branches far and wide, while here and there the great euphorbia—the

candelabra tree—shot its spikes high amongst the deep green foliage above. So shady was it in places that the undergrowth ceased altogether, and we could catch glimpses of expanses of green-sward, on which grazed gazelle and “dig-dig” innumerable, though the larger varieties of antelope seemed one and all absent.

Then flocks and herds came in sight, and then people; and suddenly turning a corner in the forest we came upon the village of Jildessa, nestling on a hillside on the very edge of the forest—the great sandy river-bed, threaded by a stream of running water, stretching away before it. A few minutes later I dismounted in the shady market-place, to be surrounded by a crowd of amused but polite Gallas.

Almost more noticeable than the change of scenery in leaving the Somali country for that of the Galla race is the change in the inhabitants, for the two have little in common beyond their colour. It has been shown already how the Somali leads the life of a nomad, engaging in no agricultural pursuits; never building for himself a fixed abode; contented to exist upon the produce of his flocks, his herds, and his camels. In every respect the Galla is opposed to this, for he inhabits villages of well-built huts, around which tracts of cultivated country extend, neatly terraced and irrigated, and is heart and soul a tiller of the soil. Of the two the Galla is certainly preferable. He lacks the fire and impetuosity of the Somali, but he is steadier and less impressionable. In manner he is calmer and in life more simple; in fact, the Galla character is one that appeals from the first moment to one that comes into contact with it. In appearance he differs greatly from

the native of the plains. While the Somali's features point to a Semitic origin, the Galla tends more toward the negro, both in face and build, for he is thicker-limbed and altogether more heavily built. But it must be by no means understood that the Galla is a mild race, for several explorers, penetrating the inner portions of their country, have found, on the contrary, that they are warlike and ready to resist with arms any encroachment of the white man. But certainly those who live in the more immediate surroundings of Harrar are of a most friendly and hospitable disposition; and the Italians, should they annex, as has been proposed, the Harrar district, would find little or nothing to trouble the institution of their jurisdiction, which would to the Galla be infinitely more acceptable than that of the present Abyssinian Government.

A few words must be written as to the appearance of the Galla. In colour he is very dark, though a reddish-brown tinge shows through his blackness. His hair he allows to grow long, but instead of hanging on either side of his head in long cords, as is the case with the Somalis, it stands out all round like a halo, its jetty woolly blackness all the more apparent from the polish which, in the form of grease, the owner applies. The hair seems to rise straight up from the forehead in a wall of some three or four inches, and from there spreads out in a solid, almost dense, mass over the head, the surface being thick and woolly. A few carved hair-pins and an ostrich-feather often add to the native's appearance a touch of dandyism. Fine pleasant-looking fellows they are, with many of the innate good manners of the oriental, and all the best traits of

the savage. My experience of them was only of a few weeks' duration, it is true, but in that space one learned to appreciate their good points, and to discern that, as a race, they were a far more satisfactory people than the Somalis.

Jildessa, where we first came in contact with the Galla, is a large village, the houses consisting for the most part of oblong thatch and mat buildings, with some show of size and cleanliness, while not a few, with conical roofs, pointed to Abyssinian origin; though, in spite of Jildessa forming the frontier of the Abyssinian domain in Gallaland, the natives of that country are few and far between, the governor of the place being an Arab of the Yemen, and formerly cook to the German consul at Aden. He had wearied of culinary life, and made his way to Harrar, where he was eventually appointed Governor of Jildessa and inspector of customs—a post, however, not much to be envied, as the place is a hotbed of fever, and the society, to say the least of it, dull for an educated man. Nearly all the huts—for they are little more—are surrounded by hedges of dried thorny branches, forming a "zareba" into which the cattle and flocks and herds are driven of a night. The largest of these zarebas is occupied by a few Government huts, and here it is that the caravans, coming up or down the road, as the case may be, discharge their merchandise for taxation and change their camels—for the Somali camels and camel-drivers cannot proceed into the Galla country and *vice versa*, each race preserving the caravan rights for its own country.

Here, again, difficulties were put in my way about proceeding to Harrar, and a two days' delay was

the result. However, this was rather a pleasure than otherwise, for I found the Arab governor a particularly pleasant fellow, and he regaled me and my men with Ayssinian beer, goat-flesh, and excellent honey, while the local market produced *durra* — millet — in quantities for our camels.

There was but one drawback to Jildessa as I saw it—the indescribably sad fact that famine and disease were rife, and the population literally starving. Such sights as I saw there it has fallen to my lot to witness in no other portion of the globe, and the pitiable state of famine must be seen to be realised. The children, covered with skin disease, their little arms shrunk to nothing, while their stomachs were swollen, were almost devilish in their hideousness, while old age in a similar state was unspeakably awful. The details of what I saw would only distress, and could do no good, so I shall pass it over. Suffice it to say that the starving children—ay, and men and women too—picked up the undigested grains of millet from the dung of the caravan animals for food.

Count Salambeni and his party overtook me at Jildessa, but, owing to the large quantity of merchandise, were not able to proceed the following day—for permission had meanwhile arrived for us to continue our journey. Wishing to leave Jildessa as soon as possible, I pushed on the next morning, arranging to wait a day higher up in the mountains for Count Salambeni. This I did, owing to the prevalence of fever and sickness at the frontier village.

So, accordingly, early the third morning, a start was made, Count Salambeni's Italian companion, Signor Rosa, accompanying me, in order to move half their camp with

the two or three camels they had been able to obtain, and then send back for the rest of the equipage, with which Salambeni remained. For the first few miles our road lay along the broad river-bed, until, in fact, we had followed the water-course to the spot where it emerges from the mountains. Here we entered a rocky defile, up which we toiled by bad roads, now on this side and now on that. As we proceeded the country became more and more beautiful. Dense vegetation swathed the mountain-sides, from above which the candelabra tree thrust its long spikes high into the air. At one spot, where, amidst tangled vegetation and ferns, a waterfall tumbled and splashed into a deep green pool, we bathed. What a luxury it was that cold fresh bath, after the weary days of desert travelling! Then on again, the valley opening out the while, here cultivated in carefully built terraces, here clad in virgin forest. Up and up, it seemed as though the ascent was endless; but tiring as it was, every moment of every hour was a joy and a delight. No longer the sandy and stony plains: here were mountain-tops rearing their forest- or rock-clad summits high into the azure sky; here were trees that shaded us from the sun's hot rays; and everywhere was water, tumbling and babbling in streamlets and waterfalls, whose banks glowed with strange flowers of brilliant colours. The air was full of the music of birds and insects, and one lived and breathed again after the weary seventeen days of desert; for with the delays at Biyo Koboba and Jildessa, we had taken that period in crossing Somaliland. Under some huge sycamore-trees, the grandest I have ever seen in my life, we rested a while and ate our lunch. All

around us extended the valley. Gentle little humped kine were grazing in the open patches, goats browsed on the edge of the jungle, and the peasant tilled his soil. It was a scene of strange peace and quiet. Above us, on an eminence, was a village, the circular houses, with the typical pointed thatch roof, standing out in relief against the mountain-tops beyond. Near the village stood an old tower, a fortress built by the last independent sovereign of Harrar, but now used as a residence by a Galla family, who welcomed us within, and took us on to the roof to see the view. Far below us, down the valley, lay the plains of Somali-land, stretching away into a hazy horizon. One could trace the river-courses by their jungle-fringed banks, looking like serpents crawling on the yellow sand.

An hour's ride and we camped for the night at the village of Belawa, a lovely spot on the steep mountain-side, where openings in the jungle allowed extensive cultivation in terraces. The people received us kindly, accompanying me on an hour or two's shooting, and bringing us big jars of milk and a young goat. Then as night came on we lit a huge bonfire, and, with Mairānu as interpreter, sat and chatted and smoked and laughed to the accompaniment of the howls of the hyenas and the yelping jackals.

We spent the following day at Belawa, hoping that Count Salambeni would catch us up there; but evening coming on, and there being no signs of him, we gave orders for an early start the next morning. However, what with one delay after another, it was nearly ten o'clock before we got off.

Our road was even more lovely than it had been the previous day.

At times the path literally tun-nelled through the jungle, in which every now and then a clear space allowed our vision to travel into deep valleys below us, framed in a foreground of tangled creepers. We reached the summit of the mountains in a few hours, and at an altitude of 8200 feet above the sea-level sought the shade of some spruce-trees, and rested ourselves and our mules while waiting for our camels to catch us up. Here, curiously enough, at this great altitude we found a quantity of fossil marine shells. From this spot to Harrar, with the exception of a steep decline of a few hundred feet, our road lay on the level plateau, the richness of which must be seen to be appreciated. Cultivated fields of dark-red soil, enclosed in hedges of jasmine; great tracts of green grazing land; stream-beds and marshes full of strange wading-birds; cattle and horses and mules, flocks and herds, villages and human life,—all added to a scene of apparent prosperity, for every sign of the famine was absent here. Away across the plateau rose high mountain-peaks, those on the left crowned by Gara Gondodo with its strange flat peak. On over the cultivated lands and pastures we went, until the soil changes in hue from deep red to sandy yellow, and then amongst gardens and groves of coffee and bananas, until one of our Gallas a little way ahead and above us cries "Harrar!" We pressed our mules on, and there, at long length, lay the city before us.

Before I continue my personal experiences and impressions of Harrar, some short account of its history is necessary.

Originally an independent State, as Harrar grew into a centre of trade natives of Arabia found their way thither, and a caravan

route was opened to the coast. The mixture of Galla and Arab blood, with no doubt a taint of other extraneous countries, produced the present race of Harraris, who in language, dress, customs, and habits, differ from the surrounding Galla people; nor do they to any extent in these particulars point to an Arab origin. In time there arose a ruling family in the city, the Sultanate, or whatever one likes to call it, remaining in the family, though not necessarily a son succeeding his father. This, as is well known, is a custom to-day in practice amongst oriental peoples.

In time the reports of Harrar's trade in ivory, gold, and spices reached Egypt; and the Khedive Ismail, under the pretence of introducing troops to attack Abyssinia from the south, gained possession of the place. In 1881, when affairs nearer home occupied all the available resources, and the attention of the allied Egyptian and English officials at Cairo, it was decided, on the advice of the British, that the Egyptians should abandon Harrar, and accordingly Radwan Pasha was sent thither to carry out the evacuation. His staff was joined by Major Hunter, assistant Political Resident at Aden, and Harrar was abandoned, Radwan Pasha with the Egyptian troops and an enormous number of *fellahin* proceeding to the coast. It was then that an opportunity for Great Britain extending its influence over the rich plateau arose, Egypt volunteering to cede its rights to England. But on Major Hunter's report reaching the Indian Government it was decided not to do so, and a member of the former ruling family was reinstated on the throne. But his reign was not to be a long one, for a few years later the Abyssinians, under the leader-

ship of Menelek, King of Shoa, who had succeeded King John as Negus of Abyssinia, marched south and invested Harrar. Without a blow being struck the city was handed up to the Abyssinians, who, as is the usual practice with them, set about cutting down the coffee-groves for firewood, and destroying everything that added to the natural wealth of the country. The Abyssinians are dwellers in thatch huts, and stone houses are to them unknown, with the exception of some of their churches; and Menelek, who had never previously seen a town, is said, when first he caught a glimpse of Harrar, to have desired to turn back into Shoa, terrified to attack so strong a position. But the advice of his companions gained the day, and complete success, without any bloodshed, followed their steps. With the exception of a few Greek shopkeepers, there were, I believe, no Europeans in Harrar at the time. Abyssinian misrule soon made itself felt. The town paid a heavy indemnity, the subterranean granaries were used as cesspools, and all that the Egyptians had done for the place was soon destroyed. It was a case of from bad to worse; and although the few Europeans and natives of India who reside at Harrar to-day manage to keep up a considerable trade with the coast, it is in no ways owing to the Abyssinian Government, who, so long as money is to be made and occupation and loot found for the soldiers, is contented to allow things generally to decay. Some of the coffee-groves have been replanted, but many remain to this day to tell of the havoc and destruction of the conquering forces. But one item of trade has received a push from this conquest of Harrar by a Christian people—

namely, drink; and to-day almost every alternate shop in the better quarters of the town is full from floor to ceiling of every variety of spirits. In the days of its Mohammedan rulers such was unknown, the tenets of their religion forbidding the drinking of wine; and although no doubt the Turks and Egyptian officials did not keep strictly to the letter of the law, drink-shops did not exist. This may be said to be the sole advantage to trade gained by the conquest of Harrar by the Christian Abyssinians.

The city is finely situated, and, as one sees it for the first time from the road on the plateau, remarkably picturesque. It lies upon an elevation in the plateau, slight undulating hills surrounding it, while to the south-west higher land forms a background of green to the yellow town. The most remarkable feature of the place is the large circular Abyssinian church with which its highest point is crowned, and near which stands an old minaret, for where the church now is formerly stood the principal mosque of the place.

Passing on between hedged gardens, now in sight of the city before us, now through tunnels of high sand-banks and vegetation, we at length reached a long open road leading directly to one of the gates of the city. It is at the side of this wide track that the spring and stream are from which water is drawn for the city. Here long strings of camels come down, loaded with water-skins, which are filled by hand and carried by the camels back to the town.

It is from near this spot that one obtains one's first view of the crumbling walls of the town, sadly in want of repair, yet probably sufficient to resist any attack upon the place by the Gallas, whose

arms consist entirely of spears. These walls are built of stone and mortar, formed of the yellow sand of the country, which gives to the whole town a curious golden tone.

Arrived at the gate, our arms were confiscated by the Abyssinian guard of objectionable soldiery, and we were told to wait until permission arrived for us to enter. So we dismounted from our mules, and seated ourselves under what shade a small thatch roof projecting from the gateway was able to afford us. Meanwhile a motley crowd gathered round us—Somalis, Gallas, Harraris, Abyssinians, an Arab, and a couple of natives of India, who, though polite enough, were led by curiosity to push so closely upon us that the Abyssinian guard had to resort to blows with long sticks to keep them back. One and all wore the appearance of hunger and sickness, and it was easy to see that the famine was making itself severely felt in the city.

At length, after an hour's delay, the Grazmatch Banti sent to say we might enter the town. This keeping us waiting at the gate for that period was merely a piece of typical Abyssinian swagger, for the Governor's house was only five minutes' walk from the gate, and in double that time the reply ought to have been brought to the guard to allow us to pass. However, it was amusing enough to watch the crowd all eager to catch a view of the strangers, the excitement shared by the children and dogs, who pushed their way through the mass of humanity to the front row to obtain a nearer look.

Mounting our mules once more we proceeded to the custom-house, a great open yard surrounded on three sides by an arcade and rooms, and here my baggage was exam-

ined. It must have been curiosity rather than the hope of discovering contraband that induced the extremely dirty Turk in charge to strew my belongings wholesale on the ground; but Abdurrahman and I managed to pack them up again, though my clothing was much soiled, more by the inspector's fingers than the sandy soil.

One must visit the remoter quarters of the world to meet with true hospitality and kindness, such as I received from Mr and Mrs Felter, an Italian trader and his wife residing at Harrar, who, though they had never seen me or known me even by name, had sent their servant to meet me with a polite little note asking me, nay, insisting on it, that I should be their guest during my stay at Harrar. Their kind offer I readily accepted, and the great charm of my stay in that place was the company of Mr Felter and his wife—to say nothing of a pretty little child some two years of age. I found my host and hostess full of a store of interesting knowledge, and they were able to help me much in gaining what information I required, and in giving me the benefit of their excellent advice as to my plans. So I passed my days in their hospitable house, while the old Italian agency, the best residence in the town, had been put at my disposal, and very nice I found it. Such attentions as these on the part of foreigners are all the more marked, from the fact that they are often absent in the case of Englishmen residing abroad.

There is little of beauty to be seen in Harrar, the houses having no pretensions to architecture, and the one or two old mosques that may at one time have been ornamental having either fallen into

sad decay or else given place to Abyssinian churches, of which an extremely large example dominates the whole town. The building is modern, having been erected since the annexation of the place by King Menelek. In form it is circular, an open arcade surrounding the whole, inside which are two divisions, each within the other, and both forming circles. Close to the church is an old minaret, once pertaining to the mosque which stood here. The whole is enclosed in a wall of stone and native cement. In front of the entrance of the church is a large open space, one side of which is given up to houses and a shop or two, the others being respectively occupied by the residence of the governor, the Grazmatch Banti, and the barracks. Both these latter buildings are in a wretched state of repair, though Banti's house may at one time have been not only comfortable but almost luxurious, for it formed the residence of one of the Egyptian officials. Leading from this square at the south-west corner is a steep narrow street, with shops and houses on both sides. Like nearly every building in Harrar, these are of only one storey in height, and built of the native orange-coloured cement of the country. The shops are owned by a few Greeks, Arabs, and Hindoos, and all and every sort of article can be obtained in them—from Manchester cottons to very inferior French brandy, from corkscrews to tins of sardines. At the lower corner is a *café*, kept by an old Turk who refused to leave Harrar when the Egyptians vacated the place. In front of the small house is a verandah of trellis covered with vines, where one could sit and watch the open-air market being carried on immediately in front of one, for this steep

street of shops leads to a large open space, where the country produce is brought for sale. Of all the sights of Harrar, this, perhaps, is the most interesting, and one could never tire of watching the strange medley of peoples that collected there to do their various business. Galla countrymen with their enormous growth of hair, spear in hand, sauntered idly in every direction; while their women, with elaborate coiffures that it would probably be beyond a professional Parisian's power to reproduce, attended to the business of selling their grain and market produce. How these ladies of the Galla tribes manage to arrange their hair in such strange designs always puzzled me; and as I had no opportunities of seeing the process, I am still in the dark. Certainly they possess none of those useful contrivances in hair-pins resorted to by the ladies of England, and yet the result, if not as pretty, was certainly more startling. Many wore over the centre of the forehead three stiff little horns of twisted hair, each ending in a sort of tassel. The two outside horns pointed right and left, and the centre one straight out, and all three were stiff, and, apparently, not subject to barometrical changes, as are the coiffures at home; for I had an opportunity of witnessing the results—or rather the absence of results—upon these wonderful capillary arrangements of a shower of rain, and after a good damping I found the decorations did not uncurl or hang flabbily over the forehead, as is sometimes the case at home in similar circumstances. As for the rest of the hairdressing, it seems to consist of tiny plaits of hair drawn close to the skin and running about, always in parallel lines, over the head, ending often in an

enormous bunch of wavy blackness where one would look for the chignon.

The Harrari women, on the contrary, dress their hair in an extremely picturesque manner—two what I believe ladies call *buns* projecting slightly on either side of the head behind the ears, with a simple straight parting across the top. Their dress, too, is neat and pretty—a single long garment with drooping sleeves, the upper part of which is dull red, the lower dark blue. It is girded at the waist with a band; but the folds of the upper portion of the costume overhang it, so that one cannot see of what it consists. The neck is “cut square,” and edged with narrow embroidery. The red portion of the dress, back and front, runs into a point over the blue. Sandals or bare feet complete a picturesque costume, which is generally adorned with a few flowers, often worn in the hair. Added to this, that the Harrari lady is, as a rule, extremely good looking, with a good figure, and though dark, with by no means a black complexion. The whole makes a rather good *tout ensemble*. But there are other strange figures to be seen in the Harrar market—natives of India, Yemen Jews, Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, négroes from the Soudan, Abyssinian soldiers in their *tobes* of scarlet and white, Arabs and Somalis,—all forming as strange and as picturesque a scene as one could wish to see.

For the first few days I became almost a resident at the Turkish *café*, for the old man who kept it spoke Arabic fluently, as did most of those who resorted there; but from the fourth day I was obliged to avoid the market, and even when possible the town. An Abyssinian army had arrived from

a raid in the Ogaden Somali country, and probably they brought the disease that was to run havoc through the town. It was a mere rumour at first—no one quite believed it; but with terrible suddenness its truth was proved. Cholera had broken out. A sort of stillness seemed to settle over the town, and people stood conversing in the street-corners; then as the truth became doubly certain, processions of Harraris bearing wands of flowers, and singing, passed through the streets, praying for the termination of the disease, while solemn service was held in the Abyssinian church. But death was on the wing, and first singly, then by tens, and finally almost by hundreds, the people died. The warm still nights rang with the cries of the mourners, and the firing-off of guns from the roofs of the houses—an Abyssinian practice; and dawn brought no relief, for long strings of corpses were carried out to be buried, or thrown into the pits which had to be dug. The population, already sickened and weak with famine, died with terrible rapidity; and often corpses lay about the streets, while half-starving wretches, all bones and skin, too weak or ill to move, lay groaning beside them. A city with cholera rife in it is a sight beyond description. There seems to be ever present a terrible desire to do something to stop the endless death, and no knowing what to do; and fear and anxiety and the ever-present death add to the horrors. No one speaks aloud, silently they thread the streets, and the only sound is that of wailing and chanting.

So of a morning we used to ride out to the gardens round the town and spend the days there, watching the irrigation of the coffee-trees, and now and then

shooting. Once or twice we made longer excursions, the most interesting of which was to Lake Haramiya, distant some eight miles from the city. It is a large expanse of water, swarming with wild geese and ducks and all kinds of water-fowl; but the surrounding scenery lacks trees, and from a little distance the lake resembles a great marsh. The fever I had caught in the Yemen had been on me more or less since I left the coast, Abdurrahman had been prostrate since our arrival at Harrar, and I felt a keen longing to leave the horrid sights of the cholera-stricken town. One of my Somali boys, too, caught the cholera, and died a few hours after I left the city. Poor boy, I hated going away and leaving him, though he was in good hands; but I was obliged to take the opportunity of Abdurrahman and myself being free from fever, and the still greater chance of having found three camels, for all the country people had fled when the news of the disease became a certainty. So I left the poor fellow at death's door, and I believe he only lived some two or three hours.

At length, after eleven days' stay, I quitted the town one afternoon, my camels having preceded me by a few hours. It was with a sense of unutterable relief, mixed with anxiety for the host and hostess who had shown me so much kindness, that I passed out of the gate. But I was yet to have one more view of the horrors, for corpses were being buried in the great pits—horrid distorted corpses—while near by a dozen or so starving natives were fighting for the flesh of a dead ox, which had died a natural death and been dragged out of the town to decay. Above their heads hovered a couple of

vultures waiting for their share in the feast. Sick and dizzy I spurred on my mule, and a few minutes later was threading the jasmine-hedged lanes of the gardens, free of Harrar and its terrors. How brightly the sun shone; how sweetly the birds sang: all around was peace and happiness, and the past, so near, seemed like a nightmare, while the present was the awaking to find it all a dream. Yet my troubles were scarcely at an end, for the same night I was taken ill with a violent attack of fever, being delirious for some hours. Fortunately, the attack came on near an Abyssinian village, and I was carried into a hut and there treated by a native doctor—who had been educated in Jerusalem—to the local cure for fever—namely, by having bucket after bucket of cold water poured over me; and certainly it was efficacious, for by nine o'clock I was able to get to sleep. It was the last attack I had before reaching the coast. Pushing on, the next morning we arrived at Jildessa, and almost by forced marches crossed the plains again to Zeilah. Though I had expected to find greater heat on my downward journey than I had done proceeding to Harrar, the exact contrary was the case, and once or twice we had refreshing showers of rain, and nearly every day a cloudy sky. Travelling was therefore very pleasant, and as our camels were good we made excellent progress. There was but one noticeable change in the country—the advent of great herds of “aoul,” an antelope much resembling the “springbok” of South Africa. As far as one could see over the plains as we neared Zeilah, grazed enormous quantities of this pretty antelope; nor did I find him difficult stalking, and the camp was

well provided with food. At length, early one morning, the white houses of Zeilah shimmered over the sandy plain, and an hour or two later, to my great delight, I found myself in Mr Prendergast Walsh's most comfortable house, enjoying first a bath, then clean clothes, and lastly an excellent breakfast. You who live in comfort at home do not know what luxury these things are to the weary, travel-stained wanderer.

The following day I witnessed a sight as interesting as, and more picturesque than, any I had seen during the whole journey. The king of the Black Esa Somalis, one of the wildest and furthest removed of all the tribes, had died, and a successor had been chosen. The form of coronation—though such a term ill applies to the native custom—was the shaving of the head of the new monarch under a certain holy tree. Although the tribe in question inhabits the highlands far up country, the scene of this ceremony is near Zeilah, about equidistant from that town and the French port of Jibuti. The representatives of both nations had been attempting to persuade the king after the ceremony to proceed on a visit to their own town, and up to the last moment it was uncertain whether he and his black hordes would go to Jibuti or Zeilah. However, Mr Prendergast Walsh's great tact and experience in dealing with Somalis won the day, and the visit of the king took place in great state. From an early hour one could see a dense mass of people, a black patch on the yellow sand, approaching the town, and we watched with interest the slow marching of the Black Esa. But there were other things to think of besides the political significance of the king's visit for his comrades were said to num-

ber several thousand men, not one of whom probably had ever seen a town, much less a white man, before; and this horde, armed with spears, savages as they were, might not prove altogether a pleasant addition to Zeilah's little population. Another difficulty presented itself. No Somali is allowed to carry weapons inside the town, and would these wild savages put up with being disarmed? and if so, how was the process to be carried out? However, as it turned out, everything passed off most satisfactorily, each native on his entry giving up his spear to the custody of the police, to be returned to him the next day.

At length, seeing that the king was approaching, Mr Walsh and I sauntered out to the large open space near a mosque and tomb, for there the official reception was to take place. A stranger sight never met man's eyes. Thousands of coal-black men, most of them carrying, as well as their hide shields, a couple of spears, danced as they approached. A scarcity of clothing displayed the lithe limbs of the Somalis, accentuated by their wild gesticulations, as, turning and leaping in every direction, they brandished their spears above their heads. In the centre of this dense mass of whirling humanity rode the king, his bare head shaded from the sun by a white umbrella. By his side rode a few of the native merchants, &c., of Zeilah, who had gone out to meet him. Unlike the Gadabursi and other tribes, the Black Esa possess no horses, and, with the exception of the new king, they were all on foot. About four hundred yards from us the whole body drew up into a solid mass, then, at a given signal, charged, stopping again some thirty or forty yards nearer with a sudden stamping movement, which literally made the ground shake under our feet.

Then a dozen or so of the warriors emerged from the ranks and performed wild devilish dances, gradually working their way back to the troops, until, just as suddenly as before, the whole host advanced. The sight of these strange long-haired, half-naked savages rushing over the yellow sand, their spear-points forming a blaze of light over their heads, was one that can never be forgotten.

We waited at the steps of the mosque, where the king dismounted, and received from Mr Walsh, on behalf of the Indian Government, a handsome sword and a rich suit of green and gold Arab clothing.

It was an interesting experience to watch the crowds in the streets wondering at all they saw, for never before had they been in a town; but this only is due to them, that not one occasion arose that called for rebuke, and during the day they spent there no disorder of any sort occurred—a fact that speaks not only for the innate manners of the Somali, but also for the excellent arrangements of the only Englishman in Zeilah, Mr Prendergast Walsh.

I have in this article merely stated my own experiences in the country, which, though they may possess no particular interest, may help to throw light upon that portion of Africa which is now likely to become a subject of contention among the European Powers. The political part of the question I do not touch upon, for it is a subject that requires knowledge as to the existing treaties both of Berlin and Brussels, which, unfortunately, I do not possess.

However it is apparent whether it would be advantageous to England to allow Italy's annexation, or to permit the country in time to lapse into the hands of the French; and there can be little

doubt that Italy as a neighbour in the Gulf of Aden would be in every way satisfactory. The French already possess territory at the west end of that gulf, Obock and Jibuti being their principal ports; and from the manner in which their Government have carried on its affairs there, one can safely say that difficulties of a serious nature would arise were their frontier to touch our own. The French have found to their own cost the rottenness of their system, for, intent upon making money, they allowed to be imported into the country of the Donakil tribes, adjoining these ports, large quantities of arms, ammunition, and drink, with the result that they are in constant dread of an organised attack upon their garrisons, which have had to be strengthened accordingly. At the English ports on the Somali coast no rifles or ammunition are allowed to be imported, and such a heavy duty is placed upon spirits as to render it unprocurable to the native. The benefit of this is most apparent, and I believe I am right in saying that there are only some four resident British officials in the whole of Somaliland, protected by a few score of native and Arab police. This fact speaks more than any words of mine could do as to the excellence of our policy, where a whole country like Somaliland can be held at peace,

and friendly to the British, by four men, whose posts are in towns several days' journey apart, with no telegraphic communication of any sort, and only a weekly service of steamers. There can be little doubt that should Italy take possession of Harrar, the British port of Zeilah, which commands the road, will also be ceded, and reciprocal arrangements be entered into between Italy and England as to the veto on the importation of arms and the heavy duties on spirits. There is also little doubt that, should Italy annex the country, the existing regulations will be maintained, while the vast increase that will accrue from the opening up of the rich Harrar plateau, and the unexplored territory behind it, will give a fresh stimulus to our already very considerable trade at Aden. Nor are the interests of Italy in any way in opposition to our own in the East; and the fact that a friendly Power held a large territory as near Aden as the opposite African coast, would help to keep secure in our hands the road to India. These are but a few of the advantages that would accrue were Italy to annex, as is to be hoped will be the case, the Harrar district, and if England cedes to her the western end of our Somaliland Protectorate.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

LA FEMME DE M. FEUILLET.

IF we were to deal with Madame Feuillet's book in accordance with its attractions and our inclinations, we should transfer it almost *en bloc* to the pages of Maga; but that being unfortunately impossible, we must do with it the best we can. She is one of those French feminine writers whose instinctively playful charm of style gives piquancy to each subject she touches. And the variety of the matter in the volume is infinite. A singularly retentive and tenacious memory gives freshness and point to all the recollections of childhood and girlhood. We see the survivals of the pre-Revolutionary order of things, in that picturesque old country of the Norman Cotentin, which lay between its *falaises* and its forests far aside from the centres of political agitation. Whether all her sketches of quaint originals are strictly true to the life, we may be content to leave to herself and her conscience. At all events they are impressive as the rough Bretons of Balzac, and realistic as the elaborated studies of Zola. Troyon and Millet, and the French Salvators, never did greater justice to the Bruyères and the smiling rural landscapes—to the dark foliage of sombre woodlands hanging over the lonely pools; and then—by way of contrast—when Madame goes on her travels, we have the soft green slopes of the Jura, the walnut groves and spreading chestnuts that are mirrored in the Lake Lemman, and the orange-gardens that clothe the rocks of the Riviera. There are the gloomy Norman *châteaux* of which she was

an involuntary occupant, with the shadowy corridors haunted by ghosts and hung with mouldering tapestry. Those sketches of scenery and strikingly romantic sites are always admirable. Then a change comes over the spirit of her dreams, when the girl is married to a celebrated man and goes abroad into the great world. There is gay life in the provinces: there is the passing whirl of dissipation in the *élite* of fashionable and intellectual society at Paris. There are amusing descriptions of the Court gaieties at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and in the Tuileries, given chiefly in a series of letters from her marvellously *spirituel* husband. To tell the truth, and it is much to say for Madame Feuillet, her husband's letters are to us the least taking part of the book. It is true he wrote them to amuse and cheer his wife, who was left to vegetate with her little ones in rustic solitude. But Madame is invariably brilliant, and, we were going to say, invariably lively. That, however, would give a false impression of a life in which the lights were darkened by heavy shadows. Sometimes, in her darker moods of deep depression, sorrow or a morbid sentimentality gets the better of her: like Job, she would curse the day of her birth; with the Psalmist, would wish she had never been born. But these melancholy moods never last very long, and she remembers that such an event as the loss of a father is a calamity that comes in the course of nature, and for which Nature offers consolation within easy

reach. Really, her temperament is essentially buoyant; and she needed all her elasticity of spirits. She made a love-match: she almost leaped into her cousin's arms when he presented himself, and she never ceased to admire and adore him. But her Octave, with all his genius and his fame, was an exceedingly hard bargain. This bright and bewitching *mondaine* found herself mated with an inspired lunatic, with susceptible nerves and an impressionable temperament. In his eccentricities, his nervous imaginings, and the caprices of his perverse fancies, he was the exact counterpart of our own Sage of Chelsea. But if he was not always more considerate, he was far more tenderly affectionate. So Madame in her intellect, manners, and methods closely resembled Mrs Carlyle. She was much more clever than was generally suspected, though all her world had admired her *esprit*. In this sparkling and incisive volume she shows that in a somewhat different style she might have rivalled her husband in literature. But, with some self-restraint, she disciplined herself to find pleasure in indulging those caprices which at first she had difficulty in tolerating. After all, thanks to her high spirits and complacent disposition, she must have had a happy time of it on the whole. She had no serious griefs against her husband, who was much more an enemy to himself than to her. Those spirits of hers would go up on the slightest provocation: her susceptibility to sunshine and serenity is reflected on every page of her book, and there are no end of good and humorous stories which assuredly lose nothing by the manner of telling.

The "Quelques" in the title gives rather a false impression of time, for the memoirs begin soon after

her birth in 1832, and are carried forward to the collapse of the Commune. Indeed she goes back with the family romance to the sanguinary dramas of the Revolution. Madame Feuillet, *née* Dubois, especially on the maternal side, was born a Legitimist of the Legitimists. Losing her mother early, she had been brought up by an eccentric grand-aunt, one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable characters she sketches. Mademoiselle de Sainte-Suzanne had been a famous beauty. As a girl she had saved her father from the guillotine. He had been shut up by the Reds in a provincial State prison, at a time when suspicion was virtually a sentence of death. One morning his daughter mounted her horse and set out from their *château* of Trécœur: it was painted afterwards by Feuillet in more than one of his novels, and doubtless suggested the title of his 'Julie de Trécœur.' She went out on her mission with a single attendant. Wearing now the tricolour and again the white cockade, crossing the scenes of recent battles, and sleeping out in the fields at night, the maiden made her way to Nantes, and sought an audience of the Revolutionary commissioners. Hoche was then the chief of the tribunal and of the army. She was ushered into a room where they were seated at table: the gallant general was dazzled with her beauty, and listened sympathetically to her pitiful tale. Then he got up, seized her hand, and exclaimed, "*Citoyenne*, I have a little daughter myself: I pray God that one day she may be like you. Your father is free;" and he warmly embraced her. The other commissioners applauded, and insisted that Mademoiselle should dine with them. As it was a penitential season, in spite of

their free-thinking opinions they even promised that she should have Lenten fare. Mademoiselle, in the circumstances, could not choose but to consent; but as the Republican autocrats had a reputation for libertinism, and she was apparently afraid that the *embrassades* might go round, she insisted that her servant should stand behind her chair. She retraced the dangerous route in safety; but when she handed the order of liberation to her father's gaolers, the heroine was so exhausted that she utterly broke down.

When she received her little grand-niece under her roof, she had grown up into respectable spinsterhood. She looked after the affairs of the estate and the farm, and had lost her looks and her feminine softness, though retaining her generous and warm heart. Then there was a case of ludicrous misapprehension. The last thing of which the child would have dreamed was, that the venerable woman she called grandmother could possibly contemplate matrimony. So when a veteran soldier and ex-colonel of the regiment of Condé turned up at the *château*, although the precocious little girl suspected he came as a suitor, she fancied that his designs were directed on herself. Accordingly she listened in mortal apprehension when her grand-aunt said solemnly she had a secret to confide to her, and in intense relief she was surprised into reluctant consent when the venerable *châtelaine* hesitatingly announced her own approaching nuptials. The blushing betrothed broke out in peals of nervous laughter when she learned that her little charge had credited her with the intention of matching a fully told seventy with seven; and so all passed off tolerably pleasantly.

Mademoiselle de Sainte-Suzanne, who had now become Madame de Quigny, never got on very well with her grand-niece's father. The lady was home-keeping and frugal, though she was free with unpretentious hospitality. M. Dubois, on the contrary, delighted in provincial gaieties: he filled the stables with horses, and clothed his servants in showy liveries. The old lady was frank to a fault; the young man was silent and reserved. But in one matter at that time they were cordially agreed, and that was their devotion to the Legitimate cause. We are reminded that after the revolution of 1830, the Norman and Breton nobles long remained loyal. "When the king, Charles X., made the melancholy journey which took him into exile, he passed before the avenues of Tré-cœur: it was then that Madame de Quigny, her people and her family, went to kneel on the passing of the king, to receive his last farewell. Madame de Quigny left the group, and followed the royal *cortège* to Cherbourg." A year later there were arrangements for a rising in La Vendée. M. Dubois in a single night sent 2000 muskets to the Duchesse de Berri. His beautiful wife helped to pack the cases, and when she was reminded of the danger of being implicated in a treasonable conspiracy, she exclaimed that it would delight her to die for her king. The unseasonable slip of the amorous Duchess did much to chill that generous enthusiasm, and gave rise to a good deal of domestic friction. M. Dubois became more politically indifferent, and once he recalled his little daughter to discretion and the *convenances* when he caught her spitting on a caricature of the Citizen King. But the ladies of his house were

still sentimentally devoted, and she remembers her mother making her kiss a medallion of Henry V., which was worn round the neck as a sacred relic.

Much of her time was passed in a dilapidated old *château* near St Lô, where her mother, though always an invalid, could indulge in the pleasures of the town. Boxes arrived periodically from the Parisian *modistes*; and Madame Feuillet remembers one dress in particular—a glittering vision of pearl broderies and silver lace—which so powerfully impressed her childish fancy that, when it was displayed on a stand to take out the creases, she stooped to salute it as if it had been a person of quality. In fact, nothing is more pleasant in the book than the consistent development of the child into the girl, and the girl into the woman. She was always serious and thoughtful, yet gay and light-hearted; her religion was constantly at war with the world and the devil and her passions—or rather, her tastes were often clashing with her principles. There is a quaint and humorous description of the manner in which Madame Dubois used to be carried to the evening entertainments. There was an antique sedan-chair that had once been gorgeously decorated with cupids and roses, though time had spoiled the complexions and faded the colours. It was borne by the beadle and sacristan of the cathedral, who hurried out to the *château* when released from duty. The little girl, as a reward for being good, was sometimes allowed to accompany it. It was preceded by a servant carrying a lantern, which lighted up the ball dress, and with its reflection made the diamonds irradiate the gloom. “So bal-

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCXLVII.

tiful being made me think of the sultanas of the fairy tales as they walked about in their enchanted gardens.”

Such moments of dissipation were comparatively rare, but the church ceremonies were a never-failing source of excitement. Not that they were unmixed pleasure by any means, for there were prayers in excess, and a superfluity of sermons. Still the little devotee was profoundly impressed by the splendour of the ceremonial and the fervour of the worshippers, for the Cotentois of those days were almost as pious as the Bretons. When she fasted she sometimes envied the fowls, free to pick up the corn in the yard; but she consoled herself by thinking that her sufferings were expiating her terrible sins. Indeed, in the solemn *misérérés* of a Good Friday, as she knelt under the black vaults of the chapel, she was crushed down beneath the weight of her guilt. When the congregation around her were raising their heads, her forehead was still buried in the dust. “‘I have so much to atone for,’ I said to myself.” Then we hear of the first rude shock to her faith. With overstrained nerves, after leaving the church and its interminable services, they used to visit the chapel of the dead. There, above the open altar, representing the yawning tomb, was suspended the image of the bleeding Saviour. Nothing could be more solemnising. On either side stood an infant of the choir, with the wings of an angel, and holding a blazing torch, “severe and motionless as the image of death.” But “once I fancied I recognised in one of those angels a small boy who brought us butter on the Saturdays; in another, a little fellow who went in for rearing squirrels in a hovel at one end

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of the village. . . . Later, when I realised that the angels with the wings and the funeral torches were the same little scamps, dirty and frolicsome, whom I used to meet along the roads, my faith had wellnigh received a deadly injury." Nor did the washing of the feet of children who represented the twelve apostles tend to reassure her. The washing was symbolical of spiritual purification, and she was scandalised by the greed with which the regenerated sinners precipitated themselves on the cakes which her grand-aunt provided. As for the little outcast who played the part of Judas, he sometimes took his unpleasant rôle too seriously. Then she would bring him cakes under an old nut-tree, when he seemed inclined, like his prototype, to suspend himself to the branches. "Come, my little fellow," she would say, "take comfort. Next year it will be your turn to have your feet washed. You won't always be Judas." There was one pious observance to which she personally objected. Her maternal grandmother kept open house for the clergy, and of a Sunday there were generally about a dozen of priests, sitting "ranged like so many rooks" round the table. A very unattractive lot they were, but Mademoiselle was expected to kiss each in turn. As for her first communion, it was to be celebrated by a solemn divorce from the dolls that were the delight of her heart; and then there was a scene like Rachel weeping for her children.

But after she had formally renounced such childish things, she fell among other snares and vanities. No one had ever spoiled her by praising her looks; and, in fact, she had gone in the family by the name of the little blackamoor. One day a gentleman, who was a favour-

ite playmate, and who used to put her through a course of gymnastics, caught her in his arms as usual. "Instead of rubbing my ears, as he generally did when he wished to show his satisfaction, he looked at me, and giving me a kiss—'*Tu seras jolie*,' he said. I scarcely understood that word '*jolie*,' and nevertheless it interested me. I often repeated it during the day, and for the first time I thought of looking at myself in the glass. I arranged a scaffolding of chairs and foot-stools, and got up in front of the mirror. I was only half satisfied with my examination." She liked her eyebrows and the nose and mouth well enough, but came quickly to the obvious conclusion that she was abominably, and even ridiculously, dressed. To do her justice, she laid the lesson to heart: she never neglected any subsequent opportunities of correcting the fault, and in after-life, when she had *carte blanche* with the *modistes*, received well-merited praises for her exquisite taste. She had every encouragement to persevere, for the ugly duckling was rapidly developing into the graceful cygnet, and numerous admirers conspired with her mirror to tell her she was endowed with no ordinary fascinations. In 1850 Prince Louis Napoleon made an official tour through Normandy. M. Dubois, as Mayor of St Lô, was bound to welcome the President of the Republic. He did not dislike the duty, for he was a man of the world, and by that time his monarchical convictions had weakened. But the feelings of his wife were very different. She looked on with horror and disgust at the weaving of garlands and the display of decorations. Insult was added to injury when the Mayor's beautiful daughter was to be charged with presenting a bouquet to the for-

sworn usurper. At the same time she was somewhat flattered, and her religion commanded resignation. But when her daughter, carried away by the excitement, amid the roar of the guns and the shouts of the populace, burst out with a "Vive Napoléon!" her feelings were too much for her. "At the same instant I felt a sharp pain on the cheek: an invisible hand had struck me. I understood it all when, turning round, I saw my mother. 'Too much enthusiasm,' she said bitterly, and seizing me by the arm, she dragged me back into the house." All the same, at the ball of the evening, *la belle* came forward to offer the flowers, which she did with a pretty little prepared speech.

"Mademoiselle," replied the Prince, 'your flowers are charming. They give me great pleasure, and I would gladly thank you by embracing you with my whole heart; but I am afraid,—you are a little too big, it seems to me.' And he looked round, as if he sought some encouragement among the gentlemen of his suite. M. de Nieuwerkerke was the only one who appeared to give him any. Looking first at the bouquet and then at me, he said loudly, 'These are very beautiful flowers. But there are also before you very beautiful eyes, Monseigneur.'

"Decidedly Monseigneur wanted decision, and he did not kiss me. He entered the ball to repeated cries of 'Vive Napoléon'; but this time I had no merit whatever in remaining silent, for I was a little hurt that this Prince, for whom I had suffered so much during the day, recompensed me with so cold a return."

However, his Highness made some atonement on taking leave. He asked the Mayor to fetch his daughter, when he presented her with a spray of diamonds.

"Mademoiselle, you gave me yesterday a charming bouquet, and to-

day I return you one of the flowers.' My joy was so great and my gratitude so profound, that I nearly compromised a second time my mother's politics. 'Ah, the beautiful diamonds!' I exclaimed,—'thanks, Monseigneur, thanks!' The Prince was going to drive off. He looked at me and began to laugh, but with a laugh that strained the chest. The carriage went on, and at the turn of the street, in spite of the crowd, in spite of the troops who surrounded him, the Prince again turned his head towards me; then he made me a sign with the hand, as much as to say, 'I am pleased with your happiness.'

Among all the dreams of the future she was fond of indulging, it certainly never occurred to her that before very long she would be received as a welcome guest among the familiars of the master of France.

Nevertheless that was speedily to be brought about, and in a very natural way. Proposals, more or less eligible, had been frequent enough, when one morning her father touched the too familiar subject of "Quelqu'un qui t'aime et a demandé ta main." "Encore, mon Dieu!" was the careless answer. But this time the offer came as a surprise, for she had scarcely seen her cousin Octave Feuillet, and had only danced with him once or twice. And on these occasions it would appear that his fluent eloquence had failed him. Nevertheless she gave a half assent, merely asking time for reflection.

"Not too long," said my father; 'and may God inspire you!'

"God inspired me that same night and made me find my cousin charming. I seemed to see him again at those three balls where he danced with me when he came from Paris, with his beautiful face and his beautiful figure, his elegance, the distinction of his features, the silken curls of his hair, and his rather haughty bearing when he entered a *salon* in the middle of a

group of those insignificant young fellows whom we called '*ces messieurs*,' . . . As for him, he talked well and he wrote well. Already he had a great reputation among literary men, and his romances and poetry had made a great noise in the world. And it was I who was to be the wife of this poet, of this gentleman! I could not believe in such a piece of good fortune."

The fame of the poet had dazzled her fancy, and he paid her devoted and chivalrous homage. She was to live to learn that all is not gold that glitters, and that many a famous man succeeded fairly in hiding his weaknesses from all except his wife or his valet. But could she have cast the horoscope of her checkered future, she would doubtless have accepted it all the same, for at least Feuillet was never guilty of the unpardonable sin of disdaining the love of the woman who had wedded him; and she loved to bask in the sunshine of his glory. The first formal meeting of the betrothed couple was ludicrous enough. The whole household stood on tiptoe of expectation.

"When I heard the ring at the bell, which made a cry resound through all the house, I was so overcome by the new *rôle* assigned to me, that, losing all thought for the *convenances*, all desire of pleasing my cousin, I made a rush for one of the windows and rolled myself up like a mummy in the curtains. I should have *parlé* from behind those curtains, which would certainly have given me some confidence, had not my father unrolled me like a *mètre* and thrown me into the arms of my cousin, who seemed not unnaturally somewhat surprised at his reception."

Notwithstanding, the *soupirant* showed more presence of mind than on many subsequent occasions,—notably when he was canvassing for the votes of the Academy. He paid his fair *fiancée*

many pretty compliments, was prodigal of happy promises for the future, and presented his future mother-in-law with a copy of verses, which are somewhat mawkishly French in their florid sentiment. But he was not a very lively lover, and he gave his betrothed fair warning. "Sometimes when I was sewing, he spoke of his childhood saddened by the death of his mother, of the nervous sensibility existing from his earliest years." For example, having once hit his brother on the head with a pebble embedded in a snowball, he thought of expiating his undying remorse by secluding himself for life under the rules of La Trappe. In fact, he actually made up his little bundle and started for the nearest convent of the Order, but was caught before he had covered many kilometres. All his youthful recollections were melancholy. His father meant him for diplomacy, but the bent of his literary genius was irresistible. His father feared he would turn Bohemian; and as a sagacious way of averting that discreditable catastrophe, he refused to see his son and stopped his allowance for three years. Young Octave went penniless to Paris, and took up his quarters in a garret in the rookeries of the Latin Bohemia. He slaved over books like a horse, but he did not live like a hermit. "The great distraction of the young *littérateur* was dancing: who would have believed it?" He passed his free evenings at the students' balls, and danced till he dropped with exhaustion. Above all, he was passionately fond of the masked balls at the Opéra. Once, that he might pay for a costume of *pierrot*, he took his watch to the *mont de piété*; but the watch had belonged to his

mother, and remorse soon succeeded the intoxication caused by possessing a little ready money. Returning to his garret, he swore to renounce the dress and the ball, and to go back on the morrow to reclaim the watch. "I passed the night," he told me, "with the eyes fixed on the ten francs I had got from the pawnbrokers, my heart throbbing, my eyes full of tears; asking myself, as the hours went on, if I should have courage to let them go without running to the *fête*." It gives an idea of his literary ardour, and of the dire extremities to which it had reduced him, that the once petted son of an opulent family should be "intoxicated" by the possession of a ten-franc piece. So, when the *élan* of the first youthful enthusiasm had gone by, he had those alternate moods of elation and depression of which his wife was to have sad experience. And so the toiling student and the passionate frequenter of the *Closerie de Lilas* was to be distracted in after-years between battling for his fame and the Circean seductions of the gaities of Compiègne.

The married life of the young couple began under gloomy auspices. It was arranged that they were to keep house with the elder Feuillet. We have already got a glimpse of that queer old gentleman's character in his discreet methods of dealing with his prodigal son. The extravagances of the father, on the principles of heredity, go far to explain the son's eccentricities. The presentation of the bride was characteristic, and no ways encouraging. M. Feuillet was in the habit of keeping his bed, where he studied and expatiated on the Stoic philosophy—for he was not only a pagan but a pessimist. When Octave made the presentation in form, he remained

impassible under his cap of fur, looking like one of Rembrandt's Israelitish money-lenders. Then he addressed the bright young girl: "You won't amuse yourself much here; but I hope you know already that life is no perpetual *fête*. Unluckily, your father and mother have spoiled you." He went on to recommend her to prosecute her studies, scolding her violently for a mistake in spelling made in the letter she had written him on the day of her betrothal. The *hôtel* was in keeping with the mood of its master. It was vast and sombre:—

"When you entered, you felt you were setting foot in a church, and the vestibule to the grand staircase echoed like the vaulted roof of a cloister. The tall and narrow windows were darkened by trailing ivy and vine-leaves; the family portraits on the walls could be but dimly distinguished; the faded, tattered, and dusty furniture dated from the meretricious days of the First Empire; the lustres were covered with cobwebs, and the mirrors had ceased to reflect."

It seems all in harmony with those gloomy surroundings that the marriage was brought off at midnight. If M. Octave had had the buoyant humours of a Rabelais, he might have brightened the establishment and cheered his bride. As it was, and as we said, he was another Carlyle—morbidly susceptible to all depressing influences, and painfully sensitive to the most trivial disturbance. It was she who had to do the cheering; and as she passed from sad revelation to revelation, her elastic spirit was sorely overtaxed. Her husband's nerves were all on the surface, and his actions were governed by the fancies which he imagined he was powerless to control. He could never bring himself to travel by rail; consequently they posted everywhere, at an enormous ex-

penditure and an extravagant waste of time. When she was ordered afterwards to the Riviera for her health, he found it impossible to accompany her. That it was absolutely fancy was shown later, when, with a tremendous effort, he summoned courage to break the spell, and took railway to Paris in company of his physician. He could not endure to hear strange voices in the house; he could neither think nor write when strangers paid visits. "In vain did I put mattresses behind the doors, speak low as if I were at confession,—the terrible invalid divined everything, heard everything, and sent his servant into our gatherings to tell the visitors to take their departure." So that at last she warned all their friends away, and resigned herself to pass her days in solitude. When she was confined, he spent whole hours at her bedside, his head buried in his hands, and crying like a child. When they made flying trips to Paris they were continually changing their abode, and more than once left comfortable apartments because he could not tolerate the noise of the omnibuses. But when he sought for peace and rest in the country, it was changing the frying-pan for the fire. He would, if he could, have proscribed all the poultry and hushed the songs of the song-birds and the twittering of the swallows. He waged a war of extermination against the owls who hooted in the old garden of his *château*; but when, by steady pistol-practice, he had suppressed or scared them, he was still disturbed by moans and cries from the more distant gardens of the Préfecture. So Madame went on a mission to the Préfet to explain the circumstances and entreat his co-operation. The courteous official was delighted to oblige so il-

lustrious a man of letters as M. Feuillet, and his unfortunate owls were ruthlessly sacrificed.

She had dreamed of Paris as the earthly paradise, and her first visit to it was in a belated honeymoon. Thanks to her husband's nerves, instead of taking the train they travelled in a ponderous family *berline*, furbished up for the occasion. It was dragged by a team of ten horses through the ruts on the stiff Norman *coteaux*. The reminiscences of the journey read as if they dated from the days of the Valois. One of the inns in which they slept was a *vrai coupe-gorge*; in another the beds were so short that sleep was out of the question; in a third they stood so high that they had to be scaled by a movable flight of steps; in a fourth she passed a day in the kitchen, where the local notables were stupefying themselves with cider. Again, they had to shift their quarters from lodgings in the small hours because the worthy landlady was taken in labour. "We imagined that the joiner"—he combined two trades—"was murdering his wife. Not at all; it was his wife who was confined. '*Malheureux!*' shouted my husband through the door, 'you ought to have warned us.' 'Monsieur, it has completely taken us by surprise,' he replied." At Paris her husband hurried her off to the theatre to see Rachel.

"She gave me the fever. I dreamed of nothing but the great *tragedienne* in her *peplum* or crowned with the golden vine-leaves. When alone in my room and before my cheval-glass, I tried to drape myself like her in my scarves, and to walk with her slow and solemn step. I met her one day at Jules Janin's, to whom my husband presented me. She wore her Indian shawl like the antique *peplum*. I admired her more than ever. As for me, she must have thought me

intolerably stupid, for when she addressed me I blushed up to the eyes and said nothing."

We hear nothing more then of Janin, the formidable critic; but she had a cruel disillusioning in the case of Alfred de Musset.

"I saw him for the first time, drinking a *bock* at the *café* of the Regency. As we passed before the *café*, my husband touched my arm, saying, 'Look, that is Musset!' I sought, among the drinkers sitting round the small tables in the open air, the fine and ethereal poet I had figured to myself, but saw nothing save the ugly drinkers of the *estaminet*. Alas! he was one of them, the Musset of my dreams. There he sat over his *bock*, with the flushed face and the expressionless eye. Two or three years afterwards I sat at dinner by the side of this melancholy wreck. . . . Musset had the same dead eye. Dead was his thought, too. Not a word did he utter during the meal, and after dinner he went to sleep."

Her husband, with his fond recollections of Bohemian gaieties *en garçon*, insisted on taking her to an Opéra ball after a dinner at Champeaux'. The dinner at the restaurant she thoroughly enjoyed, on to the strawberries, big as her fist, which were served at the desert; and she made the purchase of a tortoise which had escaped the saucepans to go straying about the walks. But even after wine and liqueur the masked ball causes her serious misgivings, and the conscience of the little Norman devotee pricked her when she put on the velvet mask. The provincial folks and the priests had always told her that wearing a mask was a deadly sin. With sore searchings of heart she perpetrated the crime, but—

"It was a very different thing when I found myself at the Opéra in the middle of the multitude, pushed about,

hustled, accosted, scandalised by the jests I heard and the liberties taken around me. I hid myself at the back of the box, and shut my eyes, that I might not see those sinful ladies, the *pierrots*, the savages, the Turks, throwing their legs above the heads of their partners, and those partners, &c., who in their turn raised the feet up to the nose of *their* partners. The spectacle made me think of hell, and I fancied I had fallen into it."

At last she broke down in tears behind her mask. "My husband, seeing that, took me home, but did not seem over-pleased. 'What an absurd little provincial you are!' he said, in putting me into the *fiacre*. I was much mortified, but felt that my mortification was well deserved, and I begged his pardon." She took very kindly in course of time to the life of the fashionable world; but then, by way of relief, she was delighted to go back to St Lô—to the mending of dishcloths and the darning of window-curtains. As for her husband, he detested the place; he felt himself a prisoner at large in the gloomy paternal mansion; and he was doomed to carry on his work under difficulties that oppressed him as insuperable. Like Balzac, he would have loved to inspire himself for his romantic visions with costly oriental tapestries and rare *articles de vertu*. His *cabinet* was above the coach-house, in which reposed the famous *berline*. He chose it as being far removed from his father's apartments, who was shrieking day and night in the agonies of gout. "How could you have me work here?" he would exclaim in hopeless prostration. "How can I dream of the graces of the gay world in this den of a ruined Bohemian? I feel that, to do justice to my inspirations, to paint my heroines as they should be painted, I ought to be living under

hangings of satin." She would gently remind him that in the days when he made love to her he dreamed wistfully of the very life of seclusion they were leading. But he was cursed with the self-tormenting temperament which is too often the accompaniment of a brilliant imagination. "Tis strange," he answered, "but as for me, the dream realised becomes often the misery."

However, though at the cost of severe straining of the nerves, some of his best work was done in the loft over the coach-house. He read the manuscripts aloud to his wife and her mother before sending them on to M. Buloz, to be passed through the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' It was the ladies who saved the life of the 'Village,' with which he was so disgusted as to think of burning it. As it proved, the public appreciated it very differently, and few of his romances were more admired. We are not told if the ladies ever ventured to offer suggestions. But it is a characteristic *cachet* of his work, and a chief cause of his popularity with refined readers, that he touched subjects which more than verged on the *scabreux* with a rare originality of lightness and delicacy. When they got leave of absence from the cross-grained old philosopher, they went on tours in the neighbouring departments, the range being necessarily limited by Feuillet's aversion to the rail. Some of the Breton sketches by Madame are especially charming, and the little adventures *de voyage* are recorded with playful humour. In memory at least, the *menu* of the Breton *auberge* was only matter for laughter, and we do not hear that Octave made a grievance of it, though it would have upset Carlyle's digestion for a twelvemonth.

"One ought to have been terribly hungry to attack the omelette of hard-boiled eggs and the fricassee of rooks. We could not even make it up with the bread. The bread was of black buckwheat, hard, and smelling of leather, for it was kept, as a rule, in the bottom of a cupboard with the boots. At Plestin I saw it taken out of the bed of the innkeeper, who had kept it warm under his blankets."

Near the old episcopal and collegiate town of St Pol-de-Leon, the St Andrews of the bleak Breton seaboard, they drove right into the middle of a *fête*. Casks of cider were broached before the cottages, beside tables loaded with rustic delicacies. Dancing was going forward vigorously, and the travellers stopped to look on. Soon a singularly handsome young peasant, wearing a *costume d'opéra*—the old Armoric dress—stepped out of the circle and approached with a respectful salute. "Madame, the comrades and myself, desiring to do the strangers honour, entreat you to lead the dance." Madame blushed, and would have excused herself on the score of ignorance, but the Breton courteously insisted, undertaking to be her teacher; and so "we walked together to the tall Maypole, around which we revolved for the rest of the day, swaying ourselves gently, as if we had been cradled by the waves."

Soon afterwards they were to shift their quarters from St L  to the capital. A great manager and a famous actor had made a descent upon the quiet Norman *ch teau*. The visit was like the splash of stones in a stagnant pool, and animated the successful novelist with new ideas and ambitions. The novelist's personal services were in request to superintend the dramatising of his stories, and he had the assurance of liberal pecuniary recompense. He went

off at once with his new friend, walking up the hills and singing in the gaiety of his heart, and his wife followed. The excitement of the change was exhilarating, but it soon palled. He had to pass whole days in the theatres, till the feverish nerves were intolerably fretted. Mademoiselle Fargueil, who figured in the leading parts, was even more nervously sensitive than himself: she was always losing temper and throwing up her rôles, resuming them in tears, and spitting blood by way of interlude. Many a time did he wish himself back in the shed with the old *berline*; nor can we doubt that it was the unflagging courage of his wife which enabled him to endure and persevere. There were six weeks of painful preliminaries before his 'Dalila' was produced. Then the triumph was complete.

"All the most brilliant society of Paris was sparkling in the blaze of the lustres, clapping their hands and calling for the author. The hall was shaken with the shouts, with the bravos. I felt myself proud, my heart beat to bursting of my breast. I asked if such moments ought not to repay me for the many evil hours. . . . As to Lapecaire" (the manager), "he fell on my husband's neck weeping; and I imagine that Fargueil did the same, when he went to compliment her in her box; for when I embraced him in my turn, I observed upon his coat the marks of a pair of powdered arms, which must have been those of the Princess Falconieri."

That last is a delightfully feminine touch. By a strange and sinister coincidence, all Feuillet's most remarkable triumphs were succeeded by some stroke of misfortune, and consequently by a fit of horrible depression. He came home from the triumph of 'Dalila' to find a telegram announcing his father's sudden

death. He lamented the philosopher, and possibly his conscience pricked him, for the old gentleman had made himself an insupportable nuisance. "He was indignant with himself for having left the old man, with not having held his hand in his dying moments. He reproached himself with his glory, and cursed those who had torn him away to conquer it from his life of sacrifices and duties. His cries and his sobs rent my heart; I was at his knees without being able to calm him." But these keen impressions were naturally fugitive. Feuillet had already drunk to delirium of the intoxicating cup, and after a fortnight decently devoted to mourning, he hurried his wife back to the scene of his glory. Thenceforth, to all intents, he was the Parisian, though she often kept house in the country, in care of the children and the chickens. At Paris their first connection with the Court was in making the acquaintance of the two governesses of the little Prince. There is a capital story of their going to a first reception with the rather formal Madame Bizot.

"As we put off our cloaks in the antechamber, we rubbed up against an old shaggy water-spaniel, all muddy, who seemed disposed to go with us into the *salons*. We fancied he was Madame Bizot's dog, and honoured him accordingly. We are announced; the dog walks in first, his tail in the air, proudly shaking his tufts of hair. I present my husband; Madame Bizot makes us take our seats before a great fire surrounded by a dozen of persons. Madame de Brancion is there, with her austere face. The sharp profile of Madame Brunet is shadowed on the wall. I see that she makes signs, pointing to the dog, who has made himself comfortable on the rug, snarling at those who try to warm their feet. They all endure the animal with respect:

they look at him and they look at us, and I can't understand it. . . . All at once Madame Brunet, unable to keep quiet any longer, asks, 'Whose is the dog?' 'Madame Bizot's, of course,' says my husband. 'Not at all, monsieur,' answers Madame Bizot; 'surely he is yours.' 'Oh, madame, you will allow me to doubt that.' 'What! the dog does not belong to you, and I tolerated him here? But then, how comes he here? Who brought him in?'"

Whereupon the hostess snatched up a pair of tongs, and the unlucky spaniel, after playing at *cache-cache* under the furniture, finally makes a bolt of it through the open door.

Madame Bizot had her apartments in the Tuileries, and Madame Feuillet had gone to make a morning call.

"Madame received me in a *salon* hung with tapestry. Through a half-open door I heard a child's voice: it was that of the Prince Imperial, who was playing in the next room. Soon we heard the noise of a saw and a hammer, and as I listened, Madame Bizot led me quietly to the door of that room. 'Look,' she said, speaking low and opening the door a little wider. Then I saw the Emperor seated on the carpet, and making toys for his son."

That reminds us of a very similar scene, mentioned in the lately published Memoirs of De Méneval, when the Greater Emperor was seen in his cabinet among his war-maps amusing the King of Rome, who was busy with a box of bricks.

M. and Madame Feuillet were to have many opportunities of seeing the Emperor and Empress in moments of unceremonious unreserve. Her introduction to Compiègne was on an invitation to assist at the first representation of the 'Jeune Homme Pauvre.' There was a stag-hunt on a rainy day:—

"I got out of the carriage to walk and warm my feet. . . . In the

middle of the quiet which surrounded me I heard noisy shouts of laughter. They came from a clearing enclosed by fir saplings which half concealed a cabin in the shade of a great oak. Before the door, women were stamping in their little boots, and slapping each other's hands to bring back the circulation: they it was who were laughing so heartily. In the middle of the group a short man, wearing the three-cornered hat and coat, Louis Quinze, was feeding a bluish flame in a vase standing on a tripod: the man was the Emperor. It seemed to me he was more animated than usual: this halt in the woods, this punch he was brewing for the women, this return to a free life, seemed to have rejuvenated him; he was charming in his rustic sovereignty. After admiring him from above the enclosures, I slipped away without being seen."

It is well known that no member of the Imperial family made her *salons* more agreeable than the clever, gifted, and eccentric Princesse Mathilde. It may be almost said of her that she alone could afford to hold the *convenances* and principles alike in contempt:—

"She received us with affectionate kindness; her *salon* was a *salon* of the artist Princess and of *très grande dame*, which greatly pleased me. There one saw all the intellect of Paris; the men of letters, the artists who had made themselves famous; the princes and ambassadors of every nation. . . . Each of her dinners was a triumph for her. I see her still, entering with her stately bearing, with her statuesque arms, her flowing train, the triple strings of pearls displayed on her superb bosom. I see her sitting as if enthroned before the golden eagle which stretched his wings over the fruits and flowers of the Imperial table."

There Madame often met the wife of Bazaine. "Who could have told me then that this same little Maréchale, gay as any bird, nibbling at the *tartines*, by my side, would one day have so mel-

ancholy a destiny?" But, indeed, the same reflection might have been made of many of the favoured Imperial guests who are passed in lively review through the sunshine which preceded the eclipse. Émile Augier, although they were rivals in the affections of the playgoers, became Feuillet's fast friend, and several of his letters are published. And there is an epigrammatic compliment of his which was written in Madame Feuillet's album: "Comme on vous aimerait trop, si on n'aimait pas assez votre mari."

If Feuillet involuntarily worried his wife, he was both fond and proud of her; and to do him simple justice, as we have said, he apparently gave her *carte blanche* with the *modistes*. She was invited to a grand dinner at the palace, and had given all her mind to devise a bewitching toilet. She finally trusted much to the taste of the fashionable dressmaker, and had a terrible disillusioning when the dress came home. In material and make it might have been meant for her grandmother. She was in despair, for something must be done, and she had barely twenty hours at her disposal. Next morning she was up at daybreak, and was driven to the Rue de la Paix, to the abode of an artist already illustrious. It was no other than the immortal Worth, who, though he could scarcely have realised his future autocracy, had already begun to give himself airs.

"What do you want?" demanded the *concierge*.

"Monsieur Worth."

"Still in bed. Come back at mid-day."

She forced the *consigne*; she climbed the stairs; she sent in her card by a sleepy servant; and in a quarter of an hour a gentle-

man came down, wearing an elegant dressing-gown, but with his ambrosial locks unbrushed. "M. Worth courteously begs me to go into Madame's room: she is still in bed, but desires to give me some advice." Madame was all smiles and goodness.

"We shall be glad to do something for you. Your name, your graceful style, encourage us. This evening you shall have your dress."

"Ah, merci, madame!" and in my gratitude I seize the charming hand that was hanging over the satin counterpane. All the time M. Worth, leaning on one of the bedposts, was dreaming of the marvellous work he was about to undertake.

The inspirations of his genius did not fail him.

"But as it was necessary to try on the dress repeatedly, and as I lived a long way off, I was obliged to install myself at the Worths' for the day."

"The night fell: the solemn moment was to sound. They lighted the lustres in the chamber of Madame Worth, and superb dressers proceeded to attire me. They would have put powder upon my shoulders and rouge upon my cheeks; but that saddened me, and I liked myself better without these embellishments."

"When all was in readiness, they summoned the supreme judge. Worth appeared, and after having flattened down with his hand a bow which was wanting in grace, he expressed his satisfaction."

So did her husband, and so did some of the guests at the dinner, who paid her many pretty compliments on the ravishing costume, where the floating clouds of vaporous tulle were bound by the girdle of the Goddess of Beauty. Thenceforward Madame Feuillet and the Worths were in close relations of business and friendship, though she does not indulge our curiosity with the bills. When we are on

which he was intended." So on that principle Feuillet went to work, hunting up and courting the electors. Thiers promised warm support at once. Calling on that *grand seigneur* the Duc de Broglie, who, however, was extremely civil, the weak nerves of the *débutant* were nearly too much for him. He was almost as much overcome in the antechamber of Guizot. "I should never have recognised him. He is very short, but fresh and upright. *Il a encore l'œil superbe, mais sans dureté.*"

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Lamartine led him apart to a sofa, put him at his ease, and paid him a happily turned compliment. "He has a magnificent forehead, nose, eyes, and eyebrows, all pregnant with genius." Feuillet did a double stroke of business with M. Sacy of the 'Débats.' He promised to endeavour to temper the sarcastic criticisms of Jules Janin, who, according to Feuillet, had always showed a perverse *méchanceté* when it was a question of any of his novels or plays. Feuillet was duly admitted to a *fauteuil* with all the honours, and the distinction gave his energies a new stimulus. He had fallen, we are told, into a profound discouragement as to his future labours, saying that his brain was emptied and his inspiration gone. The critics had come near to flaying

him alive. The favourable notices, though they were in the great majority, gave him but passing pleasure: those that were unfavourable caused him lasting and intolerable pain. Yet only one of his stage pieces was a failure.

"I shall never forget," says his wife, "the night after the representation. He walked up and down his room like a maniac, refusing all my consolations, and swearing to abandon his career. I finished by aggravating his pains in seeking to soothe them, and I left him, hoping he would find rest in solitude. But from my room I heard him still walk and sigh; and I suffered so much myself in assisting at his martyrdom through the wall, that at last I took refuge on the staircase, where I passed the rest of the night."

We have lingered with Madame Octave, so shall dismiss very briefly her husband's letters from the Imperial residences, which fill the concluding chapters. She was living quietly with their family in the country, and he kept her minutely informed of all that was going on. The lively letters are full of gossip—the record of a continual round of frivolities and Court fooleries. For the romance-writer and dramatist had turned courtier, and had become a favourite with both Emperor and Empress. He was a frequent and familiar guest at Compiègne, and in 1867 he received the appointment of librarian at Fontainebleau. Excitement and satisfaction in Court favour had pretty nearly cured his nerves: he writes when he had taken up his abode at Fontainebleau, "Reassure yourself, dear little friend. No nerves, notwithstanding the belfry which is immediately above my head. I am devoted to belfries. But this one has chimed in the ears of the Duchesse d'Etampes, of Diana de Poitiers, of Gabrielle d'Estrées." In spite of the excite-

the subject of dresses and festivities, we may recall an amusing incident at a great ball at Cherbourg given to the English fleet. Madame had dressed for it magnificently, *à la Ophelia*.

"I went to the ball, enchanted to find myself so beautiful. The Préfet Baron Pron came to tell me that the Duke of Somerset, perched on a platform with the English officers, had asked that I should be presented to him. With some emotion I took the Préfet's arm and went to the platform where the Duke disappeared among the flags and the wreaths. Horror! mounting the steps of this sort of throne, I see emerging under the tulle flounces of my petticoat, and under the trimmings of silvery foliage, the tips of my feet, still wearing their slippers. I had forgotten to put on my shoes. And these slippers were frightful: red morocco with enormous bows. The whole of the British fleet had their eyes on them: it was all over with my glory. Quickly I drop the arm of the Préfet, hurrying down the steps and running to lose myself in the crowd. And that was how I was presented to the Duke of Somerset."

That digression, in due chronological order, leads on to another. The admiral commanding at Cherbourg, like most other men, was eager to pay court in an honest way to the fascinating Madame Feuillet. He took her on board the *Alabama* and presented her to Captain Sems (*sic*). The captain, who looked very like the first Napoleon, received them in the middle of his collection of chronometers, and they had a pleasant visit. So it was with deep interest that, at a dance the next day, she listened to a confidential communication from her admirer the admiral. He had intelligence from the Admiralty of the great fight that was to come off between the Southern cruiser and the *Kearsage*. He offered to take her in

his private boat to see the fight from a safe position. Needless to say, she jumped at the invitation, though her humanity had afterwards some reason for regret. They saw the *Alabama* getting up her steam, and were saluted by the officers who had welcomed them the day before. They saw the whole course of the action, and notwithstanding the terrible cannonade, neither vessel seemed for a time to have suffered much damage. "Of a sudden the *Alabama* shuddered, . . . the pitiless enemy continued to fire, but the *Alabama* replied no longer. Soon her masts and her funnels flew up in fragments in the air." Then she went down, stern foremost. The admiral's party were half-way back in their boat, "when we saw a sort of raft surmounted by a human head. We soon saw that the raft was a hen-coop to which a man, or rather a fragment of a man, was tied: the legs were gone from the living corpse. It was horrible to see. They picked up the poor wretch and stretched him in one of the boats, but he was no sooner laid down than, uttering a piteous cry, he expired."

To glance back, there is an interesting account of Feuillet's canvass for election to the Academy, when he made the acquaintance for the first time of some of the most distinguished French statesmen and *littérateurs*. It is all narrated in letters to his wife, who was then living at St Lô. The correspondence begins with a characteristic remark which is more than half-apologetic. Where is the consistency of the man who had once sought for happiness in seclusion? "I have come to the conclusion that there is no really perfect happiness for the man who does not take the trouble to attain the degree of consideration for

which he was intended." So on that principle Feuillet went to work, hunting up and courting the electors. Thiers promised warm support at once. Calling on that *grand seigneur* the Duc de Broglie, who, however, was extremely civil, the weak nerves of the *débutant* were nearly too much for him. He was almost as much overcome in the antechamber of Guizot. "I should never have recognised him. He is very short, but fresh and upright. *Il a encore l'œil superbe, mais sans dureté.*"

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ments of such associations to the historical romance, he appears to have been incorrigibly idle. As in the case of Madame d'Arblay when in waiting on Queen Charlotte, the public and posterity lost what his Imperial patrons gained. Once the Emperor politely expressed his apprehensions on the subject, inquiring whether Feuillet could do any work. "Yes, Sire," answered the courtier. "*Mensonge : n'importe*," was the condescending reply. Sometimes the Emperor spoke to him more seriously, consulting him about the currents of popular feeling, and the new political reforms he was decided to introduce. Sometimes he asked him to make a selection of instructive books, and once in his turn he gave the librarian some valuable archaeological information when he took him to the site of one of Caesar's camps. But generally it was a ceaseless whirl of gaiety,—state dinners, dances, receptions, plays, charades—in which Feuillet often designed the tableaux and costumes—and the *petits jeux innocents* in which the Empress delighted. There was nothing pleased her more than impromptu picnics in the Forests,—there is a pleasant picture of the dignified Italian ambassador, in a tight-buttoned and decorated frock-coat, scrambling after her Majesty over

the rocks; and Feuillet congratulates himself on escaping the casualties that were common, in the shape of sprains and strains. Yet from time to time we get sinister glimpses of the dark clouds that were gathering on the political horizon. Notably, a deadly gloom fell on the palace of Fontainebleau, when there was scarcely an affection of his usual gaiety, and the Empress had a violent attack of nerves, on the day when young Cavaignac refused to accept a prize from the hands of the Prince Imperial. The volume ends abruptly with a postscript:—

"Three years have passed since those days of *fêtes*. We have gone through the war and the Commune."

Visiting the blackened ruins of the Tuileries:—

"In the midst of the chaos, our tearful eyes looked for the masters of the place who had been our friends, sought the brilliant phantoms and poetic elegancies of a past that had been the envy of all the nations. Nothing of it left but the black gulf, over which glimmered a few straggling stars. It was a world which had vanished."

And so the curtain comes down on this 'Comédie Humaine,' whose tragic *dénouement* is matter of history.

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR.—CONCLUSION.

DURING my fifteen years in Oudh I enjoyed a fair amount of sport other than that of the Terai. My official duties while I was in that province involved a six months' tour through the twelve districts into which Oudh was divided, and into every portion of them, where there might be an office or distillery to inspect or a jheel to shoot over. Every year I rode and drove a distance of about 3000 miles; and this nomadic life gave me opportunities of visiting all the best shikar country, whatever the distance from my headquarters might be. Unfortunately for me, I could not always ensure being first in the field at every point. It frequently happened that other men, similarly inclined with myself, arrived before me, and got the first and best of the shooting. These rivals sallied forth from every district *sudder* station, many of them from many quarters, and, single-handed, I could not cope with them in the race; so went the cream of the shooting to them, and the skim to me who followed.

But when fortune was good enough to smile upon me, I made fairly good bags of snipe between November and March while the season lasted. I did not expect to beat that Kanchrapara record of 51½ couple: 20 couple satisfied me, and when I reached 30 couple I considered that there was nothing left to wish for immediately in the way of snipe. And very frequently I shared the good things of the jheel with friends who came from Lucknow or elsewhere to join my camp; and a possible big bag for a single gun became a very modest one for three or four.

Fairly good quail-shooting was

to be had in the wheat and grain fields, and in dry grass cover of a certain kind, from December to April; but in this branch of sport the shooter had to compete with the man of nets—the native who caught the birds alive for the quaileries of Anglo-Indians. And one may well pardon the purchasers of these netted fowl; for when in the summer solstice the Anglo-Indian is a close prisoner within the *kus-kus* *tattied* walls, and below an ever-swinging *punkah*; when his eye cannot bear the light of mid-day, and his jaded appetite cannot tolerate the gram-fed mutton or gun-bullock beef of his healthier days—the quail, round and tender, served in a vine-leaf wrapper, comes as an appetising delicacy, and saves that man from sheer starvation. The teal or wild duck, similarly kept and fattened in a tealery, is another possible article of food when the luxurious Anglo-Indian feels that without some tremendous tonic he is unequal to the consumption of a roast butterfly-wing. Oh, they are truly a luxurious people, those Anglo-Indians, as so many Englishmen believe! Even if they have not as everyday incidents of their daily life the plashing of cool fountains, the waving of fans by ox-eyed houris, and other delights of the kind commonly credited to them, they have quail and teal as aforesaid, and the splashing of the water upon the *tatties*, and much disturbance of moistened air by waving *punkahs*, and rheumatism incidental to that artificial moisture, and prickly heat, and mosquitoes, and white ants in that final stage of their existence when, rising from the floor on ephemeral wings, they

knock against and fall upon or into everything, and shed their wings everywhere before they perish. All those delectable things, and others of much the same sort, are given to the Anglo-Indian, and yet he does not understand that his life is full of delight and sensuous joys ('Arabian Nights' *passim*), and allows thoughts of furlough and the decline of the rupee to cast their shadow upon him.

Those white ants, by the way, if not sportive themselves, are the cause of sport to others—the crows and kites, to wit. They are not intellectual things, even to the moderate level of the elephant, and in the absence of any restraining instinct they often swarm out of their earthen homes while it is yet light; and while they are fluttering in the air seeking for something to knock their heads against, the birds of prey assemble, and swooping hither and thither among the insect battalions, devour them wholesale. This comes by way of just retribution to the white ant, in that that insect shares with Time the discredit of being *edax rerum*. It devours the beams and roof, and walls and floor, and mats and furniture of the Indian household. It is said to have devoured the rupees in a Government collectorate—that is, the native treasurer alleged that this had happened when his balance in hand showed a considerable deficit.

Revenons à nos cailles. In Oudh the gunnist was satisfied with the moderate bags of quail that came to him in the ordinary course. He did not resort to the employment of call-birds, as is the fashion of the Punjab, where these decoy-birds are put down overnight to attract all the wild quail within earshot. Bags of 50 and 100 brace are the consequence of

this practice: we in Oudh were satisfied with 15 to 30 brace that fell to us haphazard in the course of much patient beating of cover, and, after two or three years' modest shooting of this kind, I only shot quail when they rose from my path to a snipe jheel, or when, during the last hour of the day, five to ten brace were to be got out of the grain or wheat fields close to my tent.

Hares, black and grey partridges, and (in the Transgogra districts) florikan, were occasionally to be got in small numbers, and of larger game antelope, neelghai, and hog-deer.

Black-buck (antelope) shooting I found very fascinating for a time. It is a form of shikar that generally exercises all one's patience, and accuracy of hand and eye, and frequently exercises all one's muscles. Native shikaris stalk them from behind a cow with eminent success; but it is not given to every European to be competent to manage an Indian cow, and I never tried that method. I have shot them from behind my horse, with rifle rested upon the saddle, but mostly I followed them on foot; and I think the more open attack, when made with due caution, is the more efficacious. My plan was that of oblique attack. When I sighted a black-buck at a distance, I walked straight for it, until it took notice of me (say at 200 yards' distance); then I faced slightly away from it, and walked for a point that lay a hundred yards to right or left of it: when for a few moments it resumed grazing, I made a crab-like advance that brought me something nearer to it on a direct line, but always with averted face; and when that black-buck started, I brought my rifle (hitherto held concealed behind me) to the present, and

fired a snapshot, aimed, for choice, at a point just behind the shoulder. I found that I succeeded better with this snapshooting at a running buck than with the more deliberate sighting of a standing one; and, at any rate, I succeeded so well in my judgment, that I sickened myself of black-buck shooting on any large scale. I became *blasé* as to this form of sport after killing twenty-two buck in three consecutive days. I might possibly have escaped from this feeling but for the result of the third day of those three; albeit, on the second, suspicion whispered within me that I was converting myself into the meat-purveyor for the villagers round about. But on the evening of that third day, when the carcasses of eight black-buck and a doe (killed by a bullet that first penetrated and killed a buck)—nine carcasses in all—were hanging from the branches of trees around my tent, I felt that I was a butcher undisguised, and that my slaughtering hand had converted that tranquil grove into a butcher's shambles. From that time out I never made a business of pursuing them, but shot them only, one at a time, when I or my followers wanted venison.

And however ardently the Briton's longing to kill something may burn in one's breast—however much one may "see red"—one may well be spared the pain of seeing some of the black-buck's death agonies. It is well enough when the animal falls dead at the first shot; but when it flies before one on legs broken by ill-directed bullets, running on the stumps of those shattered limbs, the sight is apt to sicken one, and bring shame upon one's handiwork.

As for neelghai, I was wild to kill one when I went to Oudh, if only because I had never as much

as seen one in Deoghur. But very little neelghai went a long way with me in every sense: as meat it was only a partial success when none other was to be had; as an object for the rifle it was only preferable to that domestic buffalo which I killed, in that it could be killed for nothing; as a creature to be ridden down it was, when, after its habit, it got into heavy tussocky ground and swamp, and the thick-growing reed, distinctly a disappointment, and, moreover, a disappointment that caused me one or two heavy falls. I gave up neelghai after killing two or three of them.

This animal known as neelghai (or blue cow) in Oudh, and deemed by Hindoos of that province to be sacred, as one of the bovine tribe, was known in Deoghur as Ghoraroz, and counted by the local Hindoos as one of the deer species, which it was lawful to kill and eat,—as a fact it is, I suppose, one of the antelopes. This divergence of views, entertained by Hindoos of different localities, is nothing, as an anomaly, compared with the varying treatment extended by Hindooism universally to different members of the bovine kind; on the one hand, the veneration for the cow, which makes that animal's life something sacred, and only permits of the twisting of the venerated creature's tail; on the other hand, the general practice at the Doorjah Poojah, and on other occasions, of sacrificing buffaloes to the gods by beheading them before the altars.

Among the game (?) that I permitted myself to shoot, or shoot at, during my wanderings in the Oudh districts, were alligators—the ghurrial, or long-nosed saurian, whose prey was fish, and the mug-gur, whose prey was man or cow, or any animal that it could catch,

with fish on fast days. Neither of these is of attractive appearance, but I think the latter is the most repulsive member of the animal creation. Of the muggur it may be said, indeed, *monstrum horrendum informe*; all the epithets signifying forms of ugliness may be fairly applied to this brute: shapelessness is the main characteristic of its blunt head, the bloated carcass, and those legs that, curtailed of their fair proportions, are merely flappers. When it lies stretched along the ooze or sand of a river bank, or by some stagnant pool, it may well be taken for a harmless, if hideous and very dirty log, but it is not harmless or as useful as that derelict timber, and its disposition is evil as its body. Yet has that monstrous form something in it which is precious to somebody, even as the less ugly toad is said to bear a jewel in its head. There is a portion of the internal structure of the muggur which is greedily seized upon by natives as a charm, whenever the muggur is given over into the native's hands for autopsy.

When I corrected the term "shooting" into "shooting at" muggurs, I did so advisedly, because shooting seems to convey the idea of bagging the creature shot, and this is by no means the ordinary result of firing at an alligator; for, as far as my experience goes, the alligator is never to be seen save in the water or on the edge of it, and even when it is lying asleep on a sand or mud bank some feet from the water, no bullet that does not paralyse it on the instant will prevent it from lumbering (the word gliding would convey the idea of too graceful movement) into its aqueous home. A bullet in that point where the head and body join, and where a

neck would be if this Saurian had a neck, will stop an alligator, and it is by such a shot that I have killed and bagged them.

Muggurs and ghurrials, with an occasional wild goose, were the only things I had to shoot what time I went down the Ganges in a small covered boat to visit certain trade registration posts on the Oudh frontier. Alligators abounded there: small ones were to be seen by the score on the churs and sand-pits, and every now and then a big one—a muggur of 16 feet, or a ghurrial of 20 feet—was to be observed, all of them with noses pointed towards the river, and most of them doubtless much more wide awake than they looked. There, upon the sand, these reptiles basked in the genial warmth of a December mid-day sun, and there I now and again killed and landed one.

But the place for shooting at them was the bridge of boats across the Gogra, on the Bharaich road. I have stood on that bridge (not at midnight) and fired at twenty or thirty of them within the hour; but always I had to take them as they rose out of the depths, and when they presented only their heads as targets. Over and over again I have seen them sink in response to my shot, and the clear water of the river incarnadined by what might well have been their life's blood; but only once did I bag one in that way, and then I succeeded as a consequence of bad shooting. I hit a ghurrial on the projecting jaw instead of in the head: instead of sinking in the water to die, it emerged upon the bank, and there was disposed of by a shot in the vital spot.

But the shikar of each year from 1863 to 1876 (save 1869, when I was home on sick-leave) to which I always looked forward with the

keenest interest and anticipation of enjoyment was that of the Terai. Would that I had kept some sort of diary in those days, to which I could refer at this juncture, for my memory, challenge it as I may, utterly declines to serve me in some particulars that might be deemed worthy of mention. By a process of exhaustive analysis I can affirm that I made thirteen expeditions into that region, and I arrive at that positive result by a process which is as simple as exhaustive, for I went to the Terai regularly every season from 1853 to 1876—save that of 1869, when I was not in India. Then, as I usually spent from four to six weeks there, I make out with tolerable accuracy that I gave in the aggregate some sixteen months to the pursuit of tigers thereaway; but when I try to recall the total number of tigers killed on those occasions, I am utterly at a loss. I can remember that in 1863 I got ten, and I suppose that score remains indelibly fixed in my mind because at the time it seemed to me highly satisfactory for a novice in the Terai methods; but I cannot fix any total for any subsequent year, and can only say in that regard that the annual total was more than once below ten, and, indeed, as low as five or six.

Another point as to which my memory will not be jogged to any purpose is as to my companions in some of those thirteen expeditions. Two or three times I went out alone, but even as to ten or eleven occasions I cannot make up my parties; and in addition to those I have already named as my companions of the Terai, I can only think of Colonel M'Bean, chief of the Lucknow commissariat, E. J. Lugard, aide-de-camp to the General commanding the Lucknow

Division, Westmorland, R.E., and Mitchell (who was doing India with Sir William Ffolkes). But then some whom I have named were with me more than once,—Peters, for instance, three times, and Jacky Hills even more frequently.

My memory is green enough, however, when I think of the pleasant life and splendid sport that it was my good fortune to enjoy so often under the shadow of the Nepaul hills; and although, doubtless, the more agreeable features of those jaunts are most prominent in my reminiscences, I can without difficulty recall those that may be regarded as drawbacks, and, having arrayed all the disagreeable characteristics before my mind's eye, I should even now be glad to encounter them all for the sake of one more month after tiger.

For many of the minor trials of Terai sport not yet mentioned the intelligent elephant is directly or indirectly responsible. It is weary work riding one, whether on pad or howdah (pad-riding being the easier of the two), for eight or ten hours at a stretch; and starting from our camp at 10 A.M., it often happened that our home-coming was delayed till 8 P.M. Perhaps we had to travel eight or ten miles to reach the swamp where our day's work was to be commenced. Possibly we were drawn away from camp by a tiger's trail or something incidental to the business in hand which drove that camp out of our minds; or, worst of all, it chanced now and again that we lost our way in the forest.

With what gruesome import the announcement fell upon my ear that the way was lost when, being benighted in those trackless forests, we were ten miles from our tents and dinner and bed, and some unknown distance from any other

human habitation! But our guide would impart this intelligence with as full a measure of apathy as if he had told us that the day was Monday, or something equally immaterial. "*Rasta bool gya*" ("I have forgotten the road") would he say; and euphonious though that brief sentence be, it came upon one as sadly discordant when surrounded on every side by unmeasured miles of forest-trees that in their sameness mocked all attempt at identification, and by their denseness of foliage high overhead shut out the light of guiding stars. I have spent a night in one of those forests, and had an opportunity of learning that not going home till morning may on occasion be a very painful experience.

Then that howdah, that bed of Procrustes, in which one can neither sit nor stand with any approach to reasonable ease, and in which a recumbent attitude is impossible! Its advantages are—(1) that, standing in it, a man can shoot on every side of him: (2) that it is convenient for the carriage of the occupant's paraphernalia,—his guns on racks on either side; his ammunition in a trough in front; his other requisites in leathern pockets here and there on the sides of the machine, or, as to that bee-blanket, on his seat: and (3) that in the hinder compartment an attendant can sit or stand to hold that monster umbrella over his head, or, when quick loading is required, take from his hand the gun just fired and re-charge it. Those are the advantages; otherwise the howdah is an abomination.

The great merit of the pad is its easiness compared with the howdah; but seated upon that, with an attendant, one can only carry a second gun and some ammuni-

tion; one can only shoot on one side with any effect; and a lively tiger may possibly join the party seated there. This last objection to the pad is all the more probable by reason of the fact that the sportsman cannot shoot all round: for, supposing that man to be right-handed and only able to shoot from his right shoulder, he would be unable, without shifting his position on the pad, to fire at a tiger close to him on his right hand; and if he hurriedly attempted to shift his position, he might very well fall to the ground, there to try conclusions with the tiger.

These considerations necessitate the employment of the howdah, in which it behoves one to stand as long as there is any chance of a shot. In my first season in the Terai I lost a tiger through non-observance of this ordinance. I had been beating down a long water-course in the forest for an unconscionable time, as it seemed to me, without seeing the tiger I was after. I had passed through the more likely cover in that narrow channel, which, dry as it was at that season, did not greatly promise tigers; and being in very patchy grass, I thought I might safely sit down. Hardly had I seated myself, when a tiger got up in front of me, and, before I was on foot to deal with it, the beast was away in the forest on my left, never to be seen again that day. I was alone on that occasion; there was no second gun on the alert while I lazed, and so it was entirely due to my own remissness that my bag of that year was ten instead of eleven.

Laziness of this sort is palliated, if not excused, by the tiring effect of long standing in a howdah. Few howdahs are boarded at the bottom, so as to admit of any choice of foothold, and, even when

they are boarded, he who stands in them finds it expedient, both for general comfort (or some approximation thereto) and accuracy of shooting, to stand, as a latter-day Colossus, with extended limbs and wide-stretched feet that rest (if there can be rest in a howdah) upon the plates or foot-frames on either side at the bottom of the howdah.

Then the howdah becomes a positive nuisance two or three times a-day, or perhaps all day long, by inclining over on one side, until it seems likely to topple off the elephant. When these symptoms make their first appearance (possibly half an hour after one has started) a halt is cried, and the whole strength of the company is enlisted to restore that howdah to its equilibrium, but mostly in vain: mostly it is as obdurate as Humpty Dumpty in regard to being set up again, and proceeds to cant over within five minutes of the operation that aimed at its rectification. Another halt, and another wrestling with ropes and inexorable fate; another ephemeral balance, and another diversity, and so *da capo* until the inevitable final step, when a man hangs on to the upper side of the howdah as a compensatory balance, and stops there. Sometimes two men are required for this service, when they are suggestive of those footmen who hung on at the back of the State coach of the early Georgian era.

And this erratic conduct on the howdah's part is encouraged by the elephant's action when labouring through heavy swamp. When the elephant is up to its girths in tenacious mud, it heels over on its right side to extricate its left hind-leg, and that gymnastic effort being completed, heels over on its left side to get its right hind-leg clear: so it rolls heavily from side to

side, like a Channel steamer in a choppy sea, with frequent disarrangement of its gear. The effect upon its passengers may be left to the imagination; but, in order to pile up the agony of the situation, I may add that sometimes one or more tigers may be skirmishing around the swamp-disabled elephant, and much more on a level with the riders of that animal than would be the case on firmer ground. But any disadvantage arising from this, and from any unusual difficulty of shooting, must be regarded as fully compensated by the elephant's inability to bolt. As for shooting from an elephant, there is, in my opinion, but one way of doing this—viz., to sight one's object clearly, let the eye direct the hand in levelling the gun or rifle, without looking at sights or barrels, and pull the trigger on the instant that the weapon touches the shoulder. It is impossible to take deliberate aim at anything from an elephant, because that beast is never still by any chance: even when it is standing at halt there is about it a continuous motion—a sort of ground-swell—which is just as certain a hindrance of a long aim as the rougher jolting that characterises its lumbering progress.

Lastly, as connected with the trials of the flesh and temper that come with elephants, let me say a word for (I mean against) the *mfahouts*. Many natives with whom the Anglo-Indian has to do, more especially in the hot weather, are aggravating. The *punkah-walla* who, on a sultry night of June, having clutched the *punkah* rope with his toe, stretches himself out at length in the verandah, and, lulled by the vain imagining that so he will pull the *punkah*, goes to sleep, is of this class; so is the cook who strains his master's

soup through a much kerosened lamp-cloth or some more obnoxious medium ; so, too, is the bearer, or other custodian of a master's property, who, in regard to some indispensable chattel lost within the last twelve hours, swears by all his gods that no such chattel ever existed or that it was satisfactorily disposed of years ago,—all these people, and others of their kind, are very irritating at times, but none of them so persistently so as mahouts of an inferior class.

Some elephant-drivers take an interest in their work, even in the work of beating tigers out of their lairs, but they are the minority. The majority are inspired by the one ruling idea of shirking all work that can any way be avoided. Because it is less toilsome to sit on the pad and drive with a casual touch of their heel, they will sit there, although they lose all control over their elephants that they possess when, sitting on the neck with their feet in the stirrups and their knees pressed against the elephant's ears, they urge their mounts forward. Because it is less troublesome to spend the day without encountering a tiger, they will break line at the most important juncture, and possibly allow a tiger to head back and escape when a few minutes more of persistent effort in close line would have seen that tiger driven into the open and probably killed. Because it is easier driving in the light cover where the tiger may not be expected, they will scrupulously avoid the denser patches in which it should be looked for. And for these and other reasons, the task of controlling these undisciplined men—keeping them in something like an effective line and getting them to beat in likely places—is one of frequent strain and travail that may well try the most

Job-like patience and drive the meekest of masters to oburgation. I always endeavoured on these expeditions to enlist the sympathies of the mahouts in my cause—to give a co-operative tinge to it, by the promise of so much per tiger head in addition to the ordinary buksheesh ; but this did not seem to affect their conduct in the slightest degree.

And as to any risk to be run, the mahout who sits in his proper place on the elephant's neck is a good deal safer than appearances might lead one to imagine. As long as his elephant keeps upon its feet he is secure enough : a tiger cannot reach him from the front over the elephant's head, or ordinarily on either flank, because the elephant's ears cover his legs. It is true that one of Yule's mahouts had his leg smashed by a tiger that charged from behind his elephant's shoulder, and caught his leg when the elephant's ear flapped forward for an instant ; but this was a quite unique incident, as far as my experience is concerned, and I know of no other exception to the general rule above laid down.

When, in spite of many obstacles presented by elephants and mahouts, a tiger is killed, there yet remains a difficulty to be coped with—viz., that of padding the tiger. There lies the beautiful monarch of the forest shorn of that mighty strength that animated him an hour ago, and harmless now as the bleating lamb : a *gujbag* or some such missile has been thrown upon the stretched-out body, and the dull thud it made upon the corpse was unattended by any sound from, or motion of, that stricken form. It is dead ; and, in order that it may be stripped of its black-barred robe, it has to be carried into camp upon one of the pad elephants,—so now descend

from your elephants, you mahouts and attendants of the more stalwart sort, and pad that tiger.

Hic labor, hoc opus est. A full-grown male tiger requires a good deal of lifting. I have seen fourteen men putting their shoulders to this work, or pretending to do so, without immediately placing the tiger high enough for the two or three men mounted on the pad to secure it. I remember how, with one of these larger brutes, Gream, the athlete, and Jacky Hills, the robust, and I were prominent among the workers, and how, taking up my position on the pad, I hauled vigorously upon the rope which we had passed round the tiger, and continuing to haul with too persistent vigour when the tiger had slipped from the noose I hauled upon, went over headlong on the off-side; and even now I can recall the heat of that operation.

When one comes to lifting a dead tiger, one becomes fully aware of its weight; so does one arrive at due appreciation of its strength after once feeling that fore-arm, which is one splendid mass of steel-like muscle. Then one understands how the tiger in his prime can throw a bullock over its shoulder and canter away with it. Then, too, one may well come to pooh-pooh the claim of the lion to be styled the king of beasts. But however interesting may be the study of the tiger in this particular phase once or so, it palls after a time: lifting it is peculiarly hard and hot work, and it is dirty work also, and is sometimes made particularly exasperating by the *lâches* of the elephant selected for the carriage of the tiger. For that intellectual beast is required to kneel to receive its freight, and to kneel long enough to allow that freight to be hoisted on to the pad

and fastened on; and, as often as not, it will rise at the critical moment, just when the tiger has been raised to the edge of the pad, and tumble the tiger and some of its lifters on to the ground, and so bring about the *status quo ante*. The elephant has wonderful intelligence in some utterly useless directions. It will, for example, pick up a pin with its trunk, and, I daresay, with sufficient encouragement would swallow that pin, and convert its interior economy into a pin-cushion; but I have never known one direct its talents to the simplification of tiger-padding, although I have seen many devote their minds and bodies to the unnecessary duty of adding to the difficulties of that operation.

And when at last the tiger is padded, the elephant has to be reckoned with; for as likely as not it will for the next hour or so, after seeing that tiger hoisted and tied, imagine tigers in everything it sees and every sound it hears. It is well at such a time to approach an elephant with considerable caution, and from the front, lest it make itself disagreeable. Poor K. B. found this out on one occasion, when, after helping to pad a tiger, he ran after my elephant to mount by the tail; for the elephant, hearing him coming from the rear, necessarily assumed that he was a tiger, and kicked out at him with such force and precision as sent him flying for some yards.

This tiger-padding was such a nuisance to my mind that when I could have my own way, and it was practicable, I left a man with a spare elephant behind to remove the skin, and bring that into camp, leaving the carcass where it fell.

The shikari who hunts the tiger in the Terai has to be prepared for many blank days—not a few

days, indeed, so blank that not a shot is fired; for while there is any chance of a tiger in the neighbourhood the signal to shoot at anything is withheld. Many such days have I spent in driving through swamp or stretches of dry grass, or the broken cover of forest-glades and nullahs, when sambhur with magnificent heads and fine horned cheetah have got up at my elephant's feet to tempt me; and the black partridge and jungle fowl have flaunted around me to beguile; and at every turn game seemed plentiful as never they were in the most favoured spot when I might shoot at them. On many a day have I resisted these temptations with a stoicism that would have set up a dozen of those old-time philosophers with St Anthony thrown in, and without any reward in the shape of tiger or panther. From before noon till nightfall I have pounded along through every sort of cover, always hoping, but hoping vainly, and never once relaxing the iron rule, "cease firing."

Very curious are the chances of tiger-shooting sometimes. In my first season in the Terai, Lugard and I marched, shooting as we went, for a camping-ground on the edge of a swamp wherein tigers had been often found. We reached our tents in the evening, and ill-tidings, always quick of travel, met us before we descended from our elephants. The Nawab Moosvomood-owlah (uncle of the ex-king of Oudh) had that day beaten our swamp thoroughly, and got nothing. It was melancholy news, and a poor appetiser for our dinner. But when the next day dawned there was nothing for it but to try that swamp again, on the off-chance that the tiger which had not come into it yesterday might be there to-day; and so, after break-

fast, and an hour or two of office work for me, we started. The swamp was as to the greater part clear water, surrounded on three sides by open country; but along the edge next to the forest there was a strip of heavy grass, and that we beat from end to end without a glimpse of tiger. Then, acting upon information received (as the mysterious police-constable observes), I formed the elephants into a crescent-line and made a cast through the jungle that aimed at beating down a certain nullah towards the swamp. It was not a very hopeful business, for up in the forest a tiger when started may just as well go one way as another. There was the possibility that the thick grass that was standing in the nullah might tempt a tiger to seek shelter there, and that possibility resolved itself into a certainty. There was a tiger in it: more than that, there were four tigers in it, all of which were driven out into a comparatively clear space, where cover of any kind was slight and scattered. Four—a tigress and three cubs more than half grown. How the tigress got away immediately upon our sighting it I cannot say now, any more than I could then. It was as phenomenal an object to me as was young Jo Willet to his father. I looked at it, and there it was; and I looked at it again, and there it wasn't. Nor can I understand why it so promptly deserted its offspring—for mostly a tiger will fight for its cubs as long as they are with their mother, even though they be fully grown. But the maternal instinct was weak in that tiger: clannishness it felt nothing of. It disliked the situation, and left the scene and the cubs before a shot could be fired at it. The cubs did what they could to make things lively: they never

attempted to follow their mother, but sought with creditable courage to defend their ground. Charging an elephant here and there, they fought while life and strength were in them, and died with their faces to the foe. That day my record of two tigers was broken, and one of three substituted.

Again, in that same season, it happened that Westmorland and I were encamped by the edge of that same swamp, and while we were making leisurely preparations for a start, Moosvomoodowlah's host descended upon our ground and beat over it. He beat it in vain, and not a shot was fired by his party to rouse the forest echoes or the forest king; so he came and went, he and his, and we watched his line of elephants until, tigerless, they disappeared from view. What was to be done? As we were there primarily to try that swamp, it was evident that we ought to give time to any tiger that might be of a mind to come down out of the forest; so we gave time and delayed our start. Then we started, and when three-fourths of the cover had been beaten a tiger was seen moving ahead of us. It was going for the forest as fast as it could, but I managed to head it off, and inside of a hundred yards it stood at bay. One shot full in the chest killed it—a fine male tiger, too heavy for rapid flight through the thick grass, and too summarily disposed of to give it a chance of fighting. So had that swamp given to me four tigers that year, and of the remaining six, three were killed one by one on three separate occasions in another swamp.

I have mentioned how I lost a tiger during that first expedition, as the consequence of being seated in my howdah when I should have been standing. Some

years later I lost another through a misfire of my gun. Those tigers that I might have shot, but did not, naturally dwell in my mind more fixedly than any of those I killed; and the two just referred to, and that one which upset Bulrampore's elephant, have always been remembered by me as the largest by far of their species.

There was something else to think of in respect of that tiger which a misfire lost to me. It was said by local authorities to be a creature of infinite wariness,—almost, I may say, of mystery. Rumour had it that no strategy would avail against the cunning of this beast, and so, when I set out for its particular haunt, I was put very much upon my mettle, and brought all my mind to bear upon the method of attack. Its favourite lair was at the junction of a large swamp, with a strip of heavy grass cover, and a nullah that ran at right angles to it. The forest came down to the edge of the swamp everywhere, save along the valley where that nullah meandered, and unless the tiger made for the clear water of the swamp, it was bound to take a line for the forest, either up the grass cover or more directly.

I laid my plans with infinite care: Peters, Shipton, Smith, and Maunsell, I posted on every line of retreat, save that by which I approached the swamp from the forest. I emerged with half-a-dozen elephants in line exactly at the right point, and immediately saw the tiger move from the swamp edge up the grass valley, that promised now to be the valley of death for it. I pushed on after it full of confidence, and after a burst of a hundred yards or so, saw it just below me: there it was in a place where there was no cover to conceal it; missing it was an impossi-

bility. It was hardly probable that, being hit, it would move twenty yards farther, though it might make a fight here and there about this spot. Presto! the trigger was pulled; there was no report; before I could try the left barrel the tiger was gone: then a shot or two came from Maunsell at the head of the valley, and the tiger was away into the forest. It was assumed when such a tiger was killed in this swamp in the following year that it was this one, and that Maunsell had hit it because there was a bullet hole in the tiger's ear.

But when that crafty tiger, favoured by fortune, escaped from beneath my gun, and from before the guns of my companions, there yet remained untried a considerable portion of the swamp in which it had been found. To deal with this in the most effective manner, I formed a line that should sweep through a long stretch of forest, and, emerging at the far end of the swamp, drive into the open any four-footed animal that fell in our way. It was just possible, I thought, that the tiger we had just lost might be so circumvented, or, if not, that then another. Smith I posted as "stop" in the open on the far side of the swamp, and he was sent off to his post by way of the chord before we started with the line by way of the arc. There we dived into the labyrinth of trees and undergrowth, Shipton at the end of the line farthest away from the swamp and somewhat ahead of the rest of us, so that he should, when the proper time arrived, debouch upon the open as a second stop. Smith, left there to solitude and his own reflections, might well have thought that tiger-shooting, as I was conducting it then, was a snare and a delusion. For

about an hour he neither saw nor heard anything of us: during all that time no gun-shot came from the forest to bid him hope that a tiger was afoot, or give him assurance that we were yet in the neighbourhood. Then he saw the elephants emerge from among the trees, spread across the grass and reed cover of the swamp at its far end, and beat with crescent line towards him. Not long had he now to wait in uncertainty as to the nature of our sport. When the line was yet some eighty yards from his post a tiger broke immediately in front of him, and was neatly—too neatly—killed with one shot. So did it come about that he who saw nothing of the beat, in the sense of taking part in it, shot the tiger, and we who saw all the beat, saw nothing of the tiger until it lay stretched dead upon the ground before the elephant of the more fortunate stop. But, after all, I believe that I found quite as much pleasure in the successful crowning of my tactical efforts by another, as I should had I killed that tiger myself. Mine was the glory of putting Smith in the right place, and so beating over a mile or two of country that the tiger was driven out in front of him as I had designed. This second tiger of that swamp was, like that which escaped, a male, but younger and of less massive proportions than the first.

I have spoken of my preference for a smooth-bore as the weapon with which tigers are most effectively dealt with at close quarters. I will now give an illustration in point. It happened one afternoon that, as Jacky Hills, Combe, Denson, and I were returning to our camp after a blank day, we sighted a tiger quietly strolling across a plain ahead of us. There was no

cover on the plain except a few scattered bushes, none of which would have effectually screened anything larger than a hare; but half a mile beyond, a small hill rose *à propos* of nothing out of the plain, and on that hill and round it there was shelter for bigger game. The tiger, catching sight of us immediately after we viewed it, made for that hill at an amble. We pursued at the best pace of which an elephant is capable when it isn't bolting—my companions following it in a direct line, I making for the right, where the hill sloped into tall grass cover. I chose my line wisely; for the tiger, avoiding the steeper portion of the hill, and scared by those who followed in his track, came out upon a low unwooded spur on my side and gave me an 80-yard shot. For this shot I used a light rifle about the size of a carbine, and hit the tiger hard just behind the shoulder; but no second shot was practicable to me then, for the tiger rolled over on the farther side of the spur into a patch of long grass that screened it from sight. Then, my companions having come up, we invested the cover, drove the tiger to bay and killed it. I think all four of us fired at it then, certainly three of us did, and lo! when we came to examine the dead animal there were but two bullet holes—one of my rifle shot, the other full in and not behind the shoulder, which had to be credited to one of us four. It was apparent that only one of us had dealt the tiger its death-wound. Two or three must have missed it. But the question was, Who had hit it?

Jacky Hills promptly decided that it could only be he who should bear this palm. "There is no other weapon in camp save my express," he said, "that could so

have smashed the shoulder and summarily killed the tiger." He confidently anticipated the verdict that should be given upon the inquest, and we postponed argument until after the post-mortem. We were still seated at dinner, while K. B. directed the autopsy, with special instructions from Hills to look for pieces of a shattered copper tube in the carcass. We had just lighted our pipes, when K. B. came to us with his report, and that report gave unequivocal contradiction to Jacky's theory. No copper tubing had been found anywhere in the tiger; but in the ghastly shoulder wound they had come upon a flattened spherical bullet, and the only spherical bullet fired was that of my smooth-bore, a very old friend, with barrels worn to the thinness of notepaper.

Not but that Hills' express was on occasion effective enough with his accurate eye and hand to direct it. I particularly remember how he killed a tiger with one shot, and that a very long one for tiger-shooting, say 150 yards or more. His express rolled that tiger over like a rabbit.

Hills, as became an officer of the Royal Engineers, brought a certain amount of science to bear upon our Terai expedition. He reported to somebody (I think his gunsmith) upon the behaviour of his express and ammunition, and he devoted himself at odd times to the preparation of a sketch-map that should have been a perennial joy to him, inasmuch as, by frequent alteration of its topography, he was continually improving it as a work of art, if not as a guide. In that variable chart the many nameless swamps and lakes and camping-grounds of the Terai were differentiated by a nomenclature that was of a historical turn. That

chart was a diary of events as well as a record of localities.

My highest record of tigers killed in one beat was four, and that was achieved when I was the only shooter present, and had no companion to act as stop in flank or front or rear, or protect any but the one point that I commanded. From the *khubber* (intelligence) that had been brought in there was every reason to believe that two or three tigers might be put up either in a long narrow stretch of tree and reed and cane jungle in the forest, or in the grass cover of a light swamp which, continuing the former, extended into the open country. Obviously, the course to be adopted was to carefully beat the forest strip into the open grass, so that any tigers in the former might be sent forward into the latter, where I might reasonably expect to give a good account of them. Of course, if they broke right or left of the line, and took to the forest, they would be irretrievably lost; and in view of circumventing a flank movement of that sort, I posted shikaris on high trees on either side, with instructions to shout at any tiger that headed their way. It was questionable whether this shouting would have had the desired effect; but, at all events, the chances were in favour of my scouts seeing the tigers escaping into the forest, and letting me know the worst betimes.

Then I formed line to beat the jungle, and as the jungle abounded in cane as well as sundry other thorny flora, I took the centre, so that I could the better see that the line was kept; so, also, that my example might encourage the mahouts on either hand to force their way through the heaviest patches. Then followed a bad half-hour, during which my time was fully occupied in objurgation

and entreaty addressed to the mahouts, and tearing my way through interlaced sprays and branches that bristled with countless barbs. There are British boys who have realised that the cane can be painful in its application, but they only know it in its dried state, when freed from the fish-hook-like thorns that grow upon it when it trails its long stems about its forest haunt. In its natural state it seizes upon the man who comes in contact with it, and rends his flesh and his clothes, even though the latter be an ordinary thorn-resisting material such as I used to wear. On this occasion there was a good deal of rending after this fashion; but if our line was not mathematically correct, it, happily, did not become wholly disorganised, and so we swept along until more than three-fourths of that cane-brake had been traversed. As yet, no scout to right or left had signalled the "gone away." Then I came upon fresh footprints in the moist earth that told of a tiger afoot, and heading for the grass cover, as had been designed. Now I began to look confidently for an interview with at least that one tiger, and, spurring the line through as much of the forest cover as intervened, we came out upon the open with every reason to believe that a tiger was in the grass that fronted us. Rallying the line so as to sweep this cover from side to side, I started. There was no *fussund* to disconcert my plans. There was every chance of that tiger holding to the grass, if I could only intercept its retreat by the way it had come there. It might very well break back, but would hardly take to the open on ahead or on either hand; so I looked to the organisation of the line, and took up my position in the centre

of it. Then forward, the thirty elephants making thirty tracks in the long grass as nearly parallel as could be managed, and, after five minutes' steady advance, a tiger afoot within twenty yards of me. The waving grass told me so much, although the tiger that caused the motion remained unseen. But scarcely had I realised this when it became obvious that more tigers than one were making the grass wave above their paths. Two there were certainly, possibly three. Then I felt that I had my work cut out, and must be prompt of action. I did not wait until one of the tigers showed itself: I fired at the nearest of them, or at the spot where the long grass said it was, and fired with effect. For a moment it seemed as if the grass swarmed with tigers. That at which I had fired blundered forward and away from me, evidently hard hit; another charged for the elephant, a tusker, next to that I rode; and two others seemed to threaten an attack upon different points of my line. All was hubbub and commotion; elephants trumpeted, and prepared for immediate and precipitate flight. Fortunately my elephant (which was unattacked) stood reasonably firm, and enabled me to turn the tide of battle. The tiger, or I should say tigress, that charged the tusker, I dropped before it brought its charge home; then I went for the two nearly full-grown cubs that were careering hither and thither in a lost sort of way, albeit they drove the elephants before them. Those I settled with three or four shots, and then I reformed my line, and followed the trail of the first tiger; but not far had we to go in pursuit of it. There, within a hundred yards of the spot where it had received my first shot, it lay in the throes of

death. So were the four—the whole family—killed in what was indeed a *mauvais quart d'heure* for them. It took very much longer to pad them.

As regards a tiger's charge upon a line of elephants, it was a matter of frequent observation in my experiences that a tiger would, as a rule, select a tusker for this purpose when another selection was not forced upon it. I suppose that the white tusks make their wearer prominent among its fellows, and so distract the tiger's attention from the untusked animals. It is also noticeable that tigers, when roused in detached, or semi-detached, covers, such as I have described above, will frequently hold to their ground after being disturbed, with equal obstinacy and stupidity. At such times they will as likely as not break through or charge a line of elephants over and over again rather than take to their heels, and the only explanation that I can find for this imbecile behaviour is that they have been caught napping, and, as it were, have got out of bed on the wrong and unreasoning side.

But the shikari profits by the tiger's unreason. Hume and his two companions of the 55th may remember how, in about the last beat of our expedition of 1868, we killed either two or three tigers in cover such as this; and Peters will not have forgotten the last tiger that was killed when he and I were out early in the season of 1876—killed as it was through its stubborn attachment to the cover in which we found it.

And there was no adequate reason for that tiger's objection to move on. The stretch of grass in which we found it was of such extent that a tiger could easily have emerged from it into the open

at several points without being observed, or it could have retreated by way of a blind nullah that ran athwart the cover. Nor was there any consideration of the sun's heat to bid the tiger pause, for it was on a February day, or early day of March, we found it, when yet awhile there was no whisper in the air of that passionate warmth which should embrace all north-west India in two months' time.

In fact, all the ordinary chances favoured that tiger. The weather was cool; the nullah was a covered way to a sanctuary. The area of thick grass cover was equal to a beating capacity of fifty elephants at least, and we had seven. Good strategy, and, still more, good luck, turned the scale in our favour.

It was only upon the off-chance of finding a tiger that we had attacked that broad plain of grass; no *khubber* had led us there any more than to any other locality; no footprints guided us or bade us hope: there was the high grass in which tigers are sometimes found, and might be this time come upon, and so we entered it, our line of seven elephants making a ridiculously inadequate show as it spread itself out to do the work of seven times seven.

Not far had we advanced in this skeleton formation when an elephant trumpeted: not that it had seen the tiger yet awhile perhaps, but because it had smelt a tiger just ahead, where a cow not long since killed lay stretched upon the ground. Clearly a tiger had been here very recently, and the certainty of this cheered us on our way. But no amount of cheering could give such solidity to our line of seven elephants as would ensure that tiger being kept in front of us, if it was minded to break back through our scattered units. We

did our best to cover the ground, the mahouts working with some approach to earnestness; and when we had advanced with infinite caution about a hundred yards beyond that "kill," we were rewarded by the view-halloo that told us the tiger was afoot, and, so far, ahead of us. But it was nowhere near Peters or myself, and did not remain in front of us any longer than suited its convenience. When we were nearing the end of the heavy cover the tiger turned and went through our line, still unseen by us who hoped to shoot it; and then for about an hour that beast dodged us backwards and forwards through that cover, giving no chance to either of the guns, and never, I believe, showing itself to anybody. And thus, evasive, cowardly to the last, it died when it was making for that nullah, whereby, in all probability, safety and freedom were to be won. Luckily, I was guided by signs made by mahouts to the left of our line when the tiger headed nullahwards, and was in time to intercept it. There, some ten yards from me, and about the same distance from the nullah, the waving grass told me where the tiger was sneaking through the cover. I fired the right barrel of my smooth-bore, aiming where I judged the tiger to be, and was sure I had hit it, although the only apparent result was that the tiger slackened its pace, that had been little better than a crawl when I fired. Then I gave it the benefit of the doubt, and my second barrel and the second bullet killed it stone dead. I never saw it until I looked down upon it lying dead at my elephant's feet, and it had died perversely mute, and without one single sign of standing upon the defensive from first to last. It had not even uttered a grunt or

moan when hit by my bullets, and yet it was a healthy, well-conditioned tiger, rather over than under the average as to size.

That was the last tiger that fell to my gun, and my gun very nearly fell to that tiger—that is to say, it went very nigh to bursting in my hands, as a consequence of a bullet having slipped out of its cartridge some distance up the barrel, when the barrels were held downwards from my howdah. I was unaware of what had occurred, or that anything had occurred, to the weapon, until, in the following month, I took it to an English gunsmith to be cleaned up. He told me that the barrel had bulged almost to bursting-point, and that, if I had continued shooting with it in its then state, it must most assuredly have burst.

That chance of a bullet slipping is the one objection that has to be set against the advantages of a smooth-bore for tiger-shooting at close quarters. Experts in the matter of ball ammunition hold that one may not put a wad over a bullet as one does over shot, or turn the top of the cartridge over to secure the bullet. The only method they approve is that of pinching round the cartridge just above the bullet—a half-hearted expedient that is by way of a compromise of the turning-down method, and which, when the operator who pinches is a native Indian, is apt on occasion to have a result as unsatisfactory as that above noted.

In the course of those thirteen Terai expeditions I assisted in the execution of many panthers and bears; but although these animals helped to swell the annual bag, and so were acceptable enough when they came in one's way, we never made a business of pursuing

them. Indeed I have on more than one occasion allowed bears to go scot-free, when they might have been shot easily enough, because firing at them was remotely likely to scare a tiger, and so lose to me the nobler quarry. In fact, panthers and bears that provided me with excellent sport in those Deoghur days when I met them on fairly even terms—they and I on foot—were, I found, very tame shooting from elephants. A tiger, assisted by the imbecility of one or more elephants, did now and again make things lively for a time, and introduce a quite sufficient leaven of danger into the amusement. But even when a panther showed fight, as on some occasions a panther did, it could hardly persuade the elephants to take it seriously; and as for the bears, they behaved in the presence of the elephant with the pusillanimity of buck-rabbits. Our average bag of panthers was about five, of bears three.

Nor did we, to swell our season's record, give ourselves up to python-shooting. I shot two or three in my thirteen years, and so many or more I could have shot on one day in one particular locality—a dismal swamp where trees of the mangrove habit cast their gloom upon the water, and rank grass and sedge festered in the slime; an unwholesome and eminently uninviting spot, fore-sworn of tigers, but dear to the python, which were to be seen there of great size and unusual number. There it was that I witnessed from a coign of vantage the imperceptible movement by which the snake makes its progress. As I stood in my howdah, I saw a monster python uncoil itself from a large fallow-deer just below me; then, as I brought my gun up to my shoulder, the python's

head was lost to my view in dense reeds, while its tail was yet concealed in the cover where the deer lay, and as much of its body as made an imperfect S curve was exposed. I could have shot it in that exposed part easily enough, and fully intended shooting, but it seemed that this was now stationary, and therefore that nothing was to be lost by my waiting and watching. I was making what might prove to be a valuable observation in natural history, so I waited, with my attention never relaxing for one moment, with my eyes glued to that massive coil of sheeny mosaic and marvellous colour-harmony; and while I watched, with eyes agape, behold! an empty space where the python had been. The reptile had been gliding onward always while I watched it, and only when its tail vanished into the reeds where I thought its head still rested did I become aware of this. I avenged myself and an outraged natural history directly afterwards by killing another python, upon which I wasted no scientific observation. A smaller python that, but still large enough, when slung across a fair-sized elephant, to dangle on both sides nearly to the ground.

Wild elephants abounded in the Terai, as did they throughout the long stretch of forest and hill and valley lying between the Himalaya and the plains of the North-West Provinces. But while in the Dhoon Terai (which is British territory) elephant-hunting was permissible to British subjects upon licence, no one but Jhung Bahadhor or his agents was allowed to hunt elephants in the Nepaul Terai. The permit that sanctioned one's entrance upon Nepalese territory stated this disability in very succinct terms. The holder of the permit, however, was not only cau-

tioned as to hunting elephants, he was enjoined not to molest or annoy them in any way. And so one went there at first in fear and trembling, lest some beast of a wild elephant should abuse its privilege, and force upon one a breach of the peace and the permit which might lead to the exclusion of British sportsmen from the Terai thereafter. It was not my evil fortune to stumble across one, although over and over again I came upon fresh traces of them.

As a fact, the whole of this Nepalese Terai was a close preserve, into which Jhung Bahadhor would have preferred that none but himself should enter. It was rigorously preserved in regard to elephants, and closely conserved as to its timber; and economic developments other than these most primitive ones were discountenanced, if not prohibited. Now and then the splendid forests yielded a fair revenue. In one season I was told that a million sterling had been realised. But the timber was not sold every season, and the Nepaul Exchequer would have come off very badly in the lean years of the Terai when the forests yielded next to nothing, if it had not drawn upon internal and more permanent supplies.

It was no doubt Jhung Bahadhor's policy to discourage human settlement, and even temporary human habitation, as well as commercial and industrial enterprise: in short, his design was to restore the Terai entirely to its primeval state. Such a restoration, however complete, would not have been an operation of very striking magnitude at any time, and would have been barely noticeable in the days when I knew the Terai, and when, as I have already observed, that country was mostly an unpeopled wilderness. A portion of

the Terai that I knew only as Nepalese territory had formerly belonged to Oudh, and had attracted some amount of settlement, but the scattered hamlets ceded to Nepal decayed under the blight of Katmandu rule, and for the most part had been long since abandoned. In the broad belt of country between the hills and the Oudh frontier cultivation was conspicuously absent. Here and there an isolated patch, hoe-turned for seed, suggested Crusoe's agricultural method and much of Crusoe's solitude. But nowhere had civilisation gained the slightest advantage in the contest with primordial forces. And the inhabitants (when there were any) seemed to be as utterly miserable as the denizens of Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden. Poor joyless wretches, life had for them no lingering hope, and but one desire—medicine! They came, the halt, the lame, the blind, and the sick of many maladies, and asked us white men to heal them. They demanded of us immediate cure of chronic and deep-seated disease, restoration of sight to empty eye-sockets, and prompt relief from the palsy of age. Unhappy sufferers from many ills, they confidently regarded the sahib as a mysterious combination of the pool of Bethesda and the fountain of Rejuvenescence. They believed in us, who were at the best only amateur physicians, as though we had been so many Galens; and Shipton, as a trained doctor, was as a veritable Æsculapius to them, and enjoyed quite an extensive practice that brought him the only guerdon he sought—the consciousness of having somewhat relieved the pangs of suffering humanity. I always carried a medicine-chest with my camp equipage, but my attempts at healing had to be restricted to the commoner forms of

disease of which I understood something.

Jhung Bahadhoor's objection to people in his Terai preserve was logical enough. Elephants are shy of man; and man—the Indian cow-herd especially—makes the conservation of forests more difficult than it need be by his habit of setting fire to the dry grass in view of hastening the aftermath. So that his cattle may obtain the young grass, sprung, phoenix-like, out of the ashes, he will destroy millions of seedlings and saplings, and do infinite damage to the larger trees; for when in the hot weather the careless herd starts a fire of this sort, neither he nor any other can say whither it shall stray, or when or where it shall burn itself out. One of the frequent incidents of a forest beat in April and May is that of stumbling within the circuit of a forest fire; and it is one that gives the elephant another opportunity of exhibiting its intelligence. When it happens that the line of fire intercepts the line of advance, there is but one satisfactory way of meeting the situation—viz., to mark a weak spot in the line of fire, and push through that point into the blackened and cooling tract over which the fire has passed. It is useless retreating in front of it, and may be just as vain to retrace one's steps in the hope of turning its flank, so it remains to make a dash through the blaze. There the line of fire creeps rapidly along the ground, licking with fiery tongues the grass beneath and the leaves and branches within its reach; and there is a crackling as it advances like unto that of rifle and pistol shots, and clouds of smoke that dim the sun; but the blaze is not of equal volume through the line: here and there are breaks where the combustible

claimed for it the wisdom of Solomon, or any wisdom whatever. With becoming modesty it confined its limited mental power to the solution of the only problem that presented itself—*i.e.*, was that object against which it had leaned for several hours another elephant, or was it, the leaner, really another tree. I respected it for that retiring virtue, and, considering it physically, was lost in admiration of its strength and symmetry. Jumbo was as a corpulent Berkshire hog compared with that warrior of the Terai.

We just missed a share in one of the elephant hunts of Jhung's foresters, and perhaps it was as well we did, for the man who joins in an expedition of that kind can form no idea when or where the chase will terminate. Nor is there any attempt to give ease to him who rides. Howdahs, footboards, soft rugs, and umbrellas should be hated and avoided by the elephant-hunter, who has, indeed, to scorn delights and live laborious days if he would be in at the capture of the quarry. Clinging on to a small pad by his eyebrows, or elseways as he can, he has to belabour his elephant with a mace whenever the pace slackens; and the holding on, and the urging along, occupy his time and attention so fully that the meal he carries in his wallet becomes a movable feast in a double sense, and the pipe he would fain fill and light is forbidden by uncongenial circumstances, and the last condition of that man is worse than the first, in proportion to the square or cube of the distance travelled. And the hunt, when finished, may come to an end dozens of miles from everywhere. Then it may well be that the novice in elephant-hunting exclaims against the cruelty of fate,

and arrives at a drivelling condition in which he would give any number of kingdoms for a restaurant—ay, even for a beer-house!

By arguments such as are here given, I have always sought to console myself for that disappointment in regard to our going after wild elephants.

I did not set any particular store by skins and horns as trophies of my Terai shooting, but one living trophy that I brought away with me I valued exceedingly. This was a tiger cub, one of three that I came upon in a patch of grass cover, and the best tempered of the party, as far as I could judge by a few minutes' inspection and handling. The mother of these three got away unseen just as I entered the grass, but the elephants soon winded the cubs, and I approached the spot where they were marked down full of hope that there would one or two fair-sized tigers present themselves. But there were only the three-month-old cubs deserted by a mother that proved to be utterly insensible to the most ordinary maternal obligations. For when I came upon those cubs, I counted upon the tigress mother as mine. It seemed as if I had only to exercise due patience and strategy to secure this result. I retired from the field leaving the cubs intact, leaving also scouts to watch the tigress's movements if it reappeared. I gave the tigress ample time to recover its nerve and maternal instincts, and, finally, I attempted by cautious approach and circumvallation to catch the whole family together; but in vain—there, when I returned to the spot, were the three cubs only. I repeated this performance again and yet again, with the one unvarying consequence; and then, as the day

material is scantier than elsewhere, and by one of these less ardent passages one heads one's way. Then it is that the "cussedness" of the elephant occasionally makes difficulties that reflect discredit on its intellectual capacity; and one is thoroughly well pleased when the gauntlet has been run with no worse contingencies than a smashed howdah and half-a-dozen contusions caused by various boltings of one's sagacious mounts.

The forest fires, particularly those on the hillsides, are at night magnificent spectacles. Seated in the open after dark to enjoy the cool breezes from the Himalaya, we were occasionally treated with pyrotechnic displays not unworthy of the Crystal Palace. Ravines and gullies coursed with lambent flames from crown to foot of far-off hills; outlines of distant ranges were traced as by myriads of lights from point to point; and, nearer at hand, the forest trees rose out of a crimson sea. It was a gala sight to look upon, but bad for the timber that Jhung Bahadhoor prized.

I do not know that this Mayor of the Nepal Palace took any interest in tiger-shooting himself, or objected to the sahibs killing such tigers as his territory provided. I never heard of his being out after them,—possibly he found it tame work after relation killing, of which folks said he had done enough to satiate Saturn himself; or he may have put it aside because of its interference with elephant-hunting. It was said that one of his regiments had tiger-skin facings, and another facings provided by the panther, but I never heard how or by whom the tigers and panthers required for this sartorial purpose were obtained. They may have been netted as were those which

Jhung Bahadhoor laid down in the path of the Duke of Edinburgh, and, later on, of the Prince of Wales.

Once I came upon Jhung Bahadhoor's elephant-catching camp, and discovered what training by the Kheddah mahouts could do in the way of developing an elephant's speed and brute force. The first sign of this camp that greeted us was a flying squadron of young elephants that rapidly overhauled us as we jogged along towards our tents, and passed us as though our elephants had been standing still. Those were the greyhounds of the Kheddah, whose work it was to hunt down and ring in the wild ones; and until I saw them there, I dreamed not of the possible agility of the elephant. But a more phenomenal animal of the Royal stud awaited me in Jhung's camp when we came to it; one of the fighting elephants employed to coerce the captured wild ones—a very nightmare of a beast, fitted only for a zoological Inferno.

There it stood, heavily fettered fore and aft, with its brow resting against the trunk of a tree, and I fancy the brow of that elephant and the trunk of that tree were of equal intellectual capacity. Not in the direction of pin-lifting had this giant been trained: its mind had been left untutored; every effort had been directed to the development of its muscles, and there it stood, leaning against that greenwood post, as different an animal from the ordinary elephant as is the champion dray-horse from the rocking-steed of the nursery, or as Sandou, the trained athlete and lifter of grand pianos, elephants, and similar unconsidered trifles, from the fat boy of the caravan. I felt some respect for the animal: there was nothing pretentious about it; no one

claimed for it the wisdom of Solomon, or any wisdom whatever. With becoming modesty it confined its limited mental power to the solution of the only problem that presented itself—*i.e.*, was that object against which it had leaned for several hours another elephant, or was it, the leaner, really another tree. I respected it for that retiring virtue, and, considering it physically, was lost in admiration of its strength and symmetry. Jumbo was as a corpulent Berkshire hog compared with that warrior of the Terai.

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was closing in, I made my selection of the amiable cub, and carried it off in my arms, leaving the other two for their parent. Next day I returned betimes to the scene, and having carefully cut off the tigress's retreat, closed in upon its lair. Alas, only emptiness was there! The tigress had carried off its two remaining cubs into space, to be seen no more by me that year, at all events.

The cub that I carried off grew in strength and grace for some months as the pet of my household. Never but on one occasion did its amiability fail it, even for a moment, and then we had our first and last struggle for supremacy. My pet was about five months' old when this crisis occurred, and a sofa-cushion was the bone of contention. My pet, stretched at length upon a couch, was bored for want of a plaything; it took the cushion and worried it, and it worried until its own temper suffered as much from the rough treatment as my cushion, and then I intervened, and my pet and I had a short encounter, in which the victory was mine. Thereafter, that splendid tom-cat gave no trouble to anybody: always loose about the house, it was my constant companion and my first-born's plaything; and there was reason to hope that thus it would reach maturity—tractable and trustworthy even as a full-grown tiger. But this was not to be: when it was about ten months' old it died of some mysterious ailment which proved incurable, in spite of all the healing art of vets and doctors.

I tried a panther as a pet, with less success on the side of amiability and more on the side of health. That beast grew to be tame enough by fits and starts, but suffered from occasional lapses in-

to savagery; and when it fought with me or any visitor of mine, it had no gentlemanly instincts in favour of fair-play. It would stalk any of us, coming upon us by surprise from behind the chairs or from under the table, until it became a matter of surprise when it did not stalk us, and that pet stood generally regarded as an unmitigated nuisance. Then I gave it to a rajah for a small zoological collection, and saw no more of it.

My Indian menagerie included two or three bears; but these animals, however sweet-tempered they may be, are not adapted to the home-life of the ordinary pet. I am aware that children have warrant for believing that bears can be accustomed to the use of chairs and beds and tables, and so forth. Thus are they and we instructed by the tale of the three bears; but, though it be rank heresy to question this teaching, I must say that I regard the presence of one bear (let alone three) in a domestic interior as incompatible with the survival of any furniture whatever, unless it be of cast-iron and the strongest of metal work. This much I say, speaking from experience.

As for deer and antelope, &c., I suppose I did no more than follow the Anglo-Indian fashion made and provided in regard to the keeping of these animals. The average Anglo-Indian domicile is, as often as not, a partially-equipped Noah's ark. In the compound are to be found, as a matter of course, goats and sheep, and the sahib's dogs, and the mangy foundlings of the bazaar, and cows from whose milk the memsahib fondly hopes to draw supplies of cream and butter, and horses and poultry of sorts, and teal and quail and pigeons. And to the ordinary collection there are frequently

added pea-fowl and monkeys, and deer and cranes of sorts, and other of the commoner creatures of the wilds, and, more rarely, a wolf (chained up to an empty cask) or panther, or any other beast of the forest or fowl of the air that the collector can get hold of. One enthusiast I remember rejoiced in the possession of an *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* (or duck-billed platypus), which was very precious to him as such, although it was really quite a different creature. And to all the livestock, domestic or otherwise, collected in the Anglo-Indian compound, have to be added the inevitable crows and kites and mynas, and other birds of Indian station life.

I suppose the Anglo-Indian who becomes an amateur Jamrack does so very much for the sake of occupation, or to extend the narrowly restricted horizon of his home-life from May to October. Monotony hangs pall-like over his environment during that term, and the dead level of the plains that surround him is exactly typical of the flatness of his daily life outside the work of his kutcherry. Nor can it be truthfully said that the average official life, the preparation of the sacred meqsha, the report on the Gangetic dolphin, or the annual statistics of the how-not-to-do-it department, is always deliriously varied. Children who call him father may not continuously gladden the heart and make endless variety in the life of this unfortunate—the climate forbidding that they should share his exile. So do Anglo-Indians take an interest in animals that are not exactly what they see everywhere and every day, and every hour of the day: I have known them wildly excited by the first appearance of the bullfrogs that come in with the burst

of the monsoon, and absolutely intoxicated by the *début* of the water-wagtail—the herald of the cold weather. And for much the same reason one does curious things in the way of time-killing: thus, for two years, I acted as secretary of the Lucknow Race Club, and for a much longer time as manager of an amateur theatrical company, and I cannot understand that any sane man, being free to live his own life, would have accepted either of those honorary situations while any other employment—stone-breaking or otherwise—was open to him.

My experiences as secretary of the Lucknow Race Club were in some sort of a sporting nature, as were my experiences as an owner or part owner of race-horses, but I do not desire to recall the latter, and for the former—well, they are another story.

Only in one district of Oudh (in the Transgogra country) did I see machans used for tiger-shooting, and there the idea seemed to prevail that any branch of a tree that would carry a man was good enough for a machan, however close to the ground. I only saw one tiger killed in that district by machan shooting, and on that occasion, a lady being of the party, the machans were ten feet or less from the ground. There were four guns out (Mrs A., who shared her husband's machan, being a spectator only); and a tiger, if so inclined and not prevented by a bullet, could have reached any one of the occupants of the four machans erected for us. The only sense of using those raised positions was in the fact that so there was less chance of the tiger seeing and being frightened off by one of us to the detriment of another. It was with rather the guilt-laden consciousness of the assassin that

I, as one of four, lay in wait for that tiger.

But mine was not to be the assassin's hand. At first, when the line of coolies had shouted and drummed and horned their way into earshot of our ambuscade, it seemed as if the tiger would head my way; but the procession of wild things flying before the beaters included not the forest king. First, with wary step and safety-seeking eye, the jackal emerged, crossed the glade in front of me, and was gone into the jungle behind. Then patter, patter, patter upon the fallen leaves, what is it that approaches so noisily—an elephant? No; a peacock! Clumsy of foot, as harsh of note, this worthy attendant upon the Olympian shrew followed the jackal. Then a heavily antlered stag stepped forth, and sniffing danger in the air, sped on. But the tiger came not; and then, bang, bang, and a roar on my left, told me that another gun than mine had opened fire upon it. But we all shared in the finish when, on elephants, we pushed the tiger out of the patch of heavy undergrowth into which it had taken refuge and killed it.

And again I went after tigers in that district when the native shikari in charge of affairs, ignoring machans, sought to place the shooters upon the forks of saplings and upon low-hanging branches where security was not to be dreamed of, and shooting was an impossibility. Once, in our several beats, I permitted myself to be located in a sapling fork, but only to immediately quit that coign of disadvantage as soon as the shikari's back was turned. My

position would, indeed, have been unendurable for more than a few minutes. I could only stand on one foot at a time. I could only remain upon my perch at all by holding on with at least one hand; and if I had had occasion to fire my gun, it must have been fired pistol fashion, with the one hand not immediately employed in keeping myself aloft. And all this torture and crippling for an elevation of about half the height that a full-grown tiger can reach from the ground without jumping. I came down from that perch forthwith, and for the remainder of that day ascended no other. It has to be added that, as far as tigers were concerned, no machan or substitute therefor was required on that occasion, for from first to last no tiger made an appearance to any of us.

And now, reluctantly enough, I bring these reminiscences to a close. It required something of an effort to commence my narrative. It calls for a greater effort to write "Finis," to drop the curtain and put out the lights. Memories that had long slumbered have been awakened, and will not at once be lulled to rest again. Delights that had been put away as unattainable have returned to my imagination as temptations difficult of resistance. The good sport and the good-fellowship that went with my shikar of thirty years challenge me to renew that past and live the old life again. What a good time it was! What good fellows were they who helped to make it so! But to talk of living that life again—that way madness lies.

E. BRADDON.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

SOME of us said that our friend Cecil Wake was the most nervous man they had ever known. And yet his health seemed always good, although the susceptibility of his temperament was such that it appeared as though the wear and tear of existence must soon prove too much for him. He was temperate—very temperate—and yet the amount of twitching that his facial muscles underwent when he was moved and excited, made one fear that the next thing he would do must be to weep. Circumstances that did not affect other men produced an amount of moisture, especially in the corner of his right eye, which soon culminated in an actual tear-drop, always hastily brushed away before it fell. The Germans, in whose country he had been for some years of his youth, have a saying of such a man that “he is built near the water.” Now emotion on certain occasions is always permissible, even to the male sex. When, for instance, a favourite daughter or niece is married, the “God bless you!” uttered by the master of the deserted home is apt to be gutturally, and even chokingly,—nay, often inarticulately,—expressed. Perhaps it has been observed by those who do not go down themselves to the sea in ships, but who like to see a ship launched for the purposes of those who intend to inflict on themselves such discomfort, that when the said ship is launched, men among the crowd of witnesses of the operation blow their noses, and their eyes become watery. Cecil Wake’s always became watery on such occasions. The cheering of the men on board of a ship of war, the march past of troops,

even the hurrying of firemen to a conflagration, made his vision very misty. Some said that this was to the credit of his heart—others said it was not to the credit of his nerves. Did he ride? Yes, sometimes, and well. The successful termination of a fox-hunt and the tragic death of the fox were events which were alleged by gossips to produce much the same effect upon him as the above-mentioned cases of marriage, launching, cheering, or fire-extinguishing; but then fox-hunting takes place when the air is cold and eyes are apt to be moist from intense sympathy with an east wind. Nothing tangible on the nerve subject could be fairly deduced from such evidence. What are nerves? Nobody knows. Husbands swear that they are rubbish. Wives declare that their whole being consists of nothing else. What is certain is that they sometimes show themselves, or rather their influence shows itself, all of a sudden. A danger is laughed at and defied; but in a moment, although the danger may not be there, the mere imagination that it is present makes us feel uncomfortable. The boldest men are not always quite sure of themselves. One, a general, who had faced fire over and over again, laughed at the idea that he could feel anxious when taken down a steep ice toboggan slope. “Me? No, never felt nervous in my life;” and he took his place in front of the person who was to steer him down the ice. But he had hardly seated himself before he felt an irresistible impulse not to go forward, but to hang back. “Stop one moment,—are you quite sure you can steer?” was the question

in which his nerves unexpectedly betrayed themselves. We truly do not know what is going on within us, and it would not surprise any doctor to be told confidentially by any one that a discovery had been made that the nerves were giving way. Imagination has a great responsibility in these matters. Men of little imagination are not "given to give way." So, if you have to do anything which is trying, and require an assistant or companion, don't take a man endowed with imagination. Look rather for a fool than a clever man. At all events, do not attempt anything risky with a man who thinks too much.

All these sapient thoughts arise because of Cecil Wake, who, although an excellent fellow, thought too much. Perhaps it was because of this that he had become better than any barometer for telling a change in weather. Snow always gave him headache—thunder always gave him headache; but he bore these afflictions uncomplainingly. But we knew in summer from an extra twitch about his mouth that we should have thundery weather. In winter snow faithfully followed the same signals. We discovered another peculiarity in him, and some of his friends declared that they had found a treasure in him at last, because he had one gift that could be usefully employed for money. He was a marvellous water-finder. For this he employed the time-honoured instrument, the hazel fork. He held the two ends of the hazel between his thumb and forefinger, the fork turned downwards, and whenever he came anywhere near running water the fork end of the hazel rose in the air; and the stick not only did this, but twisted and turned in his hand as though in an agony. It made

his arms ache, he said, and he described the sensation as especially unpleasant along the nerves and muscles of the forearms. In an African desert he would have been invaluable; and we often told him that one of the African companies should give him a salary and employ him to find water in dry places. When he walked with us, often and often he has told us that water ran somewhere far down under his feet. We believed him or disbelieved him as we liked, for it was only when we knew that a stream was close at hand that we could test him. He had also a sensation when placed near certain metals. Whether all this arose from magnetism or from some electrical affinities, we were not wise enough to determine. To electricity I ascribed his sensitiveness; others called it by other names. At all events, there it was, a most palpable fact, showing itself with a power so strong that if, for instance, he grasped our wrists, we became aware of a force running into our being; and it lifted hazel-twigs in our hands when he was thus holding us, so that we felt the wood pressing itself against our fingers if we resisted the impulse given to it by him through our bodies.

Why should persons formed exactly alike as far as the mere presence of blood, bone, sinew, and nerves is concerned, be so variously affected? If there be such great forces at work, why do they not pervade all sentient flesh? We ask many questions, but the true replies are not as yet vouchsafed to us; perhaps they will never be. There will always be creatures whose eyes see, and ears hear, what is unknown to the many. The presence of influences in the world around us will thrill through those who, endowed with ethereal

qualities, feel things which most of us, fashioned with more earthly substance, failed to discern.

Notwithstanding his exquisite susceptibility, Wake was a pleasant companion, and did not take amiss any amusement afforded to his grosser comrades by his peculiarities. He was fond of making excursions on foot through the Swiss highlands; and one companion only was what he asked and generally obtained, for we all liked him, and he was easily pleased. Content with almost anything except constant noise or stormy weather, he would plod along, singing sometimes to himself, and full of interest in all he saw. The only circumstance that made him seem at all unreasonable was in the matter of accommodation at an inn. The hotels were often crowded; but however full they might be, Wake always insisted on having a room to himself. He said he could not sleep with another person snoring in another bed, however remote, in the same room.

This unreasonable apprehension was especially aggravating when I was with him on one of these excursions, for I am an excellent walker, and an excellent sleeper, and feel certain that I never snore. People don't who lie on their side and not on their back, and I know that I never lie on my back; and if ever disagreeable, I am only disagreeable when I am awake. But this assertion had no influence with Cecil Wake. We had arrived late and hungry at an inn, and were shown a room where there were two beds, the one with its back to the side of the room where was the window, and the other placed with its head the other way, and near the door. There was a considerable interval between the beds. Wake told the

landlord he wanted a room to himself, however small. Excellent as Swiss hotels are, they cannot contain more rooms than they do contain, and the landlord said he could not give another unless he gave his own, and that he could not do, for he had a wife and I don't know how many children sleeping there. So there was no help for it, and the landlord retired. I told Wake that I feared there was no avoiding the inconvenience, and that he must allow me a bed, and that I promised not to snore. But although he at first made no demur, and although I had my bag carried up to the room, he presently began to look so unhappy—so ridiculously put out and twitchy—that I, to whom it was a matter of perfect indifference whether I slept in a bed or on a sofa, said that I had made up my mind not to plague him by my presence, and that I would go down and sleep on a couch I had observed in the dining-room of the hotel, which we had passed as we came in before mounting the stairs. He thanked me effusively, and although I thought him rather selfish I shook his hand and wished him pleasant dreams. He said that he would not act thus were it not that he felt that he himself would be an annoyance to me; for unless he slept well, his restlessness would be sufficient to keep us both awake.

"Besides," he added, to my astonishment, "there are very peculiar influences at work here, and especially, as it seems to me, in that part of the room where your bed" (indicating the one near the door) "is placed, and I would much rather that no friend of mine slept there. I cannot tell you what it is, but it is palpable—palpable," he repeated, with a sigh and a shudder, "and I shall cer-

tainly take the bed near the window, where I can get fresh air."

I said, "Nonsense, old man; thunder in the air, and on your nerves, as usual. Nice clean bed—what's the matter with it?" But as I said this, a draught coming from the door blew out my candle, and made his flicker so that he shaded it with his hand, causing the shadow of the hand to fall on that side of the room where the door and the bed were, and I looked, and while I was speaking the shadow of his fingers above the bed seemed to make them point on the wall at something, and underneath the shadow of them the bed appeared to my fancy to be shining in an odd way. Waves of phosphorescence, like that seen in the sky when it is lit by auroral light, floated over it, and illuminated the white sheets. I hastily lit my candle again at his, and repeating my "good-night," went out at the door, an odd chilly sensation passing down my back as I did so. I found the couch in the dining-room, lay down on it, put my plaid over my legs, and was soon sound asleep.

During the early hours of morning there must have been a storm which failed to wake me. As it came nearer, however, I became half-conscious, and my thoughts taking pleasant shapes, made me in my dream imagine myself at breakfast with Wake, preparatory to a start for a mountain ramble. I saw before me on the clean tablecloth the low glass jar of the inevitable Swiss honey, and my mouth seemed filled with the excellent bread-and-butter, and I lifted to my lips the cup of *café au lait*, but a sudden jar made me drop the cup, and with a start I awoke. A loud peal of thunder shook the hotel, and I lay on my back thinking what would happen

were the lightning to strike the house. The position of Wake's room immediately over the dining-room occurred to me. I ran over in my mind the construction of the place, its verandahs, and its many windows under the tall roof which had a great gable. I wondered if there was a lightning-conductor, and thought how the chimney was placed, and if the stories of bolts coming down chimneys were true. Pah! what nonsense! Why should I have such ideas? Let me go to sleep again. What did it matter, one thunderstorm or more among the Alps, which were always re-echoing such concerts? Then I looked round me, and I saw the door I had entered by slowly opening, and in another moment Wake's face appeared, then his body followed, clothed in his dressing-gown.

"Are you here, D——?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, here I am, quite comfortable," I replied, thinking lazily that he might have suddenly become uneasy about my accommodation. "Here I am, woke by this beastly thunderstorm. I suppose it woke you?"

He came to me without answering, and by a night-light I had kept burning I saw that he looked much disturbed.

"Never mind me now," I said; "I am all right. What is it that has disturbed you?"

He was silent a moment, and then said in quick whispered tones, "I want you to come with me."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Up to my room. I wish to see if you see what I see there. Come at once."

I was still feeling very lazy, but felt that he was in earnest, and rolled out of the sofa with a grunt, saying, "All right, old man; anything to please you." Then as I

followed his retreating figure, I asked, "But what is it?"

"Never mind, come—come," he said, and we re-entered the bedroom.

He had a candle burning beside the bed he had occupied, the one near the window. The other bed, next the door, had evidently remained untouched. There was no sign of any pressure on the pillow, nor was there any disturbance of the blankets and sheets. As I passed to the interior of the room I again felt chilly for a moment. We approached the window, which was seamed with the beating rain. Wake faced round and asked me to look at the bed near the door.

"Can you see anything there?" he asked.

"Why, no, the bed—what do you mean?" I replied.

"Wait," he said, "for the next flash, and then tell me what you see, keeping your eyes on the bed," he added excitedly, but in a low and, as it appeared to me, fear-struck voice.

We waited, but not for long, for very soon a fierce light beat in again, as the lightning ran down, illumining every corner of the room, and showing the white unruffled bed most distinctly.

"Now—and now—there!" Wake exclaimed.

"Well, all is dark, except for your candlelight, which seems weak and yellow enough after that flash," I said loudly; for the thunder had pealed out as soon as the flash disappeared, and rolled on with its reverberations as though the sound would never cease.

"Look at them—you must see that group around him," Cecil said. "No—you don't. Well, wait till the next flash."

"What is it?" I asked; and feeling a little faint, which I had hardly ever felt before, I sat down

on the bed on which he had reposed. He sat down on it also, seating himself more towards its foot, as I had placed myself next the pillows. His body was thus between me and the other bed. He took my hand, then seeing that I rather shrank from this childlike treatment, he put his hand on my arm, and said, "Hush—do wait, and see again if you see nothing."

So we watched, the rain making its noise against the window. I whispered, "Do you see anything that you keep on telling me to watch, and looking so oddly always at the corner?"

"Yes, I see them still, but fainter," he replied.

Then came another blinding flame of blue light, and I—I, looking at that empty bed, saw upon it the form of a man, and around him was gathered a group of figures, half-seen, but lighted with the light that had filled the room with the flash, and had gone again—there it was, lingering still on that form in the bed, and lighting up the side of the figures around him. The figure on the bed was that of a dead man, but although the corpse was phosphorescent, under the half-closed lids the eyes gleamed as though their blind orbs were of living fire. The glow coming from him seemed to be the radiance that lighted the sorrowing group that gazed down upon him. As I looked the apparition became fainter and fainter, until the little yellow candle-flame was all that lit the room, and the bed again was empty, and the white sheets lay close up to the pillow next the wall as though nothing had ever been there. I now felt my arm aching where Wake's hand was on it, and I moved it and gently displaced his hand with my disengaged one, and said, "Wake, I thought I saw a group of men

around a body in that bed, but it must be some odd effect of the lightning playing tricks with reflections from that mirror!"

"You think so?" he said, with a sad smile that softened the twitching of the corners of his mouth. "Well, if you stay, you may see it again,—I see it now."

"But I don't, and it's all nonsense," I said desperately, determined not to give in; "but I'll tell you what it is, Cecil, I'll not leave the room. Give us a hand with your own bed. I'll take the feathered cushion thing and a blanket, and lie near you until morning, and that bed may take care of itself. I agree so far with you that I won't sleep in it."

The storm was moving farther away. There were some fainter flashes, but I saw nothing of our strangely lit companions, and after tossing about on the improvised bed on the floor, and seeing Cecil still half-raised on his pillows and gazing still at bed No. 2, I became unconscious of storm, Cecil, or phantoms, and slept till the morning light, and the boot's cheerful "*Sechs Uhr*" and double knock warned us to prepare for our day's work. Cecil rose, and we went together down to the dining-room, both very silent, and wondering if anything would be asked by host or waiters about our night's rest. We breakfasted, the host came and wished us good morning, and gave information about our route, and spoke of the storm, but of nothing else, and I turned to Cecil after he had gone, saying that I could not explain the night's vision, but thought we must have eaten something that had produced a disagreement in our digestions and an agreement in our symptoms. He was still excited and nervous, and looked as though he had not slept at all.

"I am sorry I called you," he said, amiably.

"Oh, we had best not talk of the effect of light we thought we saw, and it's of no use to mention it to others," I replied.

"Why?" he asked.

"Simply," I said, "because nobody will believe us."

We left the hotel, and I think it must have been at least a week afterwards that in another hotel we came upon a number of an old illustrated newspaper in the reading-room. Cecil had it in his hand, and gave it to me, pointing with his finger at a paragraph which read thus:—

"We regret to learn that a sad accident took place last Wednesday at —gen, the particulars of which have cast a gloom over the place, and have so affected the amiable host of the —hoff, that he has shut up his house a full fortnight before the usual end of the season, which has always filled full his hospitable and excellent place of entertainment and healthy lodging. Mr G., an English gentleman, who was travelling alone, was carried into the hotel during a thunderstorm, struck dead by lightning, which damaged also a little part of the house, close to which he was standing under the shelter of a chestnut-tree. The body was placed on a bed, and means were tried to produce sensibility, but without avail. His brother has arrived from England, and the corpse will probably be buried at —gen, his brother thinking that the carriage to England of the gentleman's body is unnecessary, although he has, it is said, a fine estate in that country, and might have expected to have ended his life amid English 'home and comfort,' and to have rested with his ancestors."

I put down the paper.

The place mentioned was that where Cecil Wake had caused me to see what, I still try to think, was an effect of his own imagination!

AN ELECTRICIAN.

A QUITRENT ODE.

"*THIRTY to-day?*" Well, be it so—
"Would I the years were twenty?" No.
"I loved you well at twenty." Then
Myself had scarcely doubled ten.
Since when, I've toiled and failed and fought,
Hoped and regretted, learned and taught;
So having won to man's estate,
Why should I weary of my mate?
I ask no marvel of surprise,—
Flushed cheeks or unacquainted eyes;
Nor holds there any spell for me
In ignorant simplicity.
Let the peach apple hang, though rife
With fragrant juices; mine, the wife
Who brings me, wholesome, fair, and good,
The ripened fruit of womanhood;
Who crowns my measure to the lip
With fit and full companionship.
Mere homage to the girl I owe;
I need the woman that I know.

A sober strain, dear; one that fits
With sobered hearts and sobered wits.
Yet take my gift of Easter flowers,
White harbingers of sunnier hours.
Gone is, and gone with lingering Lent,
"The winter of our discontent."
Remember how narcissus grew
Where planets, summer-fraught with dew,
Watched Glion, and in swathes among
Lush meadows misty fragrance hung
—Not sweeter than your breath.

Oh there,
With such enchantment in the air,
—Ay, here or there, by night or day,
So all the world were far away,
Our thirty years methinks might prove
Thirty good reasons why to love.

G. W. Y.

A NEW SPORT.

WHILE some people may be inclined to deny that sea-fishing is in any sense a *sport*, others perhaps hold the opinion that it is a very fine sport indeed, but not *new*; so that the title I have chosen is liable to be assailed for very opposite reasons. It is not, however, of ordinary sea-fishing, which needs long coarse lines, heavy leads, a multitude of hooks, and the various appurtenances of the professional fisherman, that I am about to write, but rather of angling in salt-water very much as it is followed in our rivers and lakes, with certain comparatively trifling modifications in the way of tackle, and variations in the matter of bait.

We should have to go back a long way to determine who was the first man to discover the advantages of the rod for this sport. The most primitive form of sea-fishing was doubtless done from the shore, and more particularly from rocks rising out of deep water. The Goth, Pict, or Scot who stood on some rocky prominence and cast out his stone-weighted line, must have found that his hook fouled the seaweed beneath him, and a pole of some kind, to prevent the recurrence of this mishap, was very quickly devised. On the abrupt, rugged coasts of Scotland, Ireland, Yorkshire, Devon, and Cornwall, long rods of some kind or other have been used from time immemorial.

But sea-fishing does not become a sport merely because a rod is involved. When, however, we find that skilful anglers come down to the coasts, and in places, at times, and generally under conditions when professional fisher-

men would fail, manage to make heavy baskets of fish by means of fine tackle and the skill with which they use it, then I think it may be said that a branch of sea-fishing has been created which may reasonably be termed a sport.

The professional fisherman does most of his line-fishing during the night or at early morning, and the fish take little notice of his coarse lines in the semi-darkness. In the daytime he is more successful when the sea is rough than during calm, sunny weather. The troubled surface checks the flow of light, and the wave-motion, where the sea is not too deep, stirs up the bottom and slightly thickens the water. In bright sunlight, after a spell of fine weather, when the surface is like one sheet of plate-glass and the eye can see down several fathoms, the professional will tell you that the fish are shy and unapproachable. But the salt-water angler knows better; and by using fine tackle, and lulling the suspicions of the fish by a judicious distribution of ground-bait, he may half fill his boat, to the great amazement of the professional.

I well remember how, one sunny August day, a friend and I walked down to a little quay at the head of Loch Inchard, carrying pike-rods in our hands. The gillie who was waiting for us said so positively the rods were worse than useless, that my friend went back and left his at home. There were three hand-lines of the usual kind in the boat; and during the two hours we were actually fishing my friend worked two of these and the gillie the third, thus having six hooks between them.

I, on the other hand, had a piece of tackle known as a "pater-noster," made of single salmon-gut and bearing a couple of hooks; and this I used with rod and reel much as if I was perch-fishing. The loch was full of fish, and we had a really fine take of large whiting, grey gurnets, and plaice; but the two hooks of the pater-noster caught more than the six hooks of the hand-lines, and the gillie frankly admitted that he had been mistaken in his views on the subject. That fine tackle should on one occasion prevail over coarse proves little, but I could give similar instances without number. Mr Cholmondeley Pennell tells me that, some twenty or thirty years ago, he and the late Frank Buckland were sea-fishing in a boat off Plymouth. In a little craft not far distant were some persons similarly engaged. Mr Pennell alone fished with rod and fresh-water tackle, and his take exceeded not only those of Frank Buckland and the boatman, but also those of the people in the second boat.

The literature of angling is very large. Izaak Walton's 'Compleat Angler' has alone run into over a hundred editions, and there have been five and six hundred other works published; but nearly all these related to fresh-water fishing. In 1801 was published Dr Brooke's 'Art of Angling,' which dealt to some extent with rock-fishing. Later on we had a useful book by Captain Lambert Young, entitled 'Sea-Fishing as a Sport,' and Mr Wilcock's important work, 'The Sea-Fisherman.' But it was not until 1887, when my little hand-book, entitled 'Angling in Salt Water,' was published, that fishing in the sea with fine tackle, and very much according to the methods used by fresh-water anglers, was

exhaustively considered. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for quoting a few lines from the preface:—

"The subject of this little work is sea-fishing—or rather, sea-angling—for pleasure, as opposed to sea-fishing for profit; and apart from any value attaching to the information given, if my endeavours have the effect of sending more anglers to the sea, and relieving the strain on our over-fished rivers and lakes, I shall not have written in vain. . . . This book will, I hope, show that angling of a superior kind is to be obtained in the sea, and possibly in a few years the very limited number of persons who angle in salt-water may be considerably increased."

My expectations have been abundantly realised. There is not a pier or jetty jutting out from the shore of the United Kingdom where the sea-angler is not to be found, though I fear, owing to the steamboat traffic at most of those places, the majority of the fish have been driven away, and he catches but little. My little book made, indeed, many converts, and was followed by a work very much on the same lines so far as the practical information went, but with the addition of a very useful guide to the principal places on the coast—I mean 'Sea-Fishing on the English Coasts,' by Mr F. G. Aflalo. A smaller book, written by an enthusiast, but dealing chiefly with hand-lines, was Mr Frank Hudson's 'Sea-Fishing for Amateurs.'

The first, and, so far as I know, for many years the only, society of sea-anglers was the "Rock Fishers'" angling club of Aberdeen. But in the early spring of 1893 a "British Sea-Anglers' Society" was formed, of which Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., is the president. It includes among its supporters Lord Brassey, Lord St Levan, Sir Harald G. Hewett, Bart., Sir

George R. Sitwell, Bart., M.P., Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., Captain Lambert Young, Mr R. Biddulph Martin, M.P., Mr H. Cholmondeley Pennell, Mr T. A. Dorrien-Smith, Mr J. C. Wilcocks, Mr W. Senior (of the 'Field'), Mr S. Harwood (of 'Land and Water'), Mr R. B. Marston (of the 'Fishing Gazette'), Mr A. W. Blakey (of the 'Angler'), and a number of other gentlemen interested in sea-fishing. The chief burden of the undertaking was borne by Mr F. G. Aflalo, who was elected, and has since acted as, honorary secretary. The society was from the first a success, and within a few months the subscribers numbered nearly two hundred. It may, perhaps, be asked, What can a society of this kind do? The committee aim, I believe, at establishing branches in all parts of the kingdom, with boats and competent men. This, of course, is a work both of time and money. Then there are to be corresponding members at different sea-coast towns, who will give information as to the migrations of sea-fish, the best periods to visit the locality, the best men to employ, and so forth. All the information which is obtained is filed and ready for reference at the office in London, No. 66 Haymarket. Arrangements are being made with different hotel-keepers to charge members of the society a fixed tariff, and certain of the railway companies have already agreed to carry the members at reduced fares.

So far as my experience goes, some of the best sea-fishing to be obtained anywhere in the United Kingdom is off the coasts of Scotland and the outlying islands, and I hope the time will come when anglers living in the South will be able to make their journey North on more reasonable terms than those which at present prevail. I

think the success of the British Sea-Anglers' Society and the books which have been written on what I believe I correctly term a "new sport" are proof, if one were needed, that sea-fishing in its higher branches has taken a great hold on the minds of a large section of the angling community. First-rate fresh-water fishing is becoming more difficult of attainment every day, and it is only the few who can afford to pay large sums for salmon-rivers in the North, and trout-streams in the South, who may reckon on obtaining good sport. Men often spend their summer holiday in Scotland, devoting perhaps £50 or more to travelling, hotel, and incidental expenses. They fish hotel waters, and catch perhaps half-a-dozen salmon, often not so many.

There are not in Northern seas any fish (except big sea-trout, which in certain places may be caught in salt-water) affording the same sport as that given by salmon. But in the warmer seas on the south, west, and east coasts of England we have in the bass a fish which, though very difficult to catch, gives almost, if not quite, as great sport when hooked as does the king of the river; while the pollack and coal-fish—better known in Scotland as lythe and saithe—take the fly most greedily at times, and give very fine sport indeed. In using the word "fly" in connection with sea-fish, I do not refer to the imitation of natural winged insects such as are the death of trout, but rather to the various, more or less gaudy, combinations of tinsel, fur, and feather which, without much doubt, represent in the water a small fish or some marine insect.

Sea-fish most readily take what we are pleased to term artificial *flies*, when they are feeding on fry

of various kinds, mostly herring and sprat, several of which may be included in the generic term "whitebait"; and the best fly is, without much doubt, one which most closely resembles those silvery little fish. I had such a fly dressed, which was very successful with a billet on the Yorkshire coast (billet is the local name for the young of the coal-fish, or saithe, which vary from 1 to 3 lb. in weight). The body of the fly was rather fat, and covered with broad silver tinsel. Tail and under-wing were of peacock herle, and over-wing two white strips from a swan's wing; the legs rather long peacock herle. With this fly I had a really remarkable take of fish, casting from the rocks. A shoal of billet had driven the whitebait (called on that part of the coast soil or sile), and I worked my fly just as I would for sea-trout. Darkness and a rising tide drove me from the spot, but in the short space of three-quarters of an hour I had landed over half-a-cwt. of fish. That is not an everyday occurrence, of course.

Looking at the fact that the herring-fry have bluish-green backs, and silvery sides and belly, it might be better to reverse the fly above described by placing the white wing where the legs usually go, and using long pieces of peacock herle to represent the back of the little fish. The more ordinary sea-fly, which has been used for many years, has a white wool body and a white wing; but mackerel, to capture which it is chiefly intended, do not take it nearly so eagerly as they do a strip of mackerel-skin, which, if properly cut, looks like a small fish swimming through the water. Strips of skin cut from the side of the grey gurnard are used for the same purpose.

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCCXLVII.

Though the mackerel is, perhaps, of all marine fish the one which is generally deemed the most ready to take a fly, so far as my experience goes it is not to be caught in numbers by ordinary casting with the fly-rod. As a rule, mackerel are some little distance under the surface, and the best way to catch them is to trail behind the boat a single hook on which is a strip of mackerel-skin. A lead fixed to the line some distance above the bait is required to sink the tackle.

Casting with the rod in fresh-water fashion is of little use except when the mackerel are every now and again breaking the surface as they hunt the shoals of small fry about. If we could follow such surface-feeding mackerel, it would be an easy matter to catch a large number; but if the fish chance to appear close to the boat, they are gone again in less than a quarter of a minute, to reappear perhaps a hundred yards away. Tenby Bay was alive with these fish one sunny morning towards the end of August. The shoals were breaking the water in all directions, chasing the herring-fry. But though a little Welsh boy and I did our best to get within casting distance, I do not suppose that I was able to place my fly over the mackerel half-a-dozen times. But each cast produced a fish.

There are several records of herrings being taken with the artificial fly both in the sea-lochs of Scotland and Ireland. I have never yet had the good fortune to come upon herrings when thus disposed. It is when they are crowding into the narrow inlets of the sea in autumn, and are in shallow water, that the fly-fisher has his opportunity.

Almost any summer's evening

the little fish known as cuddies, which are the young of the saithe and lythe, take the fly right greedily, and make up in numbers what they lack in size and strength. The fish affording the best sport with fly, so far as my experience goes, are pollack, coal-fish, and bass; but, like trout, the largest specimens somewhat disdain so small a lure as the imitation white-bait. Still the pollack, or lythe, of 4 or 5 lb., is a strong fish, and on the fly-rod the angler will have no little difficulty in preventing his descent to some stronghold among rocks and weeds.

The largest bass are not commonly found in considerable shoals. What are known as "school-bass"—fish averaging from 2 to 5 lb.—afford the fly-fisher the best possible sport to be obtained in the sea. When these are hunting the herring-fry and breaking the water, the gulls screaming overhead and sharing the whitebait banquet, a fly cast judiciously into the middle of the shoal will often work great execution. The fish are not less game than sea-trout, and would compare favourably with *Salmo trutta*, were they only as useful on the table as they are sport-giving in the sea. The mention of sea-trout reminds me that those fish occasionally, and, more rarely, the salmon, rise to a fly in salt-water. The farther north we go, the more complacent in this respect are the *Salmonidae*. Like many other sea-fish, they enter the sea-lochs to feed on the herring-fry, and in the brackish water of many estuaries are commonly fished for with the artificial fly. In Kyles of Durness and Tongue, in Sutherland, and in the fjords of Norway, it is a regular practice to angle for sea-trout in salt-water; but the lure commonly used is a sand-eel, blue phantom, or other

spinning bait. I discussed the whole subject of sea-trout fishing in salt-water in two articles which were published in the 'Field,' November 12, 1887, and March 3, 1888.

The capture of salmon in the sea with artificial fly is, as I have indicated, a somewhat rare occurrence; but in the Fleet, between Dornoch and Golspie, in Sutherland, they are commonly fished for in this manner during the first few hours of the rising tide. In July 1888 a very remarkable take of salmon was made by Sir John H. Morris, K.C.S.I., in the large inlet of the sea known as Loch Roag. Into it flows the most prolific salmon-river of the island of Lewis—possibly of the United Kingdom. There had been a spell of dry weather, and the salmon had been unable to ascend the river. It was ten days before the fish showed any inclination to take the fly. Sir John Morris and his friends were fishing for sea-trout when they caught the first salmon, and finding that these fish were inclined to rise, they changed their flies and fished for them very carefully, with the result that sixty were killed in a week by five rods. The fly used on the first day was a wasp tied on No. 5 hook, but later on larger flies were used with equal success. But the salmon is nothing if not eccentric, so it is not surprising to hear that none were killed in Loch Roag before or since. I am indebted to Sir John Morris for these particulars, so the facts stated are unquestionable.

I am inclined to regard coal-fish, or saithe, as a freer riser than the lythe. On the west coast of Ireland it has long been the custom to row out in the evening with great bamboo poles,

to the ends of which are fastened stout lines baited with a rough woollen fly; and the saithe are often taken by dozens. The cod is hardly a fish which one would deem of particular interest to the fly-fisher, but he will take the fly none the less if it is only sunk within a foot or two of his capacious maw. In fact, there is nothing in the way of a bait, natural or artificial, which a cod will not take. He does not rise in the ordinary sense, as will bass, lythe, saithe, and mackerel; but it frequently happens that when no fish are near the surface and the angler is sinking his fly, he will hook a codling or cod. And should he allow his lure to reach the bottom, it may even attract a lovely haddock or gurnet. I say lovely; for when taken fresh out of the sea, these fish are decked in hues unseen by those whose knowledge of the inhabitants of the sea is limited to the exhibition on a fishmonger's slab. So much for fly-fishing; but I may add that the fly-fisher should study the tides and the habits of the fish, and that those conditions which are unfavourable on a fresh-water loch—*e.g.*, clear calm water and bright sunlight—are almost equally unfavourable on salt-water, though sea-fish are comparatively uneducated.

I suppose it will be generally considered that the next highest branch of sea-fishing is spinning a natural or artificial bait. As a matter of fact, if natural bait is used, it need not spin; but if the water be clear and the day bright, the spinning motion doubtless adds to the attractiveness of the lure. Those who have caught mackerel on a rod and line, will never again use the heavy hand-lines and leads, weighing 2 lb. or more, which are favoured by the professional fisher-

man. Those great leads are used to keep the line down when the boat is sailing briskly. By journeying a little slower through the water, a smaller lead will suffice to sink the bait, a rod and reel can be used, and wet hands and aching back avoided. Fewer fish will be caught, because less ground, or rather water, will be covered, but pleasurable sport takes the place of arduous labour.

Since fresh-water anglers have taken to sea-fishing, I have noticed that some of the professional fishermen have not been too proud to adopt the methods of the amateurs. For instance, in the Bristol Channel the Welsh fishermen almost invariably use two yards or so of silkworm gut at the end of their mackerel-lines, and gut snoods have replaced flax on the whiting-lines of many of the south-coast fishermen. The fish caught trailing or spinning are much the same as those which take the fly—bass, lythe, saithe, and, if we fish close enough to the bottom, gurnet, haddock, and cod. Often when mackerel-fishing, and the breeze has almost died away, our lines have sunk until the lead has been gently bumping over the sandy bottom. Then has come the sullen resistance of heavy cod, or the fierce tugs of some gorgeous red gurnet, with wing-like fins fringed with iridescent colours, making a pleasant variety to the great heap of silvery mackerel.

Sometimes the sea-angler will take his stand on some rocky headland, and by using tackle almost identical with that required for pike—casting out his spinning-bait some thirty or forty yards, and drawing it quickly in—catches one or more splendid hard-fighting bass. But more often, perhaps, he will cast in vain; for the bass is only exceeded in shyness by the

grey mullet, a fish which is infinitely more difficult to catch than either trout or salmon.

There are few forms of angling more exciting than whiffing, railing, or trailing, as it is variously called, for large lythe. Of course, if the line be of a size suitable for a washerwoman's use, and the hooks and baits be in proportion, the fish must be big indeed which cannot be hauled in hand over hand. But such tackle as that is useless unless the water be very rough or somewhat coloured, or the fishing be done during the obscurity of late evening, when lythe are well on the feed, and unobservant of lines however thick. Though I would recommend, both as a means of hooking numbers of large fish and bringing them to boat after they have taken the bait, a very much finer line than this, nevertheless that line must be so strong as to withstand the first rush of the fish in its attempt to reach its lair among the seaweed. There are few things more exciting than the first pull of a big pollack. It is as if a thunderbolt had struck the top of the rod and beaten it down on to the water. If it were a salmon, there would be one gallant rush at no great depth, and we would yield line to him in his first endeavour to get free. But with a pollack it is different. His first great, and practically only, effort is in the nature of a dive headlong down to the bottom; and if unchecked, not only is he a lost fish from the angler's point of view, but with him must go a certain quantity of tackle, and much valuable time will be lost in repairs. Single gut, even of the stoutest, is all too weak for large lythe-fishing off a rocky and weedy coast.

The salmon and trout fisher rightly praises the charming

branches of angling which he most favours, by reason, in a measure, of the magnificent scenery into which they take him. The mere word "salmon" to him brings back memories of snow-capped mountains, rolling moorlands, foaming torrents swirling amid great boulders and rocks, and of exciting encounters with the king of fish, with all their anxieties, fears, and joys. But the surroundings of the lythe-fisher are hardly, if at all, less beautiful. He is being rowed, maybe, along the irregular shores of some calm inlet of the sea on the coast of Sutherland. The salt-water loch is broken up by rocky islets on which sea-birds nest, and lichens deck the masses of grey gneiss. Cloud-topped mountains rise on the mainland, and at this distance seem to be coming almost sheer down to the water-edge. The heather is all aglow with flower. Red-deer are feeding in inaccessible spots on the mountain-side. The water is alive with guillemots, puffins, and razor-bills, while great herring and black-backed gulls are screeching overhead. The smooth round head of a seal appears above the surface, and the beautiful creature gazes at us for a moment through its soft brown eyes, and then disappears. Now and again there is a hissing sound as three porpoises, which are feeding on the herrings, show their round backs and blow. Solan-geese are taking great aerial dives with closed wings, causing the water to boil as they strike it, and coming up, sometimes with, but more often without, a fish in their sharp-edged beaks. The sun is nearing the horizon to the north-westward, and the mountain-sides are lit up with ever-changing colours—now gold, now purple, now orange. Truly the surroundings are all that the heart

of man could desire. And the sport?

There are two rods over the stern of the little boat which Donald is rowing with such care along the edge of those weed-fringed rocks. Presently there is a shriek of the reel, and one of these all but disappears overboard. But we are on the alert, and have a hand upon it before it is too late. How that fish fights to regain the position he foolishly left to seize that little brown eel which passed his lair!

"A good fish, Donald!"

"Oh ay, a good fushe!" And presently the clip is brought into requisition, and a beautiful creature, with eyes bright and soft and brown as those of the seal, is lifted into the boat. Others follow, some larger, a few smaller; and not until it is almost too dark for us to safely thread our way among the narrow channels, does Donald turn the boat's head towards the little stone quay at the head of the loch.

But lythe and mackerel fishing apart, it must be confessed that the basket is more often better filled when we fish with natural bait near the bottom than with fly or spinner. The largest bass of all, great fellows weighing sometimes as much as 15 lb., will not often have anything to say to a twopenny-halfpenny little bit of feather and tinsel. The patriarchal fish haunt the coast near the mouths of harbours and estuaries, where refuse of all kinds affords them food. Indeed, if you would catch them, you would be well advised not to be over-nice in the matter of baits. There are few things more tempting for a big bass than a great lump of ray's liver which has been kept for a day or two, nor are these fish averse to the interiors of chickens

and rabbits. They will take a whole herring or pilchard as it is lying on the bottom of the sea, but in that case there must be no weight, for the bass goes off and gorges it before the angler strikes, and if he feels any resistance from lead or otherwise he at once drops the bait. These great bass are also very partial to that quaint creature known to fishermen as the squid, and many are caught on long lines baited with pieces of squid and laid along rocky shores.

Well do I remember one calm starlight night, when a little Welsh lad and myself were in a boat within twenty yards of some beetling cliffs, against which a slight swell was breaking. We were using very coarse hand-lines, and hoping to catch some monster congers which were known to abound at this particular spot; and the eels gave us good sport, though we did not get any very great ones. Suddenly my line was torn nearly out of my hand, and in a second a fish, which could not have been much under 20 lb. in weight, was lashing the surface into foam, just as any fresh-run salmon sometimes does when the rank barb of the hook sinks deeply into some tender place. The sea was full of phosphorescence that night, and this creature, as it lashed and beat about in a sort of glowworm bath, was a beautiful sight. No other fish that swims in the sea, except perhaps the salmon, would be so tigerish. Alas! it is always the largest which are lost, if anglers are to be believed. The Welsh lad who was with me had never before seen such a thing as this. He would have cared little for a conger-eel of 20 lb., knowing them right well; but this thing, which struggled and kicked wildly, and seemed to almost foam at the

mainly out lines, each bearing fifteen of line, hooks, only caught two or three codlings between them. In the earlier portion of this paper I gave other instances of many more fish being caught on the rod than on the hand-line.

In angling for small sea-fish the rod is particularly serviceable. That estimable little member of the *Pleuronectidae*, the sand-dab, which, when the sole has become extinct, will have to take its place, may be caught by the dozen on many sandy shores by those who fish with light, fresh-water tackle. I never saw the usefulness of a rod for sea-fishing more clearly demonstrated than in Tenby Bay, where this particular fish abounds. The water there is shallow, and the current is not strong; but the local fishermen use hand-lines bearing heavy leads, suitable for fishing a tideway. These little fish are delicate biters. The hand-liner will probably feel nothing until the sand-dab has swallowed the bait and is struggling to get rid of it. The angler, on the other hand,—and by angler I mean more particularly him who uses rod and line,—who fishes with the lightest lead the current will allow, feels the slightest interference with the bait, and will catch almost every fish that bites.

Not as evidence of my own particular skill, but merely of the superiority of the rod over the hand-line, I may shortly describe one particular afternoon's fishing I had not far from a little bay on the Bristol Channel, called Waterwinch. I was in a boat, and had with me two rods, on both of which were light paternoster tackle. About a hundred yards' distance there soon came a professional fisherman with two customers, a father and his little son. The three were using hand-lines, but



mouth like a mad dog, caused consternation.

"Gaff him quickly!" I cried,—
"gaff him!"

But the lad only stood and stared, and presently the hook came away, the water grew still, and a few sparks of phosphorescent light on the surface of the water were alone left to tell the story.

This leads me to another great fish which was lost, but not by me. Not far from the spot where we fished that night were some projecting rocks on which bass-fishers frequently took their stand, and in the grey light of early morning sometimes—but not often—enjoyed rare sport. Their bait was commonly skate's liver, and they would use a float tackle. Sitting quietly there, one could times and oft see great bass swimming by, but stopping to rub their noses among the weeds as they picked up some such inconsiderable trifle as a baby crab. Well, to come to this big fish. One of these anglers happened upon a shoal of large grey mullet. Perhaps it was the king of all the shoal that took the piece of odorous ray's liver. The angler struck, and for a second saw the fish, which was near the surface. It could not have been less than 12 lbs, he says, but it went straight away among the rocks until every inch of line was off his reel, and then in a second broke the stout trace of platted gut. Let no one suppose that little skill is required in sea fishing. There is indeed in him who can catch large grey mullet.

Sometimes these fish will follow a ship right into dock, feeding greedily on the vegetable growths with which its bottom is covered. All kinds of bait have been tried for them without much success, including boiled cabbage and fat

pork. Occasionally they are taken with a fly, particularly if a gentle—which is the angler's name for the larvæ of the blue-bottle—is placed on the hook. One of the best-known baits is a live rag-worm, a sort of marine centipede. A clever method of catching mullet was described in the 'Fishing Gazette' some years ago. An angler had observed that when he threw bread-crumbs into a certain piece of water, mullet came to the surface and fed on them; so he thereupon buoyed a very fine line with fragments of cork, placed small hooks along it at intervals and baited them with bread-paste. Having set this line, he sprinkled his bread-crumbs to act as a sort of ground-bait, or, to speak more correctly, surface-bait, and the fish came to his call, and some were captured. It must be confessed, however, that the best bait for grey mullet has yet to be discovered. In this connection I may point out that the amateur sea-fisher may in the not far distant future discover new baits which will be of the greatest advantage to the sea-fisherman. A considerable sum of money has been spent at the Marine Laboratory at Plymouth in the endeavour to find some artificial bait which will replace mussels, lugs, and other natural baits of the fisherman; but, so far, no success has attended the efforts of the chemist who investigated the question.

On the east coast of England, south of Yorkshire, there comes a great run of codling inshore in the autumn, and then one may see fifty or more men standing on the shore and catching these little fish by means of what are known locally as "throw-out" lines. These are hardly machines which commend themselves to enthusiastic

sportsmen. They consist mainly of a considerable length of line, from which a dozen or more hooks project, and terminated by a heavy lead. Beyond the lead is a piece of finer line about two yards in length, at the end of which is a button, used for slinging out the affair seaward. Having arranged the whole of the line loosely on the shore, the fisherman baits his hooks, tying on his mussels, if they are using any, for the purpose. He next places the button in a cleft cut at the end of a broom-stick, swings the lead to and fro once or twice pendulumwise, and with a mighty heave sends it out to sea, much as a rocket leaves a life-saving apparatus—the button, of course, slipping from the cleft at the end of the stick. Any one would naturally suppose that with these thirteen or more hooks a large number of fish would be caught; but my experience is, that the angler fishing with an ordinary two-hook paternoster will catch many more fish than can be taken on a throw-out line. The reason probably is this: The angler's line is fine, and this enables a much smaller lead to be used than the one on the throw-out line. The fish, when it seizes the bait, very often pulls the lead a short distance, and the person holding the rod at once feels the bite, strikes, and hooks the fish. With a hand-line, the fish has something comparatively unresisting to pull against in its struggles, and thus frequently wrenches the hook out of its mouth. Where the rod is used, the yielding top gives to the pull of the fish, and a very lightly hooked codling will be brought on shore. I have seen twelve fish landed by a person using a rod and two hooks, while men who were standing on either side of the angler and working two throw-

out lines, each bearing fifteen hooks, only caught two or three codlings between them. In the earlier portion of this paper I gave other instances of many more fish being caught on the rod than on the hand-line.

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were catching nothing. Almost immediately I lowered my tackle into the water I began to hook fish; and so freely did the sand-dabs and large plaice bite that I was unable to attend to more than one rod, while the man who was with me was fully occupied in opening mussels. Witnessing my good fortune, the people in the other boat came nearer, but still they caught nothing. Again they moved, with similar results; and seeing how very grieved and puzzled they were, I begged of them to put their boat as near mine as could possibly be done without the two little craft bumping together. This they did, thanking me profusely, quite believing that the secret lay in my having chosen a particularly good spot. But even then they were no more successful than they had been. In a very few hours' fishing my bag consisted of six dozen flat-fish, while in the boat which lay alongside me not half-a-dozen were taken. It is only fair to say that the hand-lines used by these people were particularly unsuited for the purpose. I have no doubt that if they had used my tackle, even omitting the rod, they would have had a very fair afternoon's sport.

Many of the harbours on the east coast are frequented by that most excellent of fish, the cucumber-smelt, which is a true smelt, and member of the *Salmonidae* family. It may be distinguished from the atherine or sand-smelt by the adipose or fatty fin. Hand-lines would be quite out of the question for these fish, which may be often caught in considerable quantities on exactly the same tackle as the fresh-water fisherman uses for roach,—two or three hooks, however, being more deadly than one. Another plan is to make up a tiny paternoster—that

is to say, terminate a piece of fine gut with a pistol-bullet—and place along it at intervals four or five roach-hooks baited with fragments of ragworm or uncooked shrimps. This is lowered among the smelts, which will feed all the more eagerly if they are ground-baited with pounded shrimps, herring, or other food in which they delight.

This reference to pounded shrimps reminds me that the elevation of sea-fishing to a fine art has led to the introduction on our coasts of the fresh-water fisherman's method of collecting fish and bringing them on the feed—a practice, by the way, which has prevailed in other countries for many years. It is no uncommon thing now for sea-anglers to smash up a number of crabs, pieces of herring, and other fish-food, place the mixture in a net, weight it with stones, and sink it by means of a light line at the spot where the fishing is carried on. For the purpose of collecting fish there is nothing so sure as the interiors of pilchards, which give off a quantity of oil.

Since I first commenced to sea-fish, one of the greatest improvements which has been brought about in tackle is in connection with the rod. At one time I deemed it almost impossible to use a rod along with a weight of over half a pound, but now the sea-fisherman can use a weight of 2 lb. or more without being obliged to have recourse to even a hand-line. The rod is, in a sense, a lever, and the longer the rod the more powerful the leverage on the angler's hands and wrists. Two lb. at the end of an eighteen-foot rod would feel, and would be, an enormous and quite unmanageable weight. But reduce the rod to six feet, having in lieu of the ordinary end ring a miniature

block through which the line may run with the least possible amount of friction, and we are at once able to fish with a 2-lb. lead. Sea-fishermen should bear in mind that, given a certain depth of water and a certain speed of current, a stout line will always require a much heavier lead to keep it on the bottom than one finer. By using running tackle and rod, which enable him to play his fish, the angler can dispense with very coarse strong tackle, and, as a natural consequence, is enabled to use leads of moderate weight.

I have endeavoured in this short paper to take a broad view of sea-fishing as a sport, and have touched upon as many branches of it as was possible within reasonable limits of space; but I cannot help feeling that there are necessarily many omissions, some of importance. This new sport has a great future before it. It is as

different from the methods of the professional fisherman as fly-fishing for salmon is from the salmon-fishing as pursued by our great-grand-fathers. It is, in a sense, a new branch of angling, and therefore we know at present comparatively little about it. As population, anglers, and river-pollution all increase, fresh-water fishing worth the having must necessarily become more difficult of attainment. We may do well, therefore, to find out to the full the sport the sea is likely to afford us. The salmon and sea-trout angler, too, is reminded that in time of drought, when rivers are streamlets and streamlets dry beds, a turn at the sea-loch, or round yon rocky point, may yield better sport than the gloomy contemplation of a book of salmon-flies, or the thin streak of water which winds its tortuous way among the boulders.

JOHN BICKERDYKE.

NITCHEVO:¹

A FRAGMENT OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

It was a few weeks before Christmas. The pope of Nitchvorad was thinking already of his tithes—the geese, and the pig, and the sacks of apples—and perhaps of the New Year's dinner up at the Castle; his wife, the popadia, was wishing, in her usual dumb patient fashion, that the holy season, with certain contingencies pertaining to it, were well over.

It had been an open winter, so far, at Nitchvorad; but now the frost seemed to be strengthening, and the low blanket clouds, full of snow, were hanging in the fir-tops, ready to empty themselves in a few hours. The popadia stumped to and fro between the kitchen and the wood-shed, bringing in fuel for the ovens. Her husband had told the boys to help their mother, but none of them had attended to his orders: the best that could be said for the parson's boys was, that in holiday-time one saw very little of them.

Suddenly there was a rallying and a scuffling on the street side of the house, a jingling of bells, a clatter of horses' feet sharply turning the corner, where the ice from the pool round the midden splintered like glass. The Count's servant jumped off the box-seat of the Count's own droschky, and would have half thumped the pope's door down with his fists, had not the pope himself, rushing from his seat by the oven, appeared in an instant on the doorstep. The little desolate street was alive with darting black eyes,

the shock black heads of the parson's boys protruding from every unexpected cranny: it was not a common thing for the Count's carriage to stop at their door, and for once there was something to stare at.

"Jump in, jump in!" cried the Countess, as the pope came bowing and smiling to the carriage door. "The Count has visitors, come for the horse-fair, and they have all sat down to *skat*. They began to play at eight last evening, and, save for supper and for breakfast, they have not moved yet. My husband said, 'Fetch the pope,—he will enjoy the fun;' and I can give you five minutes to make your packet. Ask the popadia to put together your things for a couple of nights, for the snow is coming, and you will not mind being kept a bit at the castle, eh? Ah! there you are, Sophia Petrovitch; a hundred greetings to you," as the popadia appeared in the passage. "You will spare us your husband for a short visit? You have plenty of sons to look after you—how many? Ah! eleven: that is a brave family; and you will soon make up your dozen, if I don't mistake," rattled on her ladyship the Countess with ready wit, and in a shrill voice which carried half-way down the street.

The pope was bustling about, struggling into his Sunday kaftan, stuffing things into a bag and pulling them out again in his excitement, bawling at his wife, who in the inner room was hastily putting a few stitches and apply-

¹ A Russian colloquialism signifying "*N'importe*," "Nothing matters."

ing a brush to garments that were not in general use.

"Here, Sophia Petrovitch, there is candle-grease on my sleeve. Lend me thy gaiters, mine are all spattered with mud. If thou hast an iron handy, just pass it over these spots, and smooth out the silk handkerchief. Come! come! how slow thou art, while the Countess waits! I might be a widower—God forbid it!—with a wardrobe all so unready in an emergency. Where is thy fur cap? it is better than mine, and no one will see thee."

The popadia worked with a will, her broad sallow face showing no sign of emotion. In five minutes the pope was brushed, dressed, packed, stepping into the carriage beside the Countess, his wife handing his little leather wallet to the footman with her own hands.

"Bah! not inside," shrieked the Countess, as the man would have put the modest luggage on the front seat; "the smell of leather and of grease makes me sick! I would not have it near me for ten roubles;" and the servant swung it carelessly to the box-seat by the long broken strap which the popadia had not had time to sew afresh.

"Home!" cried the Countess; then with an afterthought, "Good-bye, Sophia Petrovitch; good luck to you in making up your dozen:" and with a peal of laughter at her own sprightliness, the lady leaned back among her furs, and the carriage drove away.

The popadia went back into the house and shut the front door. A little soft, light snow, like eider-down, had blown into the passage, a precursor of the downfall that was due. Sophia Petrovitch sat down in her husband's chair by the oven—the one seat in the house that was really snug and warm—

and let her hands drop on her knees for full ten minutes without moving. The unexpected bustle of the Countess's visit and her husband's departure had shaken her, and a little red spot came on each of her prominent cheek-bones. Outside, the sky seemed to be bending nearer and nearer with its weight of snow. Everything was very still, for the boys had rushed off again to their lairs, to rejoice over the disposal of the "little father" for the next two days. The popadia almost fancied, as she sat alone in the house, that she could feel the great earth plunging round on its course—a strange sensation that had come to her once or twice of late, and made her grasp at the chair-arms or at anything that came handy while it lasted. Then the Countess's reiterated words came back to her. The baby that was to come at Christmas-time was the thirteenth, not the twelfth, though she had not seen fit to correct her ladyship.

There were eleven boys, to be sure, belonging to the pope's family, ranging from sturdy, untamable Alexander, of nearly sixteen, to the pair of eleven-months' twins in the box-cradle behind the stove; but Tinka, the pretty blue-eyed girl—the only blue-eyed, fair-skinned child in all the swarthy, shock-headed crew—had died five years before, just as she was beginning to fill the place of friend and assistant to the poor patient mother, who had never known what it was to be befriended or assisted in her life.

Tinka was the eldest of the family. She had faded away before the Countess came, as a bride, to the Castle; and as no one in Nitchvorad went in for such sentimentality as decorating graves, the remembrance of the little girl had passed from all men's minds.

Even the pope himself rattled over her name, when he read the prayer for the dead, as though he had no recollection of the family to which she belonged.

Sophia Petrovitch sighed a little as she thought of the prospect before her.

The snow was falling steadily now, in small close flakes. In a few hours the roads would be impassable and dangerous if the wind rose and drove it into drifts before the frost froze it to an even surface. If old Marcova Marcovitch was to come to her, as the pope in his hurry had suggested—rather out of a desire to leave himself more free than from any special solicitude about his wife—Alexander must fetch her at once, before nightfall and the increasing snowfall rendered her coming impossible. But to catch Alexander, and to coerce him into doing anything that might be of use to anybody else, was a task beyond the feeble power of the popadia. Perhaps Boris, the third boy, might be amenable to her wishes, provided his elder brothers did not jeer him out of countenance; and old Marcova had better come—at once—if this weakness were—"Dear Virgin, Holy Mother, and blessed St Joseph, thou protector of all poor women on whom the burden of housekeeping falls heavily, keep this deadly faintness back until old Marcova comes!"

Boris, who was lurking in the region of the wood-stack behind the house, agreed in his happy-go-lucky fashion to fetch the old nurse as soon as he had completed the sparrow-trap which he was constructing out of forked twigs and bits of slate, to take advantage of the imminent snowfall; and his mother, creeping back to the living-room, where the twins were roaring lustily from

their cradle-box, felt a little comforted that her weakness had been a passing indisposition, and that Marcova would be with her before night was far advanced. It was only three hours later, when Boris and his brethren straggled in to supper, wrangling over their rye-bread and cabbage soup like a flock of shrieking starlings, that it transpired that the boy had forgotten the popadia's message altogether in the enthusiasm of his afternoon's sport. It was too late then to do anything; indeed no one thought of repairing the omission, any more than of apologising for it. Only the popadia felt as if some prop on which she had been leaning had snapped under her; but she said nothing, for there was none to listen.

Presently, when all the boys were asleep, even the twins quiet for a brief interval, the popadia crept to bed, missing with an unwonted feeling of tenderness the hearty snores of her consort, which generally gave evidence of his unruffled conscience and undisturbable digestion for an hour or so before the house-mother managed to slip into her place beside him. To-night the tired woman fell into a broken sleep, disturbed by dreams of confusion and distracting cross-purposes: that long broken strap which kept slipping, slipping through her numbed fingers had the pope's little wallet at the end of it; but when at last she drew it up, she found nothing but a crying infant dangling just out of reach, and some one shrieked with high-bred company laughter, like the Countess, and cried in her ear with shrill importunity, "How can you make up the dozen, if there are really thirteen?" It was repeating the word "thirteen," fateful out of very meaninglessness to all Russians, that the popadia

woke at last, to find that a new morning had come, in outward appearance very much like the old night, but filled to the brim afresh with work and responsibilities, care and toil and pain.

"Ah, the thirteenth!" murmured Sophia Petrovitch, stuffing back her tumbled hair into her woollen cap and tying it more firmly under her chin, so as to cover her ears; "it is the thirteenth child that often steals away the life of the mother. For me, I should not complain but for the pope." She had reached this point before in the same train of thought, and had stopped short; it was one that she dared not pursue. For the Russian pope there is no second marriage permissible in the event of the popadia's death, and very few parish priests can afford to keep a servant in place of a wife, who requires no wages. Heaven help the family where the wife and mother is cut off untimely!

Up at the Castle time was passing joyously. There was some *skat*-playing; but the Count had made this easy for the pope by handing him an envelope with notes in it, which the priest had been delighted to pocket. There had been a visit to the horse-fair too, where the stranger guests had listened with amusement to the pope's cautious chaffering in their interest; and from time to time there had been adjournments to immense meals of game and meat, and sweets and wine, very different from the parsonage fare—a fixed quantity of black bread, and unsavoury vegetable soup, which had to be stretched round to meet the requirements of the pope's increasing family. The Countess's sharp impertinent eyes watched the poor parson's shamefaced greediness of appreciation with scarcely veiled insolence. Yet,

in her way, she liked him, wished him to enjoy his stay, and gave him the advantage of any tit-bits and warm corners that she could—partly out of careless good-nature, and partly to satisfy the superstitious disquiet of a thoroughly irreligious character brought into proximity with what, in Russia, passes for a spiritual power. It salved the Countess's conscience to fill the pope's plate and glass: in a day or two the wrinkles in his furrowed cheeks would be perceptibly lessened, and such a result would go to the credit side of her ladyship's moral account, debited, to her occasional mental inconvenience, with many a neglected mass and scamped confession. It was not often that the lady of the Castle did anything for anybody besides herself, but the comfortable assurance that the priest was having a good time diffused a glow of satisfaction through her which was eminently pleasing.

It was late in the evening of the second day that a message came from Nitchvorad to summon the pope to the village. Somehow the Countess received it first, sitting in her easy-chair in the yellow drawing-room after dinner; while the gentlemen, in the inner room, were cutting for partners at cards. The lady's face was rather white and scared as she whispered to her husband, and they both glanced anxiously at the pope, who, overcome with the warmth and the pleasant after-effects of an excellent meal, had fallen asleep in a corner of the sofa, waiting his turn to cut in when required. Some orders were given, and a carriage hastily prepared. The pope was roused, and his host hurriedly informed him of the summons that had come: one of his parishioners, a woman, was very ill, and desired

the last consolations of Holy Church. They almost pushed him across the hall to the carriage door, in their eagerness to get him off; for, puzzled with the sudden awakening and the but half-explained recall to duty, he was fain to linger, rubbing his eyes and asking a dozen questions which no one seemed inclined to answer. It was the Count himself who wrapped him in a big fur cloak and shut the carriage door. The footman, looking frightened and sulky, took his place on the box-seat, with a last word of direction from his master. Then the carriage rolled heavily away in the snowy darkness, and the Castle party looked at each other with sighs of relief.

"It was the best thing to do," averred the Countess, picking up her novel, which had fallen on the floor. "There would have been a scene and all that, and he will find it out fast enough."

"Was he fond of her?" some one asked — a stupid question enough, had he stopped for a moment to consider; but one often says these sort of things to make conversation when matters are for a moment a little uncomfortable.

"Oh, it will be a real misfortune, poor fellow!" replied the Count, snuffing the wax candles on the card-table. "He may not remarry, as you know; and there are, of course, about twenty children. Baron, will you deal?"

"A dozen—a dozen exactly; do not exaggerate," murmured the Countess in the next room.

Two or three of the villagers, and some of the pope's boys, were hanging about the doorway as the Count's carriage drove up. The poor shamefaced young footman got down from the box, and

muttered his explanation at the window. Ere it was half-way through, the pope, with starting eyes, had flung himself out of the carriage and into the house, crashing against an open door and overturning a stool as he rushed through the living-room to the bedroom beyond. But the noise did not startle the popadia, where she lay white and still on the bed, her long, long day's work over at last. A peasant woman—not old Marcova, but a neighbour summoned in terrified haste by Alexander—pushed a little shabby bundle of flannel at him, with a vague instinct of consolation. The twins from their box shouted lustily; the whispering group about the door crept nearer to have a glimpse of the death-chamber; even the young footman from the Castle, who felt he had played a somewhat important rôle in the catastrophe, determined to have just one peep, so as to report to the maidservants at supper how the popadia had looked.

But the pope saw nothing: with a terrible cry he flung himself across the bed where his wife lay. "Oh, little mother! little mother! who will care for us now that thou art gone?"

There was no voice, nor any that answered, for the question was indeed unanswerable. By-and-by they brought the pope the vodka-bottle, and he drank, and fell into an uneasy slumber, while the women creaked about the room, attending to the puling infant, and whispering with suppressed enjoyment of the situation; but the popadia lay white and unmoved in their midst, for to her neither husband, children, nor neighbours mattered any longer.

G. B. STUART.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA.

AN ANNIVERSARY LAMENT, JUNE 22, 1894.

I.

DEEP, buried deep,
In calm untroubled sleep,
Beneath the waves they loved, our brothers lie.
Far down, alone,
Each severed from his own,
They rest in peace, whose duty was—to die.

Shall we forget,—
While graves with tears are wet,—
The men who filled for us an ocean grave?
Or much condemn
The Chief who died with them,
And sacrificed the life he would not save;
Who, when he erred,
Pronounced his own death-word,
And left a name, at least among the brave?

II.

Are poets gone?
Shall Lycidas¹ alone
Deserve the poet-shroud of Milton's tears:
Or they who died
Sunk low with England's pride²
Share Cowper's fame, and cheat the jealous years?

—The months have sped:
What prophet-voice has said
In living words, *their memory shall not die?*
Can none to-day
A worthy tribute pay
To England's loss, and England's bitter cry;
And shall no soul
Words into music roll,
And utter forth a dirge, for all, for aye?

¹ Drowned in the Irish Channel.

² The Royal George.

III.

O fatal skill
Devising ways to kill!
Too sure that ram to strike through steel and all!
More hope had they
On whom in battle-fray
The dreaded phalanx of the Greeks might fall.
All forms of death
Cut short the struggling breath
Of those brave souls, who, as in stress of fight,
Were overborne,
By whirling engines torn,
Or dragged in darkness down, from life and light.
Yet short their pain:
And till they rise again
The sea shall guard the curtain of their night.

IV.

They sank to rest;
And on their bosom pressed
The many-fathomed ocean's weary weight;
They rose to fame;
For in their death their name
Shall ever stand with England's honoured great.
Nor mean their tomb:—
Where Solitude and Gloom,
Twin-spectres, fill the spaces dim and vast,
Where none may gaze,
Nor careless hand upraise
To stir the sleeping forms whence life has past—
There close they lie,
With all their panoply,
In peaceful glory wreathed, while earth shall last.

V.

The storms may rave
Above that lonely grave,
The waves may roar and lash themselves, in vain;
For far below,
The wrecks of long ago
Rest undisturbed where night and stillness reign.
Above their head,
Men think not of the dead,
But toil and danger face, the ocean o'er,
Till comes the day
When each must pass away,
As passed those brothers, to the unknown shore,
Where all is peace,
Where surface-discords cease,
And silence broods, till time is known no more.

VI.

In that last hour,
When the almighty power
Of that Great Chief above shall signal make,
With sudden dread,
The sea shall yield her dead,
And all that sleep in ocean deep shall wake.

No error then—
No orders strange to men
Who here with honest earnest hearts have striven :
But each shall know,
And judge, his life below,
And to each soul its meed of praise be given ;
For God above,
In His prevailing love,
To erring men has opened highest heaven.

VII.

All held their breath
When those sad words of death
Were flashed the waves beneath, "Victoria gone,"—
And kindness owed,
With ready hand bestowed,
On those who husband lost, or sire, or son.

And if with tears
Were mingled secret fears
Of fate deserved, or blame we could not hide :
—Respect the dead !
Let no harsh word be said
Of him, who cannot now the doubt decide :
For this we know,
Nor need we farther go—
One brave soul erred where all were brave—and died.

EDW. H. HORNE.

SESSION OF 1894.

THE defeat of the Evicted Tenants Bill on the 14th of August, and the withdrawal of the Eight Hours Bill on the next day, were appropriately followed by the Ministerial Whitebait dinner, which took place on the evening of the 15th. That the revival of the banquet scandalised the saints, may easily be believed. But after their long and stormy voyage, "rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard," Ministers, no doubt, felt that they had a right to take their ease in their inn, and to make up with champagne and burgundy for the very small beer to which they had lately been accustomed. The session was virtually over. All talk of prolonging it into September had died away. Ministers had apparently made up their minds that of the two evils between which they had to choose—the sacrifice of certain measures to which they nominally stood pledged, and the prolongation of the session a second time so far beyond its usual limits—the latter was the greater; and they wisely resolved to cut a knot which they found it impossible to untie, and terminate parliamentary business at an early date. This is how the situation presents itself to the cursory spectator. But there is a good deal more behind it, which must be dragged into the light of day before we can give a clear view of the session which has just closed. When we speak of the Government having resolved on this or that course of action, we must not be understood to mean that the result was due to any sudden or even recent determination. The two alternatives must have been before them even as long ago as when they framed the Queen's Speech.

We have maintained all along that if they had really been in earnest about placing any of their measures on the Statute Book before Parliament was prorogued, they would never have acted as they did. They have had two strings to their bow throughout; and what occurred during the last few weeks of the session abundantly confirms what we wrote at the very beginning of it.

Parliament, after a recess of only a few days' duration, reassembled on the 12th of March 1894. They had at that time been sitting with very brief intervals from the beginning of February 1893, and the fatigue had told severely on both sides of the House. It was felt to be impossible that the experiment should be repeated, and it was thought probable therefore that Government would undertake no more than could be conveniently performed between the middle of March and the middle of August. Never was a greater mistake. When the Queen's Speech appeared it was found to be loaded to the brim with measures of a most contentious character, some of which would have required, even under ordinary circumstances, a whole session to themselves; how much more so when the House was already worn out with a session of exorbitant length, separated only by a few days from the one just commencing, and when Government had in their pocket a Budget of so monstrous and mischievous a character as must certainly monopolise more than half the time they had at their command. And so it proved: the Finance Bill occupied the whole time of the House from the 16th of April to the 17th of July. With this

prospect before them, what could be the intention with which experienced statesmen represented her Majesty as recommending to the attention of Parliament a list of ten measures, of which seven at least were of first-class importance, while two out of the seven involved a fundamental change in the constitution; all this work presumably to be completed by a jaded Parliament in a short session, of which three-fifths was to be occupied with a sweeping financial revolution!

The outburst of astonishment, incredulity, and ridicule which this announcement immediately provoked was not lost upon Ministers, who found it necessary to descend a little from the high ground they had assumed, and to put a somewhat different colour on the Queen's Speech. So Lord Rosebery, with his usual felicity, christened the policy of the Government a policy of indication. The mention of these measures, he said, did not imply that Government meant to carry them; they merely "indicated" a tone of thought, a general bias, in a particular direction. Unhappily, however, this shadowy policy proved substantial enough to cause very considerable delay in the proceedings of the House of Commons. The Welsh Liberationists did not at all like being told that Disestablishment was only something towards which the party might be gravitating. The Scotch Nonconformists thought the same. The English Radicals had to swallow a similar explanation, which they did with very wry faces; and when the end came it was found that of the whole number of measures enumerated in the Speech from the Throne, only two retained a spark of vitality. Registration Bills, Scotch and Welsh Disestablishment Bills, Local Veto Bills, Evic-

ted Tenants Bills, Factories Bills, Conciliation Bills, had all perished in the crush, and only the Equalisation of Rates Bill and the Scotch Local Government Bill were found to have survived the ordeal.

At the end of July eight or ten nights in hand would have been invaluable to the Government. They might, in that case, have been saved, if they wished it, from the necessity of invoking the closure, and time enough might have been found for the adequate consideration of the Evicted Tenants Bill, and the elaboration of some compromise which the Unionist party could accept. These eight or ten nights they might have had, and more too, could they have stooped to anything so commonplace as cutting their coat according to their cloth. Four whole nights were given up to the Registration Bill; three to the Conciliation Bill; one to Welsh Disestablishment; half a one was thrown away on the statement of public business, made so needlessly aggressive by Sir William Harcourt,—when an hour in ordinary cases would have been sufficient; and, as a necessary consequence, as much more was obliged to be devoted to the debate on the closure resolution, which never need have occurred at all had Government managed their business in a practical manner with a view to actual legislation, and not with an ulterior object which is now universally recognised.

For, after all, was "actual legislation" what they really wanted? One is obliged to criticise their conduct partly on the supposition that it was, and partly on the supposition that it was not. Did they wish the Evicted Tenants Bill to pass the Lords? We have already answered this question. They did not care. That we believe to be the true state of the case. If

they passed the bill in its original form, they satisfied the Irish. If the House of Lords threw it out, they had a new cry. One result was almost as useful as the other. But our own impression is that of the two they preferred the latter. And the whole course of the session seems to show that they have been, and are still, playing for a good Radical cry in England, just holding the Irish in hand the while by as much as will keep body and soul together. Whether their allegiance will stand the strain much longer, or share the fate of Duncan M'Girdie's mare, is a question we need not enter on at present.

It is absolutely necessary to put these things carefully on record before they are forgotten, since that no House of Commons has ever experienced such treatment from any Government before from the Revolution downwards. Every party in turn except one has been used as a catspaw, and, if we do not mistake, has found the chestnuts scalding hot. In return for their complaisance, Government has given them "a bias" to chew, like a quid of tobacco to stay the pangs of hunger. They have not seemed to find it a very palatable process; and when the time comes for repeating it, as come it must, since Government can only do one thing at a time, we shall watch the effect with curiosity. Ministers may congratulate themselves on their temporary success in silencing the discordant sections. But they have only been laying up for themselves a store of trouble in the future. It is quite clear from the discontent which broke out again during the last few days of Supply, that the Ministerial arrangements for next session are in danger of serious interruption. The Chancellor of the Exchequer

will find himself confronted with three distinct parties, all clamouring for precedence—the Welsh Liberationists, the Irish Nationalists, and the English Radicals. The Welsh have been promised the first place, and have only refrained from open opposition on that understanding. But the other two parties seem evidently prepared to contest it with them, and to demand priority for a new Eviction Bill and a declaration of war against the Lords. Sir W. Harcourt has five months to consider how best he can reconcile these rival claimants, or which he can prefer without provoking the open hostility of the others. They have all threatened it: and our own opinion is that they will keep their word.

One party, certainly, has been heavily bribed, and has got good value for its silence. We mean the Ultra-English Radicals represented by Mr Labouchere. But even they are not satisfied. They have got the death duties. But that is only an instalment. Sir W. Harcourt is not suspected of any sneaking tenderness for Lord Rosebery. But his language on the subject of the House of Lords will have to be different next session, if he is to retain the confidence of this suspicious clique.

The Radicals must always be exposed to disappointments of this kind as long as they retain for their leaders men whose secret sympathies are all with the existing order of society, as Sir William Harcourt's are very well known to be. That he will go all lengths if it is absolutely necessary to the retention of office is no doubt equally certain. But he will go no farther than he need, and no faster than he can help. At the age of sixty-seven a cynical patrician, imbued with all the instincts and sympathies of his own

class, cannot be expected to be very much in love with democracy, or very much in earnest about destroying established institutions. That he should profess great zeal in the cause is essential to his safety; but it is in the secret hope that it will fail. Indeed he and Mr Labouchere remind us of no one so much as Jem Ratcliffe and Mr Sharpitlaw in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Sir William Harcourt has taken service with the Radicals, but he has no goodwill to the job, and he has to be kept up to the collar pretty tightly by the Sharpitlaws below the gangway. He can fool his own party to the top of their bent by passing measures which the House of Lords will reject; and then, when they do reject them, he can make additional capital out of his well-feigned indignation at seeing the will of the people overridden.

The Radicals, however, have given him a taste of their quality, which no doubt he has taken well to heart. No sooner had he become leader of the House of Commons than he was defeated on the Address, and told to take it back again and write a new one. When a man meekly submits to have his nose pulled, it does not augur well for his success in any very arduous undertaking. But Sir W. Harcourt was given to understand pretty plainly that he would have to undergo the operation a second time, and take back his Budget as well, if he didn't obey his masters. This is the secret of the death duties. A vigorous back-handed blow at the landed proprietors would secure the support of the Radicals for his financial scheme, and this, if successful, would wipe out the moral effect of his defeat on the Address. Something had to be done also to dwarf in the public eye the loss

of the Registration and Disestablishment Bills; and having this task laid upon him, we would not deny that he piloted the bill through the House with some boldness and dexterity. But what may redound to his credit for the moment as a parliamentary tactician will lower his reputation for life as an English statesman. It has not hitherto been the custom for English Ministers to force measures upon Parliament to serve a temporary purpose which they knew could not stand the test of experience, and were certain, therefore, to be repealed or remodelled at no distant date. What Mr Gladstone's successor has really done is to plunge our whole financial system into the direst confusion, and to leave to his own successor a legacy of difficulties which he had neither the resolution nor the ability to face himself. The death duties cannot possibly remain upon their present footing; and to undo the mischief of which Sir William Harcourt has been guilty will cost far more trouble than would have sufficed to find the money by some other means. There is no ingenuity, no economic science, displayed in Sir W. Harcourt's way of raising the wind. It is perfectly simple. The victorious general who levies a requisition on a conquered town has just as much right to call himself a great financier.

The Budget Bill was read a first time in the House of Lords on the 19th of July, a second time on the 26th, and a third time on Monday the 30th. It is not our business on this occasion to discuss the provisions of the measure one by one. That has already been done once for all in an article which we published last May, and which was the first criticism that laid bare with startling plainness the gross unfairness of the Bill. With regard

to the spirit of the Bill and its effect upon the landed interest, we will merely quote the opinion of the gentleman who is the leader of the Radical Party in the House of Commons. Both Sir William Harcourt himself and Lord Farrer and Lord Herschell in the House of Lords denied that it would inflict any injury on the landed proprietor. So far from this, the Government contended that the additional burden of taxation had been laid upon the shoulders best able to bear it. This was for the public. What passed in private between the Government and the Radicals—what the bribe was which induced them, not only to support the Budget, but to condone all the other delinquencies of which the Government had been guilty—we may learn from their somewhat over-candid friend, Mr Labouchere, who let out the truth in the periodical of that name, which in this particular instance undoubtedly deserves it. "There are," says he, "a vast number of squires whose estates are so heavily charged with mortgages and settlements that they have hardly been able to make two ends meet since the fall in the economic value of land. The death dues will be the last straw that will break their backs." And he thinks this will be for the advantage of the community, because such men could not do justice to their estates. But these men, and many others not in quite such desperate plight, were struggling on in hopes of better times, and undergoing many privations rather than tear themselves from their ancestral acres and sever their long hereditary connection with the tenants who farmed them. These men, with estates varying from £5000 to £8000 a-year, were the backbone of the

landed aristocracy; and it is certainly not for the advantage of the community that they should now see all hope of maintaining their position cut away from them. Many generous traditions, much liberal refinement, many kindly relations and humanising influences, will perish with them. But they have one fault. Sir W. Harcourt has passed the age of indiscretion, and did not imitate that thoughtless youth, Lord Rosebery, by revealing the real motive of his Budget. But it seems to have been closely akin to what the Prime Minister assigned as his sole reason for disestablishing the Scotch Kirk. The squires are Conservative!

To destroy the power of the landed aristocracy has been the aim, either secret or avowed, of the Radical party ever since the days of Mr Cobden, who did not scruple to confess that this was one of the principal objects which he proposed to himself in the repeal of the Corn Laws. It is idle to argue the question at this time of day. *Habemus confitentem reum*. But an interesting constitutional question arose during the debate on the Budget relating to the powers of the House of Lords in the matter of money bills. The Duke of Rutland was the first to call attention to the popular error on this subject. The House of Lords, he said, had never surrendered their legal right to amend money bills; and when the question came to be considered by the Peers, it was admitted that the Duke's contention was correct. Lord Salisbury stated that though he had no intention of moving any amendment to the Budget, he thought it highly desirable that the rights of the House of Lords in this respect should be kept alive, and gave an excellent reason for thinking so, which we shall notice

in a few minutes when we come to the third reading of the Finance Bill. But on its introduction he pointed out that the right actually had been exercised on two occasions during the present century, and once within his own experience. The two precedents here referred to were the amendment to Mr Gladstone's Budget in 1860 rejecting that part of it which provided for a repeal of the Paper Duties, and the Duke of Wellington's amendment to Mr Canning's Corn Bill, not in 1826 but in 1827. In a letter written by the first Lord Colchester to the Duke of Wellington, May 31, 1827, will be found a very full and clear account of the position of the House of Lords on financial questions. He quotes the resolution of the House of Commons in 1678 which had, he said, governed all subsequent cases, and he had no doubt that the Duke's amendment to the Corn Bill came within the scope of that resolution. Yet the Duke of Wellington persevered with his amendment, and carried it by a majority of eleven. The sky did not fall. A resolution of the House of Commons has not by itself the force of law; and if that House has never departed from the resolution of 1678, as Lord Colchester declared, the House of Lords in their turn have never acknowledged it. In 1861 Mr Gladstone, as quoted by the Duke of Rutland, declared that

"By no proceeding has that House ever surrendered, as far as I know, the right of altering a bill, even though it touch a matter of finance. If I might say for my own part, though anxious to vindicate the privileges of this House against the House of Lords where need may arise, yet I think that the House of Lords is right and wise in avoiding any formal surrender of the power even of amendment in cases where it might think it justifi-

able to amend a bill relating to finance."

And these last words bring us to the important practical question mooted by Lord Salisbury on the third reading, and the pregnant answer to it given by Lord Herschel. We see that Lord Salisbury and Mr Gladstone are in exact accordance on this point:—

"I do not, therefore, in the least degree dispute the wisdom of the accepted practice that this House should not interfere with the finances of the year. At the same time, I think it very important, in view of the changes that have come over the Constitution, and the proceeding and the authority of the House of Commons, that we should rigidly adhere to our legal powers, whatever they may be. It is necessary to call attention to the fact that the difference between the legal rights of the House of Commons and its moral authority is of the widest possible character. The legal rights of the House of Commons are equally strong, if they are exercised by a majority or a single vote. They are in all circumstances the same, but the moral authority of the House of Commons varies infinitely with the circumstances of the case."

He proceeded to say:—

"I deal with this matter because there is a constant tendency in the popular mind to confuse the moral authority and the legal authority of the House of Commons. I repeat that the legal authority is as great if represented by a single vote, while the moral authority varies with the circumstances. On this ground I attach very great importance to the preservation intact of the legal prerogatives and rights of the House of Lords, because we do not know when it may be expedient to insist on them and to exercise them. I quite understand the necessity of exercising any such powers with great reserve and circumspection; but we know not when they may be wanted, and I earnestly protest against any attempt to diminish them."

The distinction between the legal and the moral authority of the House of Commons is, as Lord Salisbury says, too often overlooked. The legal authority of both Houses is the same. The House of Lords has the same legal right to reject a bill as the House of Commons has to pass it. Exactly the same, neither more nor less. But when we quit this well-defined ground for one less capable of definition, the claims of the two Houses become different. The moral authority of the House of Lords depends on the character of its members: the statesmanship, the experience, the knowledge, the sagacity, the patriotism, by which it has usually been distinguished. The moral authority of the House of Commons depends upon a sanction which may be infinitely weightier than the above, or not more than equal to it, or perhaps at times even inferior: that is public opinion. When there is a great and manifest preponderance of public opinion at the back of the House of Commons, the House of Lords has nothing to set against it, and must of course give way. But as this preponderance grows less and less till it dwindles almost to nothing, in the same proportion does the authority of the House of Lords revive, and its right and its duty to exercise a vigilant supervision over the proceedings of the House of Commons become more and more pronounced and binding. And this right and this duty have both, as Lord Salisbury says, acquired fresh value and significance from recent changes in the Constitution, and also and especially in the procedure of the representative Chamber. The present is no time for allowing any of the legal powers of the House of Lords to lapse by default. They may be required any day, not only in de-

fence of established institutions, but in defence of those very liberties of which the House of Commons, once proud to be the guardian, now threatens to be the hangman.

When the point is reached at which the voice of the House of Commons ceases to possess any moral authority either equal to or greater than that of the Upper House, is a question which, as Lord Herschel says, it may not be very easy to determine. But every one knows there is such a point. According to a well-worn metaphor, we cannot say exactly where the Thames ceases to be a fresh-water river and begins to taste of the sea. But we know very well that it is fresh at Richmond and salt at Gravesend; and we know very well that a majority of eighty does represent public opinion in sufficient strength, and that a majority of one does not. At what intermediate point the same conclusion may be safely drawn will depend upon circumstances. But Lord Herschel allows that the right of the House of Lords to disregard the action of the House of Commons is in proportion to the weakness of the majority by which that action is taken. If the House of Lords makes a mistake about this intermediate point, the error can only be detected by an appeal to the people, who in that case will take care that no such mistake occurs a second time. "If the noble Marquis says that a small majority [in the Commons] gives the House [of Lords] a greater right to interfere, that is a matter which must be settled according as the country is or is not at the back of the House of Commons." Precisely: that is what Lord Salisbury says too.

Lord Salisbury's speech is additionally valuable for his reference

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to the changes which have taken place in the character and proceedings of the House of Commons, clearly indicating that the abuse of the closure which enables Government to trample all opposition under foot, and the presence in the House of Commons of men so careless of its traditions, its dignity, and the final cause of its existence, as to applaud this outrage, may call upon the House of Lords at no distant date to play a very different part in the working of the Constitution from that with which for many years past it has been satisfied.

In the debate on the second reading of the Evicted Tenants Bill, Lord Salisbury recurred to this topic in language so well worthy of a great statesman that we quote it entire. "Surely it does not make any difference in our duty whether we are likely to lengthen or to abbreviate the existence of this House. The institutions of this country and the traditions of centuries have left a great power in our hands. Whether it is abstractedly the best or not is no matter or question for us in the exercise of our duty to judge. It is our business to perform a duty that has been placed in our hands according to our conscience." England expects every man to do his duty. And she expects the House of Lords to do the same. When the country desires to change its institutions, it will doubtless do so. Till then those who are called on to administer them must be faithful to their trust, and allow none of the rights transmitted to them to lapse through carelessness or cowardice. If the nation is really unwilling to acquiesce in the power now exercised by the Peers, nothing which the House of Lords can either do or refrain from doing could prolong their existence many

years. And for the sake of any such brief inglorious interval, it is surely not worth while to abandon their post, or descend to any course of action unworthy of their high station and their splendid history.

After the conclusion of the Budget came the "Ministerial statement" with regard to the future course of public business. It was received with a burst of laughter. On the 18th of July Sir William Harcourt gravely informed Parliament that fifteen bills still remained to be discussed and carried, besides a hundred votes in supply, and that he hoped Parliament might be prorogued before the end of August. The shouts of derision with which this statement, delivered with intrepid gravity, was received by those who heard it, were natural enough. But it was no laughing matter. Even with the help of the closure it was evidently impossible to get through half the work which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had so glibly sketched out: all the rest was moonshine. Part of the scheme was to be carried by a *coup de main*; the other half was sheer impertinence. Sir William scored right and left, combining a gross outrage with a gratuitous insult. For it was nothing less than this to solemnly ask the House of Commons to listen to an elaborate calculation every syllable of which the Minister who delivered it knew to be absolute humbug.

Two days after the statement was made Sir Michael Hicks-Beach moved the adjournment of the House to call attention to this extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Government, and the Opposition were forced to discuss it as if it had been meant seriously. On this occasion three speeches were delivered — one by Sir M.

Hicks-Beach, the other by Mr A. J. Balfour, and the third by Mr Chamberlain—which shattered the defence to atoms. Sir William Harcourt was convicted of garbled statistics, and of trifling with the House of Commons in a manner which, twenty or thirty years ago, would have elicited groans and hisses. Answering Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in regard to the average number of days devoted to Supply during the last seven years, he picked the two years which suited himself and left out the others altogether. The absurdity of such a dodge is no less remarkable than its dishonesty, for it was certain to be exposed by the very first speaker who should get up from the Opposition benches. It was exposed, in fact, even sooner than that. Mr Jesse Collings couldn't contain himself. "What nonsense is this?" he cried out, as he listened to the Minister's arithmetic. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are to presume that Sir W. Harcourt can do sums in simple addition and division. On that hypothesis, the contempt for his audience which he scarcely attempted to disguise on the 20th of July last must be something unfathomable.

Parliament had not long to wait for the disclosure of the Government's intentions regarding the Evicted Tenants Bill. Martial law was proclaimed in the House of Commons on the 31st of July; and it was immediately announced by the Unionist leaders that they must decline on those conditions to take any part in the debate, and that while the Committee lasted they should withdraw from their places in the House. As, however, the action of the Opposition in proclaiming what is called "a secession" has been somewhat misunderstood, it may be well to point out in what

it differed from other parliamentary incidents of the same kind, which are not in the best odour with political historians.

The secession of the Tory opposition in 1740 and the secession of the Whig opposition in 1797, to which Mr Balfour referred, were based on the allegation that the Parliament of the day was so completely subservient to the Prime Minister that it was useless for his opponents to resist him, or to attempt to defeat what they believed to be a mischievous policy. They were still at liberty to convert the House of Commons if they could, and to criticise the measures of Government as vigorously and exhaustively as they chose. The question was once raised in Johnson's hearing, whether it was worth while to take pains in speaking to the House of Commons when you were certain to produce no effect. It was Burke, we think, who said, "Though not one vote is gained, a good speech has its effect; though a bill which has been ably opposed passes into law, yet in its progress it is modelled, it is softened in such a manner, that we see plainly the Minister has been told that the members attached to him are so sensible of its injustice or absurdity from what they have heard, that it must be altered. Johnson added, "Though we cannot out-vote them, we will out-argue them. They shall not do wrong without its being shown, both to themselves and to the world." This is the special and legitimate function of an Opposition, and it is clearly they, and not the Government, who must determine in any particular case how much time will be required to discharge it properly. It is not for the accused to dictate to the accuser how long it ought to take him to complete his case. As long as these rules are observed,

and the Opposition left free to do its duty, it is doubtful perhaps whether secessions are likely to produce much effect. But such was not the position in which the Unionist leaders found themselves a month ago. Wyndham and Pulteney, Fox and Grey, might speak at what length they liked, and their followers continue the debate for as many hours as they thought fit. But this is just what the present Opposition were forbidden to do. They were deprived of the opportunity of fulfilling the obligations which the Constitution imposes on them, and of making that impression on Parliament to which Burke refers. All that Fox and Pulteney complained of was that they had an impenetrable majority to deal with, deaf to reason and common-sense. They seceded because their arguments were ineffectual: Mr Balfour and Mr Goschen, because they were not allowed to argue. In the two former instances the Opposition abandoned their case. In the last they were debarred from stating it. The difference is immense; and the decision at once taken by the Opposition leader and his colleagues was dignified, honourable, and effective. The abuses of the closure system can be brought home to the public mind in no other way. But we must never confound the secession of 1894 with those which took place in the reign of George the Third and George the Second.

The second reading of the bill was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Spencer on the 13th of August: and by this time it was known that all attempts at compromise had failed. By resolutely refusing every, even the most reasonable, amendment, to which it is known that the Anti-Parnellites would have assented, Mr Morley made it impossible, as no

doubt he intended to do, for the House of Lords to accept it. And when the division was taken at midnight on the 14th, only 30 Peers, out of 279 present, were found ready to support the Government. Of the bill itself enough has been already said. It was a measure for evicting the innocent, in order to reward the guilty; for placing a premium on lawlessness and roguery, and a price on the head of every honest man; for teaching the ill-disposed classes in Ireland that they could go to no length which some Parliament or other might not be found to condone: for making evictions impossible, and rent consequently irrecoverable; for destroying all confidence in the law, all faith in parliamentary pledges, and all security for life, property, or liberty. If a landlord chose to farm his own land, he might have been turned out of it on the demand of any former tenant. And if a sitting tenant refused to go out to oblige a *protégé* of the League, his fate would have been sealed. Mr W. Redmond plainly stated that unless the tenants were restored, and the "land-grabbers"—*i.e.*, the sitting tenants—turned out, there would be a "recrudescence of disturbance" in Ireland. He feared that this winter there would be "bad work" in Ireland. One of the Irish speakers said that the sitting tenants would be forced to retire by the pressure of public opinion. But how does rural public opinion operate in Ireland? said Lord Salisbury; "by dragging a man out of bed and shooting at his legs." This is what Mr O'Brien means by the quiet action of public opinion "without any disturbance." Even Mr Morley himself appealed to the *argumentum ad baculum*. "If evil results follow," he said, "from the rejection of the

bill, the country will know where the shame and the crime rest." The Irish are quick at taking hints, and a hint from a Minister of the Crown is not likely to be neglected.

We have summarised in the above paragraph the principal points in the House of Lords' debate, which, for close reasoning, commanding eloquence, and strong common-sense, has rarely been equalled even in that assembly. But, as the Duke of Argyll well said, "if every member of this House were to speak for a month, we should still find some new monstrosity to expose." We may briefly refer, however, to one or two points brought out in the debate with special and conspicuous clearness. One is, the hollow pretence that the sitting tenant could not be turned out without his own consent. Mr Morley took great credit to himself for this saving clause. But what was the value of it. We have already quoted Lord Salisbury's opinion. But the Duke of Devonshire perhaps placed the position of the sitting tenant, such as it would have been under this bill, in the clearest light. Under the existing law he may be an object of great hostility. He may be denounced as "a land-grabber," and exposed to personal violence. But there is this much in his favour. If the League force him to go out, they cannot force the old tenant in. The landlord is not obliged to take him. But under this bill he would have had no option. As the Duke remarked, the landlord was left out of the transaction altogether. The matter was to be settled between the old and new tenant and the arbitrator; and what they decided on the landlord must agree to. Hence, whatever inducement the League may have now to boycott, maim, or murder an obnoxious tenant,

would under this bill have been doubled, since if the farm were vacated their own man would immediately step into it. The Duke also spoke strongly about the application of the closure in the Lower House as having destroyed the last chance of any compromise. But his own speech was quite enough to destroy the bill without the additional argument derived from the closure.

The Marquis of Salisbury warned the House of Lords that other contracts besides those relating to land would be subjected to the same process if the bill passed. "The feeling will very soon spread that anybody who has a right to anything, and who uses any process of law to recover it, is liable to the thunders that are denounced against the evictor and the land-grabber." Moreover, what moral would those occupiers and purchasers in Ireland, who had hitherto paid their rents and instalments with punctuality, have necessarily drawn from the new Act of Parliament? Why, that they had been fools for their pains, of course. As for exceptional legislation, that is a dangerous doctrine to rely upon.

"We have heard," said Lord Salisbury, "a good deal of exceptional legislation in our time; and by this time we know what it means. When the Irish Church was abolished we were told that it was purely an exceptional Act, and could not affect any other Church. But already the Church of England in Wales and the Scottish Church are formally threatened, and not obscure preparations are going on against those Churches. Later on we had the Irish Land Bill, and again we were told that it was a thoroughly exceptional measure. Already that law has found its way to the crofters of Scotland, and is demanded by the farmers of Wales, while I have heard suggestions of applying it to the farmers of England."

That the natural consequences

of our actions will not always follow them is the favourite assertion, perhaps the honest delusion, of many revolutionary reformers and their credulous dupes. The argument is as old as creation, and began with the father of sophistry. "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die." To the number of illustrations offered by Lord Salisbury we might add the abolition of Church rates. We were told that the Dissenters would be quite satisfied with that. Church rates were abolished, and the claim on the churchyards followed immediately. The concession of the Burials Bill was once more to terminate the controversy, and it was immediately succeeded by the cry for Disestablishment!

Lord Rosebery charged Lord Salisbury with levity. When he himself can speak with half the gravity, half the dignity, which distinguished the noble Marquis's remarks on the duty of a great and powerful assembly like the House of Lords, or rise with half as much success to the height of that great argument which is always before us when the House of Lords is at issue with the House of Commons, he may perhaps be listened to when he accuses an opponent of frivolity. Another time, however, we hope he will choose his instances more carefully; for we fail to see what proof of want of seriousness is supplied by a reference to Irish intimidation. If it is not a serious thing to be dragged out of bed and shot at, perhaps Lord Rosebery will tell us what is. We fancy we know what he would say: his own position in the Ministry.

When he rose to reply, he was evidently smarting under the Duke of Argyll's innuendo to the effect that it was by no means certain whether the noble Earl was the head of the Government or not. We understand the Prime

Minister's irritation. He has attained the great object of his ambition, only to find himself playing second fiddle in his own Government. It was perhaps cruel to remind him of it. But it had the effect which possibly the Duke intended. In sporting phraseology, it drew him; and, to the great satisfaction of his tormentors, he snapped and yelped to their heart's content. It was difficult to read the whole debate, however, without being a little sorry for him. He had no one to help him. The Lord Chancellor's speech did him no good at all. Lord Spencer's was in better taste, and more moderate and conciliatory in tone. But there was little in it. And Lord Balfour's speech passed a wet sponge over it. It was too much to expect from Lord Rosebery to stand up by himself against such men as Lord Balfour, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Salisbury. Allowance must be made for the little display of petulance with which he wound up the debate.

His position is a very peculiar one. With one exception, we have never had a Prime Minister for a hundred years without a commanding majority in one House of Parliament or the other. The one exception was Mr Canning: and the trial killed him. Lord Rosebery's lieutenant in the House of Commons has only a feeble majority kept up by the Irish Brigade. Lord Rosebery personally has none at all. In the House of Lords he is utterly powerless, and he has more than once in set terms acknowledged Lord Salisbury's leadership: perhaps under the circumstances as wise a thing as he could do. The poor man is not upon a bed of roses: and his use of the word "temporary" in speak-

ing of his own situation was not perhaps without significance.

In Committee on the Eight Hours Bill on the 14th of August an amendment in favour of local option was carried by Mr D. A. Thomas, which caused the withdrawal of the bill on the following day. And all that now remained to be settled were the Equalisation of Rates Bill and the Scotch Local Government Bill. Of the first, Lord Salisbury said that he believed it did rough-and-ready justice, and that he accepted it as a step towards the more complete centralisation of the rating system,—a subject of vast importance, which it is impossible to discuss now. The bill may deserve Lord Salisbury's description. But the justice which it does is not only rough, but raw; not only ready, but random. It is ill mixed and ill cooked. In numerous instances the poor will be taxed for the benefit of the rich, and small tradesmen for the relief of owners of property. However, it has been swallowed at last, and we have no more to say about it.

The Scotch Local Government Bill will no doubt, in the dearth of greater things, be proclaimed as a great ministerial success. All parishes are to have councils, elections, meetings, debates, buildings to meet in, clerks to record the wisdom of councillors, budgets, new rates, and the right to contract debts for the future to pay. Sir George Trevelyan is enthusiastic—so enthusiastic that he has insisted on a special parish register and a special election through all Scotland on the first Tuesday in April, in order that the country he rules may not lose a day of the happiness he has prepared for it, and may revel in the delights of the 57 clauses of his Act from the earliest possible moment. In vain was it pointed out that in-

dulgence of this fad meant an extra charge on the rates of £40,000; in vain that Scotland, having got on without parish councils for 1894 years, might wait a few months longer, and start fair at the natural date, December 1895. Sir George Trevelyan would listen to nothing: like a child with a new toy, he insisted on its instant use, and is going to force his councils into being at a cost to the unhappy ratepayer of an unnecessary outlay equivalent to £5000 for every month of premature existence.

This Act is not an original achievement; it is a subordinate part of the Local Government Act which was passed by the Unionist Government in 1889, and which is everywhere styled in the new statute as the principal Act. When Mr J. P. B. Robertson, then Lord Advocate, brought forward a general scheme, his conception was the formation of parochial boards, popularly elected, to take the place of the existing boards; the constitution of county councils, with subordinate district councils, to take the place of Commissioners of Supply and road committees; and a central Scottish tribunal, to deal with the details of private bill legislation. The second branch, being the most important of the three, alone became law; and it has remained for Sir George Trevelyan to frame an Act which is to work as an appendage to this original and principal Act of 1889—to be in harmony with it, and at the same time largely to follow the lines of the English Act of last session.

Statesmen of both parties have succumbed to the prevailing idea that nobody can do anything except as the elected representative of other people. County government in Scotland was admirably conducted; there was

no delay, no waste, no friction: similarly, parochial boards have discharged their difficult duties in a perfectly satisfactory manner; there are no allegations of injustice, no abuses cry aloud for redress. Further, there has been no widespread or articulate desire on the part of anybody to get the management of the concerns of either counties or parishes, there has been nothing in the nature of general class prejudice or hostility. It is a cardinal doctrine and prime necessity in the case of every elected body that those who have the privilege of election and management should have the pain of providing the money. Mr J. P. B. Robertson laid it down as a general principle "that the administration of rates should be in the hands of those who provide them." In his series of bills in 1889 he saw this, and, like a statesman, provided for it: Sir George Trevelyan in 1894 has been made to see it, but, like a politician, refuses to provide for it. In the Act which was passed in 1889, the heritors who found the whole cost of county government were to continue to provide a similar sum, but any new outlay in excess of that previously incurred was to be defrayed generally by the electing ratepayers. Similarly, in the bill reforming parochial boards, management was given to those who paid the rates. Tenants paid half the rates, so they were to have half the representation; landlords the other half, so they were to be similarly represented. But the new Act provides that the whole parish council shall be elected, in Sir George Trevelyan's words, "by the widest franchise that exists." The many who pay rates on a merely nominal sum will have the power, and will surely use it, to raise whatever they require, at the expense of the

few, who will be utterly defenceless. In an article in the July number of this Magazine, reference was made to certain typical parishes where the division of wealth is such that in the matter of poor-law expenditure a very few will have to provide whatever it may be the good pleasure of the many to exact. The obvious danger, ruin to the wealthy and demoralisation to the poor, has been urged by the Opposition and not denied by the Government. Sir Charles Pearson and Mr Graham Murray in the one House, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh in the other, sought to provide a partial remedy by securing an appeal against reckless relief to the Local Government Board, supporting their position from arguments that have been put forward in these columns; but their amendments were, somewhat strangely, held not to be sufficiently germane to the bill, and were ruled out of order. It has been in order to turn literally upside down and inside out the parochial boards and the Board of Supervision, who between them have administered the poor-law; but it has not been competent to provide for an appeal against abuse from the new councils to the new Board. However dangerous may be the new Act, however certain that it will require early amendment to prevent abuse, we entertain no doubt that the Conservatives of Scotland will follow Lord Balfour's advice, and will do their best to carry out its provisions in such a spirit as to contribute with all their power to success.

So ends the session of 1894,—a session that will long be memorable for the introduction of an entirely new method into the conduct of parliamentary business; namely, the preparation of measures intended for distribution among

the various groups of which the House of Commons is composed, merely as a token of goodwill, and not as any preliminary to immediate legislation. The system is decidedly a vicious one, because it prejudges questions before the nation at large has well considered them; because it adopts suggestions while it is still uncertain whether public opinion will ever sanction them; and because it stimulates spurious demands which, if successfully passed off as genuine, may lead to disastrous consequences. A further objection to the system is that it wastes the time of the House of Commons by useless or irregular discussions, which in such circumstances are certain to arise at short intervals; while it necessarily excites hopes destined never to be realised, and ending, of course, in disappointment, distrust, and disaffection. Of this we had abundant proof during the last week that Parliament was sitting. It cannot be for the interests of parliamentary government that such should be the relations between the Ministry and the House of Commons. But still worse is the element of unreality thus introduced into the proceedings of Parliament, no one knowing what is meant seriously and what is not, and an impression being created that the final cause of all legislation is not the public good, but the safety of the Ministry. It is disrespectful to the House of Commons and injurious to the Crown. Yet it may be almost a necessary condition when the Ministerial party is composed exclusively of independent groups, each bent on the attainment only of its own object, and there is no solid homogeneous majority with sufficient confidence

in the general policy of the Cabinet to allow it a free hand. This alone is a sufficient reason for a speedy dissolution of Parliament, with a view to exchanging the present state of parties for one more in accordance with the principle of parliamentary government. We are threatened next session with something worse than a repetition of the last; and the narrow escape from defeat at the hands of the Irish members which the Government experienced on the 17th of last month, shows what they have got to expect from them when the conflict is renewed next year.

It must not be supposed that all the evil of the Evicted Tenants Bill dies with it. The fact remains that it has been brought in by the Ministers of the Crown, who have promised to introduce it again. The moral effect which Lord Balfour of Burleigh and other speakers in both Houses predicted from the passing of the bill must follow, we fear, in some measure from even the attempt to pass it, and then this result will in turn be converted into a fresh argument in favour of a new bill.

The extent to which the Government has trifled with the House of Commons, and forced it into a position which must leave on the popular mind a very poor idea of its efficiency; the utterly unconstitutional recklessness with which the Opposition were silenced on the most important question of the day; and the novel spectacle of "a secession," which was the fitting answer to this outrage, are the other conspicuous notes of the session which has just closed. Few and evil have been its days; wrong and robbery its fruits; truckling and tyranny, by turns, its instruments.

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THE STREETS OF PARIS FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE changes which have come about during the last forty years in the aspect of the streets of Paris have been vastly more marked than those which have occurred in London within the same period. The two main reasons of the difference are : firstly, that London set to work to modify its ways at a much earlier date than Paris, and that Paris still retained, at the commencement of the fifties, many remainders of ancient sights and customs, and still presented many characteristics of past days, which, on this side of the Channel, had faded out long before ; secondly, that, when transformation did at last begin in Paris, it was far more sudden and violent, far more universal and radical, than the mild gradual variations we have introduced in London, and that, in consequence of the utterness of that transformation, an entire city was virtually swept away and a new one put in its place. The

Paris of the First Empire was still visible in 1850, almost unaltered in its essential features ; old houses, old roadways, old vehicles, old cheapnesses, old particularities of all sorts, had been faithfully preserved, and struck both the eye and the pocket of the new-comer as signs of another epoch. It was not till Haussmann began, in 1854, the reconstruction, not only of so many of the buildings of Paris, but—what was far more grave—of its conditions, and practices, and order of existence, that the relics of former life, former manners, and former economies found themselves successively crushed out, and that the brilliant extravagant Paris of Napoleon III. was evolved from the ruins.

At the commencement of the Second Empire Paris was still a city of many mean streets and a few grand ones ; still a city of rare pavements, rough stones, stagnant gutters, and scarcely any drainage ;

still a city of uncomfortable homes, of varied smells, of relatively simple life, and of close intermixture of classes. This last element—the intermixture of classes—exercised particular influence on the look of the streets as on the home contacts of the inhabitants, and needs to be borne always in mind in endeavouring to reconstitute the former aspects of the place. Of course there were, in those days as always, certain quarters of the town which were tenanted exclusively by the poor; but the great feature was that the poor were not restricted to those special quarters; they lodged everywhere else as well, wherever they found themselves in proximity to their work, in the most aristocratic as in the lowest districts. In almost every house in the fashionable parts of Paris the successive floors were inhabited by a regular gradation of classes from the bottom to the top; over the rich people on the first and second floors were clerks and tradespeople *en chambre* on the third and fourth, and workmen of all sorts on the fifth and sixth. Thorough mingling of ranks under the same roof was the rule of life: all the lodgers used the same stairs (in those days back staircases scarcely existed); all tramped up and down amidst the careless spillings and droppings of the less clean portion of the inmates. The most finished of the women of the period thought it natural to use the same flight as the dirty children from above them; a lady going out to dinner in white satin did not feel shocked at meeting a mason in white calico coming in; nodding acquaintances between fellow-lodgers were formed when time had taught them each other's faces. The effect of this amalgamation in the houses stretched out naturally into the streets, where, in conse-

quence of the nearness of their homes, the various strata of the population of each quarter were thrown together far more promiscuously than they are now. The workers have no place in the new houses, which are built for the rich alone; they have been driven to the outskirts, instead of being spread, more or less, over the whole town: the classes and the masses live now entirely apart, in districts remote from each other, and the growing hate of the masses for the classes has been considerably stimulated by the separation. A totally altered social relationship, a far less friendly attitude and feeling between the top and the bottom, has resulted from the expulsion of so many of the poor from their old homes.

The good streets of Paris forty years ago were therefore far more generally representative than they are to-day. They exhibited the various components of the community with more abundance, more accuracy, and a truer average; universal blending was their normal condition. The stranger learnt more from them in a day about types and categories than he can now learn in a week, for in the present state of things there are, in one direction, regions where a cloth coat is never beheld, and, in another, districts where a blouse is almost unknown. And when to this former medley of persons and castes we add the notable differences of dress, of bearing, of occupations of the passers-by from those which prevail in the rich quarters now, the contrast of general effect may easily be imagined. Forty years are but an instant in the history of a nation, and yet the last forty years have sufficed to produce an organic change in the appearance of the streets of Paris.

The change extends to everything—to the houses, the shops, the public and private carriages, the soldiers, the policemen, the hawkers' barrows, and the aspect of the men and women. Nearly everything has grown smarter, but everything without exception has grown dearer. Whether the former compensates for the latter is a question which every one must decide for himself according to his personal view.

The shops were of course inferior to what they are now. The show in the windows—the *montre*, as the French call it—was less brilliant and less tempting. They were, however, the prettiest of their time in Europe; and all that they have done since has been to march onward with the century, and, amidst the general progress of the world, to keep the front place they held before. Stores, in the English sense, have never become acclimatised in Paris (though several attempts have been made to introduce them), mainly because the cooks refuse to purchase food in places where they can get no commission for themselves; but the growth of the Bon Marché and the Louvre, which has been entirely effected within the last forty years, supplies evidence enough that in Paris, as in London, the tendency of the period—outside the cooks—is towards comprehensive establishments, where objects of many natures can be found at low prices under the same roof. Potin, the universal grocer, supplies even an example of success in spite of the cooks. Yet, notwithstanding the competition of the new menageries of goods, most of the shop windows on the Boulevards and in the Rue de la Paix seem to indicate that the commerce inside is still prosperous. Certain sorts of shops have, it is

true, entirely, or almost entirely, disappeared, partly from the general change of ways of life, partly from the absorption of their business by larger traders. For instance, I believe I am correct in saying that there is not now one single glove-shop left in Paris (I mean a shop in which gloves alone are kept, as used to be the case in former times). The high-class special dealers in lace, in *cachemire* shawls, in silks, have melted away. At the other end of the scale the *herboristes*, who sold medicinal herbs, have vanished too; the *rotisseurs*, who had blazing fires behind their windows, and supplied roast chickens off the spit, have abandoned business; even the hot-chestnut dealer of the winter nights is rarely to be discovered now. Specialities, excepting jewellery, are ceasing to be able to hold their own; emporiums are choking them. Measuring the old shops all round—in showiness, in variety of articles, in extent of business—they were incontestably inferior to those of to-day, though not more so than in any other capital.

The look of the private carriages was also far less bright. They were less well turned out; the horses were heavier; the servants were often badly dressed; the driving was, if possible, more careless. French carriages (like French plates and knives) have always been more lightly made than those of England, and at that time the difference was more marked, because English carriages were more massive than now. The omnibuses and cabs were dirty and uncomfortable; ancient shapes still existed, and, certainly, they did not aid to adorn the streets.

In general terms it may be said that, in Paris as everywhere else—but more perhaps in Paris than elsewhere—there was, in compari-

son with to-day, less smartness, less alertness, less hurry, and of course less movement, for the population was much smaller, and the city was still limited by the *octroi* wall. The relative absence of bustle produced, however, no dullness: the streets were not so noisy, not so crowded, not so business-like as they have become since; but I think it is quite true to say that they were as bright. The brightness came from one special cause, from a spring of action proper to the time, which produced an aspect unlike that of other days. The great peculiarity, the striking mark and badge, which distinguished the streets of then from the streets of now, were supplied by a something which was nationally proper to the France of the period, by a something which none of us will see at work again in the same form—by the type of the Paris women of the time.

The question of the influence of women on the aspect of out-of-door life has always occupied the attention of travellers. I have discussed it—and, especially, the comparative attractiveness of European women of different races and epochs—with many cosmopolitan observers, including old diplomatists from various lands, who, as a class, are experienced *artistes en femmes* and profound students of “the eternal feminine,” and I have found a concordancy of opinion on two points: one, that the women of Paris have always stood first as regards open-air effect (the Viennese are generally put second, though lengths behind); the other, that at no time within living memory have they contributed so largely, so exclusively indeed, to that effect as they did half a century ago. Their performance indoors is not included in the present matter; it is not their talk but their walk,

not their home manner but their outdoor *maintien*, not their social action in private but their physical effect in public, that concern us here.

The results, to the eye of the passer-by, were admirable; and so were the processes by which the results were reached. The period of Louis Philippe had been essentially honest and respectable; it had discouraged vanities and follies; it had encouraged moderation and prudence; it had reacted on the whole organisation of the life of the time, and, amongst other things, on women's dress. It was a season of economy, of frank acceptance of the fruits of small money, and of an astonishing handiness in making the most out of little. When we look back (with the ideas of to-day) to the conditions of expenditure which prevailed then, it is difficult to believe that, with such limited resources, the woman of the time can have won such a place in the admiration of the world. I am certainly not far wrong in affirming that the majority of the women of the upper classes who ambled about the streets in those days had not spent ten pounds each on their entire toilette, every detail of it included. The tendency of the epoch was towards extreme refinement, but towards equally extreme simplicity as the basis of the refinement. There was no parade of stuffs, or colours, or of *façons*; there was scarcely any costly material; but there was a perfume of high-breeding and a daintiness of small niceties that were most satisfying to the critical beholder. Finish not flourish, distinction not display, grace not glitter, were the aims pursued. The great ambition—indeed, the one ambition—was to be *comme il faut*; that phrase expressed the

perfection of feminine possibilities as the generation understood them. And they were *comme il faut*! Never has delicate femininity reached such a height, never has the ideal "lady" been so consummately achieved. That ideal (by its nature purely conventional) has never been either conceived or worked out identically in all countries simultaneously; local variety has always existed; the Russian lady, the German lady, the English lady, the French lady—I mean, of course, women of social position—have never been precisely like each other: the differences are diminishing with facilities of communication and more frequent contacts, but they still exist perceptibly, and half a century ago were clearly marked. The French lady of the time was most distinctly herself, not the same as the contemporaneous lady of other lands, and the feeling of the judges to whom I have already referred was that, out of doors, she beat them all. I personally remember her (I was young then, and probably somewhat enthusiastic) as a dream of charm, and feminine beyond anything I have seen or heard of since.

Conceive the effect she produced in the streets! Conceive the sensation of strolling in a crowd in which every woman had done her utmost to be *comme il faut*; in which, as a natural result, a good many looked "born"; in which a fair minority might have carried on their persons the famous lines inscribed on one of the arabesque walls of the Alhambra, "Look at my elegance; thou wilt reap from it the benefit of a commentary on decoration." The fashions of the time aided in the production of the effect sought for; they were quiet, simple, subdued; and they were so because

the women who adopted them had the good sense to take calm, simplicity, sobriety for their rules.

Alas! the expression *comme il faut* has disappeared from the French language, just as the type and the ideas of which I have been speaking have disappeared from French life. Something very different is wanted now. None but old people know the ancient meaning of *comme il faut*; if the young ones were acquainted with it they would only scorn it. As the 'Figaro' observed some years ago, "*la femme comme il faut est remplacée par la femme comme il en faut.*" When the streets were peopled by the "*femme comme il faut*," it was a privilege and a lesson to walk in them.

And yet, if she could be called to life again, the streets of to-day would only laugh at her. Paris has grown accustomed to another theory of woman, and would have no applause to offer to a revival of the past. The eye addicts itself to what it sees each day, mistakes mere habit for reasoned preference, and likes or dislikes, admires or contemns, by sheer force of contact; but surely it will be owned, even by those who are completely under present influences, that the principles of dress and bearing which were applied in Paris in the second quarter of the century had at all events a value which has become rare since. Women attained charm without expense, but with strong personality, for the reason that they manufactured it for themselves, and did not ask their tailor to supply it. It was a delicious pattern while it lasted, and while it corresponded to the needs of a time; but the time has passed, the pattern has become antiquated, and, in every way, Paris has lost largely by the change.

Unhappily there was a fault in this attractive picture; but as it was a fault common to all Europe then, and was in no way special to the French, it did not strike the foreign spectator of those days, because he was accustomed to it everywhere. The fault was that it was the fashion to look insipid! The portraits of the period testify amply to the fact, for they depict the least expressive looking generation that ever had itself painted. Both ringlets and flat *bandeaux* lent their aid successively to the fabrication of the air of weakness. The Parisienne, with all her natural vivacity, could not escape from the universal taint: in comparison with what she has been at other times and is to-day, there was about her a feebleness of physiognomy, a suppression of animation, and even, in certain highly developed cases, an intentional assumption of languid imbecility. But at that time no one perceived this; we were all (men as well as women) determined to give ourselves an appearance of impassiveness, because we regarded it as one of the essential foundations of the *comme il faut*. We see now how fatuous we looked then; but at the moment we were blind to our own weakness, and simply beheld in placidity of movements and of countenance an indispensable adjunct of distinction.

And yet, with all this putting on of a puerility that did not belong to them, and was in utter contradiction to their nature, I repeat that those women stood entirely apart. Not only had they admirable finish of detail in everything that composed them, but they possessed, furthermore, what they called *la manière de s'en servir*. Their handling of themselves was most interesting to study. What a spectacle it was, for instance, to

see one of them come out on a damp day, stop for half a minute beneath the doorway while she picked up her skirts in little gathers in her left hand, draw the bottom tight against the right ankle, and start off, lifting the pleats airily beside her! Both the dexterity of the folding and the lightness of the holding were wonderful to contemplate: no sight in the streets was so intensely Parisian as that one. I imagine that, at this present date, there is not a woman in the place who could do it. The science is forgotten. The putting on of the shawl or mantle was another work of art, so skilfully was it tightened in so as to narrow and slope down the shoulders, as was the fashion then.

And if the higher strata contributed in this degree to the formation of the outdoor picture, almost as much must be said of the share of adornment of the streets which was furnished by many of the women of the lower classes, especially by what still remained of that delightful model, the *grisette*. The *grisette* was dying out at the beginning of the Second Empire, but bright examples of her still survived, and it was impossible to look at them without keen appreciation of their strange attractiveness. It must be remembered that the *grisette* constituted a type, not a class; that she was a *grisette* because of what she looked like, not because of what she was. She was rather generally well-behaved, and always hard-working. She was a shop-assistant, a maker of artificial flowers, a sempstress of a hundred sorts, but it was not her occupation that made her a *grisette*; she became one solely by the clothes she chose to put on, and by the *allure* she chose to give herself. The *grisette* of Louis Philippe's

time (which was the epoch of her full expansion) wore in the summer—the true season to judge her—a short cotton or muslin dress, always newly ironed, fresh, and crisp; a silk apron; a muslin *fichu*; a white lace cap trimmed with a quantity of flowers; delicate shoes and stockings (buttoned boots for women were just invented, but the *grisette* would have thought herself disgraced for ever if she had come out either in boots or a bonnet); and on Sundays straw kid gloves with the one button of the period. With her sprightly step, the buoyant carriage of her head, her usually slight figure and pretty feet, she lighted up the streets like sunshine, and spread around her an atmosphere of brightness. She had even—in certain cases at all events—a distinction of her own, which was curious and interesting to observe. She, too, did her little best to be *comme il faut*, for that was the rule of the time, and really, in a sort of a way, she sometimes got very near it. Of course, the girls who composed the class of *grisettes* were unequal in their capacities and in the results they achieved. Some grew almost ladylike (though always with a slight savour of what, in Spain, is so expressively called “salt”), while others never lost the look and manners of their origin. But all resisted, with fair success, the influence of surrounding insipidity, and maintained, I think I may say alone, amidst the universal assumption of apathy, the sparkle proper to the Gallic race. Alas! the Hausmannising of Paris gave the last push to the fall of the *grisette*. She vanished with the narrow streets, the paving-stones, and the cheapnesses that had made her possible, and though she lingered for a while, under other names, in some of the

provincial towns (especially in Bordeaux, where I saw white caps and flowers as late as 1858), no more was perceived of her in Paris. The damage done to the streets by her disappearance was irremediable: they are almost more changed by it than by all else together.

Of the men of the time I have nothing to say, except that most of them simpered and thought themselves delightful.

The first place was taken by the women, so I have put them first. The second place in the effect of the streets belonged, I think, to the itinerant traders of the moment, most of whom have faded out of being.

The twenty thousand men who lived by keeping the inhabitants supplied with water were certainly the most practically useful of all the vanished workers of that time, and they were omnipresent, for their casks and buckets formed an element of the view in every street. Water was not laid on into the houses; it was carried up each day to every flat, even to the sixth floor, when there was one, by a member of the corporation of the *porteurs d'eau*. Dressed invariably in dark-green or blue velveteen, they tramped heavily and slowly up the staircases, with a load, carried from a shoulder bar, of two great metal pails full to the brim. Worthy fellows they generally were, strong as buffaloes, plodding on an unending treadmill. I often asked myself whether they ever thought. In the streets their casks on wheels (hand-dragged) stood at every door, and children used to watch with delight the perfect unbroken roundness of the arched stream of water which, when the plug was drawn, rushed out of the cask, through a brass-lined hole, into the bucket which stood below it

in the roadway. The stream was exactly like a curved staff of glass, and so absolutely smooth that it seemed motionless. The *porteurs d'eau* have gone, like the *grisettes*; they have been replaced by pipes. But while they still existed, while the question of what was to become of them if their work was suppressed was being discussed, the population almost took their side, and, from habit, appeared to prefer the old buckets to the new pipes. Those water-carriers had existed for centuries; they were a component part of the life of Paris; it seemed both cruel and ungrateful to take their bread away, for the sake of a so-called progress which very few persons understood, and of which nobody felt the need; so the philanthropic cried out against the change. I remember being asked to go to a meeting of protestation got up by a lady, who canvassed all her friends. But the buckets were eradicated all the same, only the extinction was effected gradually; the men found other work, and when the community became, at last, acquainted with the advantages of "constant supply," it ceased, thanklessly, to mourn over the giants in velveteen, and wondered, indeed, how it could ever have endured them.

The *chiffonniers*, again, have lost their trade—at least it has become so totally modified that they no longer pursue it in its ancient form. The waste and dirt from every house used to be poured out into the street, before the front door, each evening at nine or ten o'clock, and the *chiffonnier*, with his lantern and his hook in his hands and his basket on his back, arrived at once and raked the heaps over, to see what he could find in them. But it became forbidden either to throw

the refuse into the street or to bring it out at night. It was prescribed that it should be carried down in the early morning in a box, which is placed, full, at the door, and is emptied before nine o'clock into the dust-carts which go round each day. The *chiffonniers*, therefore, have no longer the opportunity of picking over the dirt, for it has ceased to offer itself in an accessible form: they have, for the most part, to carry on their trade after the refuse is discharged from the carts at the depots, and, consequently, have almost disappeared from the streets. They cannot be regarded as a loss, for they were, of necessity, dirty and bad smelling, and looked, as they prowled about with their dull lantern in the dark, like spectres of miserable evilness. But, all the same, they were thoroughly typical of old Paris.

There were in those days a quantity of vagrant traders about the streets, *charlatans*, *marchands ambulants*, and *faiseurs de tours*; the police were merciful to them, and allowed them to carry on their business almost in liberty. Two of them were celebrated: an open-air dentist whose name I have forgotten, and Mangin—"l'illustre Mangin," as he called himself—the pencil-seller. All Paris knew those two.

The dentist drove about in a four-wheeled cart of gorgeous colours, with a platform in front on which operations were performed. Immediately behind the platform were an organ and a drum, which instruments were played, together or separately, by a boy, and always irrespectively of each other. Their use was to drown the yells of the patients. I saw that dentist frequently at the entrance of the Avenue Gabriel in the Champs Elysées; but although

there was invariably an excited crowd listening to his eloquence and contemplating his surgery, I never felt tempted to stop to hear or watch him, because, with the disposition to neglect opportunities which is proper to youth, I failed to see the amusement of staring at people having their teeth drawn in public. I am sorry now that I was so fastidious, for I missed a curious spectacle, and am unable to describe it here. The show was evidently attractive to a portion of the mob, for there were, each time I passed, many rows of people applauding the dentist when he declared (in flowery words, I was assured) that he never hurt any one, and applauding his victims still more when they shrieked. I think he charged five sous (twopence-halfpenny) for dragging out a tooth; which proves that, as I have already observed, prices were lower in those days than they are now.

But if I shunned the dentist I never missed a chance of listening to Mangin, who really was a prodigious fellow. It was said that he had taken a university degree, and the varied knowledge which he scattered about in his unceasing speeches gave probability to the rumour. Anyhow, whatever had been his education, his outpour of strange argument, his originality and facility, his spirit of *à propos*, his rapidity of utterance, and, above all, the perpetual newness of his fancies, were positively startling. Of course his talk was often vulgar; but it must be remembered that it was addressed to a street mob, most of whose members loved coarseness. Like the dentist, he paraded about the town in a cart, but his vehicle was dark, and had a high back. Also, like the dentist, he had an organ and a drum, but they were only used in the in-

tervals of his discourses. He had a day and an hour for each quarter of the town, and was always awaited by an eager crowd. The spot where I habitually saw him was in the roadway by the side of the Madeleine. He was then a man of about forty-five, with a great brown beard, pleasant-looking, thick. He wore a huge brass helmet, with immense black feathers, and a scarlet cloak, which he called his toga. His unhesitating command of words, his riotous fertility of subjects and ideas, were such that, though I listened to him frequently, I never heard him make the same observation twice. He did assert continually that he was a descendant of Achilles, and that he wore that gentleman's uniform, but that declaration formed no real part of his speeches; it was a mere official indication, and had in it none of the character of an argument. I think I may say that his harangues were absolutely fresh each day. I do not pretend to remember more than a few of the phrases I have heard him utter, but I can give a fair general idea of his style, including some of his own words. Here is an example:—

"Ladies, gentlemen, children, enemies, and friends!—Buy my pencils. There are no other pencils like them on earth or in the spheres. Listen! They are black! You imagine, of course, in the immensity of your ignorance—it is wonderful how ignorant people are capable of being, especially about pencils—that all pencils are black. Error! Criminal error! Error as immense and as fatal as that of Mark Antony when he fell in love with Cleopatra. All other pencils are grey! Mine alone possess the merit of being truly black. They are black, for instance, as the hair of Eve. Here I pause to observe that it is a general mistake to suppose that Eve was a fair woman. She was as dark as if she had been born in the Sahara, of Sicilian parents. I was in the

Garden of Eden with her, and I ought to know. I was, in that stage of my transmigration, the original canary bird, and looked at her as I flew about. I was saying that my pencils are black. Listen! They are black, not only as the hair of Eve, but black as that hideous night after the earthquake of Lisbon; black as the expression of countenance of Alexander the Great (you are aware, of course, that he was an irritable person) when he found there was no sugar in his coffee; black as the waves which gurgled over Phaëthon when he fell headlong into the Po; black as your sweet complexion might be, my dear" (to a girl in the crowd), "if it did not happen to be, on the contrary, as pink as my toga, as white as my soul, as transparent as the truth of my words. But blackness—friends, enemies, and children—is only one of the ten thousand excellences of my unapproachable pencils. They are also unbreakable, absolutely unbreakable. See! Watch! I dash this finely cut pencil-point on to this block of massive steel. The strength of my arm is such (I inherit it, with other classical peculiarities, from my ancestor, the late Achilles) that I dent the steel; but I cannot break the point. You smile! It wounds me that you smile, for thereby you imply a doubt, just as Solomon smiled while he wondered which of the two women was the mother of the baby. Come up and verify the fact if you do not believe. There is the mark on the steel; there is the pencil-point. The point is sharpened, not blunted, by the fierceness of the blow. One sou, five centimes, for a single pencil! Ten sous, fifty centimes, for a dozen! At those prices I give them away, out of pure love of humanity. Ten sous a dozen! Who buys? Yes, you, sir? Yes. One dozen, or two dozen, or ten dozen? Very good, two dozen. You see, my children, that the entire universe comes to buy my pencils. This gentleman, who has just taken two dozen, has travelled straight from the celebrated island of Jamaica (where humming-birds are cultivated on a vast scale in order to distil from them the sugar they contain) for the express purpose of obtaining a supply. He heard of them out there—I mention

for the information of such of you as may not be acquainted with the geography of the oceans, that Jamaica is on the coast of China, and therefore very distant—and he has travelled half-way round the world to come to me to-day. Don't blush, sir, at my revelation of the grandeur of your act. It is a noble act, sir; well may you—and I—be proud of it. Yes, my little beauty, two dozen? You, my child, have not arrived by steamer, railway, or balloon from the celestial waters of Peking, where the population is born with pig-tails, and feeds exclusively on its own finger-nails, which are grown very long for the purpose—you have arrived only from the heights of Montmartre; but your merit also is great, for you have faith in my pencils. Who else has faith in my pencils? Black, unbreakable, easy to cut, easy to suck, easy to pick your teeth with, easy to put behind your ear, easy to carry in your pocket, delightful to make presents with. Who buys my pencils to offer them to her he loves? Yes, young man. Good! Strike the drum, slave; strike the fulminating drum, the very drum that resounded at the taking of Troy—it was sent to the relations of Achilles by Ulysses, and has come down as an heirloom in the family—in honour of this noble youth, this brilliant Frenchman, this splendid subject of the Emperor. He offers my pencils to *her*! I drink to *her*! At least I would if I had anything to drink. Ten sous for twelve of such pencils as mine! It's absurd! It pains my heart to sell them. I have to tear myself away from them as the wild horses of Attila tore his prisoners to pieces. The boy who does not buy my pencils is destined to a life of misery; he will be kept in on Sundays; he will be brought up principally on dry bread, but butter and jam will be dangled goadingly before his eyes. When he becomes a man he will fail in everything he attempts, and will suffer from many hitherto unknown diseases. His horse, if he has one, will possess a tail like a rolled-up umbrella, and knees the shape of seventy-seven. His cook will put hairs into his soup. As for the girl who does not buy my pencils, her fate will be more awful still. Never will she find a husband!

What, girls, you hear the fearful fate that awaits you, and you do not rush up instantly to buy? Rush, if you wish to be mothers! Rush, if you long to be happy, beautiful, and rich! That's right; two, three, four, who long to be happy, beautiful, and rich. The more pencils you buy, the happier, the more beautiful, and the richer you will be. How many shall we say? Twenty dozen each? I make a reduction for all quantities over ten dozen. What? One? One? One single pencil? For one sou? And you expect to be happy, beautiful, and rich for one sou? Even in this glorious land of France, even in this country of delights, that result is impossible, quite impossible. Take a dozen at all events; even then you will only be relatively happy, moderately beautiful, and not at all rich. Joy, loveliness, and wealth increase with pencils. Yes, sir, two dozen. To you, sir, I do not promise handsomeness, but I predict success, especially with ladies. My pencils render men irresistible with women. Now that you have them in your hand, try the effect on that tall girl next to you; it will be visible at once. Ten sous a dozen! Who buys? I pause. I take needed rest, but only for an instant. Slave, sound the roaring drum, revolve the handle of the pealing organ, in order to divert the admiring crowd while I repose."

And he proceeded to suck liquorice.

I have given this speech at some length, because it paints not only a man but a situation. How utterly other from the conditions of to-day must have been the state of the streets of Paris when it was possible to shout out all that twenty yards from the Boulevard, and to go on shouting every day, without being arrested by the police as a nuisance.

When Mangin disappeared (his eclipse occurred, so far as I can remember, somewhere about 1856) he left vacancy behind him. He was, like Napoleon, unreplaceable.

Another curious artist, of whom I often heard, had gone out of

sight before my time. He painted portraits at fairs and in the streets, and a placard at the door of his booth bore in large letters the inscription:—

PORTRAITS!

PORTRAITS!

RESSEMBLANCE FRAPPANTE, 2 francs.
RESSEMBLANCE ORDINAIRE, 1 franc.
AIR DE FAMILLE, 50 centimes.

It seems that the *air de famille* was the most largely ordered of the three degrees of likeness, and that scarcely anybody went to the expense of a *ressemblance frappante*. This man, it seems, made no speeches; but the wording of his advertisement was worth much talking.

One more exhibitor will I describe—a juggler. He came every Tuesday afternoon to the south-east corner of the Place de la Madeleine, just outside the shop where Flaxland, the music-dealer, is now established; and there, in his shirt-sleeves, he conjured and played tricks. I remember only one of his devices, but that one sufficed to make him a sight of the time. He asked the crowd for pennies (pieces of two sous, I mean); he put five of them into his right hand, played with them, tossed them a few times in the air, and then suddenly flung them straight up to a height which seemed above the house-tops. He watched them intently as they rose, and, as they turned and began to fall, he opened with his left hand the left pocket of his waistcoat, and held it open—about two inches, I should think. Down came the pennies, not loose or separated from each other, but in what looked like a compact mass. Fixedly he gazed at them, shifting his body slightly, very slightly, to keep right under them (he scarce-

ly had to move his feet at all), and crash came the pile into the pocket of his waistcoat! He repeated the operation with ten pennies, and, finally, he did it with twenty! Yes, positively, with twenty! It almost took one's breath away to hear the thud. Never did he miss—at least, never did I see him miss—and never did the pennies break apart or scatter; they stuck to each other by some strange attraction, as if they had become soldered in the air. There was evidently something in the manner of flinging that made them hold steadily together. After wondering each time at the astounding skill of the operation, I always went on to wonder what that waistcoat could be made of, and what that pocket could be lined with, to enable them to support such blows. The force, the dexterity, and the precision of the throwing—to some sixty feet high, so far as I could guess—and the unfailing exactness of the catching, were quite amazing: the pennies went up and came down in an absolutely vertical line. The juggler was said to have made a good deal of money by the proceeding; people talked about it, went to see it, and gave francs to him. He, too, had no successor.

There were plenty of other mountebanks of various sorts about, but they had no widespread reputations, and did not count as recognised constituents of the street-life of the time. Mangin, the dentist, and that juggler held a place amongst the public men of their day—like *Père coupe toujours*, who had sold hot *galette* for half a century in a stall next door to the Gymnase Theatre; like the head-waiter at Bignon's (in the *Chaussée d'Antin* days, of course), whose name I am ungrateful enough to have forgotten;

like the superlatively grand Suisse of that date at the Madeleine, who was said to have been christened Oswald, because the washer-woman, his mother, like many others of her generation, had gone entirely mad over Corinne. How long ago all that does seem! And how utterly other than the Paris of to-day!

The Champs Elysées too—which represented then the concentrated essence of the life of the streets—how changed they are! Then, everybody went there; all classes sat or strolled there. Now, the place is half deserted in comparison to what it was, although the lower part was then a desert of dust or mud, according to the weather, while now it is a real garden; and the upper portion was bordered, at many points, by grass-fields, in which I have seen cows feeding. The planting of the lower half (the trees of course were old) was effected somewhere about 1856, with the stock of a Belgian horticulturist, which was bought *en bloc* for the purpose. It constituted one of the most charming improvements of the Haussmann period, for it gave a look of delightful greenness and prettiness to what had been a gravelly waste. And yet, notwithstanding their beautification, the Champs Elysées, as a public resort, have not maintained the comprehensively representative character they possessed forty years ago. They have been affected partly by the caprices of fashion, but, like all the rest of western Paris, their composition and their aspect have been altered mainly by the almost total separation of the various strata of inhabitants of which I have already spoken. It must be remembered that, in the days of which I am telling, the women of the lower classes

were, in great part, ornamental, and that not only were they worthy—many of them, at all events—to take a place in the crowd which assembled every summer evening between the Place de la Concorde and the Rond Point, but that their presence bestowed a special character on the effect of the crowd, for it proved that all the layers of population had learnt to mix naturally together in open-air union. The mixture did not shock the patrician eye, and it pleased the plebeian heart; it did something to soothe and satisfy the self-respect and consciousness of rights of a considerable section of the people, and led them to look with a certain friendliness on the rich. In the Champs Elysées the mingling was more complete even than in the streets, for the double reason that it had more space to show itself, and that the act of sitting down side by side, which was impossible elsewhere, seemed to bestow a certain intimacy on it. Aristocracy lost nothing; democracy gained a good deal; a political effect of utility was achieved.

In those days everything came to pass in the Champs Elysées. Everybody went there to behold everybody else. All processions paraded there—so much so, indeed, that one of the first stories I heard on my arrival in Paris was that, when the end of the world was announced for some day in May 1846, an enterprising speculator set up trestles and planks under the trees, and offered to let out standing-room, at five sous a-head, "to view the end of the world go by." The certainty that everything was to be seen there—from the funeral of the earth to the wedding-party of an oyster-girl going out to dine at a restaurant at Neuilly—was sufficient of course to bring together all the

starers of Paris (and there are a good many of them). The true difference between the starers of then and the starers of now is that in those times the Champs Elysées were regarded, not only as the centre of Paris, but as a spot to live in, whereas now they have become a simple passing place, like any other—merely one of the ways that lead to the Bois. The Bois itself was a tangle of disorder, with few paths through it, and was accessible through a sort of lane turning out of the present Avenue Victor Hugo, which was then a narrow road called, if I remember right, the Route de St Cloud. There was no Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, nor any other Avenues round the Arch of Triumph (except, of course, the Avenue de Neuilly); the Champs Elysées existed alone, and gained naturally in importance by their oneness. It was not till the late fifties that the Bois was laid out as it is now, and that the lakes were dug. When that was done the world began to go out there, and ceased to stop in the Champs Elysées.

The Boulevards, again, were far more important features in the life of the place than they are to-day: then, life was a good deal concentrated; to-day, it is thoroughly spread out. The building changes which have been effected in the Boulevards have been enormous, but the modifications in their social aspect have been greater still. Very few of the ancient landmarks survive in them; but the crowd is even more altered than the houses. The chosen lounging spots are not the same, and even the art of lounging has itself assumed another character. An acquaintance I made on my first visit to Paris proposed to me seriously to teach me *la manière de flâner*, and spoke of it with reverence, as

if it were a science of difficult acquirement, needing delicate attention and prolonged study. He told me he had passed his life (which had been a long one) in the careful application of the highest principles of lounging, that he had explored its secrets in many countries, and that he had arrived at the conclusion that there are only two capitals where it is carried to its noblest possibilities — Madrid and Paris. He put Naples third, but with the express reserve that the lounging there is simply animal, and has no elevation in its composition. He did admit, however, that in Madrid and Naples the entire population knows instinctively how to lounge, while in Paris the faculty is limited to the educated. To-day it is in Paris itself that the lounging has lost "elevation"; it has become as "animal" as at Naples, but without the excuse of the sun which, there, bestows so much justification on its animality. Parisians no longer lounge with the sublime contentment which was so essentially characteristic of the process forty years ago. In those days the mere fact of being on the Boulevard sufficed not only to fill the true *flâneur* with a soft religious joy, but aroused in him a highly conscious sentiment of responsibility and dignity: he seemed, as he strolled along, to be sacrificing to the gods. Alas! it is the mere material act of lounging, without adoration for the sacred place where

the act is performed, which satisfies the actual mind. The distinction between the two conditions, between the "elevation" of the one and the "animality" of the other, is self-evident and lamentable. If my old friend were not dead already, the sight, assuredly, would kill him. He declared—and it was an opinion generally held then—that, for a true Parisian, the only portion of the Boulevard which was really fit for the due discharge of the holy duty of lounging was the little space between the Rue du Helder and the Rue Lepelletier, which, with fond memories of other days, he persisted in calling by its former momentary name of "Boulevard de Gand" (for the reason that, during the Hundred Days, Louis XVIII. ran away to Gand). The bottom of the steps of Tortoni formed the hallowed central spot. When I first saw Paris, that spot inspired me, under the guidance of my old friend, with a certain awe; but I must add that the awe did not last, and that the more I knew of the spot the less I revered it.

It has been said of French Governments that "*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*;" but, however true that may be of Ministries, it is absolutely untrue of outdoor Paris, which has altered so totally that it has ceased to be the same at all. Perhaps it might be a good thing for France if the Government were to change as completely.

THE ACCESSION OF THE NEW SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

So purely imaginary have been more than half the reports of what has been taking place during the last two or three months in Morocco, and in many cases so absolutely removed from the truth, that in justice to the Moorish Government and people, as well as from the fact that the subject is one that can scarcely fail to interest, an account of what actually has happened will not be out of place.

It will no doubt be remembered that last year Mulai el Hassen led his summer expedition from Fez to Tafilet, and thence returned to Morocco, crossing the Atlas Mountains in the middle of winter. The journey in every particular was a dangerous and trying one. Such wild tribes as the Beni Mgild and Ait Yussi had to be passed through, and when safely traversed the Sultan found himself in the desert surrounded by the most ferocious of the Berber tribes, who had to be appeased with presents of money and clothes. Although as a matter of fact no opposition was put to his progress, he must necessarily have been during the whole expedition in a state of great anxiety, for had the Berbers amalgamated to destroy him and his vast army, they could have done so with the greatest ease. Food was only procurable in small quantities; barley in the camp reached a price that rendered it unprocurable except by the richer classes; while added to this the summer heat in the Sahara caused havoc among the soldiers.

Tafilet was reached in October, and a halt of three weeks made there. The writer of these lines travelled to that spot from Morocco City in disguise, and was for

ten days in the Sultan's camp. It is needless here to enter into any details; suffice it to say that Mulai el Hassen's camp was pitched on the desert sand near a spot called Dar el baida, to the east of the oasis of Tafilet, and that he was surrounded by an army and camp-followers numbering probably forty thousand men. I saw the Sultan several times during his residence in the camp, and was struck with the remarkable change that had taken place in his appearance. His bearing was as dignified as ever, but his black beard was streaked with grey, his complexion was sallow, and the lines of age showed themselves under his eyes. For over two years previously I had not seen him, and when last I had watched him he was still a young-looking man: now old age had set its indelible mark upon his countenance. The fire of his eye was gone; his head drooped slightly upon his chest; he looked like a man tired and weary. No doubt he was. Anxiety was always present. News had reached him that fighting, and most serious fighting, was occurring between the Spaniards and the Riff tribes at Melilla; there was a constant fear of assassination, and a still more constant dread of his whole camp being eaten up by the Berbers. Added to this his health was ailing, and winter fast coming on. Affairs delayed him at Tafilet, and before he left that spot at the end of November, although during the day the sun still beat down with almost tropical heat, rendering life in a tent insufferable, by night the cold was extreme, and frosts of almost nightly occurrence. Before the army lay a three weeks'

march to Morocco City, over desert and mountain, through wild tribes where dangers were many and food scarce. What wonder that Mulai el Hassen suffered! Yet the worst trials were before him after he left Tafilet: as he approached the Glawi pass over the Atlas—the lowest there is, and that at an altitude of over 8000 feet above the sea-level—the cold increased, soldiers, mules, horses, and camels died of exposure. Snow fell and covered the camp, and only by forced marches were the remnants of the great horde dragged out from the deathly grip of the rocks and snows of the Atlas Mountains to the plains below.

I saw Mulai el Hassen and his army enter Morocco City—for I had returned thither a few days before them. What was noticeable at Tafilet was doubly apparent now. The Sultan had become an old man. Travel-stained and weary, he rode his great white horse with its mockery of green-and-gold trappings, while over a head that was the picture of suffering waved the imperial umbrella of crimson velvet. Following him straggled into the city a horde of half-starved men and animals, trying to be happy that at last their terrible journey was at an end, but too ill and too hungry to succeed.

Mulai el Hassen found no peace at Morocco City. Affairs at Melilla had become strained, and no sooner had his Majesty reached the capital than a Spanish Embassy under General Martinez Campos proceeded to Morocco. How it ended is well known. It added to the enormous expenses of the Sultan's summer expedition—which must have cost him nearly a million sterling—a debt to the Spanish Government of twenty million pesetas, at the same time necessitating the Sultan to aban-

don his idea of remaining in his southern capital, and forcing upon him a long march to Rabat and Fez, and an intended expedition to the Riff to punish the tribes who had caused the disturbance there. Fez was never reached, the expedition never took place, and Mulai el Hassen's entry into Rabat was in a coffin at the dead of night.

Having briefly sketched the events preceding the Sultan's death, reference must now be made to those who played important parts, for better or for worse, in the days that followed.

With regard to the succession to the throne of Morocco, no regular custom or law exists. While the new Sultan must be a relation of the late one, he need not necessarily be a son, but is appointed by his predecessor, and if approved of, acknowledged by those in whose power the making of Sultans lies,—that is to say, by the viziers and powerful Shereefs. Should the Sultan name no successor, it is these who choose the man they may think suitable to fill the post.

Of the great Shereefian families of Morocco that of Mulai el Hassen is not the most important, for the founder of his dynasty, rising in Tafilet, seized the power from the more holy and reverend family of the direct descendants of Mulai Idris, the founder of the Moorish empire, who was the son of Abdullah el Kamil, himself a grandson of Hassan, who with Huseyn was the son of Fatima, Mohammed's daughter. While the Fileli dynasty to-day holds the throne, the reverence paid to the Fileli Shereefs is not to be compared with that bestowed upon Mulai Idris I. and II., one of whom lies buried in the town bearing his name in Zarahoun near Fez, while the second is patron saint of the northern capital itself,

where he lies interred in a gorgeous tomb.

Again, the family of the Shereefs of Wazan obtains far greater respect than that of the Sultan, and the tombs of Mulai Abdullah Shereef and Sid el Haj el Arbi are places of daily pilgrimages. In order, therefore, to obtain the succession to the throne of a new Sultan, the aid and influence of both the Shereefs of Mulai Idris and Wazan have to be brought to bear upon the question, as should either party refuse to acknowledge the candidate, so powerful are their followings that it is quite possible, more than probable, that a civil war would be the result. That a Shereef of Wazan could come to the throne is practically impossible. The two heads of the family, sons of the late Grand Shereef, are French protected subjects; while what affects still more the native population is the existence of an ancient proverb which states that no Wazan Shereef can rule as Sultan, but that no Sultan can rule without the support of the Wazan Shereef. It is, in fact, a defensive alliance between the two great families.

Not so, however, with the Shereefs of Mulai Idris, who reside almost entirely in Fez, and whose influence there is very great. That a Drisite Shereef would have been ready to ascend the throne were it offered to him is only too probable, but fortunately it was not offered. In spite of their immense sanctity, the old adage that a prophet hath no honour in his own country holds good in Fez, where amongst the city people they are considered as little above ordinary mortals. All their influence, and it is very extensive, lies amongst strangers and in the country districts, where being seldom seen or heard, all kinds of

romance as to their marvellous powers are rife.

Therefore it will be seen that, powerful as are the families of Wazan and Mulai Idris, it was practically out of the question, unless civil war broke out, that a member of either should be put up as candidate for the throne. And had such an event happened, want of funds would have no doubt crushed the rebellion before any very serious results would have occurred. There remained, then, only the members of the late Sultan's family who could succeed. Of these, four had always been considered as likely candidates. First, Mulai Ismain, a brother of Mulai el Hassen, who for a long time was viceroy in Fez. He is a man past middle age, of a quiet gentle manner, fanatical, and given to literary pursuits, and while possessing very considerable influence, and still more popularity, by no means a man to push himself forward—in fact, it was always said, on the best authority, that he had no desire whatever of succeeding to the throne. Certainly Mulai Ismain seemed the most probable successor to his brother, though every year lessened the likelihood of this by adding years to the age of the Sultan's favourite son, Mulai Abdul Aziz, the present Sultan. Although it was known that this boy was being trained by Mulai el Hassen, so that in the event of his own death he might come to the throne, his extreme youth for a time rendered it exceedingly improbable that he could succeed; and had Mulai el Hassen's death taken place only a year or two ago, Mulai Abdul Aziz, instead of becoming Sultan, would have been merely an obstacle to whoever had succeeded—an obstacle that most likely would have been removed by assassination or secret

murder. Fortunately, Mulai el Hassen lived sufficiently long to see his favourite son reach the age of sixteen—for all reports as to his being only twelve are false. So great was his father's desire that he should succeed, that during his lifetime he endowed his son with very considerable wealth and property, and towards the end of his life, since his return from Tafilet, made it clearly apparent what was his desire in the event of his death, by bestowing on him nearly all the prerogatives of the Sultanate.

Mulai Abdul Aziz is the son of a Circassian wife of Mulai el Hassen, a lady of great intelligence and remarkable ability, who, though no longer in her first youth, was able to maintain to the day of his death a most singular and no doubt beneficial influence over Mulai el Hassen. Her European extraction and her education abroad, her general knowledge of the world, and her opportunities for watching the Court intrigues, rendered her of more service to the late Sultan than any of his viziers. She accompanied him always upon his long and tedious marches, and there can be no doubt that even in his dealings with the European Powers her advice was always asked and generally taken by the Sultan. The affection Mulai el Hassen bestowed upon her was also shared by her son, Mulai Abdul Aziz, who, with the tender anxiety of both an affectionate father and mother, was brought up in a far more satisfactory manner than is general with the sons of Moorish potentates. While his elder brothers, of whom more anon, were left to run wild and to lead lives of cruelty and vice, Abdul Aziz was the constant companion of his parents, who, both intent that he should one day be Sultan of Morocco, lost no opportunity of educating him,

to the best of their abilities, to fill the post.

The other candidates who may be said to have had a chance of succeeding to the throne were Mulai Mohammed, the late Sultan's eldest son, by a slave wife, who has held the post of viceroy in Morocco City for a considerable time, and whose vicious life has estranged him from the affections of the people. This is the "one-eyed decapitator" of whom the papers were so fond of speaking during the recent crisis. Really the Englishman who invented the name deserves popularity to the same extent as he gave publicity to his brilliant imagination, for the complimentary title is of purely English invention. Unfortunately Mulai Mohammed never possessed the power of decapitating any one, and had he ventured to have done so, would have long ago been securely confined in prison. Vicious and immoral he was to an extent that surpasses description, but beyond this his sins were no greater than those of the ordinary Moorish official. At times he was most lavish and generous—often with other people's money; and although his open immorality estranged him from any affection on the part of the people, he still possessed a certain amount of popularity from his exceedingly unprincipled condescension. On the whole, Mulai Mohammed is a very undesirable young man; but even his lax morality scarcely merits the outpourings of hatred and contempt that have been heaped upon him by the English press.

The remaining possible candidate to the throne was Mulai el Amin, another brother of the late Sultan, a pleasant, middle-aged man, who would scarcely have been capable of the amount of dignity necessi-

tated by the position, as he possessed a temperament too affable and condescending.

It will be seen, therefore, that not only was Mulai Abdul Aziz his father's candidate, but that by his training and bringing up, in spite of his youth, he was by far the most likely to perform with any degree of success the arduous duties of the position. Again, his father and mother's care had kept him free from the immoral life usually led by boys of his age, and he came to the throne untainted by the vices of the country.

But one point more remains to be touched upon before referring to the events that have absolutely been taking place since the late Sultan's death early in June—namely, a few words as to the viziers and officials by which his Sherreefian Majesty was surrounded.

The only members of the Moorish Government who enjoyed access to the person of their Sultan were some half-a-dozen viziers, through whom the entire business of the country was carried on. These were respectively the Grand Vizier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Lord Chamberlain, another vizier answering to our Home Secretary, the Master of the Ceremonies, and the Minister of War. With these exceptions, no one was able to gain the confidential ear of the Sultan; and should by any chance his Majesty listen to others, woe betide them, whoever they might be, did they attempt in any way to injure the position of these courtiers, who would be able, without the information ever reaching the Sultan, to revenge themselves as they might desire upon the man who informed his Majesty of their evil doings. Mention need be made only of those who have played important parts in the history of the last two

months. These are respectively Sid el Haj Amaati, the Grand Vizier, Sid Mohammed Soreir, the Minister of War, and Sid Ahmed ben Moussa, the *Hajib* or Chamberlain. Between the two former—who are brothers, and members of the powerful Jamaï family, which had already given another Grand Vizier before Haj Amaati was appointed, namely, Sid Mukhtar Jamaï—and Sid Ahmed ben Moussa, the *Hajib*, there had always existed a rivalry and hatred only to be found amongst oriental peoples. Sid Ahmed himself is the son of a Grand Vizier, the late Sid Moussa, who for many years was the able and trusted adviser of the Sultans Sidi Mohammed and Mulai el Hassen.

While the Jamaï brothers prided themselves on their great and powerful family, they scoffed at Sid Moussa and his family as upstarts, for his father was a slave. But to such an extent did Mulai el Hassen bestow his confidence on both the Grand Vizier and the *Hajib*, that they were scarcely able to do one another harm in his Majesty's eyes. Haj Amaati had risen suddenly to his post, and his success with the Sultan no doubt caused much envy and hatred in the heart of Sid Ahmed. Two years ago Haj Amaati, on the resignation of the F'ki Sinhaji, became Grand Vizier, though at that time probably not more than thirty years of age. His elder brother had for a long time held the powerful and lucrative post of Minister of War, and with his support to back him, Haj Amaati commenced a career of amassing wealth by every possible means.

The power and influence possessed by a Grand Vizier in Morocco is almost incredible. Every official in the whole country is

under him; no one can communicate with the Sultan except through him. In his hands lie the disposal of the various governorships—one should say the sale of the various governorships—and the dismissal of all officials. In the hands of an unscrupulous man there is every opportunity of “black-mail,” and of this Haj Amaati took an advantage unparalleled in Moorish history. He robbed the Sultan and bought and sold appointments, and in the two years that he was Grand Vizier he amassed, in addition to his already considerable fortune, a sum of nearly £150,000! That is to say, he managed to ensure for himself, and entirely by illicit means, an income of no less than about £70,000 a-year, and this in an open and unblushing manner. So certain was he of his position and influence that, soon after the Sultan's arrival at Morocco City on his return from Tafilet, he attempted to oust from favour Sid Ahmed, the Chamberlain, who, of all the Court, was on the most intimate terms with and the most trusted servant of the Sultan. For a time he was successful: Sid Ahmed lost favour, and it seemed that his dismissal was certain. Shortly before Mulai el Hassen left Morocco City he was, however, reinstated in his Majesty's regard; and by the manner in which Mulai el Hassen appeared to leave nearly everything in his hands, there is little doubt that he repented of having distrusted him at all. This incident increased the hatred between Haj Amaati and Sid Ahmed, and even had the late Sultan lived, one or other would have been obliged to go, as affairs at Court became too strained to continue in that condition.

The late Sultan left Morocco

City in May, accompanied by his whole court, his army, and the governors of southern Morocco and their troops, in order to punish certain revolutionary tribes in the district of Tedla, to the north-east of Morocco City: thence it was his Majesty's intention to proceed to Rabat, where the northern army was to join him, and the entire forces were to pass on to Mequinez and Fez, punishing *en route* the tribes of Zimour and Beni Hassen, whose depredations and fighting had caused his Majesty very considerable anxiety ever since his departure from Fez, a year previous.

Mulai el Hassen was ill when he left the southern capital. The anxiety, the heat of the desert, and the intense cold on his journey to and from Tafilet, had weakened a constitution already impaired by an affection of the liver and kidneys. Those who accompanied him on his departure from Morocco tell how the life and vigour had seemed to have left him. His parting with Mulai Abdul Aziz, who had left the capital previous to his father, proceeding to Rabat, was said to have been a most touching one, and his favourite son rode out of the capital with all the pomp and paraphernalia of a Sultan. No doubt it was purposely done by Mulai el Hassen, who seems to have felt his end approaching, and considered this the most subtle means of exhibiting to his people his desire that Abdul Aziz should succeed him.

By slow marches, necessitated by the immense number of men and animals accompanying him, the Sultan reached the district of Tedla, and there fell ill.

At daybreak it was the custom of Mulai el Hassen to leave the enclosure of canvas in which his tents were pitched and proceed on

foot to his office-tent, where he would transact business until generally about nine or ten o'clock, when he would retire within, not appearing again until the cool of the afternoon.

For several days after the arrival of the camp in the region of Tedla, at a spot called Dar bou Zeedou, a halt was called; and although the Sultan from time to time visited his office-tent, it was generally known that he was unwell. After the 2d of June the Sultan did not leave his enclosure; and although the report was general that he was seriously indisposed, reassuring messages were given by the *Hajib*, Sid Ahmed, who had the *entrée* to the Sultan's tent, and his Majesty was pronounced to be getting on toward recovery. During the afternoon of Wednesday, June 6, Mulai el Hassen died, Sid Ahmed alone being present, the man who throughout his life had been his most confidential and trusted follower. Before his death he had spoken freely to Sid Ahmed, and had made him swear a solemn oath to support the succession of Mulai Abdul Aziz, and never to desert him as long as either of them lived. His Shereefian Majesty also left papers stating his desire that his favourite son should succeed him, and private letters to Abdul Aziz himself.

But besides the question of the succession, there were others as momentous, if not more so, to be considered. The camp was placed within the district of the Tedla regions, against whom the Sultan had intended to wage war; and the fact that he was dead, and that the camp would be left without any leader, would bring down an attack of the tribes and the sacking of the entire camp, if not the murder also of the viziers and

officials. Nor was the army to be trusted: Mulai Abdul Aziz was at Rabat, still some eight days' fast marching distant, and in those eight days who knew what course events might take! A hurried meeting of the viziers was called; an oath of secrecy taken; the drums were beaten for a start to be made; and, to every one's astonishment and surprise, orders were given for a move, the reason affirmed being that the Sultan had sufficiently recovered to travel. The palanquin which always accompanied his Majesty was taken into the enclosure; the Sultan's body was placed within, the doors closed, and, amidst the obeisances and acclamations of the camp, all that remained of Mulai el Hassen set out for Rabat.

Not a soul knew of the Sultan's death except the viziers and a few of the slaves and tent-pitchers, whose mouths were sealed, knowing that death would ensue if they told.

The river Um er-Rebia was crossed, and a halt called on its right bank, near a spot known as the Brouj Beni Miskin. Meanwhile messengers had been secretly sent to Rabat to announce the Sultan's death and the accession of Mulai Abdul Aziz, to support whom the viziers had all sworn.

The following day an early start was made, the dead Sultan still being carried in the usual position, with the flags and insignia of the Sultanate preceding him. As they passed along, the tribes-people are said to have kissed the palanquin, and one or two people of importance to have been allowed to see the Sultan within, whose ill-health was given as an excuse for his not speaking.

At the middle of the day a halt was called for his Majesty to take breakfast, a tent pitched, the palan-

quin carried within, and food and green tea cooked, taken into the tent, and brought out again as if it had been tasted by the Sultan.

As yet no one knew besides the viziers and the handful of slaves that Mulai el Hassen was dead. The military band played outside his tent, and all the usual customs which were carried out when he lived were continued. But in a hot climate like that of Morocco in June a secret of this sort cannot be long kept, and on their arrival in camp, after a ten hours' march, on Thursday, June 7, it was announced that the Sultan was dead, and that messengers had left the day before for the capitals, announcing the accession of Mulai Abdul Aziz. The proclamation called upon the people and soldiers to follow the desire of their deceased master, and to support the viziers in their intention of seeing Mulai Abdul Aziz succeed.

The news fell like a thunderbolt upon the camp. It was true that by the concealment of the Sultan's death they had escaped from Tedla; but there still remain dangers almost equally as great. Would not the tribes of Shaouia, through which they had yet to pass *en route* to Rabat, pillage the camp, for there was plenty to loot there? And even if they refrained from doing so, could the horde of ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-paid soldiers be trusted?

The camp split up into a hundred parties, each distrustful of the other, though all intent upon one object, a retreat to the coast. Each tribe represented in the camp collected its forces, and marched in a band together and camped together, not fearing so much any general outbreak as an attack on the part of members of some other tribe, between whom

there may have been some long-standing feud, only prevented by fear of the Sultan from bursting into warfare.

By forced marches the camp and the army proceeded to Rabat, constantly hampered by the surrounding tribes, who, too timid to attack so large a force, contented themselves and satisfied their love of plunder by cutting off and robbing every straggler who happened to lag behind. The poor soldiers they killed for their rifles, and, if they possessed none, out of pure devilry. Many of the troops took advantage of the lack of order and government to run away and return to their homes—whence they had been taken by a systemless conscription to starve in the Sultan's service, or gain a precarious livelihood by theft.

Meanwhile Abdul Aziz had been proclaimed in Rabat, and letters were sent in all directions announcing his accession to the throne. In no period of modern Moorish history had there been a week of such suspense as then ensued. The Sultan was a boy, separated from his Ministers and viziers by a long distance, in traversing which they ran a great danger of being plundered and murdered. Had such an event occurred, and Mulai Abdul Aziz's supporters been killed, his reign must have terminated at once, for the treasury would have fallen into other hands, and another Sultan been proclaimed.

With all possible speed the army marched towards the coast, bearing their now loathsome burden of the Sultan's body with them. There was a terrible mockery in the whole thing,—the decomposing corpse borne in royal state with the Shereefian banners waving before it, with the spear-bearers on either side, and the troop of

mounted body-guard and *askars* on foot.

On Thursday, July 12, Rabat was reached, and a halt called some little distance outside the city. The state of the Sultan's body was such as to render a public funeral impossible, so in the darkness of the night a little procession of foot-soldiers, with only a single Shereef attending, one and all bearing lanterns, set out. A hole was bored in the town walls, for seldom, if ever, is a corpse carried into the gate of a Moorish city, and surrounded by this little band, Mulai el Hassen, Sultan of Morocco, was laid to his last rest in the mosque covering the tomb of his ancestor, Sidi Mohammed ben Abdullah.

At dawn, as the people bestirred themselves to witness the funeral, it became known that all was over; and amidst the acclamations of the populace and the sounds of the Sultan's band, Mulai Abdul Aziz was led forth, the great crimson-and-gold umbrella waving over him, surrounded by his father's viziers, and mounted on his father's white horse, and proclaimed Sultan.

Those who saw the spectacle described it to me. The boy's eyes were filled with tears, for his love for his father was intense, and report says that it was only by force that he was persuaded to mount the horse and be proclaimed. A touching story was recounted to the writer by one who witnessed the episode. On his return to the palace the mosque where his father had been buried the previous night was passed. Leaving the procession, Mulai Abdul Aziz proceeded alone to the door, and, weeping copiously, dismounted and entered to do his last homage to his father and his Sultan.

The news of the Sultan's death

had reached Casablanca on the coast on Saturday by a mounted express, and thence two mounted men galloped to Rabat, a distance of fifty-nine miles, in six and a half hours, over an abominable road. A steamer was on the point of leaving that port for Tangier, and her Britannic Majesty's Minister received the news shortly after 11 A.M. on Sunday morning, a worthy record of fast travelling. He was the first to obtain the information, and immediately informed his colleagues of what had taken place. A special meeting of the European Ministers was called on Monday morning, after which the British Minister, Mr Satow, reported the information to Sid el Haj Mohammed Torres, the Sultan's vizier resident at Tangier. By mid-day on Monday the news was general in Tangier, and anxiety was depicted on every face as to what would be the results of so serious an occurrence. Not a few predicted a general massacre of the Europeans, which of everything that might occur was the least probable. It is true that the tribes around Tangier disliked their governor, and might make some sort of attempt to assassinate him; but their common-sense gained the better of them, and, on consideration, they realised that any such course would in the end but mean misery and imprisonment and even death to themselves, while by adopting an exemplary bearing they might so gain the favour of the new Sultan that their grievances would be heard and attended to. At the same time they virtually threw off the jurisdiction of the Basha, each village electing a local sheikh, who would be responsible for the conduct of those under him. So successful was this action that, so far from the country becoming in any

way disturbed, things improved in every manner, cattle robberies ceased, and an unusual period of calm ensued, that spoke not a little for the credit of those to whom it was due. The Moors have a proverb, and it is a very true one, that safety and security can only be found in the districts where there is no government—that is to say, where the government is a tribal one.

In talking over the crisis on that eventful Monday on which we received the news of the Sultan's death, one could not help feeling at what an exceedingly opportune moment it had occurred, as far as the general peace of the country was concerned. For two or three years the harvests had been very bad; but this summer had proved sufficient to repay the tribes and country-people for a period almost of starvation, and throughout the whole country the wheat and barley crops were magnificent. Harvesting had already commenced, and every one was engaged in getting in the crops. To the Moor wheat is life. The country-people eat little or nothing else, every one grinding in his own house, or tent, as the case may be, his own flour. To lose the crops would mean famine, and the Moor knows what famine means. At all costs, at all hazards, the outstanding crops must be got in—Sultan or no Sultan. So instead of taking up their arms to pay off old scores and to commence new ones, the peasant went forth on his errand of peace and gathered in his harvest. "The Sultan was dead," they said, "and his son had been proclaimed: everything was ordained by God—but the harvest must be got in." Had Mulai el Hassen's decease occurred at any other period than that at which it did, months of

bloodshed and plundering would have been the result.

In spite of the opinion of most people, I was firmly convinced that, for the present at least, no serious incidents would occur. So strong was my conviction, that on Tuesday morning I left Tangier for Fez, accompanied by a Moorish youth, myself in Moorish clothes. We were both mounted on good horses, and hampered ourselves with absolutely no baggage of any sort. Alcazar was reached the following morning. The town was in a state of considerable alarm; most of the Jews had already fled to Larache, and the officials were half expecting an attack on the part of the mountaineers. The following morning, that of the *Eid el Kebir*, the great feast of the Moorish year, I reached Wazan, where, at all events, I should learn from an authoritative source as to what was likely to occur. I found there that the news of the Sultan's death was already known, while I was able to confirm that of Mulai Abdul Aziz's accession.

It must be remembered how important a part Wazan and its Shereefs play in Moorish politics. That the Great Shereef of Wazan should fail to acknowledge the accession of a Sultan would mean that 100,000 of their followers would do the same, and that all the mountaineers to the north-east of Morocco would rise in a body.

I was received as an old friend by the Shereef, in whose house I once lived for eight months, and was present at the afternoon court, at which, being the *Eid el Kebir*, or great feast, all the Shereefs were present, together with the principal men of the town. The scene was a most picturesque one: the gaily decorated room, leading by an arcade of Moorish arches into

a garden, one mass of flowering-shrubs, amongst which a fountain played with soft gurgling sound—the large group of Shereefs in holiday attire of soft white wool and silk, the great silver trays and incense-burners, and long-necked scent-bottles,—all formed an ideal picture of oriental life. The one topic of conversation was what had taken place, the Sultan's death, and the accession of Mulai Abdul Aziz. It was, in fact, a sort of council of war or peace—happily the latter; and as we drank green tea, flavoured with mint and verbenas, out of delicate little cups, the Shereef made his public declaration of adherence to Mulai Abdul Aziz,—a few words uttered in the expressionless way that Moors of high degree affect, words simple in themselves, but meaning perhaps his life and his throne to Mulai Abdul Aziz.

Throughout the whole crisis the action of the Shereefs of Wazan is highly to be commended. Their every endeavour was to ensure peace and tranquillity, and in this the Moorish Government owes a debt that it will be difficult ever to pay to Mulai el Arbi and his brother Mulai Mohammed.

This is not the place to talk of the charms of Wazan, but as I left the little city, nestled in groves of olives and oranges, early the next morning, it was with a feeling of regret that I could not stay longer; but I wanted to be in Fez. If anything occurred it would be there. So I pushed on with my journey, and after a thirteen hours' ride under a hot sun, put up for the night at a village overlooking the river Sebou. Here bad news met us: the neighbouring tribes of Mjat, who are Berbers, Hejawa, and Sherarda, were up in arms, with the intention of taking advantage of the opportunity to wipe

out old scores. Already a small skirmish had taken place, and the morrow threatened to dawn with further fighting, which would entirely block the road to Fez, and also the road I had passed over the day before from Wazan.

At daybreak armed bands of horsemen could be seen scouring the country, and it was not until the afternoon that we learned that the three tribes in question had met and decided to postpone any hostilities until after the harvest had been gathered in. I set out at once, and the following day before noon reached Fez in safety. So insecure were the roads reported to be, that we met not a single caravan *en route*, with the exception of one, whose camel-drivers appeared to be very much more afraid of us three horsemen than we were of them. At eleven we entered Fez—myself, a Shereef who had accompanied me, and my native servant.

Meanwhile the new Sultan still remained at Rabat, and a time of immense activity was passing at the Court, couriers without number leaving daily with letters announcing the accession of Abdul Aziz to the throne for every part of the kingdom; and though it was exceedingly important that his Shereefian Majesty should proceed as quickly as possible to Fez, it was found impossible for him to make an immediate start, so great was the press of business.

By this time Europe was being flooded with so-called information as to what was taking place. The "one-eyed decapitator" was reported by three daily papers of the same date to have raised a rebellion in Morocco, to have organised an army of 20,000 men in Fez, and to have been imprisoned at Rabat; while a most pathetic and graphic account appeared in

nearly all the London papers of the funeral of Mulai el Hassan, at which every pomp was observed, and at which all the members of the consular body at Rabat were officially present! It was witnessed, the informant said, by the entire population! whereas the funeral was secretly carried out in the dead of night, only a few soldiers accompanying the body to its grave!

The news of the late Sultan's death had been received in Fez on the evening of Tuesday, June 12, in a letter addressed to Mulai Omar, his son, by the viziers. The viceroy at once imparted the news secretly to the governor, and criers were sent throughout the town calling the people together to hear a Shereefian letter read in the mosque of Bou Jeloud. Suspecting nothing of great importance—for this is the ordinary custom of making known a decree—the people sauntered in.

Meanwhile Mulai Omar had caused to be drawn up the paper acknowledging the new Sultan, and headed the list with his own signature, the second to sign being Mulai Ismaïl, who had been considered by many to be the most likely candidate to the throne.

As soon as the mosque was full, the doors were closed, and the announcement of the Sultan's death made known, together with the proclamation of the accession of his son. As the letter was concluded, the Basha of the town arose and said, "If any one has anything to say, let him speak." Not a word was uttered, and in perfect silence the lawyers drew up a document to be forwarded to Mulai Abdul Aziz announcing the readiness of Fez to accept him as their sovereign. Intense indignation reigned amongst the audience in the mosque. They felt that

they had been tricked into giving their consent without the opportunity of discussing the affair; but escape was impossible, and a murmur of discontent would have meant their going straight to prison, for the doors were closed and a strong guard in readiness.

What was the real state of feeling in Fez it is very difficult to say, but it is doubtful whether they would have at once accepted Mulai Abdul Aziz had not the authorities obtained their signatures in the manner they did. In all probability they would have bargained with him, offering to receive him should they be free from certain taxes—the *octroi*, for instance—for a certain length of time, if not for ever. Of all the inhabitants of Morocco there are none more grasping, more cowardly, and more given to intrigue, than the people of Fez. Their meanness is proverbial, and while they give themselves airs over every one else's head, they are despised and hated by the remainder of the population. Given up to every vice, they go about the streets covering their hands for fear of sunburn and muttering their prayers, talking of their importance and bravery, yet frightened by a spider or a mouse. The women of any of the other cities of Morocco could defeat the men of Fez. However, whatever may have been the ideas of the inhabitants of Fez as to the advisability of the succession of Mulai Abdul Aziz, their allegiance had been given, and there was now no drawing back.

By this time the news had spread throughout the entire country, and Hiyaina, a neighbouring Arab tribe to Fez, came in considerable force, some 400 horses, and commenced petty robberies just outside the town walls. The scare amongst

the effeminate Fezzis was amusing to witness. Trade became at a standstill, and they secured themselves within their houses under lock and key, leaving the authorities and the strangers in the city to settle with the wild tribesmen. However, the affair came to nought in the end; for the very Arabs who had come with a possible idea of looting Fez were bribed into the Government service to keep the roads open for caravans—a most important point, as scarcely any wheat or barley existed in the capital, and any lengthened delay in the arrival of the grain-bearing camels from the country would mean famine and revolution.

On Wednesday, June 20, a deputation left Fez for Rabat to bear an address of welcome to the Sultan, a document magnificently illuminated. On the 24th, the first letter written in the new Sultan's name, with all his titles and dignities, was received. It announced his accession to the throne, and called upon the people to be obedient. Its receipt was honoured by an almost endless salute from the artillery in the palace square.

On Monday, June 25, the Sultan left Rabat for Mequinez and Fez, travelling through the tribe of Beni Hassen, which, together with their neighbours the Berbers of Zimour, had already sworn allegiance.

At Tangier things were proceeding quietly. The French Government sent a man-of-war and an armed despatch-boat, while the English were contented with the presence of the *Bramble*, a small gunboat from Gibraltar. The Portuguese and Spanish both sent vessels of kinds. An act of gross stupidity on the part of the commander of one of the latter nearly caused an unpleasant disturbance

in the country. The *Isla de Luzon* was sent by the Spanish Government to the coast. Now the first town down the Atlantic coast of Morocco is the almost deserted and entirely ruinous Arzeila, a place of absolutely no importance, and where there is no harbour of any sort. For some reason known only to the adventurous Spanish commander, he was pleased to come to anchor and to fire a salute of twenty-one guns in the roadstead, which Arzeila had no means of returning, for neither cannon nor powder are to be found; and as never in the memory of man had any vessel of any sort ever approached the place, the few inhabitants were filled with consternation and terror, which was only increased when a boat was noticed coming ashore. There was no doubt about the question in the minds of the natives—a European invasion was taking place! A few stayed to see what was going to happen; the greater part fled, spreading here, there, and everywhere the news of the invasion of Moorish territory by the Christians. Meanwhile the water-kegs which had been sent on shore in the boats were filled, and the officer in charge, having taken coffee in the house of a certain Jew who calls himself Spanish Consular Agent, returned to his ship, and the man-of-war departed, steaming away just as volunteers began pouring in from every direction to prevent the infidels landing their troops. Before night some 2000 mountaineers and tribesmen had assembled in the neighbourhood. For a time the wild reports that were circulated in Tangier caused a little anxiety; but soon it became known that the whole scare was due to either the ignorance or wilful stupidity of the commander of the *Isla de Luzon*

in saluting and sending a boat ashore at Arzeila, which is a closed port, not to say a picturesque ruin.

On July 1, Mulai Abdul Aziz reached Mequinez from Rabat, having *en route* prayed at the tomb of Mulai Idris I., in Zarahoun, who lies interred on the steep slope of the mountain above the Roman ruins of Volubilis. Although his Majesty entered Mequinez at an extremely early hour, long before he was expected, he was accorded an enthusiastic reception.

At court affairs were fast proceeding to a stage which must end tragically. Mulai Abdul Aziz, it is true, was firmly on the throne, but the boy Sultan was only an item in the palace. The hatred and jealousy of the viziers amongst themselves was a public secret, and all watched anxiously for the termination of the crisis which, in spite of every outward and visible show of accord, it was well known must soon arrive.

The fact that Sid Ahmed ben Moussa had been chosen by Mulai Abdul Aziz as almost his sole adviser had stirred the hearts of the rival Jama'i viziers, the brothers Haj Amaati and Sid Mohammed Soreir, to their very depths. Those who do not know the Moors are ill acquainted with the strength of their passions; and there is no saying to what extent their hatred and jealousy might not carry them. No one could have been better aware of this than Sid Ahmed himself, the most faithful and devoted follower the Sultan could possess, whose mixed blood of Arab and negro strain gave him all the force and cunning of the former and all the fidelity of a slave.

On Tuesday, July 10, at the sitting of the morning Court, Haj Amaati and Sid Mohammed Soreir, the Grand Vizier and Minister of War, were dismissed, the return

of their seals being demanded. Both must have realised that their end was practically come; and as they mounted their mules and rode away from the palace, they were ruined men.

The dismissal of Ministers in Morocco is a very different affair to what it is in Europe. It means disgrace, and more than that, the almost certain confiscation of all their property—if not imprisonment. The immense pride inherent in a Moorish official of high degree renders all the more degrading his fall; while the intense jealousy and hatred felt for the unscrupulous officials, to whom all injustice and taxation is, often very rightly, accredited, prevent any sympathy on the part of the public. The man to whom every one had to bow and cringe had fallen; no longer was his wrath to be feared; and the feelings of the populace, pent up for so long, burst forth. No name was too bad for the late Grand Vizier, no crime too fearful not to have been committed by him.

A sort of stupor fell over the Court. No one knew what would happen next. This dismissal of two of the most powerful men, if not the two most powerful, in the *entourage* of the Sultan, was so sudden and so far removed from the usual course adopted by a new Sultan, that all held their breath, awaiting a future the details of which they were not even able to guess at. Terror reigned amongst the officials; wild reports were heard on every side as to who was to be the next to fall; and expectation on the part of those who had nothing to fear, and terror on that of those whose position rendered them liable to a similar fate, was rife. The names of Sid Ali Misfiwi and Sid Mfadhoul Gharnit, the Foreign Minister, were on every one's mouth, yet

wrongly, for up to the time of writing these lines they enjoy the confidence of their sovereign and Sid Ahmed.

It was no secret whence the blow had been struck, for no sooner were the posts of Grand Vizier and Minister of War vacated than they were filled, the former by Sid Ahmed himself, the second by his brother Sid Saïd; while to the Chamberlainship, which Sid Ahmed had left to fill the still higher position, another brother was nominated. Sid Ahmed thus obtained an overwhelming majority in the surroundings of the Sultan, for the three most confidential positions were annexed by himself and his two brothers.

The following Friday, July 13,—unlucky combination of day and number,—Haj Amaati and Sid Mohammed Soreir were seized in their houses and thrown into prison. Although it had been thought possible that such a course might be pursued, the actual event caused an unparalleled excitement. The work of arrest was quickly but roughly done, but such are the ways of the Moors. The Basha of Mequinez, with a small band of troops, proceeded to the Grand Vizier's house first, and, gaining admittance, announced his errand. The horror of the situation must have been fully appreciated by the vizier, for, giving way to one of those violent fits of rage to which he was prone, he attempted to resist, and a soldier in his employ drew his sword upon the Basha. In a minute both were seized, but not before, in the struggle, Haj Amaati's rich clothes had been torn to shreds. Four ropes were fastened to his neck, each held by a soldier; and dressed only in his shirt, he was dragged through the streets, amidst the derisive laughter and the curses of the people, to the prison. The very crowd that now

rejoiced in his degradation had bowed low to him only a day or two before, as he passed through the streets to and from the palace. An incident is worthy of mention, as showing the feelings of the Moors. As he was paraded along, a common *askari*, one of the riff-raff of Morocco, passed. "God!" he cried, "why, the infidel has a better fez than mine!" and with these words he lifted the turban and cap off the vizier's head roughly, placing his own filthy head-gear in its place.

And the crowd laughed and jeered!

As soon as Haj Amaati was confined in jail, Sid Mohammed Soreir was arrested; but with far more pluck and courage, he followed his captor without resistance, and entered prison like a gentleman.

Wild rumours spread all over the town as to the reasons of the imprisonment of the viziers, and it was generally stated that a plot had been discovered by which the Sultan and Sid Ahmed, the new vizier, were to have been assassinated that very day, *en route* to mid-day prayers. But whatever may have been the truth of this assertion, the fact remains that no attempt was made, and Mulai Abdul Aziz was driven in his green-and-gold brougham to the mosque, surrounded by his Court. Both his Majesty and Sid Ahmed looked extremely nervous, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent assassination. During the afternoon a lesser vizier, who acted as *amin el askar*, or paymaster of the troops, Sid el arbi Zebdi, was seized and imprisoned. This but added to the terror of the remaining officials, who had escaped, but dreaded a like fate.

I had the opportunity the same evening of discussing the course

events had taken with two men, who hold in different ways almost the highest positions in Morocco. One was himself a vizier, the other far above all fear of arrest. They both told me the same tale; but, in spite of the high authority on which I heard it, I do not think it is to be credited, and in my opinion it was the officially agreed upon story, that was to give justice to the arrest of such important members of the Sultan's court.

I was told that both the viziers in question had addressed letters to Mulai Ismain in Fez, and to Mulai Mohammed in Morocco City, the young Sultan's uncle and brother respectively, inviting them to seize the opportunity of attempting the throne, and offering all their large fortune and influence in the event of their doing so. These letters, it was said, were intercepted and the plot discovered.

Although both the viziers in question were quite capable of such a plot, I cannot believe that either pursued the course stated above. To a Moor a document of any sort is a far more important thing than to us, and any one who is acquainted with the Moors knows how extremely difficult it is to obtain any kind of matter in writing. Had such an idea as that stated above entered the minds of Haj Amaati and his brother, and had they formulated any conspiracy to that effect, they would never have been so foolish as to commit themselves to writing, and any communication with the two Sheriefs in question would have been made with the aid of a trusted envoy. It was easy to see that one of my informants at least discredited the story he was telling me, which he only knew from official sources. My own opinion is this, that the whole affair was

the result of Sid Ahmed's jealousy, and that he was actuated no doubt also by a feeling that the course he pursued was the safest in the Sultan's interests—for by removing his own two most dangerous enemies, he at the same time would find further scope for his influence and policy. That the viziers deserved their fate none can deny. Haj Amaati had impoverished the whole country by his enormous and insatiable greed and black-mail, and his brother had deprived the soldiery of a very considerable portion of their pay.

Immediately the arrests were made the entire property of both—together with that of Sid el arbi Zebdi—was confiscated, and their houses at Fez seized. Haj Amaati had just completed the building in the capital of a palace second to none there in size and decoration, a block of buildings rising high above the level of the other houses, which will be an eternal landmark of the vizier's rise and fall. It had been completed only during his absence in the south with the Sultan, and so much pride did the vizier take in this new palace that he had ordered all the decorations in stucco and mosaic, of which the Moors are perfect masters, to be draped with linen, so that none should see the general effect before himself. A rope attached to these curtains would allow the entire drapery to fall, when the every beauty of the decoration would be exposed. Within a week of realising this dream of oriental fancy, he was cast into a dungeon, and his house and all his wealth confiscated to the Sultan.

With the fall of the two viziers it became more apparent than ever that Sid Ahmed meant to be

master of the whole situation; but he was wise enough not to attempt alone what could be done equally well, and very probably better, with the advice of trusted advisers. There were two people at the Court in whose hands might lie the power of treating him as he had treated the others. These two were respectively the Circassian mother of the Sultan, and Sidi Mohammed el Marani, an influential Shereef, who had married the sister of Mulai el Hassen, and into whose hands a considerable part of the upbringing of Mulai Abdul Aziz had been intrusted. Both must be conciliated, for over the Sultan both held great influence—so great, in fact, that should Sid Ahmed's conduct in any way displease them, their united power might easily persuade the Sultan to dismiss him. Not for this reason alone, however, did Sid Ahmed, as it were, invite these two to join him in a sort of council of regency, for he knew fully well the ability of both and their devotion to his lord and master.

In the hands of these three persons the welfare of Morocco lies. But before entering upon any conjectures as to the future, the history of past events must be continued up to date.

On Thursday, July 19, a start was made from Mequinez towards Fez, the army and the governor of the tribes and their escorts having camped the previous night a slight distance outside the town near the Fez road.

Two events worthy of mention had meanwhile taken place at Fez—first, the behaviour of Mulai Omar, the Sultan's brother and viceroy; and, secondly, the fact that the *enkas*, or local taxation upon all goods sold, had been removed, together with the *octroi* at the city gates.

With regard to the former a few words must be said. Mulai Omar, who had been left as viceroy by Mulai el Hassen, whose son he was by a slave wife, is a young man of extremely vicious and degenerate habits, nearly black in colour, and with an expression as ugly as it is revolting. While beyond his immorality no actual charge of crime can be laid to his door, he may be said to be incapable of filling the position he held, and to want discretion and common-sense.

It appears—and I knew of the event at the time—that on his learning of the death of his father, he sent to the Jewish silversmiths, by whom all Government work is done, and ordered one of their number to make him a seal. Now in Morocco a seal is an exceedingly important object, and no one uses a seal of office unless it is actually presented to him by the Sultan. So far the story is generally known, but here my version—the true version—differs, for while the European press harped upon the fact that Mulai Omar wished to make himself a seal with the inscription of Sultan upon it, the fact was that the seal was to bear Mulai Abdul Aziz's name, and that the reason of Mulai Omar's ordering it to be made was not in order to stamp documents himself as Sultan, but probably to have in his possession a means of forging letters supposed to have come from Court. Whether his idea was by this to make the best of the short period that remained to him as Viceroy to amass money, or whether in case of any outbreak or disturbance on the part of the population to be able to forge conciliatory or other letters that would keep them quiet until his brother's arrival, it is impossible to say. But whatever may have been the

desire, the result in the suspicious eyes of his brother was this—that he had attempted by some means to usurp the throne.

However, the seal was never made. The Jew artificer, knowing the penalty that would meet him at the hands of the Sultan were he even the innocent instrument in this, fled and sought the protection of an influential member of the Government, and the affair was knocked on the head at once.

A second charge was also laid at Mulai Omar's door—that of having ordered the music of the drums and pipes to cease on the occasion of the announcement of Mulai Abdul Aziz's succession to the throne. On the players refusing, his highness sent a slave, who enforced silence by splitting up the drums with a dagger. For this act of treason he was afterwards punished by having the flesh of his hand sliced, the wound filled with salt, and the whole hand sewn up in leather. It is a common belief that this punishment causes mortification to set in, and that the hand decomposes; but such is not the case, for by the time the leather wears off the wound is healed, the result being that the hand is rendered useless, and remains closed for ever. It is a punishment not often in use, but is sometimes done in cases of murder or constant theft, as, without in any way injuring the health of the man, it prevents his committing the crime a second time, or for the hundredth time, as the case may be. It is a punishment that cannot be applied except by the Sultan's orders.

It was no doubt on account of these offences that letters were received by Mulai Omar from the Sultan, forbidding him to leave his house, and placing him under sur-

veillance—a course that was supplemented on his brother's arrival by chains upon his legs. Meanwhile his Majesty had been pleased to treat his brother, Mulai Mohammed, in Morocco City, in the same manner.

As to the remitting of the local taxes and *octroi* in Fez, but little need be said. Certain unfriendly remarks had been overheard regarding the new Sultan, and the general tone of the Fez people was not satisfactory. Fearing that any outbreak might occur, and knowing that the avaricious inhabitants were open to no persuasion except money, the Amin Haj Abdesalam Makri, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Fez, on his own authority, remitted this most unpopular tax, which is contrary to Moorish law. It turned the tide, and the Fez citizen, finding himself a few dollars, or a few pence, the richer, changed front, and was loud in his acclamations of the new Sultan. The charm of the situation was, however, that as soon as the Sultan had safely entered Fez, and was thus securely upon the throne, he instituted once again the tax, and the population rose on the morning of Tuesday, July 24, to find the tax-gatherers returned to their accustomed haunts.

On Saturday, July 21, Mulai Abdul Aziz made his State entry into Fez, with the pomp and gorgeousness with which the Moors know so well how to adorn such pageants. Proceeding at once to the tomb of his ancestor Mulai Idris, he took the oath of the constitution, and a few minutes later the great gates of the white palace closed upon Mulai Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Morocco.

So did Mulai el Hassen die and Mulai Abdul Aziz succeed.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

WHO WAS LOST AND IS FOUND.

CHAPTER XVII.

IF Mrs Ogilvy had been at home, it is almost certain that none of these things could have happened—if she had not been kept so long, if Mr Somerville's other client had not detained him, and, worst of all, if she had not been beguiled by the unaccustomed relief of a sympathetic listener, a friendly hand held out to help her, to waste that precious hour in taking her luncheon with her old friend. That was pure waste—to please him, and in a foolish yielding to those claims of nature which Mrs Ogilvy, like so many women, thought she could defy. To-day, in the temporary relief of her mind after pouring out all her troubles—a process which for the moment felt almost like the removal of them—she had become aware of her own exhaustion and need of refreshment and rest. And thus she had thrown away voluntarily a precious hour.

She met Susie and Mrs Ainslie at her own gate, and though tired with her walk from the station, stopped to speak to them. "We found the gentlemen at their dinner," Mrs Ainslie said, her usual jaunty air increased by a sort of triumphant excitement, "and therefore of course we did not go in; but I rested a little outside, and the sound of their jolly voices quite did me good. They don't speak between their teeth, like all you people here."

"My son—has a friend with him,—for a very short time," Mrs Ogilvy said.

"Oh yes, I know—the friend with whom he takes long walks

late in the evening. I have often heard of them in the village," Mrs Ainslie said.

"His visit is almost over—he is just going away," said Mrs Ogilvy, faintly. "I am just a little tired with my walk. Susie, you would perhaps see—my son?"

"I saw Robbie—for a minute. We had no time to say anything. I—could not keep him from his dinner—and his friend," Susie said, with a flush. It hurt her to speak of Robbie, who had not cared to see her, who had nothing to say to her. "We are keeping you, and you are tired: and me, I have much to do—and perhaps soon going away altogether," said Susie, not able to keep a complaint which was almost an appeal out of her voice.

"She will go to her own house, I hope," cried Mrs Ainslie; "and I hope you who are a friend of the family will advise her for her good, Mrs Ogilvy. A good husband waiting for her—and she threatens to go away altogether, as if we were driving her out. Was there ever anything so silly—and cruel to her father—not to speak of me——"

"Oh, my dear Susie! if I were not so faint—and tired," Mrs Ogilvy said.

And Susie, full of tender compunction and interest, but daring to ask nothing except with her eyes, hurried her companion away.

Mrs Ogilvy went up with a slow step to her own house. She was in haste to get there—yet would have liked to linger, to leave herself a little more time before she confronted again those

two who were so strong against her in their combination, so careless of what she said or felt. She thought, with a sickness at her heart, of those "jolly voices" which that woman had heard. She knew exactly what they were—the noise, the laughter, which at first she had been so glad to hear as a sign that Robbie's heart had recovered the cheerfulness of youth, but which sometimes made her sick with misery and the sense of helplessness. She would find them so now, rattling away with their disjointed talk, and in her fatigue and trouble it would "turn her heart." She went up slowly, saying to herself, as a sort of excuse, that she could not walk as she once could, that her breath was short and her foot uncertain and tremulous, so that she could not be sure of not stumbling even in the approach to her own house.

It was a great surprise to her to see that Robbie was looking out for her at the door. Her alarm jumped at once to the other side. Something had happened. She was wanted. The fact that she was being looked for, instead of pleasing her, as it might have done in other circumstances, alarmed her now. She hurried on, not lingering any more, and reached the door out of breath. "Is anything wrong? has anything happened?" she cried.

"What should have happened?" he answered, fretfully; "only that you have been so long away. What have you been doing in Edinburgh? We thought, of course, you would be back for dinner."

"I could not help it, Robbie. I had to wait till I saw—the person I went to see."

"And who was the person you went to see?" he said, in that tone half-contemptuous, as if no one

she wished to see could be of the slightest importance, and yet with an excited curiosity lest she might have been doing something prejudicial and was not to be trusted. These inferences of voice jarred on Mrs Ogilvy's nerves in the weariness and over-strain.

"It is of no consequence," she said. "Let me in, Robbie—let me come in at my own door: I am so wearied that I must rest."

"Who was keeping you out of your own door?" he cried, making way for her resentfully. "You tell me one moment that everything is mine—and then you remind me for ever that it's yours and not mine, with this talk about your own door."

Mrs Ogilvy looked up at him for a moment in dismay, feeling as if there was justice, something she had not thought of, in his remark; and then, being overwhelmed with fatigue and the conflict of so many feelings, went into her parlour, and sat down to recover herself in her chair. There were no "jolly voices" about, no sound of the other whose movements were always noisier than those of Robbie; and Robbie himself, as he hung about, had less colour and energy than usual—or perhaps it was only because she was tired, and everything around took colour from her own mood.

"Is he not with you to-day?" she said faintly.

"Is he not with me?—you mean Lew, I suppose: where else should he be? He's up-stairs, I think, in his room."

"You say where else should he be, Robbie? Is he always to be here? I'm wishing him no harm—far, far from that; but it would be better for himself as well as for you if he were not here. Where you are, oh Robbie, my dear, there's always a clue to him: and

they will come looking for him—and they will find him—and you too—and you too!”

“What’s the meaning of all this fuss, mother—me too, as you say?”

“Well,” said Mrs Ogilvy, “it is perhaps not extraordinary—my only son; but I’ve no wish that harm should come to him—oh, not in this house, not in this house! If he would but take warning and go away where he would be safer than here! I’ve been in Edinburgh to ask my old friend, and your father’s friend, and your friend too, Robbie, what could be done—if there was anything that could be done.”

“You have gone and betrayed us, mother!”

“I have done no such thing!” cried Mrs Ogilvy, raising herself up with a flush of indignation—“no such thing! It was Mr Somerville who brought me the news first, before you appeared at all. He was to hurry out to that weary America to defend you—or send a better than himself: that was before you came back, when we thought you were there still, and to be tried for your life. I was going—myself,” she said, suddenly faltering and breaking down.

“You would not have gone, mother,” said Robbie, with a certain flash of self-appreciation and bitter consciousness.

“Ay, that I would to the ends of the earth! You are my Robbie, my son, whatever you are—and oh, laddie, you might be yet—everything that you might have been.”

“Not very likely,” he said, with a half groan and half sneer. “And what might I have been? A respectable clod, tramping to kirk and market—not a thought in my head nor a feeling in my heart—all just habit and jog-trot. I’m better as I am.”

“You are not better as you are.

You are just good for nothing in this bonnie world that God has made—except to put good meat into you that other folk have laboured to get ready, and to kill the blessed days He has given you to serve Him in, with your old books, and your cards, and any silly things that come into your head. I have seen you throwing sticks at a bit of wood for hours together, and been thankful sometimes that you were diverting yourselves like two bairns, and no just lying and lounging about like two dogs in the warmth of the fire. Oh, Robbie, what it is to me to say that to my son! and all the time the sword hanging over your heads that any day, any day may come down!”

“By Jove, the old girl’s right, Bob!” said a voice behind. Lew had become curious as to the soft murmur of Mrs Ogilvy’s voice, which he could hear running on faintly, not much interrupted by Robbie’s deeper tones. It was not often she “preached,” as they said—indeed she had seldom been allowed to go further than the mildest beginning; but Rob had been this time caught unprepared, and his mother had taken the advantage. Lew came in softly, with his lips framed to whistle, and his hands in his pockets. He had already picked his comrade out of a sudden Slough of Despond, caused by alarm at the declaration of the visitor, which, to tell the truth, had made himself very uneasy. It would not do to let the mother complete the discouragement: but this adventurer from the wilds had a candid soul; and while Robert stood sullen, beat down by what his mother said, yet resisting it, the other came in with a look and word of acquiescence. “Yes, by Jove, she was right!” It did not cost him much to acknow-

ledge this theoretical justice of reproof.

"The difficulty is," he added calmly, "to know what to do in strange diggings like these. They're out of our line, don't you know. I was talking seriously to him there the other day about doing a stroke of work: but he wouldn't hear of it—not here, he said, not in his own country. Ask him; he'll tell you. I don't understand the reason why."

Mrs Ogilvy, startled, looked from one to another: she did not know what to think. What was the stroke of work which the leader had proposed, which the follower would not consent to? Was it something for which to applaud Robbie, or to blame him? Her heart longed to believe that it was the first—that he had done well to refuse: but she could only look blankly from one to another, uninformed by the malicious gleam in Lew's eyes, or by the spark of indignant alarm in those of Robbie. Their meaning was quite beyond her ken.

"If you will sit down," she said, "both of you, and have a moment's patience while I speak. Mr Lew, I am in no way your unfriend."

"I never thought so," he said: "on the contrary, mother. You have always been very good to me."

He called her mother, as another man might have called her madam, as a simple title of courtesy; and sometimes it made her angry, and sometimes touched her heart.

"But I have something to say that maybe I have said before, and something else that is new that you must both hear. This is not a safe place for you, Mr Lew—it is not safe for you both. For Robbie, I am told nobody would meddle with him—alone; but his home here gives a clue, and is a danger to

you—and to have you here is a danger for him, who would not be meddled with by himself, but who would be taken (alack, that I should have to say it!) with you."

"I think, Bob," said Lew, "that we have heard something like this, though perhaps not so clearly stated, before."

He had seated himself quite comfortably in the great chair which had been brought to the parlour for Robbie on his first arrival,—and was, as he always was, perfectly calm, unruffled, and smiling. Robbie stood opposite in no such amiable mood. His shaggy eyebrows were drawn down over his eyes: his whole attitude, down-looking, shifting from one foot to the other, with his shoulders up to his ears, betrayed his perturbation and disquiet. Robbie had been brought to a sudden stop in the fascination of careless and reckless life which swept his slower nature along in its strong current. Such a thing had happened to him before in his intercourse with Lew, and always came uppermost the moment they were parted. It was the sudden shock of Mrs Ainslie's announcement, and his friend's apparently careless reception of it, which had jarred him first: and then there was something in the name of mother, addressed to his own mother by a stranger—which he had heard often with quite different feelings, sometimes half flattered by it—which added to his troubled sense of awakening resistance and disgust. Was he to endure this man for ever, to give up everything for him, even his closest relationship? All rebellious, all unquiet and miserable in the sudden strain against his bonds, he stood listening sullenly, shuffling now and then as he changed from one foot to another, otherwise quite silent, meeting no one's eye.

"Well," said Mrs Ogilvy, her voice trembling a little, "I am perhaps not so very clear; but this other thing I have to say is something that is clear enough and new too, and you will know the meaning of it better than me. I have been to-day to the gentleman who was the first to tell me about all this—and who was to have sent out—to defend my son, and clear him, if it was possible he should be cleared. Listen to me, Robbie! That gentleman has told me to-day—that there is an American officer come over express to inquire—it will not be about Robbie—they will leave him quiet—think, Mr Lew!—it will be for—"

"For me, of course," he said, lightly. "Well! if there's danger we'll meet it. I like it, on the whole—it stirs a fellow's blood. We were getting too comfortable, Bob, settling down, making ourselves too much at home. The next step would have been to be bored—eh? won't say that process hadn't begun."

"Sir," said Mrs Ogilvy, "you will not say I have been inhospitable, or grudged you whatever I could give—"

"Never, mother," he said. "You've been as good as gold." He had risen from his seat, and begun to walk about with an alert light step. The news had roused him; it had stirred his blood, as he said. "We must see about this exit of yours—subterraneous is it?—out of the Castle of Giant Despair—no, no, out of the good fairy's castle, down into the wilds. You must show me this at once, Bob. If there's a Yank on the trail there's no time to be lost."

"There is perhaps no time to be lost—but not for him, only for you. My words are not kind, but my meaning is," cried Mrs Ogilvy. "It is safest for you not to be

with him, and for him not to be with you. Oh, do not wait here till you're traced to the house, till ye have to run and break your neck down that terrible road, but go while everything is peaceable! Mr Lew, you shall have whatever money you want, and what clothes we can furnish, and—and my blessing—God's blessing."

"Don't you think," he said, turning upon her, "you are undertaking a little too much? God's blessing upon a fellow like me—that has committed every sin and repented of none, that have sent other sinners to their account, and wronged the orphan, and all that. God's blessing—!"

He was standing in the middle of the room, in which he was so inappropriate a figure, with his back to the end window, which was towards the west. It was now late in the afternoon, and the level rays pouring in made a broad bar across the carpet, and fell upon one side of his form, which partially intercepted its light and cut it with his tall outline. Mrs Ogilvy put her hands together with a cry.

"What is that? What is it? Is it not just the blessed sun that He sends upon the just and the unjust—never stopping, whatever you have done—His sign held out to you that He has all His blessings in His hand, ready to give, more ready than me, that am a poor creature, no fit to judge? Oh, laddie—for you're little more—see to Him holding out His hand!"

He had turned round, with a vague disturbed motion, not knowing what he did, and stood for a moment looking at the sunshine on the carpet, and his own figure which intercepted it and received the glory instead. For a moment his lip quivered; the lines of his face moved as if a wind had blown

over them; his eyes fixed on the light, as if he expected to see some miraculous sight. And then he gave a harsh laugh, and turned round with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's pretty," he said, "mother, as you put it: but there's no time to enter into all that. I've perhaps got too much to clear up with God, don't you know, to do it at a sitting; but I'll remember, for your sake, when I've time. Eh? where were we before this little picturesque incident? You were saying I should have money—to pay my fare, &c. Well, that's fair enough. Make it enough for two, and we'll be off, eh, Bob? and trouble her no more."

But Robbie did not say a word. It was not any wise resolution taken; it was rather a fit of temper, which the other, used to his moods, knew would pass away. Lew gave another shrug of his shoulders, and even a glance of confidential criticism to the mother, as if she were in the secret too. "One of his moods," he said, nodding at her. "But, bless you! when one knows how to take him, they don't last." He touched her shoulder with a half caress. "You go and lie down a bit and rest. You're too tired for any more. We'll have it all out to-night, or at another time."

"I am quite ready now—I am quite ready," she cried, terrified to let the opportunity slip. He nodded at her again, and waved his hand with a smile. "Come along, Bob, come along; let us leave her in quiet. To-night will be soon enough to settle all that—to-night or—another time." He took Rob by the arm, and pushed his reluctant and half-resisting figure out of the room. Robert was sullen and indisposed to his usual submission.

"Let me go," he said, shaking off the hand on his arm; "do you think I'm going to be pushed about like a go-cart?"

"If you're a go-cart, I wish you'd let me slip into you," said the other. It was not a very great joke, but Robert at another moment would have hailed it with a shout of laughter. He received it only with a shrug of his shoulders now.

"I wish you'd make up your mind and do something," he said.

"I have: the first thing is to see who that woman is——"

"A woman! when you've got to run for your life."

"Do you think I mean any nonsense, you fool? She's not a woman, she's a danger. Man alive, can't you see? She'll have to be squared somehow. And look here, Bob," he said suddenly, putting his arm through that of his friend's, who retained his reluctant attitude—"don't sulk, you ass: ain't we in the same boat—get all you can out of the old girl. We'll have to make tracks, I suppose—and a lot of money runs away in that. Get everything you can out of her. She may cool down and repent, don't you see? Strike, Bob, while the iron's hot. The old girl——"

"Look here, I'll not have her called names; neither mother, as if you had any right to her—nor—nor any other. We've had enough of that. I'll not take any more of it from you, Lew!"

"Oh, that's how it is!" said the other coolly, with a sneer. "Then I beg to suggest to you, my friend Bob, that the respectable lady we're talking of may repent; and that if you're not a fool, and won't take more energetic measures, you'll strike, don't you see, while the iron is hot."

Rob gave his friend a look of

sullen wrath, and then disengaged his arm and turned away.

"You'll find me in Andrew's bower, among the flower-pots," Lew called after him, and whistling a tune, went off behind the

house to the garden, where in the shade Andrew kept his tools and all the accessories of his calling. He had no good of his ain tool-house, since thae two were about, Andrew complained every day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hewan was very quiet and silent that afternoon. Mrs Ogilvy perhaps would not have recognised the crisis of exhaustion at which she had arrived, had it not been for the remarks of the stranger within her doors, the unwelcome guest whom she was so anxious to send away, and who yet had an eye for the changes of her countenance which her son had not. He took more interest in her fatigue than Robbie, who did not remark it even now, and to whom it had not at all occurred that his mother should want care or tenderness. She had always given it, in his experience; it did not come into his mind. But, tutored by Lew, Mrs Ogilvy felt that she could do no more. She went to her room, and even, for a wonder, lay down on her bed, half apologising to herself that it was just for once, and only for half an hour. But the house was very quiet. There was no noise below to keep her watchful. If there were any voices at all, they came in a subdued murmur from the garden behind, where perhaps Robbie was showing to his friend the breakneck path down the brae to the Esk, which nobody had remembered during the many years of his absence. It had been his little mystery which he had delighted in as a boy. There was no gate opening on it, nor visible mode of getting at it. The little gap in the hedge through which as a boy he had squeezed himself so often was all concealed by subse-

quent growth, but Robert's eyes could still distinguish it. Mrs Ogilvy said to herself, "He will be showing him that awful road—and how to push himself through." She felt herself repeat vaguely "to push himself through, to push himself through," and then she ceased to go on with her thoughts. She had fallen asleep; so many times she had not got her rest at night—and she was very tired. She fell asleep. She would never have permitted herself to do so but for these words of Lew. He was not at all bad. They said he had taken away a man's life—God forgive him!—but he saw when a woman was tired—an old woman—that was not his mother: may be—if he had ever had a mother— And here even these broken half-words, that floated through her brain, failed. She fell asleep—more soundly than she had slept perhaps for years.

The thoughts that passed through the mind of the adventurer in his retreat in Andrew's tool-house could not have been agreeable ones, but they are out of my power to trace or follow. Women are perhaps more ready to see their disabilities in this way than men. A man will sometimes set forth in much detail, as if he knew, the fancies, evanescent and changeable as a dream, of a girl's dawning mind, putting them all into rigid lines of black and white. Perhaps he thinks the greater comprehends the less; but how to tell you what was the course of

reflections and endless breaks and takings up of thought in the mind of a man who had a career to look back upon, such as that of Lew, is not in my power. I might represent them as caused by sudden pangs of remorse, by dreadful questions whether, if he had not done this or that——! by haunting recollections of the look of a victim, or of the circumstances of the scenes in which a crime had been committed: by a horrible crushing sense that nothing could recall those moments in which haste and passion had overcome all that was better in him. I do not believe that Lew thought of any of these things: he had said he repented of nothing—he thought of nothing, I well believe, but of the present, which was hard enough for any man, and how he was to get through it. It was a situation much worse than that of yesterday. Then he had still continued to wonder at his absolute safety, at the extraordinary, almost absurd fact, that he was in a place where nobody had ever heard of him, where his name did not convey the smallest thrill of terror to the feeblest. He had laughed at this, even when he was alone, not without a sense of injury, and conviction that the people around must be “born fools”: but yet a comfortable assurance of safety all the same—safety which had half begun to bore him, as he said. But now that situation had altogether changed. There was a woman in this place, even in this place, who knew him, to whose mind it had conveyed a thrill that he should be here. And there was a man in Scotland who had arrived to hunt him down. His being had roused up to these two keen points of stimulation. They seemed to a certain degree to set him right with himself, a man not accustomed to

feel himself nobody: and in the second place, they roused him to fight, to that prodigious excitement, superior perhaps to any other kind, which flames up when you have to fight for your life. I suggest with diffidence that these were probably the thoughts that went through him, broken with many admixtures which I cannot divine. I believe that at that moment less than at any other was he sorry for the crimes that he had committed. He had no time for anything in (what he would have called) the way of sentiment. He had quite enough to do thinking how to get out of this strait, to get again into safety, and safety of a kind in which he should be less hampered than here. There was the old woman, for instance, who had been kind to him, whom he did not want to shock above measure or to get into trouble. He resolved he would not take refuge in any place where there was an old woman again, unless she were an old woman of a very different kind. Mrs Ogilvy was quite right in her conviction that there was good in him. He did not want to hurt her, even to hurt her feelings. In short, he would not have anything done to vex her, unless there was no other way.

But though I cannot throw much light on his thoughts, I can tell you how he spent the afternoon, to outward sight and consciousness. Robert Ogilvy, before the arrival of this companion, had discovered that he could arrange himself a rude sort of a lounging-place by means of an old chair with a broken seat, and some of the rough wooden boxes, once filled with groceries, &c., which had been placed in the tool-house to be out of the way, and in which Andrew sometimes placed his seedlings, and sometimes his strips of

cloth and nails and sticks for tying up his flowers. Lew had naturally edged his friend out of this comfortable place. The seat of the chair was of cane-work, and still afforded support to the sitter, though it was not in good repair; and the boxes were of various heights, so that a variety of levels could be procured when he tired of one. His meditations were promoted by smoke, and also by a great deal of whisky-and-water, for which he took the trouble to disarrange himself periodically to obtain a fresh supply from the bottle which it disturbed Mrs Ogilvy to see so continually on the table in the dining-room. It would have been more convenient to have it here—and it was seldom that Lew subjected himself to an inconvenience; but he did in this case, I am unable to tell why. It must be added that this constant refreshing had no more effect upon him than as much water would have had on many other people. And those little pilgrimages into the dining-room were the only sound he made in the quiet of the house.

Robbie had gone out, to chew his cud of very bitter fancy. His thoughts were not so uncomplicated, so distinguishable, as those of his stronger-minded friend. He had been seized quite suddenly, as he had been at intervals ever since he fell under Lew's influence, with a revulsion of feeling against this man, to whom he had been for this month past, as for years, with broken intervals, before, the chose, the chattel, the shadow and echo. It was perhaps the nature of poor Robbie to be the chose of somebody, of any one who would take possession of him except his natural guides: but there was a strain of the fantastic in his spirit, as well as an instinct for what was lawful

and right, which had made him insufferable among the strange comrades to whom he had drifted, yet never was strong enough to sever him from their lawless company. He had never himself done any violent or dishonest act, though he was one of the band who did, and had doubtless indirectly profited by their ill-gotten gains. Perhaps refraining himself from every practical breach of law, it gave him a pleasure, an excitement, to see the others breaking it constantly, and to study the strange phenomena of it? I suggest this possible explanation to minds more philosophical than mine. Certainly Robbie was not philosophical, and if he was moved by so subtle a principle, was quite unaware of it. He was in a tumult of disgust on this occasion with Lew, and everything connected with him—with all the trouble of hiding 'him, of securing his escape, of keeping watch and ward for his sake, and of getting money for him out of the little store which his mother had saved for him, Robbie, and not for any stranger. This piquant touch of personal loss perhaps did more than anything else to intensify his sudden ill-humour, offence, and rebellion. He strayed out to see if the gap could be passed, if the deep precipitous gully down the side of the hill gave shelter enough for a hurried escape. As he wandered down towards the little stream, his eyes suddenly became suspicious, and he saw a pursuer behind every tree and bush. He thought he saw a man's hat in the distance always disappearing as he followed it: he thought even that the little girls playing beyond in the open looked at him with significant glances, pointing him out to each other—and this indeed was not a fancy; but there was nothing dan-

gerous in the indication—"Eh, see yon man! that's the lady's son at the Hewan"—which these young persons, not at all conspirators, gave.

In the evening, as it began to grow dark, the two men as usual went out together. It means almost more than a deadly quarrel, and the substitution of hate for love or liking, to break a habit even of recent date; and Robert had hated Lew, and longed to be delivered from him, a dozen times at least, without anything following. They went out very silent at first, very watchful, not missing a single living creature that went past them, though these were not many. They had both the highly educated eyes of men who knew what it was to be hunted, and were quick to discover every trace of a pursuer or an enemy. But the innocent country-road was innocent as ever, with very few passengers, and not one of them likely to awaken alarm in the most nervous bosom. The silence between them, however, continued so long, and it was so difficult to make Robbie say anything, that his companion began at last to ask questions, already half answered in previous conversations, about the visitor who had recognised him. "Somebody who has not been very long here—a stranger (like myself), but likely to form permanent relations in the place (*not* like me there, alas!)," said Lew. "Not to put too fine a point upon it, she's going to marry the minister. That's so, ain't it?" Lew said.

"That's what it is, so far as I know."

"Look here," he went on, "there's several things in that to take away its importance. In the first place, it could not be in

the first society of Colorado—the *crème de la crème*, you know—that she'd meet me."

To this Robert assented merely with a sort of groan.

"From which it follows, that if she is setting up here in the odour of sanctity, it's not for her interests to make a fuss about my acquaintance."

"She might give you up, to get rid of you," Robert said, curtly.

"Come now," said his companion; "human nature's bad enough, but hanged if it's so bad as that."

"Oh, I thought you were of opinion that nothing was too bad——"

"Hold hard!" said Lew. "If you mean to carry on any longer like a bear with a sore head, I propose we go home."

"It's as you like," Robert said.

"Bob," said the other, "mutual danger draws fellows together: it's drawn you and me together scores of times. We're lost, or at all events I'm lost, if it turns out different now."

"Do you think I'm going to give you up?" said Rob, almost with a sneer.

"No, I don't," said Lew, calmly.

"You haven't the spirit. Your mammy would do it like a shot, if it wasn't for—other things."

"What other things?" cried Rob, fiercely.

"Well, because she's got a heart—rather bigger than her spirit, and that's saying a great deal: and because she believes like an Arab—and that's saying a great deal too—in her bread and salt."

"Look here!" cried Rob, looking about him for a reason, "I don't mean to stand any longer the way you speak of my mother. Whatever she is, she is my mother, and I'll not listen to any gibes on

that subject—least of all from you.”

“What gibes? I say her heart is greater even than her spirit. I might say that”—and here Lew made something like the sign of the Cross, for he had queer fragments of religion in him, and sometimes thought he was a Roman Catholic—“of the Queen of heaven.”

“You call her mother,” cried Rob, angrily.

“I should like to know,” said his companion, whose temper was invulnerable, “where I could find a better name.”

“And old girl,” cried Rob, working himself into a sort of fury, “and—other names.”

“I beg your pardon, old fellow; there I was wrong. It don’t mean anything, you know. It means dear old lady; but I know it’s an ugly style, and comes from bad breeding, and I’ll never do it again.”

A sort of grunt, half satisfied, half sullen, came from Rob, and his companion knew the worst was over. “Let’s think a little,” he said—“you’re grand at describing—tell me a bit what that woman is like.”

Rob hesitated for some minutes, and then his pride gave way.

“She’s what you might call all in the air,” he said.

“Yes?”

“But looks at you to see if you think her so.”

“That’s capital, Bob.”

“She has a lot of fair hair—dull-looking, it might be false, but I don’t think somehow it is—and no colour to speak of, but might put on some, I should say. She looks like that.”

Lew put his arm within Rob’s as if accidentally, and gave forth a low whistle. “If that’s *her*,” he

said, “and she’s going to marry a minister—I should just think she would like to get me out of the way.”

“But why, then, should she ask you to come and see her?—for she had seen you on the sly, and that was enough.”

“There’s where the mystery comes in: but you never know that kind of woman. There’s always a screw loose in them somewhere. She repents it, perhaps, by now. Let’s make a round by her house, wherever it is, and perhaps we’ll see her through a window, as she saw me.”

“It’s close to the village—it’s dangerous—don’t think of it,” said Rob.

“Dangerous!” cried the other: “what’s a man for but to face danger—when it comes? I’m twice the man I was last night. I smell the smell of gunpowder in the air. I feel as if I could face the worst road, ten minutes’ start, and fifty mile an hour.”

If this trumpet-note was intended to rouse Rob, it was successful. His duller spirit caught the spark of excitement, which moved it only to the point of exhilaration and drove the last mist away. They went on, always with caution, always watchful, through a corner of the little town where the houses were almost all closed, and the good people in bed. No two innocent persons, however observant, were they the finest naturalists or scientific observers in the world, ever saw so much in a dark road as these two broken men. They saw the very footsteps of the few people who came towards them in the darkness, darker here with the shadow of the houses than in the open country, but not important enough to have lights: and

could tell what manner of people they were—honest, meaning no harm, or stealthy and prepared for mischief—though they never saw the faces that belonged to them. "There's one that means no good," Lew said. There was no man in the world who had a greater contempt for a petty thief. "I've half a mind to warn some one of him."

"For goodness' sake, make no disturbance," said the (for once) more prudent Rob.

Presently they came to Mrs Ainslie's house, a little square house, with its door close to the road, but a considerable garden behind. There was light in the windows still, but no chance of seeing into the interior behind the closed blinds. "Let's risk it, Bob; let's go and pay our call like gentlemen," said Lew.

"You don't think of such a thing!" cried Robert, holding him back. This was perhaps one of the things that bound Lew's followers to him most. Sometimes the excitement of risk and daring got into his veins like wine, and then the youngest and least guarded of them had to change rôles with the captain and restrain him. But whether Rob could have succeeded in doing so can never be known, for at the moment there were sounds in the house, and the door was opened, and a conversation, begun inside, was carried on for a minute or two there. The pair who appeared were the minister and Mrs Ainslie. He all dark, his face shaded by his hat: she in a light dress, and with a candle in her hand, which threw its light upon her face. She was saying good-night, and bidding her visitor take care of the corner where it was so dark. "There is what your people call a dub there," she said, with one of

those shrill laughs which cut the air—and she held the candle high to guide her visitor's parting steps. He answered, in a voice very dull and low-pitched after hers, that he was bound to know every dub in the place; and so went off, bidding her, if she went to Edinburgh in the morning, be sure to be back in good time.

She stood there for a moment after he was gone, and held up her candle again, as if that could pierce instead of increasing the darkness around her, and looked first in one direction, then in the other. Then she stood for a second minute as if listening, and then slightly shaking her head, turned and went in again. If she could have seen the two set faces watching her out of the darkness, within the deep shadow of the opposite wall! Lew grasped Rob's arm as in a vice, and with the other hand sought that pocket to which he turned so naturally: while Rob followed the movement in a panic, and got his hand upon that which already had half seized the revolver. "You wouldn't be such an idiot, Lew!"

"If I gave her a bullet," said the other in the darkness, "it would be the least of her deserts, and the cheapest for the world." Their voices could not have been audible to Mrs Ainslie, turning to shut her door, but something must have thrilled the air, for she came out, and looked up and down again. Was she as fearless as the others, and fired with excitement too? And then the closing of the door echoed out into the stillness,—not the report of the revolver, thank heaven! She had shown no signs of alarm: but the two men, as they went away, trembled in every limb—Rob with alarm and excitement, and the sense that

murder had been in the air; his companion with other feelings still.

It was very late when Mrs Ogilvy woke, and then not of herself, but by Robbie's call, whom she suddenly roused herself to see standing in the dark by her bedside. It was quite dark, not any lingering of light in the sky, which showed how far on in the night it was. She sprang up from her bed, crying out, "What has happened—what have I been doing?" with something like shame. "Have I been sleeping all this time?" she cried with dismay.

"Don't hurry, mother—you were tired out. I'm very glad you have slept. Nothing's wrong. Don't get up in a hurry. I should like to speak to you here. I've—got something to say."

"What is it, Robbie?—whatever it is, my dear, would you not like a light?"

"No. I like this best. I used to creep into your room in the dark, if you remember, when I had something to confess. I had always plenty to confess, mother."

"Oh, my Robbie, my dear, my dear!"

She stretched out her hands to him to touch his, to draw him near: but he still hung at a little distance, a tall shadow in the dark.

"It is not for myself this time. It is Lew: he was very much touched with what you said to-day. He'll go, I believe—whether with me or not. I might see him away, and then come back. But the chief thing after all, you know, is the money. You said you would give him—"

"Oh, Robbie, God be praised!—whatever he required for his passage, and to give him a new beginning; but you'll not leave me again, not you, not you!"

"I did not say I would," he said, with a querulous tone in his voice. "His passage! He wouldn't go back to America, you know."

"No, my dear, I did not suppose he would. I thought—one of the islands," said Mrs Ogilvy, in subdued tones.

"One of the islands! I don't know what you mean" (and, indeed, neither did she), "unless it were New Zealand, perhaps—that's an island: but you would not banish him there, mother. Lew thinks he might go to India. He might begin again, and do better there."

"India—that is far, far away—and a dear passage, and all the luxuries you want there. Robbie, I would not grudge it for myself—it is for you, my dear."

"If he had plenty of money, it would be his best chance."

Mrs Ogilvy slid softly off the bed, where she had been listening. She was as generous as a princess—as princesses used to be in the time of the fairy tales; but it startled her that this stranger should expect "plenty of money" from her hands. "How could we give him that?" she said: "and whatever went to him, it would be taken from you, Robbie. If you will fix on a sum, I will do everything I can. I do not grudge him, no, no. My heart is wae for him. But to despoil my only son, my one bairn, for a stranger. It is not just, it is not what I should do—"

"Would you give him a thousand pounds, mother?"

"A thousand pounds!" she cried with a shriek. "Laddie, are ye wild?—the greatest part of what you will have—the half, or near the half, of all. I think one of us is out of our senses, either you or me!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs Ainslie, who is a person with whom this history is little concerned, and whose character and antecedents I have no desire to set forth, had been moved, by the suddenness and unexpectedness of her vision through the dining-room window of the Hewan, to commit what she afterwards felt to be a great mistake. Hitherto, after the experience gained in a hundred adventures, she had found the rôle which she had chosen to play in the rustic innocence of Eskholm not a difficult one. No one suspected her of anything but a little affectation, a little absurdity, and a desire to be believed a fine lady, which, if it did not deceive the better instructed, yet harmed nobody. Society, even in its most obscure developments—and especially village society—is suspicious, people say. If so—of which I am doubtful—then it is generally suspicious in the wrong way; and there was nobody in Eskholm who had the least suspicion of Mrs Ainslie's antecedents, or imagined that she could be anything but what she professed to be, an officer's widow. Military ladies are allowed to be like their profession, a little pushing and forward, not meek and mild like the model woman. She knew herself, of course, how much cause for suspicion there was; and she saw discovery in people's eyes who had never even supposed any inquiry into the truth of her statements to be called for; and thus she was usually very much on her guard, notwithstanding the apparent freedom of her manners and lightness of her heart. But the sudden sight of an old comrade in the very midst of this changed and wonderful life of respectability

which she was living, had startled her quite out of herself. Lew! in the midst of respectability even greater than her own, in the Hewan, the abode of all that was most looked up to and esteemed! The surprise took away her breath; and with the surprise there came a flood of recollections, of remembered scenes—oh! very much more piquant than anything known on Eskside; of gay revelry, movement, and adventure, fun and freedom. That life which is called "wild" and "gay" and "fast," and so many other misnomers, and which looks in general so miserable to the lookers-on, has no doubt its charms like another, and the excitements of the past look all pure dash and delight to the people who have forgotten what deadliest of all *ennui* lay behind them. There flashed upon this woman a sudden thought of a gay meeting like those of old, full of reminiscence, and mutual inquiry, what has become of Jack and what has happened to Jill, and of laughter over many a sport and feat that were past. It did not occur to her at the moment that to hear what had happened to Jack and Jill would probably be dismal enough. She thought only, amid the restraints of the present life in which no fun was, what fun to see one of the old set again, and to ask after everybody, and hear all that had been going on, all at her ease, and without fear of discovery in the middle of the night. She divined without difficulty that Lew was here in hiding for no innocent cause, and that Mrs Ogilvy's long-vanished son, who was mysteriously known to have returned, but who had never showed himself openly, was in some compromising way in-

volved with him, and keeping him out of sight. She understood now the stories about the long night-walks of the two gentlemen at the Hewan of which she had heard: and her well-worn heart gave a jump to think of a jovial meeting so unexpected, so refreshing, in which she could renew her spirit a little more than with all the preparations necessary for her future part of the minister's wife. It would be a farewell to the past which she could never have dared to anticipate, and the thought gave an extraordinary exhilaration, as well as half-panic which was part of the exhilaration, to her mind. It was as if a stream of life had been poured into her veins—life, which was not always enjoyable, but yet was living, according to the formula of those to whom life has probably more moments of complete dulness and self-disgust than to the dullest of those half-lives which they despise.

But when Mrs Ainslie got home, and began to reflect on the matter, she saw how great a mistake she had made. If she knew him, so did he also know her and all her antecedents. It had given her a thrill of pleasure to think of meeting him, and talking over the past; but it was equally possible to her to betray him, in her new *rôle* as a respectable member of society: and she knew that she would not hesitate to do so, should it prove necessary. But it was equally possible that he might betray her. It did not take her more than five minutes' serious thinking, when the first excitement of the discovery was over, to show her that to disclose herself to Lew, and put in his hands a means of ruining her, or of holding her in terror at least, was the last thing that was to be desired. Lew in Colorado, or as a chance exile from that para-

dise, ready to disappear again into the unknown, was little dangerous, and a chance meeting with him the most amusing accident that was likely to befall her. But Lew in England, or, still worse, Scotland, at her very door, ready on any occasion to inform her new friends who she was or had been, was a very different matter. She owned to herself that she had never done anything so mad or foolish in her life. On the eve of becoming Mr Logan's wife, of being provided for for the rest of her life, of being looked up to and respected, and an authority in the place—and by one foolish word to throw all this, which was almost certainty, into the chaos of risk and daily danger, at the mercy of a man who could spoil everything if he pleased, or could at least hold the sword over her head and make her existence a burden to her! What a thing was this which she had done! When she saw Mr Logan to the door on that evening, her aspect was more animated and bright than ever, but her heart in reality was quaking. It was foolish of her to take the candle; but it was her habit, and it would have been remarked, she thought in her terror, if she had not done it: and then she stood and looked up and down, still with that light in her hand—thankful that at least the minister was gone, that he would not meet these visitors if they came: then with relief making up her mind that they would not come—that Lew, if he were in hiding, would be as much afraid of her as she of him.

She had a disturbed night, full of alarm and much planning and thinking, sitting up till it was almost daylight, in terror that the visit which she had been so foolish as to invite might be paid at any

unlawful hour. And when the next morning came, it was apparent to her that she must do something at once to provide against such a danger, to save herself from the consequences of her foolishness. How it had been that an adventuress like this had managed to secure for her daughter the most respectable of marriages in respectable Edinburgh, is a question into which I cannot enter. It had not been, indeed, Mrs Ainslie's doing at all. The girl, who knew none of her mother's disreputable secrets, had made acquaintance in a foreign hotel with some girls of her own age, who had afterwards invited her to visit them in Edinburgh. Such things are done every day, and come to harm so seldom that it is scarcely worth taking the adverse chances into consideration. And there, in the shelter of a most respectable family, the most respectable of men had fallen in love with Sophie. It was all so rapid that examination into the position of the Ainslies was impossible. Sophie had no money: her father had been killed in some campaign in India which happened to coincide with the date of her birth. She was pretty, and not anything but good so far as her upbringing had permitted. I give this brief sketch in hot haste, as indeed the matter was done—for Mrs Ainslie had announced that she had only come to Eskholm for a few weeks, and was going "abroad" again immediately. Perhaps it was the acquisition of a son-in-law so absolutely correct as Mr Thomas Blair—dear Tom, as his mother-in-law always called him—that put into her head the possibility of becoming herself an unexceptionable member of society, furnished with all possible certificates by marrying Mr Logan. At all events, it

was her son-in-law to whom she now betook herself after many thoughts, with that skill of the long-experienced schemer which is capable of using truth as an instrument often more effectual than falsehood. She went to him (he was a lawyer) with all the candour of a woman who has made, with grief for her neighbour, a dreadful discovery, and who in the interests of her neighbour, not in her own—for what could she have to do with anything so wicked and terrible?—thinks it necessary to reveal what she has seen. In this way she made Mr Blair aware of the circumstances of her visit at the Hewan, and the man she had seen there. She told him that she had been present at the trial of this man in America—it was one of her frank and simple statements, which were so perfectly candid and above board, that she had lived in various parts of America after her husband's death—for various terrible crimes. She had seen him in court for days together, and could not be mistaken in him: and the idea that so excellent a person as Mrs Ogilvy had such a man in her house was too dreadful to think of. What should she do? Should she warn Mrs Ogilvy? But then no doubt he was in some way mixed up with Mrs Ogilvy's son, who had lately returned home in a mysterious and unexpected way. Mr Blair was much interested by the story. He sympathised fully in the dreadful dilemma in which the poor lady found herself. He, too, knew Mrs Ogilvy, and remembered Robbie in his youth perfectly well. He was always a weak fellow, ready to be led away by any one. No doubt her idea was quite right. And then he smote his hand upon his leg, and gave vent to a whistle.

"What if it should turn out to be this Lew Smith or Lew Wallace or something, for whom there was a warrant out, and a detective from America on the search!"

"Lew—that is exactly the name—I had forgotten—his other name I don't remember. He was spoken of as Lew——"

"And you could swear to this fellow? You are sure you could swear to him?"

"Swear! oh, with a clear conscience! But don't ask me to, dear Tom. Think what it is for a delicate woman—the publicity, the notoriety! Oh, don't make me appear in a court: I should never, never survive it!" she cried.

"Oh, nonsense, mamma!" The respectable son-in-law was so completely innocent of all suspicion that he had adopted his wife's name for her mother. "But I allow it's not pleasant for a lady," he said: "perhaps you won't be wanted—but you could on an emergency swear to him."

"If it was of the last necessity," she said, trembling, and her trembling was very real. She said to herself at the same moment, No! never! appear in an open court with Lew opposite to me,—never! never! She was one of the many people in the world who think, after they have put the match to the gunpowder, that there is still time to do something to make it miss fire.

Tom Blair was very sympathetic with the woman's tremors who could not appear in a public court, and yet would do so if it was absolutely necessary. He bade her go home to Sophie and have some lunch, and that he would himself return as early as he could, and tell her if he heard anything. And Mrs Ainslie went to the Royal Crescent, where the pair

were established, and admired the nice new furniture, and the man in livery of whom Sophie was so proud. But she did not wait to hear what news dear Tom would bring home. She left all sorts of messages for him, telling of engagements she had, and things to be done for Mr Logan. She could not face him again: and it began to appear a danger for her, though she had great confidence in her powers of invention, to be questioned too closely by any one accustomed to evidence, who might turn her inside out before she knew. And, indeed, her mind was very busy working, now that she had put that match to the gunpowder, to prevent it going off. She went into a stationer's shop on the way to the station, and got paper and an envelope, and wrote, disguising her hand, an anonymous letter to Mrs Ogilvy, bidding her get her guest off at once, for the police were after him. This was a work of art with which Mrs Ainslie was not at all unacquainted, and she flattered herself that the postmark "Edinburgh" would quench all suggestions of herself as its author. If he only could get away safe without compromising any one, that would be so much better. She did not want to be hard upon him. Oh, not at all. She had been silly, very silly, to think of a meeting: but she bore him no malice. If he had the sense to steal away before any one went after him, that would be far the best and the safest of all.

She went home to her house, and there proceeded with her preparations for her marriage, which had been going on merrily. She spent the afternoon with her dressmaker, an occupation which pleased her very much. She was not a needlewoman, she could not

make anything that was wanted for herself—but she could stand for hours like a lay figure to be “tried on.” That did not weary her at all; and this process made the time pass as perhaps nothing else could have done. Mr Logan once more spent the evening with her, and she had again a time of dreadful anxiety, in the fear that still Lew might appear, might meet the minister at the door, and rouse a thousand questions. For the first time it began to appear possible to her that her marriage might not come off after all. She might never wear these new dresses—all dove-colour and the softest semi-religious tints—as Mr Logan’s wife. She might have to set out on the world again, and get her living somehow, instead of being safe for the rest of her days. Instinctively she began to scheme for that, as well as for the direct contrary of that, and in the same breath arranged, in her mind, for the packing of the new dresses and their transfer to the capacious cupboards in the manse, and for sending them back to the dress-maker if she should have to turn her back on the manse and fly. She did not feel sure now which thing would come to pass.

But once more the evening passed and nobody came. She stood for some time at her door after the minister left: but this time in the darkness, without any candle, listening earnestly for any step or movement in the night; but no one came. Had he taken fright and gone away at once? That was the thing most to be desired, but from that very fact the most unlikely to have happened. It was too good to be true; and Lew was not the man to be challenged and not to accept the challenge—unless he were ar-

rested already! That was always possible, but that too was almost too good to be true. And then there was the chance that he might say something about her, that he might spoil her fortune without doing any good to his own. If she harmed him, it was for good reasons, to save herself; and also, a plea not to be despised, to save poor good old Mrs Ogilvy: but he, if he did so, would do it only out of revenge, and without knowing even that it was she who had betrayed him. All that night and the next day she was in a great state of nervous excitement, not able to keep quiet. She went to the manse, and she came back again, and could not rest anywhere. Apparently nothing had happened; for if there had been a raid of the police, however private, and an arrest effected at the Hewan—and she knew Lew would not tamely allow himself to be taken—some news of it must have oozed out. It would be strange if it passed off without bloodshed, she said to herself. She would have understood very well that movement of his hand to his pocket which Mrs Ogilvy beheld so quietly without knowing at all what it meant. However carefully he might be entrapped, however sudden the rush might be upon him, Lew, who always had his wits perfectly about him, would have time to get at his revolver. She knew so much better than any one what must happen, and yet here she was a mile off and knowing nothing. She fluttered out and in of the manse in the afternoon in her excitement, very gay to all appearance, and talking a great deal.

“You are in excellent spirits to-day, my dear,” said the minister, who was delighted with her gaiety.

"But I hope the leddy be-na fey," was what his old experienced cook, who, not able to tolerate a new mistress, was leaving, said.

"You used to pay visits in the evening before I came on the scene," she said to her elderly lover. "You used to go and see your ladies; now confess—I know you did."

"I don't know what you mean by my ladies," said the minister, who was, however, flattered by the imputation. "I have never had any lady, my dear, till I met you."

"That is all very well," she replied, "but we know what pastoral visits mean. You don't go and see the men like that. Now there is Mrs Ogilvy, who was, you told me, your oldest friend. You never go near her now. You used to go there at all times—in the afternoons, and in the evenings, and sometimes to supper——"

"My dear, I have wanted to see nobody but you for a couple of months past," the minister said.

"Let us go back to the old customs," she said. "I want a bit of change to-night. I have got the fidgets or something. I can't sit still. I want, if you understand what that is, or if you won't be shocked, a bit of a spree."

"Oh, I understand what it is," said Mr Logan, with a laugh; "but I am much shocked, and when you come to the manse you must not speak any more of a bit of a spree."

"I shan't want it then perhaps," she said, with a look that flattered the foolish man. "But, for the present moment, what do you say to walking up to the Hewan after supper?—and then perhaps we shall see something of Mrs Ogilvy's two mysterious men."

"You'll not do that, surely you'll not do that, papa!" cried Susie. "Mrs Ogilvy's men are just her son Robbie, whom we all know, and some friend of his. They are not mysterious—there is nothing at all to find out—and it would vex her if we tried to find out," she cried in a troubled tone.

"You shall just come too, to punish you for your objections, Susie. Come, come! I have taken one of my turns to-night. I can't keep still. Let us go. The walk will be delightful, and then it will amuse me to find out the mysterious men. I shouldn't wonder if I knew one of them. I always know somebody wherever I go. Now, are you going to humour me, James, or are you not? I shall take the last train to Edinburgh, and go to a theatre or somewhere to blow away my fidgets, if you won't come."

"We must just humour her, Susie," said the minister.

"Do so if you like, papa," said Susie; "but not me. I have plenty to do at home."

"She thinks Mr Maitland may perhaps look in, to ask for the hundredth time if she will fix the day. That's always amusing—a man after you like that; but make her come, James, make her come. I want her to come with us to-night."

"I tell you we will just have to humour her, Susie," Mr Logan said. He was charmed, and yet he was a little troubled too by the vivacity of his betrothed. When she was "at the manse," as he said, she must be made to understand that nocturnal expeditions like this were not in an elderly bridegroom's way. But at all events, for once she must be humoured to-night.

CHAPTER XX.

Mrs Ogilvy rose from her bed after the little conversation which had roused her more effectually than anything else could have done, more than half ashamed of having slept, and a little feverish with her sudden awakening and Robbie's strange demand: and though it was late—more like, indeed, the proper and lawful moment for going to bed than for getting up and making an unnecessary toilet in the middle of the night—put on her cap again, and her pretty white shawl, and went down-stairs. She had put on one of the fine embroidered China crape-shawls which were for the evening, and, to correspond with that, a clean cap with perfectly fresh ribbons, which gave her the air of being in her best, more carefully dressed than usual. And her long sleep had refreshed her. When she went into the dining-room, where Janet was removing the remains of the supper from the table, she was like an image of peace and whiteness and brightness coming into the room, to which, however carefully Janet might arrange it, the two men always gave a certain aspect of disorder. Mrs Ogilvy had tried to dismiss from her face every semblance of agitation. She would not remember the request Robbie had made to her, nor think of it at all save as a sudden impulse of reckless generosity on his part to his friend. The two young men, however, were not equally successful in composing their faces. Robbie had his pipe in his hand, which he had crammed with tobacco, pushing it down with his thumb, as if to try how much it would contain; but he did not light it: and even Lew, usually

so careless and smiling, looked grave. He it was who jumped up to place a chair for her. Janet had so far improved matters that the remains of the meal were all cleared away, and only the white tablecloth left on the table.

"I think shame of myself," said Mrs Ogilvy, "to have been overtaken by sleep in this way; but it is very seldom I go in to Edinburgh, and the hot streets and the glaring sun are not what I am used to. However, perhaps I am all the better of it, and my head clearer. I doubt if, when it's at its clearest, it would be of much service to you—men that both know the world better than I do, though you are but laddies to me."

"Yes; I think we know the world better than you do," said Lew. "We've been a bit more about. This is a sweet little place, but you don't see much of life; and then you're too good, mother, to understand it if you saw it," he said.

"You are mistaken, Mr Lew, in thinking there is little life to be seen here: everywhere there is life, in every place where God's creatures are. Many a story have I seen working out, many a thing that might have been acted on the stage, many a tragedy, too, though you mightn't think it. The heart and the mind are the same wherever you find them—and love, that is the grandest and most terrible thing on this earth, and death, and trouble. Oh, I could not tell you in a long summer day the things I have seen!"

"Very different from our kind of things, mother," said Lew, with a laugh. "I don't suppose you've seen anything like the fix we're in at present, for instance: the police

on our heels, and not a penny to get out of the way with—and in this blessed old country, where you've to go by the railway and pay for all your meals. These ain't the things that suit us, are they, Bob?"

Robert was standing up, leaning against the securely closed and curtained window. The night was very warm, and the windows being closed, it was hot inside. His face was completely in shade, and he made no reply, but stood like a shadow, moving only his hand occasionally, pressing down the tobacco in the over-charged pipe.

"I have told you, Mr Lew," Mrs Ogilvy said, with a slight quiver in her voice, "that whatever money you may want for your journey, and something to give you a new start wherever you go, you should have, and most welcome—oh, most welcome! I say, not for my Robbie's sake, but out of my own heart. Oh, laddie, you are but young yet! I have said it before, and I will say it again—whatever you may have done in the past, life is always your own to change it now."

"We will consider all that as said," said Lew, with the movement of concealing a slight yawn. "You've been very kind in that as in everything else, putting my duty before me; but there's something more urgent just at present. This money—we must go far, Bob and I, if we're to be safe——"

"Not Robbie, not Robbie!" she cried.

"We must go far if we're to be safe, not back where we were. It's a pity when a place becomes too hot to hold you, especially when it's the place that suits you best. We'll have to go far. I have my ideas on that point; but it's better not to tell them to you: for then when you are ques-

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"But Robbie—is not pursued. Robbie, Robbie! you will never leave me! Oh, you will not leave me again, and break my heart!"

Robbie did not say a word: his face was completely in the shadow, and nothing could be read there any more than from his silent lips.

"Going far means a deal of money; setting up again means a deal of money. If we were to open a bank, for instance," said Lew, with a short laugh—"a most respectable profession, and just in our way. That's probably what we shall do—we shall open a bank; but it wants money, a deal of money—a great deal of money. You would like to see your son a respectable banker, eh? Then, old lady, you must draw your purse-strings."

"I do not think," said Mrs Ogilvy, "that Robbie would do much as a banker—nor you either, Mr Lew. You would have to be at office-desks every day and all the day. To me it would seem natural, but to you that have used yourselves, alack! to such different things—— And then it is not what you call just money that is wanted. It is capital; and where are you to find it? Oh, my dear laddies, in this you know less, not more, than me. You must get folk to trust in you by degrees when you have showed yourselves trustworthy. But a bank at once, without either character—alack, that I should say it!—or capital. Oh no, my dears, oh, not a bank, not a bank, whatever you do!"

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"You must trust us, mother—we know what we're talking about: a bank—which is perhaps not just exactly the kind of thing you are thinking of—is the only

thing for Bob and me; but we must have money, money, money," he said, tapping with his hand upon the table.

"Capital," said Mrs Ogilvy, with a confident air of having suggested something quite different.

"It's the same thing, only more of it; and as that lies with you to furnish, we shall not quarrel about the word."

"There is some mistake," said Mrs Ogilvy, with dignity. "I have never said, I have never promised. Mr Lew, I found out to-day what was the passage-money of the farthest place you could go to, and I have got the siller here in the house."

The dark figure at the window stirred a little, raising a hand as if in warning: the other listened with a sudden, eager gleam in his eyes, leaning forward. It made his face shine to hear of the money in the house.

"Yes," he said, joyfully, "that's something like speaking. I love a practical mind. You have got it here in the house?" There came a certain tigerish keenness into his look, as if he might have snatched at her, torn it from her. The shadow against the window stirred a little, but whether in sympathy with the keen desire of the one, or touched by the aspect of the other, it was impossible to tell. Meanwhile Mrs Ogilvy, suspecting nothing, saw nothing to fear.

"It is in the house. I got it even in English notes, that you might have no trouble. There will be a hundred pounds," said Mrs Ogilvy. She spoke with a little pride, as of one announcing a great thing, a donation almost unparalleled, but which yet she gave like a princess, not grudging. "And thirty besides," she added, with a little sigh, "that when you

get there you may not be without a pound in your pocket. I give it you with all my heart, Mr Lew. Oh, if the money, the poor miserable siller, might maybe be the means of calling you back to a steady and to an honest life!"

Lew said nothing in reply: his hungry eyes, lighted up by such a gleam of covetousness, gave one fiery glance at Robbie standing, as it seemed, imperturbable, immovable, in the shade. Then he began to beat out a tune on the table with his fingers: but he made no other answer, to Mrs Ogilvy's great surprise.

"I believe," she said, with hesitation, "that will pay a passage even to India; but if you should find that it will need more——"

He went on with his tune, beating on the table, half whistling to accompany the beats of his fingers. Something of the aspect of a fierce animal, lashing its tail, working itself up into fury, had come into his usually smiling pleasant looks, though the smile was still on his face.

"I fear," he said, with the gleam in his eyes which she began to perceive with wonder, "that it is not enough. They will be of no use to us, these few shillings. I thought you would have done anything for your son; but I find, mother, that you're like all the mothers, good for everything in words, but for a little less in money. You will have to give us more than that——"

Mrs Ogilvy was much surprised, but would not believe her ears. She said mildly, "I have told you, Mr Lew: it is not for my son, but chiefly out of a great feeling I have for yourself, poor laddie, that have nobody to advise you or lead you in a better way."

"You may preach if you like," he said, with a laugh, "if you're ready to pay; but no preaching

without paying, old lady. Come, let's look at it a little closer. Here are you rolling in money, and he there, your only son, sent out into the world——"

"Not Robbie," she cried, with a gasp, "not Robbie! I said it was for you——"

"We do not mean to be parted, however," he said. "You must double your allowance, mother, and then see how much you can add to that."

She looked at her son, clasping her hands together, her face, amid the whiteness of her dress, whiter still, its only colour the eyes, so bright and trustful by nature, looking at him with a supreme but voiceless appeal. Whether it touched him or not, could not be seen: he stirred a little, but probably only as a relief from his attitude of stillness—and his face was too deep in the shade to betray any expression for good or for evil.

Then Mrs Ogilvy rose up trembling to her feet. She said, clasping her hands again as if to strengthen herself, "I have been very wishful to do all to please you—to treat you, Mr Lew, as if you were—what can I say?—not my own son, for he is but one—but like the son of my friend. But I have a duty—I am not my own woman, to do just what I please. I have a charge of my son before the Lord. I will give you this money to take you away, for this is not your place or your home, and you have nothing ado here. But my son: Robbie, all I have is yours—you can have it all when you like and how you like, my own boy. But not to go away with this man. If you will forsake your home, let it be well considered and at another time. To take you away with this man, fleeing before the pursuer, taking upon you a shame and a sin that is not

yours—— No! I will not give you a penny of your father's money and my savings for that. No, no!—all, when you will, in sobriety and judgment, but nothing now."

Her smallness, her weakness, her trembling, were emphasised by the fact that she seemed to tower over Lew where he sat, and to stand like a rock between the two strong men.

"You're a plucky old girl," said her antagonist, with a laugh—"I always said so—game to the last: but we can't stand jabbering all night, don't you know. Business is business. You must fork out if you were the Queen, my fine old lady. Sit down, for there's a good deal to say."

"I can hear what you have to say as I am, if it is anything reasonable," Mrs Ogilvy said. She felt, though she could scarcely keep that upright position by reason of agitation and fear, that she had an advantage over him as she stood.

He sprang to his feet before she knew what was going to happen, and with two heavy hands upon her shoulders replaced her in her chair. I will not say forced her back into it, though indeed that was how it was. She leaned back panting and astonished, and looked at him, but did not rise or subject herself to that violence again.

"I hope I did not hurt you—I didn't intend to hurt you," he said: "but you must remember, mother, though you treat us as boys, that we're a pair of not too amiable men—and could crush you with a touch, with a little finger," he added, looking half fiercely, half with a jest, into her eyes.

"No," she said very softly, "you could not crush me—not with all your power."

"Give that paper here, Bob," said his chief.

Robert scarcely moved, did not reveal himself in any way to the light, but with a faint stir of his large shadow produced a folded paper which had been within the breast of his coat. Lew took it and played with it somewhat nervously, the line of white like a wand of light in his hands.

"You are rolling in wealth," he said.

She made as if she had said "No!" shaking her head, but took no other notice of the question.

"We have reason to suppose you are well off, at least. You have got your income, which can't be touched, and you have got a lot of money well invested."

She did not make any reply, but looked at him steadily, marking every gesture.

"It is this," he said, "to which Bob has a natural right. I think we are very reasonable. We don't want to rob you, notwithstanding our great need of money: you can see that we wish to use no violence, only to set before you what you ought to do."

"I will not do it," said Mrs Ogilvy.

"We'll see about that. I have been thinking about this for some time, and I have taken my measures. Here is a list which we got from your man—the old fogey you threatened us with—or at least from *his* man. And here is a letter directing everything to be realised, and the money paid over to your son. You will sign this—"

"From my man—you are meaning Mr Somerville?" Mrs Ogilvy looked at the paper which had been thrust into her hand, bewildered. "And he never said a word of it to me!"

"Don't let us lay the blame where it isn't due," said the other, lightly: "from his man. Pro-

bably the respectable old fogey never knew—"

"Ah!" she cried, "the clerk that was Robbie's friend! Then it was Robbie himself—"

"Robbie himself," said Lew, in the easiest tone, "as it was he who had the best, the only, right to find out. Now, mother, come! execute yourself as bravely as you have done the other things. Sign, and we'll have a glass all round, and part the best friends in the world. When you wake in the morning you'll find we've cleared out."

"It was Robbie," she said to herself, murmuring, scarcely audible to the others, "it was Robbie—Robbie himself." She took no notice of the paper which was placed before her. All her mind seemed occupied by this. "Robbie—it was Robbie, my son."

"Who should it be but Bob? Do you think that information would have been furnished to me? What did I know about it? It was Bob, of course; and don't you think he was quite right? Come! here's pen and ink ready. Sign, and then it will be all over. It goes against me, mother, to ask anything you don't like—it does, though you mayn't believe me. Now, one moment and the thing will be done."

He spoke to her, coaxing her, as to a child, but there was a kindling devil in his eye. Robbie never raised his head or opened his mouth, but he made to his comrade an imperative gesture with his hand. The tension was becoming too much to bear.

"Come, mother," said Lew, "sign—sign!"

This time she did not rise up as before. She had a faint physical dread of provoking his touch upon her person again; but she lifted her head, and looking at him, said steadily, "No."

"No?—you say this to us who could—kill you with a touch?"

"I will not do it," she said.

"Do you know what you are saying, old woman?—tempting me, tempting him, to murder? You needn't look to the door: there is not a soul that could hear you—Andrew's fast asleep, and you wouldn't call him, to bear witness against your son."

"No," she said, "I would not call him to bear witness—against—my son."

"Sign! sign! sign!" cried Lew; "do you think we'll wait for you all night?"

"I will not sign."

"Old woman! you wretched old fool, trusting, I suppose, to that fellow there! Better trust me than him. Look here, no more of this. You shall sign whether you will or not." He seized her hand as he spoke, thrust the pen into it, and forced it upon the paper. Her little wrist seemed to crush together in his big hand. She gave a faint cry, but no more. Her fingers remained motionless in his hold. He was growing red with impatience and fury, his eyes fierce, his mouth set. She looked up at him for a moment, but said not a word.

"Will you do it? will you do it?—at once!—when I tell you."

"No."

He let her hand go and seized her by the shoulders. He had by this time forgotten everything except that he was crossed and resisted by a feeble creature in his power. And in this state he was appalling, murder in his eye, and an ungovernable impulse in his

mind. He seized her by her shoulders, the white shawl crumpling in soft folds not much less strong to resist than the flesh beneath in his hands, and shook her, violently, furiously, like a dog rather than a man.

"Do what I tell you, woman! Sign!"

"No."

She thought that she was dead. She thought it was death, her breath going from her, her eyes turning in their sockets. Next moment a roar of rage seemed to pass over her head, she was pushed aside like a straw flung out of the fiery centre of the commotion, the grip gone from her shoulders, and she herself suddenly turned as it were into nothing, like the chair at which she clutched to support herself, not knowing what it was. She had a vision for a moment of Robbie, her son, standing where she had stood, tearing and tearing again in a hundred pieces a paper in his hands, while Lew against the opposite wall, as if he too had been dashed out of the way like herself, stood breathing hard, his eyes glaring, his arm up. Next moment she was pushed suddenly, not without violence, thrust out of the room, and the door closed upon her. All was dark outside, and she helpless, broken, bleeding she thought, a wounded, lacerated creature, not able to stand, far more unable in the tumult and trouble of body and soul to go away, to seek any help or shelter. She dropped down trembling upon her knees, with her head against that closed door.

FROM WEIR TO MILL.

ONLY a mile at the most is it from one to the other; but to those who know that bit of winding woodland river well, it is a mile teeming with wild life, finned, furred, and feathered. In that short stretch I have seen nearly all the fauna of a southern county. For good reasons, doubtless, but known only to themselves, wild creatures will not leave certain places, whilst others they will not even visit. For forty-five years I have visited this mile of water and water-meadows, and wandered through the trees that border the streams. Creatures can be seen there that you might look for in vain elsewhere.

There is a mystery about this partiality that no one can explain, for the roads and paths, as also the meadow tracks, are well used by people all the year round; yet in the grey of the morning, or after the sun has gone down, if you know where to stand and how to keep quiet, three of our most astute animals, the fox, the otter, and at rare seasons the badger, will pass within a few yards of you.

And these creatures seem ever ready to take advantage of any alteration made by man for their benefit, though it may have been made all unwittingly by him. They locate here, and they will not leave their surroundings. When they are forced, however, by various circumstances over which they have not the least control, to shift their quarters, they adapt their ways of living to the places they frequent, not from choice but from necessity.

For three months, early in the morning and late in the evening, have I lately visited that run of

the river Mole from weir to mill, just to get some fresh facts about the wild things living there. One day in coming along, after a heavy gale, I was greeted by "Ah, he's down at last; 'twas the biggest beech on this ere place; that ere last flood settled him. I've noted as he's bin tottery like fur sum time; massy o'alive, the pity on it! There he lays, blockin' up the river, an' the top on him lopping in the medder tother side. A lot o' things lived in him, an' about him; an' the critters 'll miss him sore, tell 'ee. They gets out o' their homes same as we does at times. A couple o' yaffles got young uns thear, near flying—I'd seen 'em out shinnin' round the limbs; but the jar o' the fall has killed 'em, poor things." The woodpecker's home a hole in the great stem showed, being above the water, and the old birds were creeping and moping round, knowing full well that it was all up with them.

"An' them 'ere bellus bream," continued old John, "wunt know how to take it—it was thear reglar swimmin' place; backards and forrards under that ere old beech they went: they're bound to drop down the river now, to find a fresh swim arter this. Then some who comes to fish this stream will be sayin' there ain't no bream here. The critters has to shift; an' 'tis a very good job as ivry 'cuckoo' don't know the ways o' them, and whear they gits to."

John is as conservative as his so-called betters in these matters.

It is three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer, and we are in one of the lush meadows that border each side of the river. The rooks in the lime

avenue have not wakened up yet properly. Only a few gabbles, croaks, and shriller notes from the young branchers, let you know that it will not be long before they are all wide awake for the day.

It is a warm dewy morning, the vegetation is drenched with moisture; the sun will be well up before the yellow irises and the marsh-marigolds open out. The fish take up most of our thoughts, however. We know of some very large chub and dace that have their hovers in and among the submerged roofs of some large pollard willows that lean out from the bank over the water.

Some folks say that fish are silly and devoid of the instinct given to other creatures, but such have never fished or they would have known better. These large chub and dace know something too much for me, at any rate; for try how or where I would, not one of the large ones have I captured. The great white lips of the chub showed as they rose and sucked in chafer, beetle, or caterpillar that had fallen from the trees into the water, and the quick dace made their darts at the provender on the water, but not a rise or a dart from either did I ever get, worth mentioning. Large fish that have lived long have all their wits about them. One small island close to shore, which in the season was white with snowdrops, was a favourite place for perch in passing on their way to deeper water above. It had a course of clear water, with a bottom of golden sand—a perch-swim if ever there was one; but not a fish was hooked there, for this reason—the creatures had been feeding on the shallows, and were going that way home to a deep hole by the side of the weir.

If the fish would bite, all well and good; if not, it mattered little to a naturalist, for there was plenty to see there. The heron would rise from his stand where he had been fishing; moor-hens flit in and out, flirting their tails; and now and then you would get a sight of that hideling the land-rail or corn-crake. You would hear him in any case. More than once have I seen fine specimens of the domestic cat, very full of something, where they would not be expected to be; and one morning I was fortunate enough to meet with a wild bred house-cat—that is, one of a lot of kittens littered far from any house. Unless they got shot or trapped, these wild litters do become wild in the full sense of the word, and they grow large. When this is the case they are mistaken at times for the real wild cat, but one feature alone will at all times distinguish them: the genuine but at the present time very rare wild cat has a thick bushed-out tail, which the ordinary house cat, or domestic cat that has run wild, never has. When met with, the wild things are always eager to get away, if by chance they are cornered; unless you have a gun or a good dog with you that can bite hard and hold fast, you had best let them alone.

The sun is well up over the hills that rise on either side of the beautiful Holmesdale valley, and light mists float over the tops of the firs that cover the sides of the warren. Box-Hill shows clear, the light clouds of vapour having drifted up from the valley and over the hill. The cattle rise up from their resting-places in the meadows and begin to feed; and the rooks have now returned with food for their families of “branchers,” that will not be shot

this year. If noise is with them an expression of pleasure, they are certainly rejoicing over their early meal. The heave-jars left their chafer-hunting just when we first entered the meadows to fish: they are now resting somewhere on the limbs or branches of the fine oaks around us—not as other birds rest, but lengthways, in a line with the limb or branch the birds squat on, so as to be invisible from below and quite secure from harm above it. The last late owl has gone home to the farm at the foot of the hill. I call him *late*, for the sun is high up now, and it will be very hot before long. Where these grand vermin-hunters are protected, they show great confidence, coming out to hunt directly the sun is down a little, and continuing to do so until the farm hands take their horses out to work in the morning. The mouse-hunters, the white or barn owls, come out earlier and hunt later than do the wood or brown owls. These fine birds are, happily, now valued here as much as they were at one time detested. The grim superstitions that have for centuries clung to them, like their own feathers, have at last fallen from them, thanks to the pleadings of many a naturalist.

Bird-music sounds above and around us, for this has not been a forward season; the weather has for the time of year been damp and chill. Now that there is every appearance of fine settled weather, the feathered songsters seem to know it, and the river-side rings with the songs of black-birds, thrushes, and blackcaps. The chatter of the sedge-warblers comes in between. The music floats up and down and over the water, like the films of mist that yet rise from it; larks ring out their glad notes as they circle

round far above us; while the tree-pipit, not willing to be out of it all, rises from his twig, mounts up, and comes to it again, singing merrily as he floats down. In between—for there is not a break—you hear the notes of other songsters,—the bright little song of the chaffinch, also the scolding of white-throats, and the soft little songs of the willow wrens; whilst ever and anon the greenfinches call “breeze—breeze.”

This favoured bit of woodland river is one of those bird paradises that can be found close to home. And what can be more beautiful than these meads, meadows, and fine park-lands dotted over with noble trees? The valley of Holmesdale is before us, and the hills are above and around us. A man I once knew said to me, “I have been in many lands, but you have shown me one of the fairest sights I have ever seen.” Yet it is only one out of thousands to be found at any time in fair weather or foul, in summer or in winter, quite accessible too, round and about our Surrey hills.

As we stand thinking, all the life-giving odours from trees and plants come to us and then leave us for a time, as the light air left them. Swallows dash under the arches of the grey bridge, and the sand-martins flit like butterflies from their holes in the banks: all is full of joyous life. Even the voices of the rooks are in harmony: they fall in like the chanting of black friars. The whole surroundings, if we set on one side the unrivalled beauty of the scenery, are full of interest, for they have historical records of their own.

Religious establishments once flourished near the Mole, with these monks and friars; and the great of this world, as well as

many a poor pilgrim, have walked by the roads and paths that led by devious ways over the hills and under the hills, through woods and over heaths, at last to the ford of the Pilgrims' Way, on right away into Kent.

Even the mills have records of their own. Some of the millers will certainly not be forgotten yet awhile. I can recollect so many that have gone before, that it makes me feel very old. Good men and true were some of these old millers, but fiercely conservative and cantankerous on all that pertained to fish,—the pike, perch, carp, bream, roach, dace, and trout, to say nothing about the fine silver eels that the river was and is still noted for. Eels of 3, 4, and 6 lb. weight I have known to be taken from the weir and the trap of the mill below. If you had work to do at the mill-houses you were hospitably treated; but if the miller or his men knew you had a fishing-line in your pocket, woe betide you! The fish were for the miller or for his landlord's sport, if he wanted a day's fishing, but for no one else. Some of them at that time were called "men of their inches," which meant that in the settlement of a matter they did not require any one to help them; they did not appeal to the law. As they would not always give permission to fish when asked to do so, some—that is, two or three that, like their "betters," were also men of their inches—fished fairly at times without it.

The weir is left behind, and we have made our way to the mill-pool where the river above makes its way over and through the sluices into the pool below. Tench and fine carp once had their home here with other fish; and we can assure our readers that river carp

and tench are very different from muddy pond fish of the same species. But it is no use coming here now to tempt those carp, 5 and 7 lb. in weight, with a small fresh-dug new potato, or an amber-heart cherry fresh from the tree, the hook being inserted in it while the cherry was held by its stem, so that the fingers did not come in contact with the fruit. When all was ready the stem was pulled out and the bait dropped in. If our old gardener friend, whose most bitter foes were hawfinches, because they ground up his marrer-fats, could provide us with a pod of his most "perticklers," as he called them, it would be no use now. Yet a fine green pea, or for that matter a couple, is a deadly lure for a large carp. If you wish to catch fish you must know how they feed. The carp family feed heads down and tails up as a rule: they pick the bait off the bottom and rise with it. As they are to a great extent vegetable feeders, and have throat teeth, all our fishing readers will understand my meaning here.

Now for the reason why it is of no use fishing, at the present time, in the stretch of water above mentioned. Otters, those highly sagacious beasts, are there in numbers.

The bleak have left off rising for the midges that fall in small clouds on the water; the shadows of the trees are dark and dim, a dull tawny hue is all that the setting sun has left behind it, and the river mist is curling over it.

Hark! what is that mysterious sound?—something like a deep whistle mixed with hissing. It is answered more faintly higher up. It is the otters' dinner call; they are answering each other as they come down the river—not a couple but three or four of them. Small

freshness and innocence of Eden upon it, and Geography, before the lust of gold bewildered and degraded men's thoughts, came to be almost an *ἐπιστήμη ἀρχιτεκτονική*, and the study of princes. The "card" of the adventurous mariner, pricking his way from point to point in doubt and gloom, through storm and tempest, to some hitherto unknown region in the far west, possessed a magic charm for even the most unimpressible *savans* of the day; whilst the bronzed hero of adventure himself, who, like the crew in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," had burst for the first time into some "Silent Sea," was the cynosure of all ages, and held his audience spell-bound with the tale of his travels. Not unfrequently, like our own Sir Francis Drake, he was the honoured friend of royalty.

Geography, in these days, was no grinning skeleton of facts, no hard matter of aggregated science, no worn out, plagiarised, and much travestied deity; but she sat, beautiful muse, clothed in magical and diaphanous vesture, half-revealed, radiant, full of beauty and colour, halting at the pearly gates of Enterprise, and beckoning men on, westwards and eastwards, to the shores of Far Cathay and rich El Dorados. Hand-in-hand with her sat Urania, the meek muse of Astronomy, who had led men to the stars, and, by reading the stars, had taught them to read the face of the habitable globe, and know Geography herself.

At the present time we pay too little attention to the muse, and forget that there was any romanticism in the progress of the science. She seems to have perished with her own triumphs. We are content to say that there has been a mythopœic age in the history of Geography, and in the

laborious unfolding of God's great world. Wonder has ceased, science has stepped in. Instead of the ancient mariner's primitive "card," we have a few instruments, a table of logarithms, Admiralty soundings, and a nautical guide: all else seems superfluous. We have tracked Ariel to his lair, we have weighed the ocean, sounded its mighty depths, analysed its ooze, learned its currents, surveyed its coasts to the remotest bays. The only myth we can furbish up is that of the great sea-serpent; and those men who "occupy their business in great waters" have little wonder and small admiration. The legend of the impious Dutchman is but an allegory. Those picturesque charts of continents, traced and illuminated with wondrous empires, monstrous animals, fabled cities, like that which Salvation Yeo, in 'Westward Ho,' is represented as showing to a wondering Devon crowd, has given place to Mercator's Projection, on an accurate and most scientific scale. Geography is, therefore, construed by some to be simply a collection of dead bones in a valley of death. There is no rhythm in a logarithm, no music of the spheres in even the most perfect spherical projection. Whether this is such as it ought to be—whether it is right to strip that once radiant divinity of all her flesh, colour, and raiment, and assign her no shrine worthy of habitation—is another question. Great Pan is dead! is the cry we utter over past paganism; yet as a source of inspiration, and an ever-fertile subject-matter for poets and sculptors, Great Pan and the classic myths have an enduring life, as, indeed, the late Poet Laureate has demonstrated to us abundantly. May not Geography, therefore, simply

Read, therefore, in the light of a history, science, and an art, the muse of Geography may lead us far afield; and Geography, in such a full sense, may become so vast a subject as to lie beyond the reach of the ordinary man. Human life might be insufficient to enable us to grasp the subsidiary sciences which are really necessary for this *ἐπιστήμη ἀρχιτεχνονική*, which, after all, is the study of nature writ large everywhere. Must we really know all about the laws of storms, winds, currents, the ebb and flow of tides, climatology, meteorology, the variations of heat and cold, to say nothing of the science of the muse Urania? No, we may answer, it is not necessary for the ordinary geographer to aim at this encyclopedia of knowledge. For the present such a definition would be far too wide and vague to be accepted by any one. It may be sufficient to point out here that Geography, if it does not require an accurate knowledge of the physical sciences, at any rate it recruits largely from them, and is indebted deeply to them. Its province is being enlarged and its interpretation is becoming wider. No longer can a geographer be a mere collector of names or facts, little better than a philatelist infected with a stamp mania, nor Geography simply a department of the statistician's art. The Earth is full of colour and ripeness, her surface an ever-varying and poetical rendering of mighty forces; her operations are too sublime, her whispers too mysterious, to leave the imagination unimpressed and the heart of man untouched. In these latter days we have come closer to nature, and the horizon of the poet has ever "widened with the process of the suns." Instead of lingering, *more apis*

Matinæ, along the hedgerows and heather-slopes of his own fatherland, the poet, following the expansion of the geographical science, has taken the wings of the morning and gone to the uttermost parts of the earth. "Moving incidents by flood and field" became part of his stock-in-trade; and, borne on the mighty trade-winds, he could anchor, like a sprite of air, in a tropic nook. Therefore a great poet and traveller, like Camoens, could shake the dust of an ungrateful country from off his feet, and, with the stately flight of the albatross, sweep past distant points of earth, and replenish his verse with endless imagery. Invoking the Cape of Storms, the discovery of which brought such lustre upon the Portuguese name, Camoens could write—

"I am that hidden, mighty head of land,
The Cape of Tempests, fitly named by you,
Which Ptolemy, Mela, Strabo never fand,
Nor Pliny dreamt of, nor all sages knew."

If we examine general influences and tendencies closely we shall find that, although there has arisen in England no poet-geographer like Camoens to chant an epic of commerce and adventure in stately verse for a nation like ourselves, who have done so much for Geography, there has never been wanting, *malgré* Dr Johnson, a keen appreciation of Geography as an inspiring department of human knowledge. It was greater at some times than at others. In the Tudor days there occurred the great renaissance of Geography. Such men as Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, together with many others, were cosmographers as well as poets.

In the eighteenth century Bishop Berkeley, with his prophetic vision of 'The Rise of Empire and of Arts,' was a most remarkable instance of a poet-geographer in the widest and most comprehensive sense.

Afterwards we know that the muse of Geography suffered a period of obscure neglect, until, indeed, we descend to the ampler reign of Queen Victoria, resembling the "spacious times" of Queen Elizabeth, and Geography is almost born again. The national ambition to explore the hidden fountains of the Niger in North-west Africa, and to lay bare the fountains of the Nile in Equatorial Africa, as well as the heroic efforts of our sailors and explorers to find the North-west Passage and to penetrate to the North Pole, provide in themselves a page of adventure, unparalleled in any other age or country, and testify to a second renaissance of Geography. In the history of England the muse of Geography deserves to be enshrined as the tenth muse.

Yet how long did the effete school of classicists, obscurantists, and mere formal imitators of ancient models ignore the wider spirit and more ample range which geographical knowledge gave. Pope's Pastorals, Addison's Italy, breathe a narrow world, different from the wider landscapes of Shelley or Wordsworth. The pedantry of imitators cramped their genius and bound them to narrow ways. We long to expatiate in an ampler region and draw breath in an atmosphere more congenial to our national instincts, where the great elementary features of the universe, "the common sun, the air, the skies," are restored to us. True it might be that, according to the old classicists, whilst Clio showed her

open roll of paper, Euterpe held her flute, and Melpomene flourished her sword, there was no symbol, such as a chart or a map, given by the ancients to the genius of exploration and discovery. But was Geography destined never to be a muse? Was she alone to be debarred from the springs of Castaly? Was the poet's vision to end with the sweep of the longitudes southwards to darkness, chaos, and perhaps sweltering spaces of molten sea, as many of the ancients thought? In an age of discovery, could the narrow hypotheses of Mela, Strabo, and Ptolemy satisfy mankind? If, indeed, we were so bound to the landscapes and seascapes of the ancients, we might well retire into cold and frozen obscurity in the north, and be in reality Britons *toto penitus orbe divisi*.

It may be worth while, therefore, to trace in a few particular instances the magic influences of the muse of Geography upon some of our great poets, and see how they utilised, to the aggrandisement of their art, the revelations borne in upon them from wider spheres of travel.

The stories of national adventure in regions outside Europe fell upon the ever-attentive ear of our great Shakespeare, and lent wings to his fancy. What things in heaven and earth did not Shakespeare touch upon? The intrepid "Portingals" who had sailed with Ferdinand Magelhaens had brought back strange tales of Patagonia and the inhabitants of those stormy latitudes,—their vast size, uncouth appearance, their manners, customs, and an account of their god Setebos. So in the "Tempest"—that most imaginative and descriptive play, in which Shakespeare sweeps the latitudes for his similes, at any rate from the

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registrar of the Court of Admiralty in 1803, sung of

"Those leafy isles upon the ocean
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Like stars of emerald o'er a silver
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Here were the lands

"Which bards of old with kindly fancy
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The Bermudas, therefore, are a striking instance of islands which, both in the mythopæic age of geographical exploration as well as during subsequent periods of more exact knowledge and thorough investigation, inspired the minds of poets. There is no tract of land so dreamy or so fascinating as an island, bathed in distant tropic light, self-contained, blest in its solitude, and rich in great ocean's gifts. It is the very place whither the sprite in Milton's "Comus" flies:—

"To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts her eye. . . .
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus."

And it was upon the great Milton, of whom Wordsworth wrote—

"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was
like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
free"—

that the tales of explorers and the romance of geography had their greatest influence. He too had the power of assimilating what he heard, and of making it all tributary to his genius. Listen to this passage, which recalls the efforts of our navigators to find the North-east Passage past the Vaigatz strait and the mouth of the river Ob. On such an adventure Wil-

loughby and Chancellor were bound, destined never to return:—

"As when two Polar winds, blowing
adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined
way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil,
Death, with his mace petrific, cold and
dry,
As with a trident, smote, and fix'd as
firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his
look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to
move."

The

"argosies with portly sail,
Like seigniors and rich burghers of the
flood,"

which Shakespeare alludes to in "The Merchant of Venice," provide Milton also with a magnificent simile, replete with geographical associations:—

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial
winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading
flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the
Cape
Ply stemming nightly towards the
Pole; so seemed
Far off the flying fiend."

But the most splendid geographical description which Milton gives us is when he takes Adam to the hill "of Paradise the highest," from which the hemisphere of earth could be seen in clearest ken, "stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect." This is a fitting opportunity for the poet to ransack old and new, to draw from the romantic and imaginative accounts of the sixteenth and

West Indies to Patagonia—Caliban confesses the magic authority of Prospero:—

"His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him."

—Act i. sc. ii.

To the Bermudas in the same play Shakespeare expressly alludes. These islands were reported to be the habitations of furies and monsters, who could stir up mighty hurricanes and overwhelm the hapless mariner. The Spanish sailors had called them the isles of devils, Sir Walter Raleigh had termed them "a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms," and in 1609 Gates and Somers were wrecked on them in the *Sea Venture*. Evidently Shakespeare must have had these incidents in mind when he wrote—

"Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook,
where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to
fetch dew
From the still-vest Bermoothes, there
she's hid."

—*Tempest*, Act i. sc. ii.

Ariel is the airy sprite that has a congenial abode amidst these elements of unrest, as able

"To fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds."

In later times the character of the Bermudas was redeemed by the kind and more clement usage travellers received there. Sir George Somers bore witness to it that it was "the most plentiful place I ever came to for fish and fowl," and an old author of the '*Historye of the Bermudaes*' quaintly described them as "being in an equal elevation with that of the Holy Land, and in particular very near with the very city of Jerusalem, which is a clime of the

sweetest and most pleasing temper of all others." Henceforward, the group is veritably the abode of angels, as once it was the den of devils. They were the true *Fortunatæ Insulæ* of the seventeenth century, where the blest living might wander in fair elysian fields. Andrew Marvell, inspired by their beauty, went into raptures over

"This eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,"

"In the remote Bermudas wide,
In ocean's bosom unespied."

As a refuge from religious persecution at home the Bermudas were indeed inexpressibly grateful. There lay, indeed, the island of Eleutheria, where Liberty had the free use of her wings, and there the persecuted refugee might wander unmolested in meads of asphodel in an

"Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage."

Waller, also, described the place thus—

"So sweet the air, so moderate the
clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his
time;
Heaven sure has kept this spot of
earth uncurs'd
To show how all things were created
first."

In Bermuda, also, the poet-philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, carried away by his inspiring vision of 'The Rise of Empire and of Arts,' wished to found the St Paul's College (1724) from architectural designs in Italy as a centre whence light might be spread westward to the continent of America, and the torch of learning handed on, as in the *λαμπροφορία* of the Greeks.

In our own century Thomas Moore inherited the inspiration and the dream drawn from the Bermudas, and being appointed

registrar of the Court of Admiralty in 1803, sung of

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And it was upon the great Milton, of whom Wordsworth wrote—

"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was
like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
free"—

that the tales of explorers and the romance of geography had their greatest influence. He too had the power of assimilating what he heard, and of making it all tributary to his genius. Listen to this passage, which recalls the efforts of our navigators to find the North-east Passage past the Vaigatz strait and the mouth of the river Ob. On such an adventure Wil-

loughby and Chancellor were bound, destined never to return:—

"As when two Polar winds, blowing
adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined
way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil,
Death, with his mace petrific, cold and
dry,
As with a trident, smote, and fix'd as
firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his
look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to
move."

The

"argosies with portly sail,
Like seigniors and rich burghers of the
flood,"

which Shakespeare alludes to in "The Merchant of Venice," provide Milton also with a magnificent simile, replete with geographical associations:—

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial
winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicery drugs; they, on the trading
flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the
Cape
Ply stemming nightly towards the
Pole; so seemed
Far off the flying fiend."

But the most splendid geographical description which Milton gives us is when he takes Adam to the hill "of Paradise the highest," from which the hemisphere of earth could be seen in clearest ken, "stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect." This is a fitting opportunity for the poet to ransack old and new, to draw from the romantic and imaginative accounts of the sixteenth and

seventeenth century, no less than from the pages of classic lore. With what a sweep he takes us — the sweep of an exuberant fancy replenished with all the El Dorados of ancient or modern times :—

“Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon, for different cause, the temple set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory—
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Cham,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin, of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra, and Lahor, of Great Mogul,
Down to the Golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian Czar
In Moscow; or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ereco, and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa and Melind,
And Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas Mount,
The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco and Algiers and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world; in spirit, perhaps, he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado.”

This passage may be taken as a poetical summary of the geographical knowledge of Milton's

age. Europe had not yet emancipated itself from the mythopœic age, and travellers' tales gave poets gorgeous colouring for their word-pictures. Indeed the reality of the new discoveries was sufficient to inspire them. It may be noted in Milton's description how prominent a part the “dark continent” of Africa takes. Then, as always, vague, shadowy, and mysterious; great cities, great empires thrown broadcast on the map with a lavish hand! The empire of Negus! What elements of ruthless power wielded by a dusky potentate does it not call up? And the range of the seer's eye from Niger flood to Atlas Mount! What a magnificent picture of space! There was the desert truly! But what might there not be in those dim latitudes and longitudes far beyond the tract of burning Saharas? The romance of geographical discovery in North-west Africa lasted well into the nineteenth century, when Timbuctoo, so long the object of travellers of every nation, was handed down by rumour as a city full as gorgeous and rich as the seat of Montezume. Mombaza, Quiloa, and Melind are familiar names to us now at the close of the nineteenth century; but it is only recently that we have realised the existence of these places to which Milton allotted such a greatness. That they were great may be assumed from the descriptions of Portuguese and other travellers. Sofala (thought Ophir) has received a great deal of attention of late from the fact of the Mashunaland expedition and Mr Theodore Bent's discoveries amongst the ancient ruins of Zim-babwe. Here, indeed, would seem to have existed some ancient seat of civilisation, gold-mines, forts, houses, and rich treasure-trove, whither King Solomon's ships may

have steered during the time of the Jews' prosperity. In these regions the pickaxe of the miner is at work bringing to light veins of wealth every day. Congo, also, has acquired a new significance of late, and the "realm of Congo," to use Milton's words, is the "Congo Free State" of to-day.

Here lies a country vast in extent, only half explored, traversed at rare intervals by the feet of adventurous traders and pioneers, and full, so it is believed, of endless possibilities, larger and more magnificent than the narrow strip of shore to which the Portuguese gave the high-sounding title of the Empire of Congo. Mombassa is also, as we see, another old name with a new significance. It is the headquarters of modern missionary enterprise, and the starting-place of a contemplated railway to the great Nyanza beyond, and the point whence British enterprise may turn with renewed vigour to assail the problems of Central Equatorial Africa. Realms, therefore, that were vague, shadowy, and indistinct in Milton's day, romantic enough for the purpose of the poet, may spring into renewed life and activity. Our blind Teiresias would seem to have discerned with the eye of prophecy the realm of Congo and the kingdom of Mombassa.

To Milton the whole theory of Physical Geography, the movements of the stars, and the influences of the seasons, were a congenial and fascinating study. In Book x., "Paradise Lost," he propounds, in the fashion of the poet-geographer, a theory of Physical Geography magnificent in its conception:—

"The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so
shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and
heat

Scarce tolerable, and from the north to
call
Decrepit winter, from the south to
bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank
moon
Her office they prescribed: to the other
five
Their planetary motions and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and op-
posite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign: and taught the
fix'd
Their influence malignant when to
shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or
falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds
they set
Their corners, when with bluster to
confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when
to roll
With terror through the dark aerial
hall.
Some say he taught his angels turn
askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees
and more,
From the sun's axle, they with labour
push'd
Oblique the centric globe. Some say,
the sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial
road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the
seven
Atlantic sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down
amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime: else had the
spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with vernal
flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to
those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low
sun,
To recompense his distance, in their
sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not
known
Or East or West, which had forbid the
snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan."

In the elucidation of his theories of the universe, Milton not only charms the ear with his stately and musical rhythm, but rivets the attention of the reader upon dry physical facts, giving them a wonderful colouring of his own. It is an extract worthy of his magnificent poem, and he resembles Lucretius in his power to deal with abstruse matters in majestic verse. To the geographer's pictures he is always deeply indebted. Satan dilated stands "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved." Uriel is borne on the bright beam whose point bore him downwards "to the sun, now fallen beneath the Azores." The description itself of Eden and the delicious fragrance thereof is

"As when to those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are
past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds
blow
Sabæan odours from the spicy shores
Of Araby the Blest."

The fig-tree whose leaves Adam
and Eve used as a covering was

"Not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as, at this day, to Indians
known,
In Malabar or Deccan.

Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feathered cincture."

The fruit that Eve carries to
Adam is—

"Whatever Earth, all-bearing Mother,
yields
In India East or West."

Had Milton lived in the days of South Pacific discovery, he would surely have seized upon the idea of the bread-fruit tree and made capital out of this. Lord Byron, in his beautiful and descriptive poem of "The Island," which indeed is throughout a notable instance of

the great tribute poets owe to geographers and explorers, paints his "Island Eden," and the "Tropic afternoon of Toobenai."

"The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's
root,
Which bears at once the cup, the milk
and fruit;
The bread-tree, which without the
ploughshare, yields
The unreaped harvest of unfurrow'd
fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased
groves."

There is one most remarkable instance of the inspiration poets can sometimes receive from the muse of Geography, and this is "The Ancient Mariner" of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, one of the most beautiful and fantastic creations of the poetic art. The poem is said to have hung upon an incident mentioned in Shelvocke's voyages to Cape Horn and the South Seas. Captain Shelvocke and Clipperton were placed in command of two ships by merchants of Bristol; but, unfortunately, the expedition was badly conducted, and did not succeed. In his book Shelvocke described the weird ocean scenery of Patagonia (the home of the god Setebos) and Cape Horn; how the navigators experienced such extreme cold when driven into the latitude of 61° 30' S., that a sailor fell with benumbed fingers from the mainsail, and was drowned.

"In short, one would think it impossible that anything could subsist in so rigid a climate; and indeed we all observed that we had not the sight of one fish of any kind since we were come southward of the Straights of Le Mair."

"And now there came both mist and
snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy
cliffs,
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we
ken,—
The ice was all between."

"Not one seabird, except a discon-
solate black albatross, who accom-
panied us for several days, hovering
about us as if he had lost himself."

"At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name."

The curse came upon the ship
when—

"Hatley, the second captain, ob-
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that this bird was always near us, im-
agined from its colour that it might
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continued series of contrary tempe-
stuous winds which had oppressed us
ever since we had got into this sea.
But, be that as it would, he, after
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This, indeed, is the prose-poetry
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ualising all aspects of nature.

Some of the finest portions of
the great Tennyson's poetry are
beautiful geographical descriptions.
Listen to the "Land of Lotos-
Eaters"—

"A land of streams! some, like a down-
ward smoke
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn,
did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and
shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam
below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward
flow
From the inner land: far off, three
mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow. . . .
The charmed sunset linger'd low
adown
In the low west; through mountain
clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow
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Border'd with palm, and many a wind-
ing vale
And meadow, set with slender galin-
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Three silent pinnacles of aged snow. . . .
The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the low west ; through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galin-gale."

In "Enoch Arden" the passage beginning—

"The mountain wooded to the peak,
the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways
to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of
plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of
bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems,
and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the
glows
And glories of the broad belt of the
world,
All these he saw; but what he fain
had seen
He could not see, the kindly human
face
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but
heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-
fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on
the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that
branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the
sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all
day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and pre-
cipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east,
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed them-
selves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no
sail"—

has justly been quoted as one of

the truest and most beautiful descriptions possible of a tropical island. Dwellers in the West Indies have often appropriated this extract, and applied it to Dominica, with its green slopes, shining rivers, and lofty peak of Morne Diabloten. It is difficult, indeed, to realise that Tennyson had never seen, as he elsewhere describes them—

"Breadths of tropic shade and palms in
cluster, knots of Paradise."

Can there be, therefore, a great chasm between Poetry and Geography, as of two distinct studies, irreconcilable with, and distinct from, one another? Nay, may not the muse of Geography be the chief auxiliary of the poetic art? If, from the descriptions of geographers and travellers, Shakespeare has evolved his wonderful and matchless creation of Ariel, the sprite of air, Coleridge the story and curse of "The Ancient Mariner," Milton his most magnificent similes from nature, Tennyson his most striking and beautiful descriptive pieces, who shall say that Geography herself deserves not to be enshrined as the tenth muse? Geography as an exact science may be distasteful, and Geography as a compendium of bare names and places in foreign lands an unworthy study; but when the poet has come and cast around these names and places "the consecration and the poet's dream," these very names and places become for us living and inspiring creations.

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

THE SKELETON HAND.

I AM about to relate some events which took place in the early part of this century, in a remote little fishing village on the south coast of Devonshire. The occurrences are in themselves so remarkable that they have been well known to the present generation of inhabitants; but as things get altered in oral transmission through many persons, it has been thought well to place this record in writing.

Near the village of Jodziel, in a pretty little cottage on the top of the bright red sandstone cliff which overhangs the village, lived two maiden sisters, the Misses Rutson. Their father, a sea-captain, had died a year before the events I am about to relate occurred. Their mother had died in giving birth to the younger sister, Anne, who was now a most beautiful girl of eighteen. The Misses Rutson were very devotedly attached to one another, and were much beloved by the village neighbours. The hamlet being a very sequestered one, they seldom saw any one from the outer world except occasionally sailors, who would stroll along the cliff from Plymouth or from other fishing villages along the coast. In the autumn of 1813 a pressgang visited South Devon and made their headquarters for some time in the village of Jodziel. The captain, a certain Captain Sinclair by name—a coarse brutal fellow in appearance—was very much struck by the extraordinary beauty of Miss Anne. He forced himself upon her, and continued paying her the most distasteful attentions, which the gentle girl did her very utmost to check, but in vain. The day before Captain Sinclair

left Jodziel, he made a formal offer of marriage to Miss Anne, which in the presence of her sister she immediately and decisively declined. Captain Sinclair flew into the most violent passion, swore he had never been thwarted yet by any woman, and that she should belong to him or never marry at all. Anne was so much upset by the terrible scene, and by Captain Sinclair's outrageous language, that her sister was very glad when an invitation from an aunt residing in London gave Anne a few weeks' much-needed change. Mrs Travers was the only near relative remaining to the Misses Rutson, and owing to various circumstances the sisters had seen but little of their aunt, though with Maurice Travers, her only son, they were better acquainted. Maurice's regiment had been quartered for the summer of 1813 at Plymouth, and he had frequently been over to see his cousins, and many a pleasant summer day had they spent wandering along the beautiful Devonshire coast. Miss Rutson had not been slow to perceive that stronger attractions than those of mere scenery brought the young officer so constantly to their cottage, and she was not therefore very much surprised at receiving one morning, about three weeks after Anne's departure from home, a letter announcing her engagement to her cousin, Maurice Travers, and her immediate return to Jodziel. It was decided that the marriage should take place early in the following May, and I will now quote one or two passages from Miss Rutson's diary at this time.

"May 1.—Such a horrid meet-

ing we have just had. Anne and I had been for a stroll along the shore when we noticed a little boat which lay drawn up under a rock at some distance, when Anne's eyes, which are keener than mine, caught sight of the name painted in gold letters. 'Ah, sister, come away,' she cried; 'it is a boat from the Raven. I thought Captain Sinclair was not to be in these waters again; he told me he was to sail for the West Indies last month.' We turned, and were hurriedly retracing our steps towards the house when we heard a cry of *Stop!* I looked at Anne; she was deadly white. 'Run on quick,' I cried; 'I will speak to him.' My heart was beating so fast I could run no longer; besides, I felt it might be well to hear what Captain Sinclair had to say, so I drew myself together and waited. Presently he appeared clambering up the side of the cliff, his swarthy face purple with excitement. 'Where is she?' he gasped. 'I have come back to fetch her; I could not sail without her, my own beautiful Anne!' 'Recollect yourself, sir,' I cried indignantly. 'How dare you speak of my sister in this free manner! She has told you most clearly, and that in my presence, that she looks on your pursuit of her as odious, and she begs, both for her own sake and yours, that you will never attempt to see her again.' 'Do you think I will be daunted by such a speech from a foolish girl?' he answered scornfully; 'no, no, she shall be mine yet, whether she will or no.' 'You are mistaken,' I replied as calmly as I could; 'next Monday she marries our first cousin, Maurice Travers, and will be at peace from your hated persecutions.'

"I shall never forget his scowl of fury as he turned from me and

dashed down the cliff, shouting as he did so, 'She shall be mine!' When I got home, feeling very nervous and shaken, who should I find just starting out to seek me but Maurice, who had come three days earlier than we expected him. An hour before I should have felt very cross at having my last quiet hours with Anne so much curtailed, but now I was only too thankful to feel we had a protector near us. He went out after hearing my story, but could see no trace of either boat or its owner.

"*May 2.*—To my great relief the Raven, with Captain Sinclair on board, has left Plymouth this morning for the West Indies. Maurice had business at Plymouth, and he took the opportunity of making inquiries concerning the Raven, which was, he found, in the very act of putting to sea. I feel, oh, so thankful and relieved.

"*May 4.*—How shall I ever begin to write the events of this most dreadful day! Such a brilliant sunshiny morning, quite like summer, and my darling came down looking like one of the sweet white roses which were just coming into bloom around the windows. I plucked a beautiful spray of them, and she put them in her white satin waistband just before starting for church. I have those roses by me now as I write, but, O my darling! where are you? The wedding was a very quiet one. After the ceremony we had the clergyman and doctor, with their wives and their children, to lunch, and presently Anne rose and said she would go and change her dress. I was going to follow her, but she stopped me with one of her sweet kisses and said, 'Let me have a few moments alone in the old room to say good-bye to it all.' I let her go—when

did I ever thwart her in anything? She went, and Maurice began romping with the children, and we ladies cut slices of wedding-cake, to be taken round to village favourites next day, and still Anne did not call. Once, indeed, I had fancied I heard her voice; but when I had gone up-stairs her door was locked, and she had not answered my gentle tap, so I came down again, not wishing to intrude upon her privacy. At length, however, Maurice became impatient, and said I must go and fetch her down, or they would never be in time to catch the coach at Plymouth. The door was still locked. When I got up-stairs I knocked, first gently, then more loudly. I was not frightened at first, for there was a door-window in the room leading down a little flight of steps into the garden, and I thought she had gone down these to take a last look at her flowers, so I called to Maurice to run round to the garden, for she must be there. I remained listening at the bedroom door, which in a moment or two flew open, and Maurice, with a very disturbed face, stood before me. 'She has evidently been in the garden,' he said, 'for the door on to the outside steps was open; but there is no one there now.' I made no answer, but flew past him into the bedroom. It needed but a glance to show my darling had gone straight through the room; her gloves and handkerchief were thrown on a chair by the window, and her pale-blue travelling-dress lay undisturbed upon the bed. I ran hastily through the room and garden, which was empty; the gate on to the cliff was ajar, and we noticed (but not till later) that there must have been a struggle at the spot, for some of the lilac boughs were torn down, as if some

one had held fast by them and been dragged forcibly away. Maurice and the rest of the party followed me on to the cliff, for the alarm had now become general; for a little while we ran wildly, calling her dear name, but presently Maurice came to me, and drawing my arm within his own, led me back towards the house. 'Some one must be here to receive her when she comes home,' he said gently, and here his lips grew white. 'It might be well to have her bed ready in case——' He was out of the room without finishing his sentence. It was needless; the same horrible fear had already seized on me. The cliff, the terrible cliff; I cannot go on writing, my heart is too heavy.

"*Twelve o'clock.*—They have come back, and, O God! the only trace of her is the spray of white roses I picked for her this morning. They were found on the top of the cliff about half a mile from here. I think they are a message from my darling to me, for they were not trampled on or crushed; she must have taken them carefully and purposely from her belt; they shall never, never leave me.

"*May 11.*—It is a week since that dreadful day, and not the smallest clue to her disappearance. Poor Maurice is half mad with grief; he has sought for her high and low, and spent all the little sum destined for their wedding journey on these vain researches. Now he wanders along the cliff up and down, up and down, the whole of the long day, and then he comes and sits opposite to me with his elbows on his knees, till I tell him it is time for bed, when he goes without a word; but I hear him pacing his room half the night.

"*May 31.*—Maurice has had to join his regiment for foreign service. I am glad: he would have

gone mad had he remained inactive here.

"*Sept. 3.*—I have been very ill, but Patty assures me there has not been a trace of any clue during my long time of blessed unconsciousness, and now the terrible aching void is again here. O my darling, my darling, come back!

"*Sept. 6.*—Why should I go on writing? my life henceforth is only waiting."

After this comes a long break of fully twenty years in the diary; then in an aged and trembling character occurs the following entry:—

"*May 4, 1835.*—I don't know what impels me once more to pen this diary; possibly this wild hurricane of wind which is making the house rock like a boat has upset me, but I feel so glad and satisfied, as if my long waiting were nearly over. I have just been up-stairs to see that all is in order for my darling. We have kept everything aired and prepared for her these thirty years, so that she should find all comfortable when she comes home at last. My poor darling, she will only find Patty and me to welcome her. Let me think, this is nearly twenty years ago since we heard of Maurice's death at Waterloo. Oh what a fearful crash! and how that rumbling noise goes on sounding as if the cliff had given way."

Here the diary abruptly terminates; but the remainder of the tragic story is yet told in that little Devonshire village. The violence of the storm had in very truth caused a subsidence in the cliff, and in doing so had brought to light a skeleton on which yet hung some tattered remnants of what had once been white satin, and from whose bony fingers rolled a tarnished wedding-ring. The bones were collected with tender care and brought to the house of

the unhappy sister. She received them without much apparent surprise, directed they should be laid on "Miss Anne's bed up-stairs," and as soon as the men had left the house, went and laid herself upon the bed also, where her faithful maid Patty, coming to see after her an hour later, found her stone-dead, and held tight in her dead grasp was a pair of white gloves and a lace pocket-handkerchief.

The two sisters were laid to rest in one grave, and it was not till after the funeral was over that it was discovered that, through some inadvertence, one of the skeleton hands had not been placed in the coffin with the rest of the body.

At first there was some talk of reopening the grave, but the old maid Patty entreated so earnestly to be allowed to retain the hand that she at last succeeded in carrying her point. A glass case was made by Mrs Patty's order, and in it the poor hand was placed; and when Mrs Patty went down to the inn to spend her last remaining years with her daughter the landlady, the case was placed on a shelf close to the old woman's seat, and many a time would she recount the sad story to the sailors who frequented the village inn.

In the spring of 1837 a larger number than usual were gathered round the fireside of the Blue Dragon. A fearful storm, accompanied by violent gusts of hail, swept round the house. Suddenly the door burst open, and a young man entered, half dragging, half supporting an old man, bent and shrunk with age and infirmity. "Here you are, sir," he said to the old man; "this is the Blue Dragon. You won't find a snugger berth between here and Plymouth;" so saying, he thrust the old man

into a chair by the fire, and continued, half aside to the company, "Found the old cove wandering about the cliffs, and thought he would be blown over, so offered to guide him here. I think he is a little——" and he tapped his forehead significantly. The rest of the party turned round curiously to gaze at the stranger, who, seeming to wake from some reverie, proceeded to order something hot both for himself and his self-constituted guide. The hot gin-and-water seemed further to rouse him, and he began asking a few questions concerning the country and neighbourhood; but in the very act of speaking his attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of the glass case and skeleton hand. He sprang from his chair with a savage cry of mingled terror and dismay. "The hand," he cried, "the hand! why does it point at me? I never meant, O God!——" and he fell down in a fit, rolling and gasping on the floor, and shrieking wildly at intervals, "The hand, the hand!" They raised the wretched man from the floor and laid him on a bed, whilst the doctor was hurriedly summoned. Meanwhile the sufferer continued disjointed mutterings, till, becoming exhausted, he sank into a stupor. On the doctor's arrival, however, he once more roused himself, and asked in a quieter and more composed manner whose the hand was. On being told, he trembled violently, but said: "I am Captain Sinclair; I knew the wedding-day; I told my ship to sail without me from Ply-

mouth, saying I would rejoin her at Falmouth. I meant to bring Anne with me; I hid in the garden, she came into it alone, I rushed forward, threw a shawl I had ready over her head, and carried her away; she resisted with all her might, but I was a strong man, and her cries were stifled by the shawl. Of course I could not get along very fast, and presently I heard voices of those in search of her. She heard them also, and made another frantic effort to free herself. My strength was nearly exhausted, but mad with rage and disappointment, I drew my knife from my belt and stabbed her to the heart, crying fiercely, 'I have kept my oath, you shall never be another's.' Then I hurled the body down the cliff, where I saw it catch in a crevice of the rock. O God!" he cried, shuddering and covering his face with his hands, "I see it now,—that dreadful scene, the blue waves dancing beneath the brilliant sunshine, and that white shapeless mass caught in the frowning cliff with one arm sticking stiffly upwards. I rolled down one or two stones, endeavouring to conceal it; and when I left the spot, all I could see was a hand pointing at me." Here the miserable wretch broke off with a deep groan. In a moment more he sprang up with another wild shout of "The hand, the bloody hand!" and so shrieking, his body fell lifeless to the ground. . . . The skeleton hand in the adjoining room was dropping blood.

AGNES MACLEOD.

THIRTY YEARS OF THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

A BOOK about himself by a journalist, giving as little prominence as possible to newspapers, is much the same thing as a treatise on strategy avoiding the actual topic of war. If Lord Wolseley were to tell us the story of his life, but studiously to refrain from all mention of such incidents as the Ashantee campaign, the defeat of Arabi Pasha, and the Nile expedition, he would be performing a feat analogous to that accomplished by the veteran publicist, Mr G. A. Sala, in the two volumes he has recently published through Messrs Cassell, under the title 'Things I have Seen, and People I have Known.' If a regard for the etiquette of his calling had caused Mr Sala to draw the veil of anonymity over his long connection with a well-known London newspaper, one might have understood this reserve. But seeing that these volumes are dedicated to the proprietor of the print in question, this hypothesis is inadmissible. Not even as it has affected the appearance of the London streets he knows so well, has Mr Sala anything to tell us of the extraordinary and sustained development of cheap newspapers which has followed the repeal of the paper duty. The last, and indeed the only, reference to his employment as an active "daily" journalist, is to be found towards the close of the second volume, in a chapter entitled "Under the Stars and Stripes," where he casually mentions that he happened to be in the United States about the period of the great Civil War; but the direct influence of American upon English journalism during Mr Sala's

lifetime, and the very remarkable products and movements in the English periodical press since his return to his own country after witnessing the struggle between North and South, have no place in these pages. Before he has completed his autobiographical task, Mr Sala will doubtless fill these voids. Meanwhile the present contributor to 'Maga,' having some professional knowledge of the periodical press during a section of the period covered by Mr Sala's wider experience, may offer a few remarks on certain topics not as yet touched by this veritable Ulysses of London journalism. A fair amount of industry, and, thanks to the public's kindness, of modest success, has been condensed into the space of rather more than a quarter of a century, through which it has been my lot to labour in certain departments of the literary calling. This period has coincided with a notable increase in the activity and in the number of those representing English journalism; with the disappearance of not a few old newspaper friends; with the genesis of many crops of fresh newspaper favourites. It has also embraced a considerable and highly practical acquaintance, not exclusively with metropolitan, but provincial journalism, and especially the journalism of Scotland, as well. Some of the fruits thus gathered I may perhaps, by the editorial courtesy, be privileged to place before the readers of the most historic of all our periodicals.

I, at least, have reason to speak well of, and feel grateful to, that "land beyond the Tweed," some slight connection with which, by family descent, the Christian name

of "Hay" suggests that I may claim; for it was a present Scotch professor, my respected and valued friend, Professor John Nichol, of Glasgow, who, then being in the habit of passing a portion of the "summer term" for educational purposes at Oxford, by receiving me as his pupil, helped me towards the "class" assigned to me in the "final" schools in 1865. He it was also who equipped me with the single letter of literary introduction to Professor David Masson, then editor of 'Macmillan's Magazine,' which was absolutely my sole "stock-in-trade" when, after having taken my degree, I came to London fresh from Oxford, and began the career that lasted uninterruptedly till a failure of bodily health forced upon me a long season of inactivity, and that now, on the gradual restoration of my energies, is, by the blessing of Providence, being resumed. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that, at the time now spoken of, outside the 'Times' office, with which I have never had any professional relations, the dominating spirits and the chief powers of the London press were importations from the other side of the Tweed.

My first editor, although at the time he became such unknown to me even by name, was an Aberdonian, Douglas Cook, who, living in the Albany, conducted the literary business of his journal, and personally instructed his contributors in his chambers near the end of the first corridor. The novels of George Lawrence were at this date in the height of a then not too healthy popularity. The passion of love, so-called, and its course, as presented in the fictions of the Guy Livingstone school, suggested to me my first essayistic theme, under the title of "Broken Hearts"; and

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCXLVIII.

when, with a trembling hand, I opened the next number of the 'Saturday Review,' I found my maiden production had its place among the social "middles" of the new number, as I think it was then customary to designate these articles. My personal introduction to this very remarkable man was due less to the composition of my own which he had printed than to the friendly services of the late Rev. W. Scott, of Hoxton, the sometime editor, I believe, of 'The Christian Remembrancer,' himself permanently retained on the 'Saturday' staff, and, as I have heard, a colleague of its chief, in its weekly production. This accomplished clergyman knew of me, not directly, but through the good offices of his son, Mr Clement Scott, with whom I had, and have retained, a friendly acquaintance that began under the roof of the late Tom Hood. Vividly distinct though my memory of Douglas Cook is, he is really better known to me by reputation than by his own personality. I was received at the weekly *levées* of his writers, held, I think, every Tuesday, and was occasionally directed to send him something about which, as often as not, he expressed himself favourably. With a host of others, as nameless as I myself then was, I was invited to the annual 'Saturday' dinner at Greenwich; but I can only recall one of these banquets, at which I chanced to occupy a seat between the late Mr T. Collett Sandars and Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, though of neither of these gentlemen had I then, as I since have enjoyed, private social knowledge. Mr Cook himself was credited with a full share of the perfervid temperament of the Scot: I saw but little of him, and never became one of his important contributors, but

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found him uniformly considerate and kindly in his actions, if occasionally ungracious in his manner. Mr Cook's special friend and confidant was the late rector of Tintagel in Cornwall, where he himself often stayed; and from that gentleman I have heard before now, more than I ever had any opportunity of observing, about the editorial methods, and the minute oversight, exercised not merely from week to week, but from hour to hour, by this memorable combination of the journalist and the Epicurean, who deserves a place in the history of the press by the side of Barnes and Black, among the great editors of the century.

The 'Daily Telegraph' was, I think, in the year I made my *début* in London, the best known and, with the exception of the 'Standard,' the only representative of the penny press; for the days of the reduction in price of the paper whose first editor was Dickens, and still more of the great organ of Palmerston and fashion, were yet far distant. Even in the case of the 'Standard,' its existence as a penny morning newspaper was imperfectly realised by some of the stoutest adherents in the provinces of the Tory cause. It must have been many years later than this that a Cornish country gentleman, I think Mr Bulteel, asked me, as one who knew the gossip of the town, whether Giffard's newspaper really published a morning edition. The then editor of the 'Standard,' Mr Thomas Hamber, attached at least as much importance to the 'Morning Herald,' issued at the price of threepence from Shoe Lane, as to the more low-priced champion of the Conservative cause; while I can well recollect a kinsman of my own, the late Mr

Trehawke Kekewich, at that time member for South Devon, mention to me as an instance of the downward tendency of latter-day Conservatism, that side by side with the threepenny 'Herald,' one "could get the 'Standard,' with rather more news in it, for a penny." Among the evening press of London, in the pre-'Pall Mall Gazette' days, the prints which after sundown had the greatest vogue were 'The Evening Star,' the special exponent, like its morning issue, of Mr Bright and the Manchester School, 'The Evening Standard,' 'The Globe,' and 'The Sun'; while the only post-meridian journal taken in at dining-houses and restaurants, like Simpson's, was the 'Express,' a *réchauffé*, as to actual intelligence, of the matutinal 'Daily News,' but furnished out with original leading articles. The 'Daily Telegraph,' originally issued, some years earlier, on a very humble scale from a little printing-office in the W.C. district, had but recently become domiciled in Peterborough Court, Fleet Street. Here again the prevailing influences that impressed the aspirant, who, equipped with an introductory letter from the aforementioned friend, Tom Hood, sought admission to the editorial sanctum, were Scotch. Very Scotch indeed was the porter, who suspiciously eyed, and reluctantly consented to announce, the new-comer after the entrance-wicket was passed. Not less Scotch, again, was the representative of the conductor-in-chief, whom on most occasions I saw. The principal vicegerent of Mr, not yet Sir Edward, Lawson, was a son of Leigh Hunt, Mr Thornton Hunt. A greater contrast than this gentleman presented, with his semi-military dress and

manner, his indomitable will, keen insight, and astonishingly prompt judgment on the topics of the day, to the traditional pictures of his father, the "Harold Skimpole" of 'Bleak House,' it is impossible to conceive. The Messrs Lawson had delegated to this most highly qualified gentleman much of the editorial control of their paper. With him, accordingly, as a leader-writer aspirant, I had to deal when Tom Hood's introduction secured me the *entrée* of Peterborough Court; but the first of the two or three articles ever written by me for that journal was after a consultation with Mr Thornton Hunt's right-hand man,—like Douglas Cook, an Aberdonian,—the late James Macdonell, who of several topics submitted by me chose that of the dangers of the London streets, then rendered appropriate by a newly published report of the annual accidents there. Starting with a paraphrase of Juvenal's description of the Roman thoroughfares, I produced something which appeared the next morning in the leading columns of the great Fleet Street newspaper.

James Macdonell, whose knowledge of French politics, letters, and thought probably exceeded that of any other man of his standing, had not at the date now spoken of been long in London; Alexander Russel, of the 'Scotsman,' when, some years later, on Macdonell's commendation, I made his acquaintance, lamented to me that the proprietors of the metropolitan print had got hold of his most brilliant young recruit, and caused him to leave the Edinburgh office, where, or possibly at Newcastle-on-Tyne, his journalistic career began. James Macdonell was not a man to be forgotten by those whose privilege

it was to know him well. The professional connection of the present reviewer with Peterborough Court did not last long, though his friendly relations with Mr Thornton Hunt's assistant, and even with the recipient of Mr G. A. Sala's dedication,—who, together with the late W. H. Pater, as also my revered and beloved friend A. W. Kinglake, was one of the foremost to call upon me the first day after my illness, some years ago, that I was able to leave my room, and to congratulate me on the slow beginnings of recovery,—survived the incident of this relationship. The morning newspaper means all-night work for those engaged on its production. My domesticated existence was just beginning, and I was, consequently, not prepared to accept a professional offer, which would not have left much of my society for the young bride, as she then was, to whose combined good sense and high courage the writer of these lines has since been so deeply indebted. During several parliamentary sessions in the earlier seventies, especially while the debates on the Public Worship Bill were going forward, it was my lot, long of course after this, to occupy a seat in that portion of the "press gallery" reserved for commentators on political events, close to the reserved and thoughtful, yet ever bright and amiable, presence of James Macdonell, who had not then joined, as later in his life he did, the editorial staff of the 'Times,' and by whose premature death the English press sustained the greatest loss that has befallen it within my recollection.

In these days Mr Sala himself, though an assiduous contributor to the famous broadsheet, where his genius has found such justly appreciated exercise, was to me

only a name, though a very mighty one; but at the little house in South Street, Brompton, where the younger Hood, on leaving the War Office, and assuming the editorship of 'Fun,' then lived, I met weekly, in addition to the late T. W. Robertson, and the vigorously surviving Mr W. S. Gilbert—whose presence and conversation showed in these days all that possession of sheer intellectual power of which since then the public has seen so many sustained illustrations—some of the most valued members of Mr Levy-Lawson's staff, especially the writer of the burlesque sporting sketches then appearing in 'Fun' as from "Nicholas," W. J. Prowse, who, in his vivid presentment of that broken-down old Cockney reprobate, created a character and a type of which Thackeray need not have been ashamed, in addition to being a consummately versatile, varied, and ready leader-writer. Prowse was also the author of many really exquisite occasional verses in the manner of *Praed*. One of these compositions, appearing in 'Fun' not so very long before his premature death, contained a pathetic presentiment of the issue of the disease that secretly had already laid its hand upon him. The lines in question were those beginning—

"I am only nine-and-twenty yet,
Though young, experience makes me
sage;
So how on earth can I forget
The memory of my lost old age?

Of manhood's prime let others boast,
It comes too late, or goes too soon;
At times the fate I envy most
Is that of slipped pantaloon."

There are probably among the readers of 'Maga' some who will have read, and been struck by,

these lines in a little collection of their author's literary remains, published some years ago. They attracted the attention of many at the time; among others, of so skilled a critic and consummate performer in that department of *belles lettres* as Mr Arthur Locker, as well as of Prowse's warm personal friend and professional colleague, James Macdonell himself.

Another regular writer for the 'Daily Telegraph,' constantly visible at this time, was Godfrey Turner, in every way a first-rate specimen of that "good-all-round" journalist, whom the minute subdivision of labour in newspaper offices threatens to improve off the face of Fleet Street. Independently of the many excellent and amiable qualities of him who bore it, the name of this departed friend is memorable to the present writer for reasons that may not be without a certain special interest to 'Maga's' readers.

In 1866 there came the demand for an inquiry into the alleged conduct of Governor Eyre during the suppression of the Jamaica negro insurrection of the previous year. Godfrey Turner had been despatched by his newspaper to watch the proceedings; while, by a coincidence that may be briefly glanced at, his colleague from the 'Standard' was a gentleman with whom, much subsequently to this period, I was destined to have the most intimate, the most friendly, and the most useful of journalistic relations—Mr W. H. Mudford, the present controller of the Shoe Lane establishment. On his return from the West Indies, Godfrey Turner, after the manner of the period and of the fraternity, was entertained at a dinner of London *littérateurs*, given in an almost improvised structure under the arches of Ludgate Hill Station,

and provided by the since celebrated caterers, Spiers & Pond, who, however, at the era now referred to, were only known as struggling but enterprising reformers of the railway refreshment system at and near the London termini. On entering the building I was at once impressed by the appearance of the gentleman already located in the presidential chair; noticeable anywhere would have been his broad and high forehead, his clean-cut features, his clear penetrating grey eyes, while a certain breeziness of manner, that seemed to diffuse itself throughout the apartment, proclaimed that he was no mere hackneyed *habitué* of the contiguous regions of damped paper and printing-ink. Accompanying the information with a rapid narrative of his career in the Royal Navy, and subsequently in Edinburgh, James Macdonell whispered to me that our chairman of the evening, then only upon the threshold of a vigorous and comely middle age, was James Hannay, very generally, though inaccurately, identified with the editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' After dinner, on the occasion of proposing the health of the guest of the evening, Hannay, *more suo*, delivered an admirable oration of about three-quarters of an hour's length, denouncing the "trumpety distinction," as he called it, "drawn by pretentious blockheads between journalism and literature. Both," he said, "were affluents or effluents of one and the same mighty stream, and both flowed forth from the same historic fountain-head—namely, the Greek and Latin classics." The speaker then went on to say that "if we knew more of the *acta diurna* and the prætor's edicts of the Romans, we should doubtless find them very

respectable specimens of morning papers in the days before printing was invented;" while, as for the alleged novelty of special descriptive correspondents, he pointed out that "some centuries before the Christian era, a certain Greek gentleman named Xenophon acted in that capacity to ten thousand Greeks at the seat of war, and subsequently published his letters, as also W. H. Russell had done, in a book called 'The Anabasis'; nor was he quite certain that 'the Venusian' himself might not have accepted an engagement to contribute occasional sketches of the campaign during that conflict in which he had borne a part, and which at Philippi ended with such disaster for the country gentlemen of Italy," as to overpower the speaker with emotion by the mere mention of it. Finally, having proved ingeniously that "when he hymned the praise of the Bandusian fount, Horace, with bardic prevision, must have forecast the qualifying influence of a slight admixture of 'mountain-dew,'" this surprisingly accomplished specimen of the naval *littérateur*, on the occasion I first beheld him, called for a "quaigh" of "Usquebagh," and the company broke up,—not, however, before the then *doyen* of the London press, John Oxenford, the accomplished scholar, who was dramatic critic of the 'Times,' delivered a few terse and blunt remarks in praise of Turner, that were a striking contrast to Hannay's flowing and polished periods, the simple burden of these observations being that "whether Governor Eyre flogged the Jamaica women, or the Jamaica women flogged Governor Eyre, was a matter of small importance compared with the safe return, covered with his tropical laurels, of the even-

ing's guest." The other incident just referred to was Hannay's kind request that I might be introduced to him, not because he had any previous knowledge of my name or family, but for no other reason than that he had heard of me as a young Oxford man who had taken a fair degree, and whom he wished to befriend in his literary career.

James Hannay, having been succeeded in the editorship of the '*Edinburgh Courant*,' immediately by Mr F. Espinasse, more lately by Mr J. Scot-Henderson, was at this period established in a roomy old house, a portion of whose exterior suggested the remnant of a feudal castle, in one of the streets between Tavistock and Euston Squares; his pen was, more busily and acceptably than many others of the staff, employed on the '*Pall Mall Gazette*,' then under the able editorship of Mr Frederic Greenwood. I am violating no confidence when I say that much later than this, Mr Greenwood, now a very old friend and editor of mine, told me that he never published an article of Hannay's which failed to make its mark immediately and most appreciably with the public. At Hannay's house I was a not infrequent visitor. Mr Greenwood I did not, so far as I remember, ever meet there; but there was a certain number of devoted personal adherents and even henchmen of my host, with whom I did first become acquainted beneath his hospitable roof, all of them active and more or less conspicuous figures in London letters at this epoch, — especially J. P. Steele, M.D., a brother Scot of Hannay's, a former contributor to the '*Courant*,' but at this time attached to the staff of the '*Lancet*,' not confining his journalistic industry to purely professional themes,

and a well-informed and effective writer on the politics of Germany and France, in the language and literature of both of which he was fairly proficient. Since then Dr Steele, who never lost his love for what he rhetorically called "the spirit of practice," has returned to his old profession as medical man in Rome, while acting regularly or occasionally as correspondent of the '*Daily News*' at that capital.

Among the well-known *littérateurs* of this period for whom James Hannay kept almost open house, and who in turn at their own abodes did not fail to perform the same hospitable duty towards him, in addition to his special ally and counsellor, the polyglottic J. P. Steele, M.D., were the late Henry Savile Clarke, then one of Messrs Cassell's editors, and a happy writer of occasional verse for innumerable journals, of whom, as his colleague, the scholarlike W. Moy Thomas, I have only the most pleasant and grateful memories; Mr Francis Espinasse, the biographer of Voltaire, who had been his host's successor in the editorial chair of the '*Courant*,' who still labours successfully for the enlightenment of the public; a Mr Andrew Gordon, a grandson, I believe, of the mighty John Wilson, '*Maga's*' Christopher North, and possessing, like Hannay himself, certain nautical affinities or relationships; Mr T. E. Keibel, then, as, I am glad to say, at the present time, an active writer on the Conservative press, with a wide and accurate knowledge of political history; a welcome, but, as resident in Scotland, only a rare visitor in Tavistock Square was the late Mr Patrick Alexander, who then exercised his real genius for parody, by astonishingly powerful caricatures of Carlyle's literary manner.

In the journalistic London of the

present year of grace, it is probable that there are no such institutions as James Hannay's unconventional receptions eight-and-twenty years ago, or as the Friday suppers already mentioned of Tom Hood, in Brompton. The truth is, that the province of Bohemia has no longer a place on the map of socio-literary London. The constantly increasing high pressure under which all journalism is now done, the increasing severity of competition in the journalistic market, have coincided with, and to some extent have themselves produced, an abolition of the old caste limits of journalism as a profession. The regular writers of newspapers are to be found everywhere, are taken from every professional pursuit, and from every social level,—from the "court" regions of Belgravia or Mayfair; from the camp-followers of Woolwich or Aldershot; from the chaste groves of artistic Hampstead, as well as from dignitaries of the Imperial Law Courts, or highly placed officials of Whitehall or Westminster.

Mr Sala has something to say of the departed tavern-life of London; but he does not notice, or, it may be, would blush to mention, one of these metropolitan haunts of the muses' votaries, which rather more than a quarter of a century since enjoyed great popularity, and which may even have been visited by so "august" a presence as that of Mr Sala's. "Stone's," in one of the streets abutting upon the Haymarket, was a distinct survival of the coffee-house system of Steele's or Addison's London, before the days of club-life. Brought into popularity by the notice of the Mayhews, Captain Mayne Reid, the late William Jerrold, and others, this old-fashioned and well-conducted haunt—

reminding the northern visitor, on a smaller scale, of that extraordinary emporium of luncheon commodities in Glasgow, known, if memory rightly serves, as Lang's—was at certain hours of the day, to all practical purposes, not less exclusive than a club, and was in effect frequented by much the same gentlemen who, later on, nearer the small hours, would be found in that portion of the central room at Evans's in Covent Garden, reserved, as Mr Green informed his patrons, for private conversation parties, and occupied nightly by the most prominent figures of Fleet Street and Blackfriars. Of Stone's, it is safe to say that in its character of the house of call of a literary coterie it has gone the way of the original Savage Club, revived by name to-day under the guise of a fashionable assembly as the Reunion, the Templar's Club, and a host of other unpretentious abodes of good-fellowship, which were the latter-day successors of Thackeray's homes of harmony. The Garrick Club, indeed, at the era now recalled, was domiciled in its present house, but of it I was not as yet a member. The only other institution of any considerable pretensions to comfort was the Arts Club, then, and for many years afterwards, occupying that most picturesquely constructed and furnished mansion at the corner of Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, where, during the sixties, the handsome, gracious, and amiable presence of the artist, Mr Field Talford, used to diffuse its agreeable influences, and where Charles Dickens, with my still surviving friend Mr Marcus Stone, of the Royal Academy, was a not infrequent apparition. Since these days, literary London has added club to club: there is certainly a Junior

Garrick, there may be a Garrick *minimus natus*; there are æsthetically furnished haunts of culture, science, letters, or art, in Saville Row and its vicinage. If the great editors of the morning dailies are too busy or too exalted to dine out much, the names of some members of their staff are sure to be seen in the list of the company attending the fashionable banquets of the preceding night; thus it has come about that artists do not wear their velvet coats out of their studios, and that if the journalist, of whatever degree, retains any sympathies with the life depicted by Henri Murger, he divests himself of it as he puts on his dress-coat, and inserts a gardenia in his button-hole. In T. W. Robertson's first play, at whose initial presentation I "assisted," the dropping of Tom Stylus's pipe from his pocket, as he took out his handkerchief, was hailed by an expert audience as a special touch of Bohemian knowledge, showing the playwright's shrewd observation of the actualities of life: the incident, if produced for the first time to-day, would be hissed as an anachronism, and Tom Stylus himself, instead of borrowing the half-crown to pay the cab to his hostess's mansion in Grosvenor Square, would drive thither in his well-appointed brougham, and, as likely as not, might give the vacant seat in his *coupé* to a friendly bishop, or his near neighbour the President of the Royal College of Physicians.

Other changes not less strongly defined than these have been consummated in the literary world, well within the last half of that period now exhibited to us by Mr G. A. Sala. It is sometimes, but, as shall presently be shown, incorrectly, said, that the ubiquity of London papers has left no place

for the provincial press: the truth is, that the "very newest journalism," as it is called, of the capital, is, in its essence, mainly of provincial origin. When this reviewer first knew literary London professionally, 'The Owl,' that herald of the society journals of a subsequent epoch, was probably in existence; but as he had then no acquaintance with its brilliant writers, was not a matter of interest, and was therefore one of ignorance to himself personally. Adequate justice has not yet been done to the wide-reaching and posthumous influence first of Laurence Oliphant, especially through works like 'Piccadilly' or 'Altiora Peto,' and of Kinglake afterwards, upon the best contributors to the periodical press during the last half-century. The delicacy of touch, the exquisitely bred irony, the pregnantly suggestive satire animating every page of 'Eothen,' have inspired much that is least *banal* in all latter-day descriptive writing, and especially have infused into such graceful work as that of Lady Currie, our present ambassadress at Constantinople—popularly known by her *nom de guerre* of Violet Fane—the peculiar bitter-sweet flavour that renders her work not less agreeable to the literary, than are olives to the physical, palate; while most of the higher class of narrative and descriptive prose in journals circulating among the cultivated classes distinctly recall the modes of thought and diction first shown to the public in Kinglake's gem-like classic "from the East." The terms on which this accomplished stylist found himself with Printing House Square and its denizens varied at different epochs of his long career; but if the best narrative writing in the 'Times,' as elsewhere, were placed in the cru-

cible of a searching analysis, it would be found that the power exercised by the admirable prose style of the historian of the Crimean War upon contemporary pens was not less marked than the influence of Gibbon or Bolingbroke upon Macaulay, or of the great Whig historian himself upon the polemical methods and language of the leading journal a generation since.

During a considerable portion of the years now passed in review, my connection with the periodical press in some parts of England was only less close than it was with the periodical press in London. The extinct 'Edinburgh Courant,' founded, oddly enough, by no less a person than Daniel Defoe, had been purchased by a West of England speculator, Charles Wescombe, who had also acquired the London 'Globe': its then editor was Mr J. Scot-Henderson, whose name has been already mentioned here, under whose direction I furnished, to my own profit, not less, I trust, than to the pleasure of my trans-Tweedine patrons, a weekly leading article, as well as a weekly report of London doings. This connection of mine continued, very agreeably to me at least, under more than one dynasty of conductors—the last 'Courant' editor with whom I had dealings being the late James Mure, subsequently her Majesty's Consul in the Balearic Islands. Like his predecessor Hannay, this gentleman had in earlier life been a sailor; but there ended all resemblance between the two. A more kindly, genial, and, at heart, refined journalist than James Mure never crossed the threshold of that famous New Club in Edinburgh, my slight knowledge of which arises only from his hospitality. As a leader-writer on the staff of the

'Standard,' this editor of the 'Courant' had received from Thomas Hamber no imperfect training. His amiable and equable temper and uniformly genial manner may have concealed from some the sagacity and shrewdness that were prime elements in his character. A Westminster boy during one of the best periods in the existence of St Peter's College, James Mure carried away with him as much classical knowledge before he settled down to newspaper work as James Hannay acquired in the midst of such work itself; while the correctness of his taste and the chivalry of his heart were worthy of his descent from the accomplished baronet of Caldwell, the historian of Greek literature, whose work, considering he performed it when as yet Grote had not written and Grote's data were not forthcoming, is a miracle of scholarship and research. Other Conservative newspapers out of London complimented me by requisitioning my services. The 'Yorkshire Post,' then under the control of John Ralph, of considerable academic standing, had as its business manager the sagacious Abel Nadin, and as its assistant editor, Mr E. J. Goodman. To these my name had been mentioned favourably, either by James Hannay or by some of those known to me through him, and for some years I doubled my duties to the 'Edinburgh Courant' by work of the same kind, and to the same amount, for the Leeds Conservative organ. The 'Manchester Courier' was at this time owned by the Messrs Sowler, and edited by the late Mr Francis Hitchman.

Some practical experience, therefore, of the provincial press qualifies me to express an opinion as to its influences of late upon the

journalism of London. The first, in order of time, of the sixpenny society papers of to-day has been the 'World,' and the germ of this very successful enterprise is assuredly to be found above all things in Laurence Oliphant's 'Owl.' The late Mr Edmund Yates had anticipated the society gossip of his own newspaper in the weekly column of town talk, contributed during several years to the deceased 'Morning Star,' under the signature of the "Flaneur." This, though exceedingly bright and readable, was in its essence nothing more nor less than a specimen of "our own London correspondent's" best work, as presented in a hundred provincial broadsheets. The "new journalism" in effect does little else than amplify, embellish, and, in point of literary style perhaps, improve those elements of gossip and local chat, which from time immemorial have been the chief attractions of the country newspaper to its readers, whether in the

cottage or the hall, whether in the village alehouse or the borough institute. Instead, therefore, of the power exercised by the journals published within the sound of Bow Bells upon the newspaper literature of provincial capitals having been fatal to local developments, one ought in all fairness to recognise that the appetite gratified by the "new," or "society," journalism of the Metropolis at this close of the nineteenth century is essentially of the bourgeois kind, and is in fact identical with that for which country editors have long found it advantageous to cater. If, as is surely the case, the conversation and the interests of "smart" society in London have a decided taint of provincialism, this quality shows itself nowhere more conspicuously than in the columns and contents of those hebdomadals that, falsely, as moral optimists might hope, affect to be its special organs.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

LEAVES FROM A GAME-BOOK.

SOME sportsmen decry the habit of keeping a game-book; but I believe the only objection they can urge to it is the fear that it may make a gun a little over-zealous for his score, and so induce perhaps a little occasional wildness in his shooting.

Let us by all means, and in the most decided manner, discourage anything which could in any way add to the already sufficient element of danger always more or less in existence in the shooting-field. But that the fact of a man keeping a daily record of his day's shooting is likely to cause him to indulge in rash and dangerous shots, I will not admit for a moment.

Personally, I have been accustomed to shoot where the gun's individual score was kept and recorded. Surely here, if anywhere, there was sufficient inducement for a little "speculative shooting," just to be at the top of the poll. But, as the old proverb says, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating;" and, judging by this standard, I have never known the shooting-field to be turned into a miniature battle-field through the eagerness of any member of the party to loose off his piece on the chance of adding one to the score.

It is unfortunately true that some men are totally unable to see that a loaded gun contains any element of danger. They walk sublimely on, blissfully unconscious of the fact that, during the last ten minutes, their loaded barrels full-cocked, with death lurking in them, have some twenty times passed across the bodies of those walking in front of them, or behind them, as the case may be.

I have seen an eminent diplomatist, in cold blood and in open ground, fire shots which routed two Cabinet Ministers, who fortunately saw, and made tracks just in time. These are the men who add to the delightful sport of shooting just that suspicion of danger, that delicate flavouring of risk, without which every sport is deemed tame.

To our mind, one of the pleasantest parts of a day's shooting is the comparison of it with the records of other days on the same beat in past years. What pleasant recollections it brings up! What delightful reminiscences of the past!

And often when shooting is all over, and guns are carefully put away until another season comes round, I take up my little game-book, and run my eye through it. How it freshens up the memory, and revives the recollection of pleasant days spent in some remote and now almost forgotten part of Scotland! Of course, occasionally, a tinge of melancholy will come over you as you run against the name of some dear friend who has long since fired his last shot; but then, after all, in this workaday world of ours, it does a man good to indulge in such solemn thoughts occasionally.

My game-book commences when I was about seventeen years of age, and almost the first entry, I am sorry to say, brings up most disagreeable recollections, instead of the pleasant ones I have premised.

It conjures up a big Leicester-shire turnip-field of very thick, thousand-headed turnips, and a bright September morning. A

line of three or four guns walking through, with a mounted groom skirmishing on the right. Something brown moves in front of me. With the rash impetuosity of youth I raise my gun to the shoulder. "Hare, sir, in front," insinuatingly whispers my loader, the head-keeper's own "adlatus," and whom of course I trusted implicitly. Upon receiving this information from such an authority, I instantly fired. There was considerable commotion amongst the turnips in the immediate vicinity, but no trace of poor pussy. It was a curious circumstance, though, that almost immediately after I had fired, the mounted groom had given a "tally-ho," and my loader had developed a bad cough. My spirits fell considerably, and my heart was beating fast as I neared the road, in which was seated my host (and the Master of Hounds). However, he said nothing. But as the head-keeper approached me, I felt sick with apprehension. Of course *he* was delighted. "A bad job that, sir! a werry bad job!" he said confidentially; "but I'll take a spade the first thing in the morning, and put it out of the way, poor thing!" Then he told me (he could scarcely conceal his indecent delight) how the groom had seen it turn right over, and with difficulty drag its way to the wood.

Needless to say, I scarcely hit a partridge all the rest of that day, and had not the spirit to fire at any more hares—nor did I play a very good knife and fork at luncheon-time. This in Leicestershire, too! Why, I was almost worse than a murderer!

Not until after dinner did I venture to approach the Master, and nervously to inform him that I had a confession to make—that I believed I had shot a —. My tongue could at the moment

scarcely form the word, and even at this distance of time my pen refuses to write the word which would brand me with such infamy. My host, the Master, was kindness itself. He sympathised with my real and evident distress, and, to use his own words, said, "Why, I've done the same myself!"

As a matter of fact, I do not believe the—say, "animal"—was touched. Its body was never found, and therefore, strong though the evidence might be against me, I could never be convicted of its murder.

Let us throw a veil over this, almost the only unpleasing chapter in my history, and turn over a new leaf. The next page reveals a farmhouse in a beautiful part of Perthshire, and recalls a small bachelor party. I wake early my first morning, and step out to enjoy the bracing mountain-air. I find the farmer, an old Highlander, putting the finishing touch to a stack, and with his men celebrating the event in the usual manner. In a gush of kindly feeling he invited the Sassenach stranger to partake of some *real* mountain-dew. I had never been in Scotland till the day before, and was unused to their early morning ways and beverages. I thought it really was some delicious mountain spring-water, and taking the glass he gave me, wished him luck—and drained it. I only hope they were looking the other way. I did my best not to betray my feelings, but the agony I suffered in pouring that vile stuff down my throat and into an empty stomach was something to remember. How I staggered back to the farm I know not; but I *can* remember that the remainder of my party were highly amused at my experience, and inexperience.

Another page recalls a very melancholy gentleman who was

an amateur photographer. His spirits were like a barometer, and varied according as his photographs came out well or ill. If well, he was in the highest spirits, and everything was *couleur de rose*. If ill, he was down in the lowest depths. There was nothing worth living for, and so on. He lived about ten miles from the station, the road being parallel with the railway all the way, and within a few yards of it. He was a very nervous man, and having a very smart pair of steppers, used to suffer extreme mental anguish in driving in to the station. He always had the door of his bus open, so that should anything occur, at any rate he could drop himself out of it at once. Poor man! he *did* look so unhappy. I always felt for him very much, and hoped his photographs might come out well.

Turning over a page, we come to an entry which brings back to me two amusing stories.

The first is of a man who paid something like a thousand a-year for a length of salmon-fishing. Day after day that devoted fisherman went out—but never a fish did he rise. Finally he gave it up in disgust, and told his cook he might have a try if he liked. The cook did have a try, and immediately landed a magnificent fish. The next day saw the master at work again; and this time with better results.

The other story was about Mrs Langtry, who was just in the zenith of her beauty, and had been staying in the neighbourhood. The fisherman was asked one day what he thought of her. After much inward cogitation, he replied very deliberately, "Eh, but she's a fine lassie"; and then, with a burst of pent-up pride, "but I'm supposin' you've no seen my Jennie!"—alluding to his slut of a wife.

The next entry that claims our attention was at Dunira, a charming place in the Crieff district, for many years rented by Lord Chancellor Cairns, and still occupied by his son. It was a very wet night when I arrived, and the porter at Crieff had taken especial pains to so place my portmanteau on the top of the "machine" as to enable as much moisture as possible to enter. The result was—dinner-time, and no shirt fit to put on. Lord Cairns's wardrobe, however, proved equal to the strain thus put upon it.

The next day we had a very wild, rambling sort of shoot, getting capercailzie, roe-deer, woodcock, and grouse, amongst other things. The capercailzie were driven off the top of a hill, while the guns were posted in the valley below. We blazed away, keeping up a tremendous fire as they sailed over our heads, so high up that they looked more like sparrows than capercailzie. But in spite of the heavy fire, and caring nothing for choke-bores and No. 3 shot, most of them continued their journey uninjured, and apparently with their equanimity unruffled.

This was the first place at which I had ever seen a roe-deer. These graceful creatures are a great charm to a place, as they leap up from a bracken bed and bound lightly away into the wood.

The next place I went to was one of the most charming houses in Scotland, placed in the midst of most beautiful and romantic scenery. Nature would almost seem to have surpassed herself in making this spot attractive. In one place a large loch; one side of it a grim impenetrable-looking forest—a real forest—none of your trimly kept English woodlands; the other side consisting of a rugged ridge, green with rough scrub, and apparently descending sheer down into the water. Then

a river, in one place its deep amber-coloured water swirling swiftly along, with many a current and eddy; a little farther, and it descends with clamorous roar into a sort of seething caldron, where, a mass of feathery foam, it hisses and bubbles, and then, as if ashamed of its riotous behaviour, more placidly resumes its wayward course again.

We were not living in the "mansion-house" itself, but in a little shooting-lodge adjacent. All sorts of troubles befell us here, for the house and its appointments were of the "Tommiebeg shooting" order. One night we had no dinner because the kitchen-range had fallen in bodily. The boiler was always going wrong, and there was no plumber within thirty miles. As for the chairs, it was extremely dangerous to attempt to sit on one until it had been tested. Indeed, when the owner came over to luncheon one day, and was asked to sit down, before doing so he carefully examined his own chair to see if it was a sound one.

Another great difficulty was with the keeper. His face was a featureless, expressionless sort of ball of flesh. The back of his head was just the same. Right on the top of his head was a short, sandy tuft of hair. It was really almost impossible to tell whether you were talking to the back or front of him; at least so our hostess always declared. His face certainly was less like the ordinary human visage than that of any other man I have come across.

The moors were for shooting purposes a long way off, and often we had to go on ponies nine weary miles up-hill. Then at the end of the day we had to descend the nine weary miles again, and by the time we arrived at the lodge we were well-nigh shaken to pieces.

But once on the top of the hill the prospect was magnificent, and with the fresh crisp mountain air meeting you as you reached the summit, a man must have been hard to please if he was not content. Here I was lucky enough to secure my first ptarmigan, and very pleased I was. One day, too, we had a hare-drive, and bagged over two hundred hares. But poor little pussy comes lolloping up so confidingly, that it seems almost like butchery to shoot her, and at the end of the day you half feel as if a second Glencoe massacre had taken place, and you were one of the perpetrators of it.

And now I come to one of the most delightful shoots I have ever taken part in.

Murtly Chace will always bring up in my mind the pleasantest of recollections. I can recall no place where you can get a more varied bag or enjoy yourself more. Many a pleasant day have I spent in Murtly Chace and Murtly Bog, and the genial companionship of its then tenant. Though it is now a good many years ago since I first shot "the Bog," I can recollect even now how the snipe flew that day. I also recall to mind how a great legal luminary was almost in tears at the number of shots he had fired without any satisfactory results.

The great charm of Murtly Chace is the variety of shooting you get. You never know what will get up next. One moment you are walking through a wood. A rabbit may jump up and be down a hole, unless you are sharp—or a roe-deer may bound off through the bracken. Or you may suddenly become conscious of a slight rustling among the fir-trees. You look up just in time to see an old cock capercaillie sailing away. Then you emerge from the wood into a bit of open moor, with here and

theresome stunted growth. A whirr of wings—and a brace of grouse are up and away before you have even made out their whereabouts. A little farther, and a blue hare will be up and going, until a shot from your neighbour lays her low. Then you come to a marshy bit of ground. A flock of peewit will get up, and circle round with their plaintive note. Then a duck will rise with his stately flight, getting higher and higher, until a well-directed shot brings him down with a splash among the sedgy reeds. Then that pretty little bird the teal betrays its existence, and a couple of snipe dart off, simultaneously zigzagging a heavenward course—their tell-tale voice betraying their whereabouts long after they are out of sight. Straight through the boggy ground we go, into a strip of moor again, where we flush a noisy old cock-pheasant and a very wild covey of partridges.

Then also by great good luck we might see a golden-plover or a landrail. This with black-game, which you are certain to come across, makes a variety of thirteen head of game; and there are not many places in these islands where you can beat that.

A man is not likely to forget his first stalk. To this day, all the circumstances connected with it are as fresh in my mind as if it took place only yesterday, instead of some fourteen years ago. It was not a regular forest, but ground bordering on one of the great deer-forests; and when the head-keeper sent into me the first thing in the morning to say, "The wind was right, and would I like to come out and try and get a stag?"—needless to say I was out of bed in a minute, and in a state of considerable if subdued excitement. How well I can remember the sudden turn the keeper gave

me, when,—after tramping some miles, and sweeping the ground with our glasses in all directions, and seeing nothing, we had almost given up,—suddenly he fell to the ground as though he was shot, motioning to me to do the same. Then, creeping forward on his stomach till he could use his glass, he informed me in an excited whisper that there were "three fine fat beasts."

Then for the next half-hour I had a fine time of it. Now I was legging it down the mountain-side as hard as I could go—then I was creeping breathlessly and painfully up-hill—now cautiously worming my bedraggled body through oozing peat-holes and over jagged rocks—then off again, harder than ever. Then, all this time, my heart was thumping against my breast at the idea of the awful moment when I should have to pull the trigger. In fact, the excitement of the thing was so intense that I should have been much relieved had it been all over.

However, on this occasion my nerves were not destined to be so severely tested, for, horrible to relate, we suddenly found ourselves, when within about three hundred yards of our prey, confronted by two miserable sheep. The sheep were only some half-dozen yards away, and our quarry out of sight; so there we lay glaring at the sheep, not daring to move. There was just a hope, but a very faint one, that the sheep might move quickly on and commence browsing again. But no. It was not to be. After staring at us uneasily for two or three minutes, which seemed like days, they both said "ba-a," and scampered off. We were off and away too—but too late to get a shot on that occasion. Still, I had tasted the delights of stalking, and very proud and happy I felt,

and very much relieved, for I should certainly have missed had I had to fire.

Then the charm of being alone in those vast solitudes! You seem, as it were, to be making friends with Nature. The simple majesty of some of these solitary places—the rocky gorges, and inaccessible corries, which sometimes do not see the human form from year's end to year's end, the grim frowning mountain, with its beetling precipices and avalanche of boulders, its rugged peaks and fantastic shapes,—all this must impress even the least impressionable mind. For myself, I could sit there for hours gloating over the beauty and solemnity of the scene.

But the shadows are lengthening. The western heavens are tinging the purple of the heather with a rich golden hue—the darkening forces of advancing night are mustering, warning us that we must be getting on our homeward way, if we do not want to spend a night on the hill. Thus ended my first stalk, which I shall ever remember.

The next day records the slaughter of the only wild-goose it has ever been my fortune to put in the bag. There were sceptics—too lazy to venture out on that awful day (for it was a real soft day), too jealous to give me credit for my prowess—who asserted that it was a tame one belonging to a farmer close by. But that did not prevent them from eating it when it appeared on the table, described as a “wild-goose” in the bill of fare.

But all good times must have an ending, and, alas! the day came when I had to leave for the south, and say good-bye to all my good friends, keepers, and gillies, till another year should come round again.

It was the 1st of October, and I determined to have a run through the woods first, and get a pheasant or two if possible before I started. I shall never forget the sight presented to our eyes as we looked out of our windows that lovely October morning. The first snow had fallen during the night, and the peaks of the mountains were just tipped with snow, giving a thoroughly wintry aspect to the scene, and contrasting strongly with the valley below, bathed in golden sunshine, and clothed here with the sober russet of autumn, there with its more gorgeous raiment of red and orange and yellow.

Back again to the always enjoyable but more monotonous English country-house shooting: the steady tramping through the turnips, the stereotyped pheasant-shoot, or possibly the more exciting partridge-drive.

I turn over a leaf and recall an amusing incident with a hare. It was one of those harrowing scenes, which occasionally *will* occur, when a hare will not die, but endeavour to escape, painfully dragging its crippled leg along. A friend who had wounded it, seeing it would escape, set off in pursuit, and having no dog and no stick, took the remaining cartridge out of his gun, and rashly proceeded to bang the poor beast over the head. To his intense astonishment and discomfiture, the weapon snapped in the neck like glass. Anything more amusing than the poor man's face I never saw: his look of abject bewilderment as he stood over the at last defeated and prostrate hare, with the stock in one hand and barrel in the other, looking at each alternately, the very picture of despair.

Some guns are very delicate in the neck, and I once knew one broken in the act of loading by an

experienced loader during a partridge-drive.

An interesting adventure with a hare was once witnessed in Suffolk. A small gorse on a sandy heath had been shot, and a wounded hare was getting away. To put the poor beast out of its misery a noble sportsman, renowned for his humanity, pursued it. But the hare went as fast as he did, and finding he was unable to gain on it, every now and then the intrepid sportsman would stop and take a pot-shot at it. After some ten or a dozen shots had been fired in vain, he called a halt, and cut a thick stick, and proceeded to hunt that hare in earnest. He was now nearly a mile away, and the rest of the shooting-party were interested spectators, odds being freely offered in favour of the hare. After an exhibition of considerable skill on the part of both performers, the hare at length was worsted, and the proud and happy sportsman returned, very hot, but with his quarry in his hand.

Some men who are passionately fond of shooting, but wretchedly bad shots, never appear to take an aversion to it on that account. On the contrary, they seem to take a delight in religiously firing both barrels on every opportunity, even adding a third on occasions. If by any chance they should happen to hit anything, they do not exhibit any signs of indecent delight, but quietly pick it up without a word and then continue as usual—firing perhaps some two hundred shots without touching a feather. One sportsman of this kidney was given to uttering an Italian oath whenever he missed. As this was whenever he fired, his loader had ample opportunities of picking up a considerable store of Italian oaths. This loader was a great

burly north-countryman, with a decided Yorkshire burr, and not at all the man you would expect to be an Italian scholar. It became quite a stock joke to induce any stranger to say to the loader, "I understand you talk Italian." "Oh yes, sir," replied the Yorkshireman, and immediately fired off a string of Italian oaths strong enough to make your hair stand on end.

Another entry brings up recollections of a most delightful day's shooting—but over very disagreeable ground. We were duck-shooting in a Suffolk bog. In one place the bog, which was very wet, had drainage grips cut in it, which you floundered into, sometimes up to the middle, before you knew where you were.

It was while we were going over this ground that I suddenly heard a splash and an "ugh," just behind me. Looking round, I saw my loader, or rather the upper part of his body, the lower part of him being in the grip. But he was of a cheerful disposition, and being very fond of sport, relieved his feelings by saying, "Well, sir, I've shot with you in England, I've shot with you in Scotland, and I've shot with you in Ireland—but I've never shot with you in such a place as this!" It is a most disagreeable feeling getting into one of these places, for you never know how deep they are, and as you are sinking in, dreadful stories recur to your mind of people getting submerged before assistance could reach them.

On the same ground, one year while flapper-shooting in August, I was attacked by some most venomous insects. For three days or so I scarcely felt anything—but then for ten days I suffered the most acute tortures. Curiously enough, at the time I noticed a

and very much relieved, for I should certainly have missed had I had to fire.

Then the charm of being alone in those vast solitudes! You seem, as it were, to be making friends with Nature. The simple majesty of some of these solitary places—the rocky gorges, and inaccessible corries, which sometimes do not see the human form from year's end to year's end, the grim frowning mountain, with its beetling precipices and avalanche of boulders, its rugged peaks and fantastic shapes,—all this must impress even the least impressionable mind. For myself, I could sit there for hours gloating over the beauty and solemnity of the scene.

But the shadows are lengthening. The western heavens are tinging the purple of the heather with a rich golden hue—the darkening forces of advancing night are mustering, warning us that we must be getting on our homeward way, if we do not want to spend a night on the hill. Thus ended my first stalk, which I shall ever remember.

The next day records the slaughter of the only wild-goose it has ever been my fortune to put in the bag. There were sceptics—too lazy to venture out on that awful day (for it was a real soft day), too jealous to give me credit for my prowess—who asserted that it was a tame one belonging to a farmer close by. But that did not prevent them from eating it when it appeared on the table, described as a "wild-goose" in the bill of fare.

But all good times must have an ending, and, alas! the day came when I had to leave for the south, and say good-bye to all my good friends, keepers, and gillies, till another year should come round again.

It was the 1st of October, and I determined to have a run through the woods first, and get a pheasant or two if possible before I started. I shall never forget the sight presented to our eyes as we looked out of our windows that lovely October morning. The first snow had fallen during the night, and the peaks of the mountains were just tipped with snow, giving a thoroughly wintry aspect to the scene, and contrasting strongly with the valley below, bathed in golden sunshine, and clothed here with the sober russet of autumn, there with its more gorgeous raiment of red and orange and yellow.

Back again to the always enjoyable but more monotonous English country-house shooting: the steady tramping through the turnips, the stereotyped pheasant-shoot, or possibly the more exciting partridge-drive.

I turn over a leaf and recall an amusing incident with a hare. It was one of those harrowing scenes, which occasionally *will* occur, when a hare will not die, but endeavour to escape, painfully dragging its crippled leg along. A friend who had wounded it, seeing it would escape, set off in pursuit, and having no dog and no stick, took the remaining cartridge out of his gun, and rashly proceeded to bang the poor beast over the head. To his intense astonishment and discomfiture, the weapon snapped in the neck like glass. Anything more amusing than the poor man's face I never saw: his look of abject bewilderment as he stood over the at last defeated and prostrate hare, with the stock in one hand and barrel in the other, looking at each alternately, the very picture of despair.

Some guns are very delicate in the neck, and I once knew one broken in the act of loading by an

experienced loader during a partridge-drive.

An interesting adventure with a hare was once witnessed in Suffolk. A small gorse on a sandy heath had been shot, and a wounded hare was getting away. To put the poor beast out of its misery a noble sportsman, renowned for his humanity, pursued it. But the hare went as fast as he did, and finding he was unable to gain on it, every now and then the intrepid sportsman would stop and take a pot-shot at it. After some ten or a dozen shots had been fired in vain, he called a halt, and cut a thick stick, and proceeded to hunt that hare in earnest. He was now nearly a mile away, and the rest of the shooting-party were interested spectators, odds being freely offered in favour of the hare. After an exhibition of considerable skill on the part of both performers, the hare at length was worsted, and the proud and happy sportsman returned, very hot, but with his quarry in his hand.

Some men who are passionately fond of shooting, but wretchedly bad shots, never appear to take an aversion to it on that account. On the contrary, they seem to take a delight in religiously firing both barrels on every opportunity, even adding a third on occasions. If by any chance they should happen to hit anything, they do not exhibit any signs of indecent delight, but quietly pick it up without a word and then continue as usual—firing perhaps some two hundred shots without touching a feather. One sportsman of this kidney was given to uttering an Italian oath whenever he missed. As this was whenever he fired, his loader had ample opportunities of picking up a considerable store of Italian oaths. This loader was a great

burly north-countryman, with a decided Yorkshire burr, and not at all the man you would expect to be an Italian scholar. It became quite a stock joke to induce any stranger to say to the loader, "I understand you talk Italian." "Oh yes, sir," replied the Yorkshireman, and immediately fired off a string of Italian oaths strong enough to make your hair stand on end.

Another entry brings up recollections of a most delightful day's shooting—but over very disagreeable ground. We were duck-shooting in a Suffolk bog. In one place the bog, which was very wet, had drainage grips cut in it, which you floundered into, sometimes up to the middle, before you knew where you were.

It was while we were going over this ground that I suddenly heard a splash and an "ugh," just behind me. Looking round, I saw my loader, or rather the upper part of his body, the lower part of him being in the grip. But he was of a cheerful disposition, and being very fond of sport, relieved his feelings by saying, "Well, sir, I've shot with you in England, I've shot with you in Scotland, and I've shot with you in Ireland—but I've never shot with you in such a place as this!" It is a most disagreeable feeling getting into one of these places, for you never know how deep they are, and as you are sinking in, dreadful stories recur to your mind of people getting submerged before assistance could reach them.

On the same ground, one year while flapper-shooting in August, I was attacked by some most venomous insects. For three days or so I scarcely felt anything—but then for ten days I suffered the most acute tortures. Curiously enough, at the time I noticed a

good many rather large gnats about, but they did not seem to trouble me, so I took no notice of them. A local lad, however, who was carrying my cartridges, seemed to be troubled by them, for he tied his head up in his pocket-handkerchief. When he emerged from it again, it is hardly exaggeration to say that I scarcely knew him for the same boy, he was so bitten and swollen. But, in my case, the poison did not seem to act for three or four days. The only other time I have ever suffered in the same way was on a trip up the Dart in a steam-launch. The best, and indeed the only, thing to assuage the inflammation, I discovered, was absolute abstention from anything alcoholic.

Some hosts, over-anxious to provide their friends with a good day's sport, utterly lose their heads, rampage wildly about the place, dismissing their keepers wholesale, upbraiding the beaters, and generally making every one uncomfortable.

On one occasion my host, who was a rather hot-blooded irritable man, was about to shoot a covert he had only recently bought. He had his ideas as to how it should be taken. So had his keeper. The two went at it hammer and tongs, and called each other every sort of name. Then the son came up, a man of about forty. His way of doing it was quite different to both his father's and the keeper's. The whole matter was thrashed out again: the keeper got sulky; the master was annoyed; the guns out of temper; and a nice day's shooting entirely spoilt.

Somebody must be responsible for the arrangements. Surely it is much the best course to make one man so; then if things go wrong, you know at once whose the responsibility is.

Of course, in small shoots these matters are of no great consequence, but in large ones the head-keeper must be possessed of all the qualities required for a successful general. He must have thought out his battle-field beforehand, and anticipated every move on the part of the enemy; he must have carefully elaborated his arrangements beforehand; he must see that his lieutenants are properly acquainted with their duties; his orders must be precise and intelligible; and his head must be kept cool and clear. Any little slip will make the day a failure instead of a success: a precious hour may be wasted by luncheon going to the wrong place, or a very trifling error may send the birds all wrong.

It was said of the late Lord Cardigan that on one occasion he was extremely angry with his keeper when very little game was found in a certain plantation. After blowing him up sky-high, the choleric master ordered him to beat through another wood which he pointed out, promising instant dismissal if satisfactory results were not obtained.

"But, my lord," urged the keeper—but he was interrupted by Lord Cardigan: "Not a word, sir; obey my orders at once!" Terrified, the wretched man slunk off, and the wood was duly beat up to the guns. There was scarcely a head of game in it. Limp and dejected, the unfortunate keeper now came up; and when his lordship had said all he had to say, and was compelled to stop for want of breath, the poor man meekly pleaded, "But, my lord, it's not your wood at all—only you told me to beat it."

Another old shooting-story is told of the same eccentric peer.

He always used to shoot annu-

ally at the same place in Northamptonshire. The woods were difficult ones to beat well, being rambling and hollow, necessitating the use of a large number of "stops." These stops were always, as is generally the case, small boys. But this particular year to which we are alluding the case was different. Lord Cardigan's quick eye noticed that instead of the small boys the stops were grown-up men. This struck him so much that he asked the keeper why it was so, saying that it must come very expensive. The keeper is said to have replied, "*Well, you see, my lord, your lordship shot the boys down rather close last year.*"

As I turn over the pages of my little game-book, innumerable are the recollections which crowd in on my brain, and I should fill a fair-sized volume were I to relate the half of them.

One more story, however, of a day's partridge-driving late in September, I cannot resist putting on paper, in the belief that it will be of interest and amusement. We had been shooting over the same ground three weeks previously in very hot weather. As everybody knows, walking a turnip-field on a hot day in September is very hard work, and so a gallant Guardsman found it. He was clothed in a nice rich brown-coloured suit, which excited at once the admiration and envy of us all. But waxing very warm during the morning's work, this gallant son of Mars took off his waistcoat and gave it to his loader to hold. The loader slung it across the belt of his cartridge-bag, and at the end of the morning the waistcoat was missing. A search was made, but in vain. You might as well hope to find the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay as a

waistcoat in one of three or four big turnip-fields. The owner of the waistcoat was much distressed at his loss, and had to endure a good deal of chaff in consequence. Three weeks later another shooting-party came down, and among them was a brother officer of the owner of the lost waistcoat. Towards the end of the day on which the same beat was again shot over, a partridge-drive was taking place. I thought I saw a fine hare squatting a little way in front of the bold Grenadier. He, from his attitude, evidently saw it too—for all through that drive he was in a state of complete readiness. The beaters came on—other hares advanced and retired—partridges were on the wing—but still that hare remained there, and even let the beaters pass close to it without stirring. Then the gallant Guardsman saw his opportunity. Nimbly he leapt the fence—stealthily he advanced upon the unsuspecting foe—while all of us admired his energy and the grace of his movements. He got nearer and nearer, and the hare never moved. At last he got right up to it, and as the reader will probably by this time have surmised, picked up—not a fine heavy hare, but—the waistcoat so cruelly divorced from its accompanying coat and knickerbockers.

Finally, in conclusion, I recommend all sportsmen who have never done so to keep a game-book. It will make a very pleasant volume to turn to in later days, besides being useful as a reference.

Lord Beaconsfield, though no sportsman, expressed himself astonished when he was shown Lord Malmesbury's game-book at Heron Court, and was loud in admiration of the patience and method displayed in the compilation of it.

GEORGE MANNERS.

THE GOLFER IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE.

It is surely fair to presume that no golfer goes abroad for the winter with any object other than to seek a climate for himself or some member of his household. A man of much experience told the writer that he knew no woman "whose health permitted her to live in the home which her husband provided for her." Be this as it may, it is certain that the British householder is occasionally driven to exchange the hardships of coal famines and London fogs for the sometimes greater severities of the winter of the south of France. We say "sometimes greater severities" advisedly, for fresh in our memory, at the moment of writing, is the winter of 1893-94, which saw 20° of frost, on the Fahrenheit thermometer, in such resorts of the British climate-hunter as Pau and Biarritz. The truth is, the weather of the Basses Pyrénées is not to be relied on. Now and again a winter is uninterruptedly delightful; but these are exceptions occurring in a series of winters, of which each will comprise one or more cold "snaps" of a week or two. The merit of the climate is that the cold "snaps" are brief, and that when the sun shines the heavens delight you with a more than British blueness. While it lasts, however, the cold is more severe than the cold of an ordinary winter at home; it takes you more by surprise, by reason of the suddenness of its attack; it takes you at a disadvantage, because coal-fires are hard to come by, and it is difficult to heat the houses to the degree of British home-warmth. If it should catch you unawares without warm win-

ter clothing, it is more than likely to search out weak joints in your harness.

No doubt the Riviera is better. On the warm days of the Basses Pyrénées the *habitués* will deny it. Gathering themselves together on the terrace before the Gassion at Pau, and gazing at the snow-clad Pic du Midi, or on the *plage* at Biarritz admiring the tumbling breakers, they will fall to congratulating one another as proudly as if the glorious sunshine were the creation of their own efforts. "What the deuce does a fellow want to go to the Riviera for, when he can get such weather as this here?" But when the storm-cone is hoisted, and the scud comes racing up over the lowering sky from the sea, with a falling glass and falling thermometer, they will bethink themselves in silent or in profane sorrow, according to their manner, of the blue Mediterranean and the palm-trees of Cannes.

For there, too, they might be playing golf as well, in a sense, as at Pau or Biarritz. In a sense, far better, for at Cannes it is an easier game to play—a game with fewer difficulties; a shorter course, with fewer of "those horrid bunkers"; a very gentlemanly style of golf, in fact—so gentlemanly as to be almost lady-like. The ladies golf there, zealously, under the gracious patronage of the Russian Grand Duke; and since the train now stops to set down golfers at La Napoule, the course is easy of access. To the plain golfer of the east there may seem to be a great deal more of ground and of ties about

levels non-golfing distinctions. There is no law of hereditary precedence about getting into the hole.

But at Cannes, no less than elsewhere on the Riviera, the golfer who is compelled to take thought about the temperature must be especially watchful in the sunset hours. From four to six is the time of danger, when the air strikes most chilly on the tender chest or lung. Later, the temperature rises again. Moreover, when it is dark the golfer will naturally wrap his tweeds about him, whereas the sunset, in its gay beauty, insidiously invites him to go unprotected. Nevertheless, when all is said, Cannes is a better wintering-place, regarding the winter months strictly, than the golf resorts of the Basses Pyrénées; and since there is golf there—of such quality as one may at least be grateful for on the Riviera—it may be said at once that the winter campaign of the climate-hunting golfer can nowhere else be as well begun. The accommodation, as everybody knows, is excellent, even if it be rather dear; but when it includes such a measure of warmth and sunshine, perhaps it is not excessive. So for December and January the golfer will do well at Cannes, and by early February he may be re-thinking himself of a change of quarters—not a change for the better, so far as the quarters go, but a change to better golf. About the first of February the climate of Pau is becoming trustworthy.

If a man is in a hurry, on leaving the Riviera, to arrive in the neighbourhood of the French Atlantic seaboard, the train service between Marseilles and Bordeaux is one of the best in France. It is more interesting, however,

and in point of distance shorter, to crawl along from Toulouse, beside the upper waters of the Garonne, and to come down on Pau through the Hautes Pyrénées. Here you may pass by Luchon, may branch off to Bagnères, may find yourself in the neighbourhood of Lourdes, where they will perform any miracle upon you, even to the extent of curing you of missing short putts.

In Pau you will find a quality of softness in the atmosphere which even the greater warmth of Cannes did not supply. You will dwell, most probably, in one of those great and good hotels, the Cassion or the France, which stand on the high terrace from which you look out over the rushing Gave and away on over numerous billows of foothills, rising higher and higher till they lead the eye to the shining snow-peaks of the Pyrénées, culminating in the lofty isolation of the Pic du Midi. Or—there is always an alternative—for a week the whole landscape may be wrapped in haze, and you may have no visible evidence of a mountain within a thousand miles of you. By preference, however, let us take the more promising alternative. Then, after an "early breakfast," which you will enjoy as much, if you are wise, with some thing certainly not less solid than an *œuf à la coque*, you will stroll along the terrace, warmed, past the famous "Château Blanc" IV, whose wonderful reputation you will reserve for the stimulation of your eyes in a wondrous day when the sun has been through a curtain of rain or otherwise has given the location of the Pyrenees. And as you win your way over the wind in the hillside, and along in winding highway, which gives level ground of the mountainous landscape of the Gave, down to the lake and

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the level plain of Billères. Here you find a club-house more picturesque than most of the buildings designed or adapted for such uses, with a verandah, and a balcony opening from the ladies' club-rooms above. At a little distance is Lloyd's club-making shop, surrounded by a mass meeting of the unemployed caddies, who will clamour in pleasant Béarnaise for your custom. Among these sabotted and berretted *oiseaux*¹—many of them sad rascals, it is too likely, in the degeneracy inevitable in those of the lower humanity who consort with the golfer or the horse—are to be found some sterling good players. The plain of Billères lies low, on a level almost with the river Gave. South of the river the lower ranges of the Pyrénées begin to rise immediately. Doubtless it is by reason of its situation that it is so peculiarly windless. The golfer, starting on his round from the club-house, and playing out for the first hole or two along the side of the river—into it, if he pull his ball—recognises at once this peculiar quality. There is a peace in the atmosphere—a peace which is inexpressibly soothing to the irritated nerves (no man ought to lose his temper or to miss short putts at Pau), but a peace which is not altogether wholesome to one who comes direct from the golf-links of our keen east coast. However, the judiciously spent interval at Cannes will have prepared the system for a grateful assimilation of the peace. The quality of the golf is in harmony with the soothing conditions of the climate. The lies are excellent, the turf more beautiful than we are accustomed to find it in links which do not skirt the sea,—won-

derfully beautiful when we consider that we are out of our own country, which is the best turf-producer in the world. Until we come to the four last holes, the absence of hazard assists the general suggestion of this all-pervading peace. The verdant plain is dotted with occasional thorny bushes, at which, when our ball gets into them, we should swear in any other climate. There are some bluff escarped faces, with the holes perched on plateaux above them; there is a hole among apple-trees; and, having accomplished these, we drive over, or into, the plot, valuable from its gutta-percha deposits, of a peasant of the country; and so, over another field, fenced by high hedges, back again to the smiling plain and the glancing river. Despite the comparative absence of hazard in these first fourteen holes, they are not to be done in a very low score, for they are long, though there is a certain sameness in their features or lack of feature. The last four holes amply atone for this—they are full of expression. For the first of them you may go straight, if you please, over Lloyd's shop, over several other outhouses, over the mass meeting of the *oiseaux*, over a branch of the Gave—but you will need to be a greater than Douglas Rolland to carry them all. Nevertheless, over this branch of the Gave you must go, or give up the hole and all the honours pertaining to it. If you face at right angles to the direct, heroic line to the hole, you may cross the river with a half iron-shot; but the bolder and nearer you drive to the straight line the shorter will be your approach stroke. For the last hole of all you again cross this limb of

¹ A plural of *oisif*, often in use in old provincial French—"loafers."

the Gave, with a full iron-shot—a distance much the same as that of the St Andrews short hole going out. The two holes intermediate, the sixteenth and seventeenth, bristle with brambles, while the latter, in addition, presents peculiar facilities for a visit to the river.

By all which efforts you have well earned your *déjeuner*, well cooked and served in the clubhouse, and thereafter, a smoke in the shade of the verandah, with the unequalled panorama of the Pyrénées before you. Here you will discuss the bad luck which attended you on your round, and when your friends are weary of this theme, you will be told the story of the foundation of the club—how, with the immortal exception of Blackheath, it is the most ancient golf-club, south of the Tweed, in all the world as known to the moderns. The writer having claimed an uncle as one of the original founders of the club at Pau, a waggish friend informed him that it was rare to meet a man whose uncle had not founded the Pau Golf Club. The truth is, that a little colony of Scottish and English gentlemen finding themselves at Pau, sorely in need of occupation, and with the plain of Billères before their eyes, betook themselves to golf as naturally as ducks to water, and established the club which now flourishes so pleasantly. In the club parlour hangs a picture of three surviving founders—Archdeacon Sapte, Colonel Hutchinson, and Major Pontifex—to whose likenesses the golfer will turn grateful eyes.

Inured by the training of Cannes to the atmosphere of peace, and invigorated by the *déjeuner*, the golfer may again tempt fortune among the *buissons*, the

escarpments, the apple-trees, the hedges, and the ramifying Gave. Only, on his return from this afternoon round, let him beware, for here too, as on the Riviera, the sunset hours are the most treacherous. He may walk homeward again through the grove, or, more likely, may prefer to drive in one of the closed hack-carriages which he will find in attendance. For the homeward walk is up-hill, and this is not the “caller” air of the kingdom of Fife. In the English Club he may find whist or games of greater hazard, or billiards, either French or English, or literature equally polyglot. He will find multitudes of his compatriots—always a consideration to the English innocent abroad—and many fellow-countrymen of the original immortal “Innocents.”

The climate throughout February is nearly sure to be a joy to him. If he please, he may vary his golf by hunting with the Pau hounds, who probably show the best sport of any pack out of England. He may make expeditions into the Pyrénées, with the object of shooting *izards*—the Pyrenean chamois—who are an elusive quarry. If he be exceptionally fortunate, he may even achieve the glory of shooting a bear. But by the end of February it is likely that he will begin to find the peace rather too much for him. A disinclination to a second round, which he had never known in the keen air of Scotland, will be beginning to warn him that the too kindly climate is relaxing his energies. He will sigh for a keen breeze to revive his vigour, and will listen, with the ear of longing, to the frequent dictum of the *habitué* of Pau, that “it always blows a gale at Biarritz.” He bethinks him that it would be good for his lungs, good for his muscles, good for his ap-

petite, good, finally, for his golf, to taste once more the flavour of a gale—and the final consideration decides him. The journey is not a great one. Three hours or so, according to the caprices of the train-service, should take him to Bayonne, whence a further train voyage, or a drive of something over three miles, will land him at Biarritz and the caves of *Æolus*. In the *Æolian* qualities he may chance to be disappointed—the bags of all the winds are not always opened at Biarritz, as the reports which he heard at Pau had seemed to indicate—but he is not likely to fail to notice a salutary ozone-laden breath off the sea, which is refreshment after the great peace of the plain of Billères. He may even comment on this to a *habitué* of Biarritz, and in that case will be answered by an “Oh, Pau! My dear fellow, one cannot breathe there,” which should induce reflection on human nature and on the inestimable blessing of contentment with one’s lot. At Biarritz he will find hotels as good as those at Pau, and somewhat cheaper. Indeed he will recognise that his expenses—other things, such as his thirst, being equal—have been in a decreasing scale with each move,—Pau cheaper than Cannes, Biarritz cheaper again than Pau. There is satisfaction in this, as in the more generous, more free air that he inhales gratis. He will repair to the club of his compatriots, which he will find similar to that of Pau, though smaller; and again, in its designation, he may note a suggestion of greater liberality. At Pau it was the “English” Club—here, with appreciation of the delicate susceptibilities of an island adjacent to England, it is yeleft the “British” Club; in which name the Scotsman too may have enough Caledonian patriotism to rejoice.

In place of the snow-clad Pyrénées, his view shows him a tumbling race of white-crested billows—as fine a sea as any on the Atlantic Coast. He will mount an open fly—with the mental observation that the flies of Pau were like the plain of Billères itself, shut in—and be driven a short mile, up-hill, to the golf links. He will reverse the order of the going which was his habit at Pau. There he habitually walked to the links, and drove *from* them, because they were down-hill from the town. Here he will by preference drive *to* them, and walk *down*—always choosing to walk in the direction of the less resistance. Moreover, in the more vigorous air he will find the walking less fatiguing. At the same time he will reflect, if he be wise, that the climate of Biarritz, which he may trust now that it is March, was scarcely to be depended on, equally with that of Pau, in February.

From the high ground, if the day be clear, he may still see the Pyrénées and the Pic du Midi, but at so great a distance that his driver, who would preferably talk Basque, tells him in French, which he has a difficulty in understanding, that it would promise better for the weather if the snow-clad peaks were not visible. The clubhouse he will find to be a building of less glory, beauty, and comfort than that of Pau, though answering its purpose adequately.

The links of Biarritz and of Pau do not compare well; they are too dissimilar. While the features of the latter are their length, their flatness, the excellence of their lies, and their comparative immunity from hazards, the links of Biarritz are remarkable for their boldness, their undulations, and their numerous difficulties, which are not always avoided when the ball lies on what ought to be the

good green of the course. The putting-greens themselves are good enough; it is the green between the holes which might be better. In compensation, as it were, for its greater difficulty, the Biarritz course is considerably shorter than that of Pau, and, in consequence, it is an easier course to the good golfer—a course which the good golfer will accomplish in fewer strokes than he would require at Pau. On the other hand, for the weak or erratic golfer it will be found more difficult, by reason of the vileness of the lies on parts of the course, and by reason of the ubiquity of hazard. Wherefore Biarritz may be said to be the better school for golf—a school in which the golfer must learn, perforce, to play all his clubs; whereas at Pau, in a way of speaking, he might play all round with his putter, always, however, excepting from this statement the last four holes. The golfer whose ball cleaves, like the serpent, to the earth will make no way at Biarritz. The drives must be good, carrying shots, the iron approaches must pitch well up to the hole. Consider, for example, the second hole, and tremble. The well-struck tee-shot will put you within ironing range of the hole. Others have ironed there before you, so your troubles may be complicated by an evil lie. Without that complication they are sufficient. First there is a hedge, then a road, and then another hedge, and the hole is just beyond the second hedge. These troubles do not face you fairly, but slant away from you, running up close beside the hole, so that you have to pitch the ball “like a poached egg,” as Mr Alfred Lyttelton puts it, to get at all near the hole. And you dare not harden your heart and resolve to be past, for if you are much past—

five-and-twenty yards past—you are over the edge of a tremendous sea-cliff hundreds of feet high, and both ball and hole are irretrievable. When you have putted out this hole successfully, you tee off on the edge of the chasm which is a famous feature of Biarritz links. The sea thunders away at the chasm's floor, and across it, from brink to brink, you must go, for disaster is fatal, and there is no way round—no way, at least, that is worth the going. But, after all, the chasm should be appalling only to the very faint-hearted, or the very feeble. A stout half iron-shot would send the ball across. It is only the frowning aspect of the sheer cliffs that makes it terrible, and in point of difficulty it is not a circumstance to the approach to the second hole.

In the inception of golf at Biarritz, nine holes were the extent of the course. Latterly it has been enlarged to eighteen, and the new nine are still a little “in the rough.” These are those holes of which the Pau golfer asked, aghast, “What! d’you call this a golf links? I call it a grouse-moor!”

The covert is being worn away; there is scarcely heather enough now to give a very good screen for a covey, but there is enough to give a very bad lie for a golf-ball. Still, what is education but a series of adversities? In the keener air of Biarritz the golfer is equal to “howking” a ball out of a lie before which he would have sat down and wept in the midst of the great peace of the plain of Billères. The grouse-moorish holes are full of interest; indeed, of the entire course of the Biarritz links one may say that there is not a stroke which is without its special interest; and that is a deal to say—more than one can say of Pau,

though there the lies are so much better. On the older half of the course the turf is as good as is to be found on any links which are not of the real seaside sort. The principal hazards are hedges, ditches, roads, bunkers in which there is real sand, as if the links were of the seaside quality, and deep holes which the golfer calls punch-bowls, and which, one is told, were gravel-pits in their original purpose. There is no symptom of gravel in them now. When it is said that these links are not of the real seaside kind there appears need of a word of explanation, since the Atlantic thunders beside them, and often swallows an erratic golf-ball. These links are truly enough beside the sea, but they are not seaside links in the golfer's sense—not seaside links in the sense in which the links of St Andrews, Prestwick, Westward Ho, Sandwich, and the rest of them are so called. All these famous links occur near the estuary of some river, and undoubtedly are the work of what geologists call alluvial deposit, aided by the action of the wind in blowing up sand-dunes; so that all their turf is short and springy, with its roots in sand. Biarritz links are not like these. Their turf is of the consistency of down turf,—very similar in soil, only without the chalk, to the Eastbourne links, which also are close beside the sea, and yet are not seaside links according to the golfer's phrase. Nevertheless, they are sufficiently good for the golfer to disport himself thereon with pleasure and with profit—profit primarily to his golf, and secondarily to his health, which, after all, is a consideration.

For, though he will not find himself in so unredeemed a cave of *Æolus* as his friends at Pau

would have had him believe, he will yet meet with plenty of bracing breezes to freshen his energies after the relaxation of the climate of Pau. He will find a refreshing *déjeuner* quite good enough for the hungry golfer, if he be careful in the ordering of it beforehand, in the club-house; he will find in Willie Dunn a very obliging and fairly efficient clubmaker; and, unless he be a dweller on the highest branches of the golfing tree, he will find more than his match in one or two of the bigger caddies. The quickness with which even the least of these little urchins picks up the duties incidental to the honourable profession of club-carrying is strong testimony to the alert intelligence of their nation, and they show an aptitude for playing the game which is characteristic of so athletic and game-loving a race as the Basques. Sunday is their great practising day. Though the liberal-minded golfer will sometimes so far forget his insular scruples as to play on the Sabbath, yet the majority willingly take this one holiday out of seven. The flags are not set out, so that a forecaddie is a necessity. The club-house, however, is open, and a few indefatigable spirits pursue the game. Nevertheless the links are for the most part vacant, and the caddies, sometimes with their female relatives in attendance, emulate the weekday example of their masters. Many will be playing with clubs of their own manufacture—a springy shaft thrust into a block of wood for the head; and even with these rude weapons they make better practice than is often achieved by the masters. They have begun at the right age, and it may be that a future champion is studying, in sabots and berret, on the links of Biarritz.

Both at Pau and Biarritz the golfer will find fairly good short links for ladies. At Pau, after the first of April—*absit* any kind of suspicion of *omen* from the inauspicious date—ladies are allowed to play on the long links after four o'clock; but at Biarritz this high privilege is only accorded by special leave of the committee. At Biarritz, as at Pau, the golfer may vary his regular occupation by hunting. It is not the hunting of Leicestershire, for the country presents an alternative of very small fields and immense sandy-floored pine-forests, but it may serve as a change. The month of March is rather late for any sport in the way of shooting; but fair trout-fishing may be obtained by a little "roughing it" in the way of sleeping in rude hosteleries in the neighbourhood of Irun. But always there are interesting expeditions to be made into the beautiful Pyrenean country—to Cambo, or, across the Spanish border, to Fontarabia, or San Sebastian; and if the golfer have a turn for military history, he may study on the spot the scene of much of Wellington's masterly strategy in the Peninsular war. He may play tennis, if it pleases him, in the oldest tennis-court in the world—the model of all our tennis-courts—the *triquet*-court, as it is called, at Bayonne. But, above all, he will not fail to visit St Jean de Luz, and to take his golf clubs with him, for there too is a golf links. It is only of nine holes, of later inception than the Biarritz links, and not equal to these in excellence; nevertheless, it makes an amusing change in the middle of a month's golf. There is no club-house on the links, so the golfer who has come over by road or train will do wisely to take *déjeuner* at the

Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is all on his way from the station to the links. He will find caddies who stand in need of much instruction in the game, and their education is rendered the more troublesome by the circumstance that their language is the undiluted Basque. The St Jean de Luz links, though they are small, are by no means of the sort which a man can play over with a putter. The tee-shots require to be driven with a good length of carry, for the ground undulates steeply, and there is no run on the ball. One tee-shot presents features like those of the Biarritz chasm. The chasm, in fact, embraces a far wider arc of sea, if one drive at all straight for the hole, but affords a better chance of circumnavigation by the inland route.

Towards the end of March the golfer will find days at Biarritz in which a solar topee is a grateful style of head-dress, though the sun's rays strike with less power than in the frying-pan of the plain of Billères. Nevertheless, they will scorch him sufficiently to make him think with some regret, tempered by a wholesome memory of certain days when the British March is lion-like, of the keener breezes of the East Neuk of Fife. The wholesome memory, however, will give him pause before he takes passage for London in the Peregrine or Hironnelle from Bordeaux, or purchases a through ticket *viâ* Paris. Then a friend will not do him a bad turn if he suggest to him that there is such a place as Dinard, and within three or four miles of it the links named St Briac, which are better than any he has yet tried in France. The sea-coast of Brittany is surely a good half-way house for the golfer about April, between the ardent sun of the Basses Pyrénées and the east

winds of Great Britain. The course to Dinard, however, is not too clearly marked, unless the golfer be fortunate enough to hit on a good forecaddie in the person of some one who has already made the journey from Biarritz. The *indicateur* points to Bordeaux inflexibly as the first stage. After that there is a puzzling choice between going by way of Paris, by way of Tours, or by way of Nantes. Other things being equal, and Paris possessing no pressing attractions, the last line—*via* Nantes—is certainly the best. It is also the cheapest. It is a safe rule to travel with in France, that you save money whenever you avoid Paris.

A second safe rule is to avoid, if possible, night travelling on any except the great arterial lines of France. Bordeaux to Nantes scarcely falls within this category, though the train-service is good, and the golfer will do wisely to accomplish the journey by daylight. With this view he will spend a night at Bordeaux, where an excellent opera-house will perhaps have attractions for him. We may indicate to the golfer that he will find an excellent restaurant attached to the Hôtel de Bayonne; but as for his lodging we are at a loss to give him counsel, for a hotel which will meet his British requirements is hard to come by. However it is but for a night, and that a short one, for he must be in the train by 8.25 the next morning, to get through, with any comfort, to Nantes. This hour means an earlier start than would appear, for the French railway companies have a masterly way of setting down their station where it best suits the main purposes of the line, without any very studious regard for landing the traveller conveniently near his hotel. Thus, at

Biarritz he will have driven more than two miles to the station, and again the same fate will overtake him at Bordeaux, with the aggravation of cobble-stoned streets to drive over. Nantes is but little better. Here he will arrive a few minutes after five, after a journey through a stale and uninteresting country, gradually exchanging the land of the vineyard for the land of the apple-orchard. At Nantes, the Hôtel de France is good. They understand the arts of cooking, of comfort, and of charging. There are those who prefer the Hôtel des Voyageurs, where the last art is not practised in so great perfection, though still they are adepts at the minor ones. Certainly the rattle of the carriages, which seems almost night long, on the cobbles of the great square at Nantes before the Hôtel de France, is a trial to the wearied nerves of the traveller.

The next morning the start, sufficiently early still, is not so intolerable as from Bordeaux. The 9.20 train, going by way of Redon, will bring the golfer to Dinard in the course of the day—late for dinner certainly; too late for dinner probably, but the exact hour depends on the varying arrangements of the local train-services. There is a merit, which the golfer will now begin to recognise, if he did not so before, in these trains of France: they are not rapid, but they arrive with a wonderful exactness. The great locomotives resemble the "mills of God," in the slowness and the exceeding sureness of their grinding. The distance from Nantes to Dinard is roughly about half that between Nantes and Bordeaux, yet the journey, as will be seen, takes longer. In truth, on this, the last day of his pilgrimage, the golfer will spend as much time out of

the train as in it. At Redon he will have an hour or so in which to breakfast. At Rennes he will have yet longer, and may inspect the big town, and see multitudes of soldiery. At Dol he will spend an unprofitable half-hour; and at Dinan, where, probably, he will dine, he may be interested in seeing the quaint nooks of what is perhaps the most typical and picturesque town of old Brittany.

The links on which the men of Dinard play golf are not precisely at Dinard. They are nearer the town of St Briac, and are more strictly, though still not exactly, known as the St Briac links. In point of fact they are between St Briac and St Lunaire. If, in Dinard, you ask a cab-driver how far it is to *le golf*, he will tell you "eight kilometres." This, after deduction for cab-driver's measurement and conversion into English, means about four miles. In the season your cab-driver will charge you some six francs for taking you there and back, by which is meant that he will not do it for less: if you were to pay him on the scale of his first demand, without *mar-chander-ing* with him, you would not do the journey without the expense of gold. In winter he will take you there and back for three francs. Even this moderate expense is unnecessary thrice in the week, for a diligence runs on alternate week-days, starting soon after one. Thus it will be seen that the ordinary golfer of Dinard is a one-round man: it is possible, however, to stir him up to a better sense of his duty in grasping golfing opportunity.

The golfer need not stay in Dinard. There is a hotel almost at the first tee—within a quarter iron-shot of the golf club-house. Commonly it is closed in winter, but, for a party of golfers, no

doubt they would open it for a month. Or again there is a better hotel nearer St Lunaire, about a mile—a short mile—from the club-house. This latter hotel is absolutely on the ladies' links, so the members of the golfer's family ought to be well satisfied, if they too play golf. In Dinard there are more varied delights—a nice social club, very good gravelled lawn-tennis courts, a certain society, and shops. There is boating, too, in the mouth of the river. But it is possible to boat at St Lunaire; and, after all, a small party, sufficient unto itself for its society, might find in the unrestraint of the out-of-town hotels charms which would more than compensate for the dear delights of Dinard. The golfer would find himself installed among the sand-hills, with golf links all around him, with an unimpeded view of a bluer than British sea and a bolder than British coast, with just a stretch of dunes for his children to run over before they come to the pleasant sea-sands—dunes inadequately clad with the bent-grass out of which the skylarks will arise, and wind their way up to heaven to sing a song of thankfulness for Brittany. It is not without purpose that we call these sand-hills *inadequately* clad with the bent-grass. In a heavy gale of late 1893, the sand was torn off them and strewn in a thick bunkery mattress over all the ladies' links. Previously, these ladies' links had been the best of all such places reserved for ladies which the writer has seen. Since the storm, parts of them are ruined, temporarily—and it is difficult to say what chance there is of their recovery. The remainder, which was protected by sand-hills clad with a closer garment, has escaped, and is as good as ever.

If the golfer stay in Dinard his first drive to the links will charm him by the views it unfolds to him of the sea, studded with the many islets which make this coast so hard of navigation. Stretching to Cape Frehel he will see all the arc of the beautiful bay with its infinite indentations. His golfing soul will receive the peculiar inspiration, which Pau and Biarritz alike had failed to give, of approaching his golfing business over land which is real links, real sand-hills, real bunkers. Quite unexpectedly he will find himself beside the club-house, for it lies cunningly sheltered from the east by a rising bank of ground, and all the way from Dinard the east wind has been at the golfer's back.

He will find the accommodation of the club-house ample, if not luxurious; for though no luncheon can be obtained without previous orders, he may make up for this at the hotel close by—if it be open. He can always get tea, however, after the afternoon round; and for the most part he will fall in with the native manner, and content himself with one after-*déjeuner* round. A balcony outside the first-floor club-room is a good look-out place whence he can watch the incoming couples and the trials and sorrows of most of the round.

And, let it be said at once, this course on which he looks out is something altogether different from Pau or Biarritz. It has claims to be considered a first-class links. It is links—really sandy ground, too sandy since the storm of last year, which has visited parts of it with only a little less severity than that with which it visited the ladies'. Moreover, the rain has beaten upon it and the wind blown upon it until between them they have worked little

holes in the putting-greens, which now look small-pocked. But the spring growth is putting all this, which is a winter vexation, to rights again; and, winter or summer, there is not a hole on the course which is without its interest. The worst hole is the last, as happens curiously often on golf links, yet its faults are all negative—it is too featureless. At present the links are too short. They might be much bettered in the laying out. It may be said that there is no good attempting to lay out a first-class course when so few of the golfers are even third class; but, on the other hand, one cannot expect to attract a better kind of golfer unless the course be laid out for the best. In the long-run it never pays to cater for incapacity—it is no real kindness even to the incapable.

Nevertheless, taken as they are, the links are good—the best in France, so far as France as a land of golf is yet exploited. They have characteristics, too, which suggest the golf links of the North. Often there is a keenness in the air which may inspire the golfer by its likeness to that which has grown only too familiar to him on links of the British east coast; the sea of the Channel looks as if it belonged to the piece of water which beats on the shores by Bembridge and Hayling Island; all appearances conspire to remind him that he is drawing nearer home.

The links are divided into two parts by the rib of ground which shelters the club-house. It is not until the sixth hole that one comes in front of the club-house, and commences to play over the expanse stretching westward from it. Of this earlier part, the second hole and the fifth are so good that it is difficult to name better holes on any links. Indeed, it is easier

and briefer to name the holes which are inferior: thus, the first is of little interest, beyond the chance of hitting a Frenchman or his wife, if the drive be far enough across the rib to reach the road. The third hole is rather flat and unprofitable, and we have already given scant praise to the last. Of the rest, no one can be called anything but good, and some, notably the eleventh, are excellent. One selects the eleventh for special praise by reason of its length, for it needs a drive and a good long cleek-shot to reach it. This is about the greatest length of any hole on the course. Most of them, in all other respects admirable, err on the side of being too short—err in being of that worst of lengths, a drive and iron. Both drive and iron-shot, however, are full of interest, the sand-bunkers lying in wait for topped tee-shots, and the holes being well guarded by hazards of bunker or whin. The twelfth, again, is a very good hole. It is perched out on a corner abutting the sea. A very long tee-shot will reach it; but he who would attempt it in one carries his fate in his hands, for if he fail to hit a very good ball, he will be lost among the rocks of the shore. The safer way is to the left, inland. It is a path of roses in the season, for the little white low-growing blossoms cluster in the sandy soil; but a bed of roses is too soft lying for the golfer's comfort. Excellent, again, is the fourteenth hole, and yet more so the sixteenth, both of which require a very justly played second to find the green. The seventeenth is one of the shortest short holes, and one of the best on any green, perched up at a quarter iron-shot distance, with a steep sandy face on the near side, so that you must be up; the putting green itself at a

gentle slope up away from you, and rather heavy with sand, so that if you play a well-lofted or well-cut stroke you can stop the ball close to the hole, though it be only two yards beyond the face of broken sand. It is a very cleverly planted little hole.

There are too many "blind" approaches. This, however, could perhaps not be avoided in view of the undulating nature of the whole ground—and, after all, it is only the stranger whose ignorance is thus handicapped. The course is rather too short, rather too sandy, and the putting-greens rather in need of more attention than the club is able to give them; but, taken for all in all, they are the best links in France, and from the whole number of links in Great Britain it is doubtful if one could name a dozen to be placed on a list of merit before them. Moreover, there are many links in Great Britain which are less accessible from its metropolis, for St Malo is within eleven hours of Southampton, and St Malo is divided from Dinard only by an estuary, across which the ferry-boats run half-hourly.

Should "staleness" overtake the golfer, he may spend an interesting day or two in a visit to Mont St Michel, which is a place unlike almost any other. He will find the Breton caddie as quick and pleasant as the specimens which are grown in the country of the Bearnais or the Basques; and he may read, if he be a pious Englishman, sad omens of the times in the fact that Freemantle, the club professional, has abandoned his original calling as professor of cricket to turn professor of golf, which he practises, as well as professes, with a success that is altogether praiseworthy.

Without going into historical

details, it may be sufficient to say that there are, in the neighbourhood of the French coast, certain islands named the "Channel Islands," belonging to England, and of which the most considerable is Jersey—Jersey, where the pears and the cabbage-stalk walking-sticks come from. Jersey is a very good halting-place on the way from Dinard to England. The crossing from Jersey to England is commonly very much dreaded; indeed, we have heard a sailor say that he had been all round the world and had never been sea-sick except when crossing from Southampton to Jersey. Nevertheless, it is quite possible to be sea-sick on this passage without having been all round the world, and again it is quite possible to make the passage on a sea as smooth as a pond. He that ventures abroad must take his chance, and at all events one has a better chance in breaking up the crossing into little bits than in taking it all on one voyage. As the golfer, having embarked at St Malo, gets clear out into the open sea, it may happen that a stranger will refer to his golf-clubs as an excuse for addressing him with the information that if he will cast his eye eastward along the coast, beyond the cluster of houses which forms the watering-place of Paramé, he will see a stretch of ground which are the Paramé golf links. The stranger will express surprise that a golfer should be leaving Dinard without paying them a visit. The golfer will reply that he had indeed heard of them—had heard that in order to achieve such a visit it would be necessary for him to take a train from St Servan, and, after reaching Paramé, to drive yet four miles farther, in any conveyance that he might find, and

that the conclusive piece of information given to him was to the effect that the Paramé links were not a sufficient reward for so much trouble. To this the stranger will reply, that these observations are due to the jealousy which the people of Dinard feel towards the people and attractions of St Malo and St Servan; that there is an excellent *auberge* at the edge of the Paramé links, where one can get a very fair *déjeuner*; and that the links, though sandy, are by no means such as Dinard detractors would describe them. The "though sandy" is a saving concession which dispels the gently rising regrets of the golfer who had left the links of Paramé unvisited, and he is able to devote himself with a free heart to the task of grappling with all the demons of sea-sickness. These are in their highest spirits and best energy in the ever-vexed neighbourhood of those rocks the "Minquiers"—"Minkies" in the mouth of the English tar—which, in days of less perfect cartography, were a harvest-field of death to the sailors of these coasts and islands. The French name of the westernmost of these rocks, signifying "the reaper," is full of a very grim meaning. By this time the eye of the golfer, if he be able to lift it, may discern the whole extent of the southern coast-line of the little island, even to the neighbourhood of the golf links, which, it needs not to say, will be to him its chief attraction.

St Helier, where the golfer will probably stay, is a town which has no less than three daily papers, so there can be no question of its prosperity. It rejoices in the utmost freedom of trade, so that a man can smoke and drink at extraordinarily low prices; and no custom-house official invades the

sanctity of his portmanteau in a search for dynamite or Tauchnitz editions. Nevertheless, he will find himself again in a land where they speak his native tongue, in a land of English newspapers and cookery, and of penny stamps. In the town there is a good club; but to reach the golf links it is best to make use of the railway which runs eastward along the coast to Grouville. There are trains about once an hour, and though they stop at intervals so frequent as to remind the golfer of the "Metropolitan and District," they achieve the journey in twenty minutes. The platform of the station is but the distance of a short putt from the golf club-house, which is as comfortable as could be wished. The new-comer is beset by the usual horde of small banditti, each impressing him with their individual merits as carriers of clubs. Some of them talk the two languages, but most seem to understand English better, and will stare with some amazement at the golfer demanding, as he infallibly will on coming from the Continent, his *petit fer*. It will take him some two or three rounds to realise, after his late experiences of caddies of the sabotted and berretted kind, that it is possible for these British urchins to understand the meaning of the "light iron." Recollection will be brought back to him by gentler means if he happen to fall upon one of the bilingual kind. Under either guise, however, and in whatever tongue they speak of it, these little boys of Jersey know something about the game. They understand its details and its spirit. In fact, the golfer will not long have been at Jersey before he will have discovered himself to be in a land where they have the traditions—the "doctrine," *golficé* speaking—as they have it not in any of

the places, save Pau, of his earlier pilgrimage. Partly, no doubt, this impression is conveyed by the sound of the English tongue, which seems more suited than the gay accents of France to the stern purposes of Scotland's game; but partly, too, it is due to the fact that golf has a more serious hold on the inhabitant of Jersey than on the sojourner of Cannes, Biarritz, or Dinard. At these latter places it is a new thing; it has not yet impressed the local devotees with a sense of its gravity. But in Jersey they have been playing golf for years and years, and not been playing it badly. Vardon, who has made a good show in the professional competitions of England and Scotland, lived and learned on the Jersey links; and has a brother, less known to fame, who is his equal. The amateur talent is on a far higher level than on any Continental golf links. Pau may perhaps equal it—certainly will not surpass it—during its winter season; but in Jersey the golfer is resident and indigenous, in Pau he is only imported and migratory.

In point of fact, Jersey, as a land of golf, has the respectability and conservatism which comes of age alone. Golf was played at Jersey while Westward Ho, Wimbledon, Blackheath, and Pau were the only golf-clubs in existence south of London; wherefore the golfer will not be surprised to find himself in a country where the best traditions and manners of the game are reverently cherished and observed. He will find himself in a climate differing little from that of Dinard, for though the Jersey winter is mild, the spring east wind can nip shrewdly. In the twenty minutes which the train takes to go the very few miles to the course, he will have opportunity

for observing pear-trees in fine bloom, cabbages with stalks like barge-poles, and cows of the true Jersey breed, on the landward side of the track. Seaward he may see a jagged rock-field, leading out towards those "Minquiers," in whose neighbourhood he may have confided so many secret sorrows to the sea, and finally the coast of France, dim and low-lying in the distance. On close approach to the club-house, the castle of Mont Orgueil will come in view, like a Mont St Michel in miniature.

The links, less bold, and with less picturesque views of bold seascape than those of Dinard, are nevertheless of the right sandy soil and of far better lies. This latter quality is, no doubt, largely due to their greater age as golf links; for of all known rollers, beaters, and levellers of the ground, none is so good as the human foot, in sufficient frequency. The grass grows nice and short, and the driver, where required, may be taken for the second shot. But this will not often be needful, for the course is short. Most of the holes are of the length of a drive and cleek or iron shot. Most of them should be done in four. There is no lack, however, of occasions for increasing this ideal figure, and these occasions often take the vexatious form of banks of loose sand lying up just before the holes—the unkindest of all aggravations. For one can endure a bunker: there it is, and it is one's own fault if one get into it; but this loose sandy abomination hardly presents itself in the form of a difficulty to be carried, so that one is almost prone to lay its existence to the charge of envious gods. One feels that in the intention of the green committee it is a bank of grass; whereas you find yourself lying

on it in a niblick hole. This arraignment will hold against the course as a general whole; it is not altogether an easy course, although, or, perhaps, one should rather say because, its hazards are ill-defined. There are scrubby whins in places, also ill-defined, but these are not so troublesome as outlying sand. Indeed, almost all the sand is outlying. There is scarcely a real sand-bunker, in the clean-cut St Andrews sense, on the links. At the first hole there is no sand; you drive over patchy whins, and after a further struggle with the mashie you are there. The second hole is good golf; the first drive perfectly simple, the second endangered by a fort, if the ball be pulled, by a bunker—one of the best on the links—if it be short, and by a steep bank beyond the hole if it be strong. The fort again presents itself as a hazard for the tee-shot to the fourth. A pull into it loses the hole as fatally as a visit to the station-master's garden at St Andrews. On the right lies the sea-shore, and the stretch of good ground between is mighty narrow. Moreover, from the corner of the fort to the beach runs a road, by which men have hauled sand and seaweed, making big ruts, and it needs a stout shot to carry it. The second shot is almost equally hazardous, the hole lying near the sea-beach, and rifle-butts threatening a pulled ball with heavy penalties. Then follow two holes which Rolland would reach with comfort. Therefore they should be threes. But those who are not Rollands are apt to press to reach them, and with the aid of a shallow bunker, just before the former hole, and a keen plateau green, are likely enough to turn one of the possible threes into a five. The seventh is the longest hole. It cannot be reached in two,

and is a very sound hole in five. The eighth and ninth are the normal drive and iron-shot. The tenth is aggravated by a railway on the right hand to catch a heeled tee-shot, or, again, to catch the devious approach, for the hole is very near the wire fence. One could play from the railway with ease; but the wisdom of the Legislature has ordained that a ball wandering thither should be treated as lost. Next is a "blind" short hole. And here let it be said at once that there are too many blind shots on this excellent links of Jersey, and let it be said without prejudice to any objector who says that this is only when the tee is in a certain place, and so forth. That may be true, but one has to speak of courses as one finds them, and not as they are arranged perhaps for certain weeks during the year, or at special meeting times. After this, one comes to a long hole which sometimes is set upon a high place, upon which it is almost impossible to persuade the ball to remain—too high a test of golf, in fact. From this elevation, or a neighbouring one, you drive off, often into the middle of a football-match, and begin describing the letter Z as you zigzag backwards and forwards, playing holes of a drive and cleek shot, or drive and mashie shot, until the end.

If the spring is early, the golfer may find the links covered with wild-flowers and low-growing thyme, among which the bees will be buzzing and humming. The numbers of bumble-bees so struck some golfer that he presented the club with the "Bumble-bee" medal, which is one of its permanent challenge prizes. Amongst the thyme the lies are very tolerable, but scarcely first-rate, and the nature of the ground, just a little too sandy, aggravates the

difficulty. A good shot sometimes misses its reward, and finds its resting-place in a sandy pocket which has no right to exist. No doubt it is good practice to have to play out of these sandy drifts, but a better definition of hazard is to be desired. Over these links of Grouville broods, as has been said, a portion of the spirit of the classic saint of golf; nevertheless, in bigness and diversity of incident they do not compare with the links of Dinard, whose outlines you can almost make out, on a clear day, when rain is coming. Neither is their beauty on the same grand scale. It is all quieter, more peaceful, more homely.

After you have "done" the golf links, you have fairly well "done" the island. The other Channel Islands offer good sea-fishing; but the coast off Jersey is shoal, and fish are as scarce at St Helier as at most seaside places. One cannot go on eating the big pears for ever, nor all the year round, and the joy of walking with a long cabbage-stalk for a stick is one that palls. But you can go in a boat, or walk at low tide, to the fort named the Hermitage, opposite the Grand Hotel; you may have a look over the Gorey castle; you may even take the Great Western Railway and run out to visit St Aubin and Corbière. And when you have done these things, you will be filled with a sense of satisfaction that they are accomplished and are not to do again. But if the golfer be a flower-lover, his eyes and heart may have a feast of beauty and interest in the wild-flowers which he may find in walks or drives over the island, or in masses in the shops of the market-women.

Amongst those who live on an

island you reasonably expect to find a certain insular prejudice, especially when the island of their habitation is so small an one as Jersey. Nevertheless, even among the conservative golfing-men of Jersey you may have heard it said, in whispers, that the Guernsey links were better. It has happened to few, perhaps, to have even heard that golf was played in Guernsey; but such ignorance is merely due to the local prejudice of those who live in our greater island.

Apart from the golf, it is pleasant to make a half-way house of Guernsey on the way home. Your boat from Jersey starts at ten minutes to eight, if you choose the Southampton route; at twenty minutes past eight, if you elect to travel by Weymouth. Either hour is too early. You realise it more distinctly when you find yourself, after a hurried breakfast, on an unsympathetic sea, and by the time you have reached Guernsey—a run of an hour and a half—you are quite ready to be at the end of your journey. You cannot escape Guernsey. All the boats from Jersey to England call there, and take on board a few passengers, and an extraordinary number of baskets filled with fruit or flowers or vegetables for the home market. Will it be believed that thirty-two miles of glass-houses for the growing of early tomatoes, potatoes, and other products were put up in the course of last year alone?

As an unsupported statement it will not be believed: the writer is not prepared to vouch for it, though it has been given him as a sober fact of statistics. But so soon as ever the visitor finds himself outside the houses of Peter's Port, and on his road to the golf links, he will be prepared to accept any statement whatsoever with regard

to the extent of glass on the island. A waggonette conveys the golfer, at fixed and extraordinarily low charges, to the scene of his joys and sorrows, some three miles from the town; and after a mile or so has been traversed, he will find himself driving on a road which might easily be thought to have the sea close on either side of it, so continuous is the glint of the sun off the perpetual glass-houses. At the present rate of progress it may readily be computed how soon the island will be converted into one immense Crystal Palace, and shortly before that era there will be a very heavy premium on straight driving. On reaching the club-house, which supplies all that the simple soul of the golfer should require, you will be surrounded by a troop of caddies clamouring a chorus, in which shrill voices of little girls will bear a part. It is a discovery, on the part of the Guernsey golfer, that the girl-caddie gives more attention to your needs, more sympathy to your misfortunes, than that most savage of all wild animals, as Plato calls him, the boy. It is a significant fact, which should not be overlooked by advocates of women's rights. If a small girl is competent to be a golf-caddie, of what may not the grown woman be capable?

These caddies, the male and the female alike, speak of preference a language of which you may say with equal truth that it is French or English; for neither Frenchman nor Englishman can understand it. They can understand your English, however, and can answer you in a form of that language which is within the comprehension of the simple. The first use which they will make of this means of communication is to tell you that you have to walk

nearly half a mile to the first tee. This is the more annoying, because the walk is over ground which is clad in whins, looking as if they were providentially put there for the trial of the golfer's soul. But the commoner is of a stiff-necked generation, whether he be called potwalloper, or squatter, or "parishioner," which is his title in Guernsey—a title which gives him an interest in those whins, and the right of pasturing his cattle. With the true instinct of the commoner, he puts as much value on the whin-bushes as if they bore Jersey pears. And the second use which the caddie will make of his power of communicating with his master, will be to tell him that he is not allowed to play his ball out of the whins into which he has topped it off the first tee. This is fiendishly exasperating, but the rule has to be observed—lose one and drop behind. Then you drive into the big high-perched bunker before the hole, and have doubts of your enjoyment of the Guernsey links. The doubts soon vanish. When you have given up the hole, and are at peace again, you find yourself looking out over a most glorious seascape, which extends to three-quarters of your horizon. The cliffs are bold and rugged, and rocks in the sea relieve its blue, and break it into foam. The golf-course sweeps down from you, and then away up on your right hand, in a fine natural curve of beauty. The highest bends are crowned by great outcropping boulders of grey rocks as big as a church; smaller slabs jut from the tops of lower hills, here and there forming a natural imitation of Stonehenge, but they are so grouped together that straight driving will avoid them. Your hazards are varied by whins, with the blighting rule attaching to

them; by sand-bunkers; by the sea and its beach, on the north; by a huge walled enclosure on the highest ground of all, an enclosure enclosing emptiness. It is said that it was the encampment of the Russian troops, our allies who came to govern Guernsey for us in 1815, when all the British troops that we could spare—and a few more perhaps—were busy trying to catch "the little corporal." Since then we have changed friends, have stood shoulder to shoulder with France, and our front towards Sebastopol. From that, again, it is something of a jump to the recent demonstration at Toulon; yet the wall still stands, square and huge and grey, on the height of the bare links, like a Russian column on the steppes. All which historical facts and reflections are of less importance to the golfer than that if his ball go into the enclosure it has to be considered as lost.

This, again, is an exasperation; but before the wall is reached, and afterwards, the character of the golf offers charming compensations. The lies are perfect: St Andrews cannot furnish anything to compare with them. The holes are full of interest, and each has its individual interest. There is no tautology, and there is but one cross. The putting-greens are natural, and excellent. There are many "blind" holes which will bother the visitor, but they are of no account to the *habitué*, who could find his way round in the dark. For in Guernsey the *habitué* is a very ardent golfer, though golf is a very late invention in the island. The ardour is not confined to a sex, for the ladies play at large over the long links. As in the neighbouring Jersey, there is no ladies' links; but whereas at Jersey ladies only play golf under

sufferance, and pain of being passed at every putting-green, at Guernsey they golf on terms of something like equality. They have tea in the drawing-room of the club. Instructed by their discovery of the capacity of the feminine intellect for golf-caddying, the Guernsey-men have given the lady golfer a recognised position.

The visitor, if he admit the assumption that the male golfer is the nobler animal, will see reason in the difference of treatment of ladies in the two islands respectively. The Jersey links are often athrong with golfers, and the course crosses frequently. In Guernsey golfers are few, comparatively, and there is room and to spare for every one.

Of course, to a golfer who is playing badly the scene of his sorrow cannot be a pleasant one; but it is inconceivable that to any other than him the links of Guernsey can give anything but the purest joy. They are so bold and breezy. The great rock-masses springing straight out of the green hill-crests are wonderfully charming in effect. They are just the sort of rocks which we see in the Biblical pictures illustrating the phrase, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" or again such as we see in illustrated books of African travel, so that our fancy involuntarily looks for a lion waiting on the top of them for his prey to pass below. But there are no lions in Guernsey; were it not so, golfers would be even fewer.

If the golfing pilgrim be not delighted with the links of Guernsey, he must be very hard to please. True, the drive out, whether all the way by waggonette, or by a

complex connection of waggonette and electric tram, is troublesome; but what worthy golf links is not intolerably hard of access? The electric car itself may be a novelty. There is but one other which we know in connection with a golf links — at Portrush, namely; and it only connects with the Giant's Causeway. The wire of the Portrush cars runs close to the ground, and the incautious golfer may receive a shock. At Guernsey the wire is overhead; there are no such risks.

These Channel Islands extend to the migratory golfer the right hand of most liberal hospitality. There is a pleasant social club at Peter's Port, of which he may be made a temporary member. The sea-fishing is excellent; the views, the flowers, and the vegetables are lovely; alcohol and tobacco are very cheap: what can the golfer lack to make him happy? If he need a change, he may even try golf in Alderney, where there is a soldiers' links, which abound in incident.

Beyond this, on the road to England, are no more links, for as yet they play no golf on the Casquettes. Four hours in the steamer will bring the golfer within the Needles, with a store of sunny golfing reminiscences which will fill with envy the souls of those who have golfed through the British winter. He will have served as one item the more to convince the foreigner of the inveterate lunacy of the Anglo-Saxon race; but he will have spent months of a perpetual spring at his favourite pastime, and learned how to ask for the "light iron" in French.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

FAREWELL TO BEN VRACKIE.

NEXT to Lochnagar, immortalised by Lord Byron's juvenile Muse, and Ben Muic-dhui, with the other heights that separate Strath Spey from Deeside in the region of Braemar, there is perhaps no Highland Ben, not even lofty Nevis, whose name is more familiar to the northern tourist than Ben Vrackie. Standing as it does in the central county of picturesque Scotland, and looking loftily upward with a distinct peak that cannot be ignored, it strikes the eye of every traveller who moves from the fair town of Perth to the breezy heights of Kingussie, through the gay village of Pitlochrie, along the sounding bank of the Tummel and the Garry, familiar to the ear of every lover of Scottish song. Though not, like the heights that overhang Stirling, looking down on the fields where Scotland so manfully asserted its political independence, it stands historically connected with Bruce in the farmhouse of Killie Brochan, which the tourist passes on his course westward by Bonskeid to the Queen's View at Loch Tummel. Our royal hero in his course westward, after the Battle of Methven in 1306, is said to have rested here, and in the wood on the brae-side—*Coille* (Gaelic for wood)—got his hunger satisfied by a plate of *brochan*—Gaelic, Irish and Scotch, for pottage. As for the name of the mountain itself, the word *Breac* in Gaelic signifies brindled or spotted, and the name of the mountain expresses the alternate stripes of white and black which the structure of the rocky Ben presents in the time of snow. The snow can lie continuously only on a more smooth and unbroken surface. The Latin term *Braccata*, with which the Romans designated the northern parts of Italy peopled by a Celtic race, seems to contain the same root—naturally enough from the striped or tartan garments worn by the inhabitants.

FARE thee well! thou proud Ben Vrackie,
Shooting high, and ranging far;
With the strong breeze sweeping round thee
From the Bens that bound Braemar.
Though my frail old foot may never
Climb thy rocky steep again,
Three brave summers I have known thee,
Known and loved thee not in vain!

Not with vacant gaze unfruitful,
Stout old Ben, I part from thee;
But with thoughts of lofty kinship
Which thy vision stirred in me,—
Thoughts of great men: songful David,
Caesar strong, and Plato wise;
Sword of Bruce, and spear of Wallace,—
Proud thoughts cousined with the skies.

Praised be God! no race of crouching
Slaves is bred on Highland hills,
'Neath the sweep of snow-capped mountains,
Gusty glens, and tumbling rills.
Not a race of fondled children,
Basking 'neath a Southern sun,
Sleeping half the day, and thankful
When their span of work is done;

But a race of men strong-hearted,—
Deedful, daring, fearless men,
Finding dear delight in wrestling
With the storms that shake the Ben,—
Men for every chance well bucklered,
That man may meet beneath the sky;
And for every prize the noblest
Bravely sworn to do or die!

Such were they who made proud Edward
Pay presumption's lawful meed,
When he marched with bristling legions
To enslave the Scottish Tweed.
Many wives and many mothers
Then his folly taught to mourn,
When, like dust, his thousands fled
From kilted Scots at Bannockburn.

Such were they who, when the Stuart
Yoked our conscience to his own,
Rose, and with loud voice denounced him
Traitor to his Scottish throne;
Rose, and, to make sure our sacred
Right to read the book of God,
At Drumclog and Aird Moss freely
Dewed with martyrs' blood the sod.

Fare thee well! thou proud Ben Vrackie,
Thou, and all that share thy lot,—
Foaming Tummel, rustling Garry,
Tom na Monaghan's kindly cot.¹
Fare thee well! and when I travel,
Rambling near, or wandering far,
May thy lofty peak go with me
Surely as a guiding star!

J. S. BLACKIE.

¹ A cottage on a *tom* or knoll, on the extreme west of Pitlochrie, where a road on the right hand passes up to Ardvreckie. This cottage and the adjacent lofty mansion belong to Miss Molyneux, a lady well known in the neighbourhood for her wealth of female graces and kindly hospitality.

THE NEW AMERICAN TARIFF.

IN December 1892, a few days after the Presidential election in the United States had resulted in the victory of the Democrats, we were enabled to present to our readers a history of American tariff policy and legislation, an account of the election contest that had just closed, and an outline of the changes likely to be effected by the incoming administration.¹ We pointed out that the performance of the Democratic party would not come up to the expectations raised by the circus bills; that no one need expect even the appearance of a free-trade tariff; that no sudden changes would be made; that the Democratic party was too shrewd to withdraw suddenly the props from industries that had been created by the Republican system; that a panic would be the result if this were done; that time would be given for the withdrawal of capital from the industries likely to be effected by change; that a considerable reduction of duties would in the end be made on goods not competing with American manufactures; and that further reductions would be made on articles supposed to be over-protected, and on articles entering largely into consumption by the poor.

We resume the discussion of an always interesting subject for the purpose of showing that this forecast has in the main been fulfilled; of placing once more before the public the circumstances surrounding the new legislation; and of giving a general view of the "Wilson Bill"—as the new Tariff Act is called—and its bearing on

external commerce. The readers of the former article will see that, as nearly two years have elapsed since the Presidential election, our forecast of prudential slowness of movement has been sufficiently exact. Of course the elections did not in America place power in the hands of a new administration at once. Months had to elapse before the new President was inaugurated. Other months had to elapse before Congress could be called. In the meantime the activities of the country were paralysed by the mandate which had been menacingly issued by the people for wholesale changes in policy. Operations extending over any but the briefest time were not entered upon. The menaced manufacturers ceased to be active. Workmen began to be discharged. Contracts ceased in many instances to be filled. Strong banks began to pursue conservative lines on loaning, and weak banks succumbed. The weakness of the silver legislation revealed itself in a universal want of confidence in the silver currency. Those who had national currency in paper would not part with it. Wages could not in many cases be paid by some of the richest corporations in America. Not alone the internal circumstances of the country contributed to this result. The vindictive policy of the McKinley Bill, which had threatened in turn the domestic and colonial commerce of every nation in Europe, provoked its natural results. The Foreign Creditor, acting with the relentless force of a natural law,—as capital always acts in international relations,—returned upon

¹ "The Presidential Elections in America," *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dec. 1892.

the hands of the United States the gold-bearing securities in which perfect confidence could no longer be placed; and the gold-borrowing nation was forced to recognise the fact that it could not with impunity become a pirate to its creditors. A winter followed of such distress that the pangs of its poverty penetrated the remotest recesses of the country, and awakened in many serious minds the terrors foretold in Scripture of a great tribulation. Finally Congress met; the Wilson Bill was prepared and presented; it was discussed at length with much bitterness and some scenes of disturbance; and has at length, after several revisions, been brought forth a complete legislative measure.

Two points may be noticed before we proceed to deal directly with the effects of the bill.

The first point is political, and regards the United States itself. Those who in this country have been snared by the cant of catching phrases concerning "Federal" government, may look with alarm, if not with positive terror, to this example of a Government in which the Popular Will, though overwhelmingly expressed, is yet made powerless for many months (in this case for two years) by the rigidity of a written constitution. Twice in our own recent political history, in 1874 and in 1880, such sweeping popular votes had the effect of placing power almost immediately in the hands of the men in whom the country had expressed confidence. But in the United States such expression was vain.

The second point is commercial, and affects all the world, the United States included. It will be seen that the uncertainty which has prevailed regarding the tariff has affected not merely the manufactures, the imports and exports of the United States, but also the

manufactures and imports and exports of other nations as well. And this disturbance has been prolonged for so long a period that though the Wilson Bill is now a legislative measure, we are asked by those who are opposed to it in America to bear witness to the fact that State elections already show a reaction against the Democrats, and that the new tariff will not outlast its framers and their four years of power. In effect this means that the financial and commercial world is to be treated to four years more of experiment after 1896, with the assurance that the reactionists will return bringing seven other McKinleys with them. If the powers of combination in Europe are exhausted, and the kings of capital have lost their genius for finance, may we not venture to express a hope that there may be found in the widest-extended empire the world has ever seen some resource in a union, if not of hands and hearts, at least of policy and purses, against this systematic revolt on the part of America against the commerce of the world?

The Wilson Bill was committed to the committee of the whole House of Representatives, from the Committee of Ways and Means, by Mr Wilson of Virginia, on December 19, 1893. It was alleged in the Committee's report that the American people had decided that the existing tariff was wrong in principle and unjust in operation. The power of taxation had no lawful or constitutional exercise except for providing revenue for the support of Government: this proposition, it may be observed, was in contradiction of two of the best-known decisions of the United States Supreme Court in support of a protection tariff.

"So many private interests," says this very remarkable report, "have

been taken into partnership with the Government, so many private enterprises now share in the rich prerogative of taxing seventy millions of people, that any attempt to dissolve this illegal union is necessarily encountered by an opposition that rallies behind it the intolerance of monopoly, the power of concentrated wealth, the inertia of fixed habits, and the honest errors of a generation of false teaching."

This, indeed, was "comfortable doctrine," but the "*Glory, Hallelujahs!*" of a pious Democracy had hardly been uttered when the following sentences burst on their startled ears:—

"The bill on which the Committee has expended much patient and anxious labour is not offered as a complete response to the mandate of the American people. It no more professes to be purged of all protection than to be free of all error in its complex and manifold details. However we may deny the existence of any legislative pledge or the right of any Congress to make such pledge for the continuance of duties that carry with them more or less acknowledged protection, we are forced to consider that great interests do exist, whose existence and prosperity it is no part of our reform either to imperil or to curtail."

If the long delay in bringing in a measure justified our forecast as to time, this language fully justifies our forecast as to the smallness of the "free trade" revival that was to follow. That the Wilson Bill should be denounced by the most vigorous of the Democratic daily papers as a fraud on the public, which had issued its "mandate" in November 1892, was not very remarkable. In the Democratic "platform" of 1892 we may read as follows: "We denounce Republican protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. . . . We denounce the M'Kinley tariff as the culminating atrocity of class legisla-

tion." And when this declaration of 1892 is followed in 1894 by this other declaration in the report on the Wilson Bill—"But in dealing with the tariff, as with every other long-standing abuse that has interwoven itself with our social or industrial system, the legislator must always remember that, in the beginning, temperate reform is safest, having in itself the 'principle of growth'"—it is obvious that a sense of humour is required to appreciate the situation! The great American joke is never played out.

The gentlemen of the minority on the Committee put forth, of course, the legend on the other side of the shield. They pointed out that this new tariff would deprive the country at once of \$74,000,000 of revenue at a time when the latest figures available proved that the revenue was only \$2,000,000 above the expenditures. This was indeed a point to which the majority had addressed themselves, as they had stated that they looked to the increase of commerce to make up the loss of revenue, and also that they intended to bring in measures of internal revenue taxation—an income-tax among other things—to recoup the treasury. The Republicans also pointed out that "the larger part of the burden of taxation is transferred from foreigners and borne by our own citizens"—this being an old and favourite theory of the Republican party. Naturally, the Republicans also pointed out that the Democratic bill falsified the Democratic pledges, and was a distinct abandonment of the "mandate of the people." That the Republicans should take advantage of the obvious failure of the Democrats to fulfil their election pledges was only natural. But the plea did not carry much weight in the House, though it will have its

effect on the next elections. To catch the Republicans bathing, and to steal their clothes, is not a policy which can be permanently successful.

The political aspect of the bill having been thus presented, in a manner, we trust, sufficiently clear, the purely business character of it may be indicated in a general way. The bill has been "reported" at various stages, as it came from the House Committee, as it emerged from the House of Representatives, as it was reported from the Senate Committee, as it was placed before a joint committee, and as it has been finally passed. Each stage witnessed a change in its features. A few examples will suffice. Thus, the Wilson Bill, by means of the majority report of the House Committee, recommended the freedom of iron and coal as the basis of modern industry. The Republican minority protested that this concession was given to manufacturers at the cost of the mines and the railways. The item of iron and its manufactures finally appeared in the bill as passed in the House of Representatives, at from 10 to 35 per cent *ad valorem*, instead of the specific duty of so much per pound, as under the McKinley Bill of 1890 and the tariff of 1883. It emerges finally subject to a mixed specific and *ad valorem* schedule, the *ad valorem* duties showing in some cases an increase to 45 per cent, though there is still a general reduction of the specific duties on articles of common use, as compared with the McKinley Bill.

Wool was also put on the free list in the original bill, the old duty not having been, in the opinion of the Democratic majority, beneficial in its operation, and a revival of woollen industry being expected under a *régime* of free wool. The *Advocatus Diaboli* of

the Republican minority, however, contended that as experience had shown that the woollen manufacturers of the United States needed 30 to 40 per cent to protect them during many years, they would necessarily collapse when the duty was removed. The item came into the original bill at from 15 to 40 per cent *ad valorem*, instead of the high, mixed, specific, and *ad valorem* duty under the Act of 1890. The classification and conditions of import were also changed, and the reduction of the duty was spread over a period of years, ending in 1900—reminding us of the Irishman's way of cutting off his dog's tail a little at a time "to make it aisy for the baste!" The item finally emerges on the free list, and the authorities have decided that wool will not have to be re-exported and re-entered in order to obtain the benefit of the new duty. The Canadian border would have been made use of, by arrangement, in such a case, as is sometimes done in the case of liquors that have remained too long in bond, on which duty would have to be paid at once if the goods were not re-entered.

Books still remain at 25 per cent *ad valorem* under the beneficent influence of the printers' unions, who had power also to prevent copyright, except on the condition of printing in the United States; and the rule which allowed books in foreign languages to come in free, while English books were taxed, has been invidiously retained. Sugar has been made more free by the abolition of the domestic bounty given by the McKinley Bill; but it is not quite easy to say how an *ad valorem* duty (with specifics in addition) of 40 per cent is going to be of any advantage to any but the local producer, who can afford to

smile at the abolition of his direct bounty if he gets an indirect one. This sugar question has of course been one of the burning questions of United States politics for many years; and the charge that the Sugar Trust has actually purchased the votes of Senators in order to maintain the higher rates of duty, is the one that renders the bill as passed so very objectionable alike to Democrats who are free-traders and to Democrats who are not.

There was of course a struggle over the cotton duties. These duties were under the original bill greatly reduced; whereupon the *Advocatus Diaboli* of the minority declared that the new scale of duties would destroy the cotton industry of America, "and again place the American market under the control of the English manufacturer," who would of course proceed to put up the price of spool cottons when he had had the satisfaction of sketching the ruins of American factories from the broken arches of Brooklyn Bridge! At this point, no doubt, the British manufacturer's sense of humour, and his knowledge of business, will combine to render him less hopeful of such a picturesque and profitable pastime.

The general characteristics of British trade, as it is likely to be affected by the new tariff, may be very briefly indicated by means of the Annual Trade Returns for 1893, the latest published. Our imports from the United States have shown much fluctuation, as the following table will show:—

Imports from United States.

1889	.	.	.	£95,461,475
1890	.	.	.	97,283,340
1891	.	.	.	104,409,050
1892	.	.	.	108,186,317
1893	.	.	.	91,783,847

Exports to United States.

1889	.	.	.	£43,878,934
1890	.	.	.	46,340,012
1891	.	.	.	41,066,147
1892	.	.	.	41,412,006
1893	.	.	.	35,715,274

The aggregate trade thus shows a noticeable falling off; the most remarkable decrease in our exports having taken place in wool and woollen goods, yarns, silk manufactures (a decrease from £1,155,417 in 1889 to £301,107 in 1893), metals, glass manufactures, clothing, hardware, and like articles of purely domestic produce. But the trade is still so very large that the application of a new tariff which will last till 1896, and after that date as long as Congress may take to prepare a new one, cannot fail to be a matter of the most serious consequence to this country.

There are some broad general features of the tariff which need to be more particularly dwelt upon, and which lend themselves to more satisfactory treatment.

In the first place, the loss of revenue under this bill is admitted; had it followed the lines of the Democratic Convention, and of the original bill, there would have been a greater deficit than is now threatened. A larger importation will, of course, even with reduced duties, give a good revenue. The pension system, which was increased year after year for the express purpose of consuming a revenue which was too great to be handled, may be reduced in cost; and other internal taxes will be laid on. The income-tax, for which elaborate provisions are made, and which goes into operation after January 1, 1895, will no doubt add largely to the national revenue after the first experiments have given some degree of skill to those who are to

collect it. The minority do not tackle this part of the scheme.

In the next place, the great change in the bill is in the substitution of *ad valorem* duties for the mixed and specific duties of the tariffs of 1883 and 1890. This duty has been adopted with a particular regard, we are told, for the poorer classes. Twice in the history of the United States the *ad valorem* system was imposed—i.e., in 1842 and 1846-61. The two parties have always divided in regard to it. The tariff of 1842 was distinctly protective, and specific duties were mixed with *ad valorem* duties. The tariff of 1846-61 was Democratic, and though it adopted an *ad valorem* scale, it yet maintained a protection of from 20 to 40 per cent, which in those days was high protection. The discussion will no doubt continue, as there are no elements of finality in it; and the change from the specific to *ad valorem* now will so change the character of the statistics that the discussion of tariff questions in the United States will increase the number of inmates in the lunatic asylums.

Thirdly, the article relating to reciprocity provisions in the Act of 1890, under which the President made agreements and proclaimed them, is to be wholly done away with. In June 1892,¹ and in December 1892,² we had occasion to call attention to the peculiar character of these agreements as they bore on the most important changes of treaties in which this country is interested. It is with pleasure we notice that the majority report says—

"This section has brought no appreciable advantage to American exporters; it is not to increase or effect

a provision for reciprocity, but for retaliation. [We pointed this out in December 1892.] It inflicts penalties upon the American people by making them pay higher prices, for these articles of the fiscal necessities of other nations compel them to levy duties upon the products of the United States, which in the opinion of the President are reciprocally unequal and unreasonable. Under the provisions of this section, Presidential proclamations have been issued imposing retaliatory duties upon five articles (sugar, molasses, tea, coffee, and hides) when coming from certain countries. These proclamations have naturally led to ill feeling in the countries thus discriminated against, and to diplomatic correspondence in which it has been claimed, with apparent justice, that such discriminations were in violation of our solemn treaty obligations."

In expressing in December 1892 our hope that the new régime in America would have more respect for "the opinion of Christendom," we had these proclamations, agreements, and treaties in view.

It must be kept in mind that though many reductions have been made on the lines we have indicated, the new tariff is a distinctly Protective Tariff. The average rate of duties imposed on dutiable importations in 1892 was 48.71 per cent. The rate that would have been imposed under the duties in the original Wilson Bill would have been 30.31 cent,—a protection which seems high, and a source of revenue which seems certain. This rate has now been raised. In view of the fact that this 30 per cent average—which in the case of particular lines of manufactured goods amounts of course to very much more—stands in the way of the foreign exporter, we may accept with many "grains of salt" the

¹ *Williams, Smith, and Twiss*, "Blackwood's Magazine," June 1892.

² *The Protectionist Movement in America*, "Blackwood's Magazine," Dec. 1892.

statements made by the opponents of the bill, that the English manufacturer is going to dominate the American market; that the growth of any sort of sugar-cane or beet in the United States will be impossible; that free salt will transfer the New England markets to England and Canada; that free flax and hemp will transfer that industry from America to India; that the reduction of the silk duties will remove all manufactures to France, Germany, and Japan; and that free coal would destroy the value of the coal deposits of thirty-one States of the American Union. We have seen, of course, that the financial fabric of the United States is a frail structure. It is hardly possible to believe that after a century of protection the manufacturing, mining, and agricultural industries of the United States are at the mercy of the effete monarchies and experimental Republics of Europe, even with a wire fence of 30 per cent to protect them.

Again, an attempt, feeble enough indeed, but well meant, has been made to encourage that long-suffering, and always delicate, national industry—native shipping. This is attempted in two ways. In the first place, it is provided that all articles of foreign production imported for the construction and equipment, or repair, of vessels built in the United States for foreign account, or for the purpose of being employed in the foreign trade, including the trade between the Atlantic and the Pacific ports of the United States, may be imported in bond; and upon proof that such articles have been used for the purpose mentioned, no duty shall be paid on them. In the second place, it is provided that a discriminating duty of 10 per cent shall be placed on all goods imported in vessels not of

the United States, unless such vessels are entitled to enter the ports of the United States on equal terms with the vessels of the United States by treaty or by Act of Congress. The free importation of foreign articles for building and equipment and repair may indeed be a valuable concession, and may be of service in the building of ships; but inasmuch as the United States has treaties, giving most-favoured or national treatment, with almost every Power in the world possessing ships in foreign trade, the 10 per cent discriminating duty will have no other obvious effect than that of increasing the number of such treaties, if there are any nations now not entitled. But the singular manner in which American public men have interpreted treaties in times very recent, may make us feel that perhaps this clause of the new tariff may afford encouragement at least to official ingenuity.

The income-tax feature of the new tariff is one that, like all the features of the scheme, requires time for development. In the meantime it is one of the most noticeable parts of the scheme. It has been hitherto supposed by most American writers on political economy that no income-tax would again be placed on American citizens till the system of protection had so stimulated the development of American natural resources, and so increased home manufactures, that importation would largely cease, the revenue from customs fall off, and some new form of taxation would become imperative. The last income-tax in the United States was imposed during the pressure of war expenditure. It was a graduated tax extending from 5 to 7½ and 10 per cent, according to income. It was altered from time to time

according to the year's needs, beginning at 3 per cent and 5 per cent in 1863; running up to 5 and 10 per cent in 1866; declining to 5 per cent in 1867-70; and still further declining to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in 1871-73, at which date it ceased altogether. The total income from this source (including personal and corporate taxes) was \$347,220,897 in ten years. The present rate is 2 per cent; and it is calculated that about \$30,000,000 can be collected in this way. The calculations made concerning this tax have revealed some very curious things concerning this paradise of labour and land flowing with whisky and wages; as, for example, that 31,500 persons own more than half the total wealth of the country, and that the number of persons and corporations having incomes of more than \$4000 is not more than 85,000. If we assume that the 85,000 are, say, heads of families—there are no figures as to the corporations—of, say, five persons each, then we find that out of a population usually put, since 1891, for public discussion, at 70,000,000, only 425,000 persons enjoy the direct benefit of incomes over \$4000. It seems incredible, in view of all we sometimes hear about American prosperity.

The general characteristics of American trade during the year ending June 30, 1893, show a number of abnormal conditions. These may be briefly indicated. The imports from Europe show an increase of \$66,821,624. Of this increase, \$26,558,888 came from Great Britain. The domestic exports to Europe decreased \$189,106,919. Of this sum \$78,991,774 consists of the decreased trade with Great Britain. The increased import from Great Britain is qualified by the fact that a large part of the increase

was in items free of duty, the dutiable articles—*i.e.*, manufactures—being deterred by the McKinley tariff. The decreased export to England was mainly in bread-stuffs. The movement of gold was the most remarkable feature. We have indicated in an earlier part of this article the fact that a borrowing nation cannot pursue the rôle of a predatory picaroon among its creditors. This lesson was taught the United States in 1893. The total exports of gold to Europe ran up from \$59,952,285 in 1889, to \$108,680,844 in 1893; and immediately from \$50,195,327 in 1892 to \$108,680,844 in 1893—a very startling jump in one year. Nothing on the face of things accounts for it. The excess of exports over imports was \$202,875,686, and in the nature of things a considerable import of gold ought to have taken place. But the reverse was the case. The export of gold to Great Britain jumped from \$6,508,060 in 1892 to \$21,415,797 in 1893, and to France and Germany there were like increases. There were no unusual disturbances in the London money-market to call for a demand for gold. Nevertheless the demand for gold on the United States was peremptory and persistent. The truth is, that capital invested in the United States and in American securities was suddenly withdrawn owing to want of confidence. "American Government and railroad securities," says the official statistician, "have been sent to this country in large blocks to be sold, while foreign investors have made limited purchases in our stock and investment markets, except when the conditions were such as to offer a special inducement to taking chances—that is, in a time of distress bordering upon panic." That

so complete a breakdown should have taken place in American securities may serve as a warning against a fiscal policy which tends to produce want of confidence and a desire for reprisals on the part of creditor nations.

Those who are now joining in the insensate outcry against the House of Lords in this country, for a perfectly legitimate exercise of a well-understood part of the functions of its office—*i.e.*, the amendment or rejection of measures which in their judgment may not have received sufficient consideration from the public—would do well to consider the present and late attitude of the American Senate. This body, theoretically the elect of the elect, but practically the partisan choice of, in many cases, purchased legislatures, delayed for months the settlement of the Currency Question upon which the public issued its "mandate," sternly enough, in November 1892, and for a considerable time delayed, and have, in part, and in character also, altered the Tariff Bill of the House of Representatives, passed in that House after weeks of anxious and careful debate. This same body has within a few months rejected the President's nominee for the Supreme Court of the country, at the dictation of one of the most objectionable of the "Boss" senators, and so maltreated the President's nominee for the post of American Minister to Italy that, after being finally confirmed in his appointment, he resigned the office in disgust. It will be well for those who think that the British House of Lords is a body with an imperfect organisation, to remember that it is a body with splendid and patriotic traditions, and that in all its history it has never thwarted the public will as

badly, as needlessly, and as often as the American Senate has done within a period so short as to be within the memory of the most casual reader of the journals.

The question may now be briefly discussed, How long is this new tariff likely to last? The chief speakers on each side have appealed to the future; those who are in doubt as to results always do. Mr Reed, of Maine, ex-Speaker, a man of much ability, concluded his remarks, his oration, against the Wilson Bill as follows:—

"We know, my friends, that before this tribunal we all of us plead in vain. Why we fail let those answer who read the touching words of Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural, and remember that he pled in vain with these same men and their predecessors. Where he failed we cannot hope to succeed. But though we fail here to-day, like our great leader of other days in the larger field, before the mightier tribunal which will finally and for ever decide this question we shall be more than conquerors; for this great nation, shaking off as it has once before the influence of a lower civilisation, will go on to fulfil its high destiny until over the South, as well as over the North, shall be spread the full measure of that amazing prosperity which is the wonder of the world."

On the other hand, Mr Wilson of Virginia, the sponsor of the new tariff, concluded as follows:—

"This is not a battle over percentages, over this or that tariff schedule; it is a battle for human freedom. As Mr Burke truly said, every great battle for human freedom is waged around the question of taxation. . . . The men who had the opportunity to sign the Declaration of Independence, and refused or neglected because there was something in it which they did not like—thank God there were none such; but if there had been, what would be their standing in history to-day? If men on the battle-

field at Lexington or at Bunker Hill, from some ground of personal or local dissatisfaction, had thrown away their weapons, what think you would have been their feelings in all the remaining years of their lives when the Liberty Bell rang out on every recurring anniversary of American independence? This is a roll of honour. This is a roll of freedom; and in the name of honour and in the name of freedom I summon every Democratic member of this House to inscribe his name upon it."

The next Presidential election will have to settle between these two gentlemen and the great parties they represent. A reference to the history of American tariffs will show how long each has lasted. Thus:—

The tariff of 1842, Protectionist, lasted four years.

The tariff of 1846, Democratic and less protective, but still maintaining high duties, lasted till 1857, or eleven years.

The tariff of 1857, still more Democratic and less Protectionist by 25 per cent, lasted four years.

The tariff of 1861, Republican and Protectionist, was made more Protectionist in 1862 and 1864, and lasted in its protective form till 1870, or nearly ten years in all.

The tariff of 1870 and 1872, reduced and Democratic, lasted till 1875, in all five years.

The Protectionist tariff of 1875 lasted till 1883, or eight years.

The tariff of 1883, moderately Protectionist, lasted till 1890, or seven years.

The tariff of 1890, extremely Protectionist, anti-European, and Republican, lasted till 1894, or four years.

It will thus be observed that history affords no promise of permanence in the matter of American tariffs. The present tariff has

opposed to it the whole Republican party: the manufacturers as a class; the labour organisations as a class; the anti-European element as a class; the silver States and the men who control them; the corporations that will have to pay income-tax; and the unclassified series of interests and industries which, as even the Democratic report on the bill confesses, have grown up under the influences of the Protectionist system. Mr Cleveland, to whose personal popularity much of the enthusiasm that brought about the American victory was due, having filled the office for two terms, will be unable, unless the political history record of the country is broken, to accept a nomination for a third term in 1896. Mr Wilson, whose name is now so prominent as the responsible author of the new tariff, seems to be a man of precarious health. And all the signs seem to point to a reaction towards Protection in 1896. It must be remembered that the reaction will not need to be great in the case of a country having still a protective duty of more than 30 per cent on the average. But even the Protectionists in the United States may be expected not to ignore the sharp lessons of experience; and we may assume that no further attempts will be made to ruin the trade of other countries, to dis sever the American colonies of European nations from the parent States, to force a silver-based currency upon the reluctant countries of Europe, and to insolently parade a policy of enmity and of defiance of not merely the power and the riches of the great commercial nations of the world, but of the indignation which an offended civilisation can feel, and the punishment it can inflict.

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SOME FRENCH NOVELISTS.

It is surely high time that healthily constituted mortals, of whom, despite the demonstrations of a Tolstoi, Zola, Bourget, and Ibsen, some isolated specimens may yet be supposed to exist, should rise in arms against the growing encroachments of disease, mental and physical, upon the subjects of fiction. We are tired of the uninterrupted society of dipsomaniacs, morphinists, and epileptics; weary of the neuresthenic heroes and their scrofulous lady-loves who have so often been forced down our throats of late years; and dead sick of those mysterious hereditary blood-curses without which, as some of these learned gentlemen would have us believe, no self-respecting family can possibly exist in these *fin de siècle* days. With a yearning that is almost pain we have come to long for the sight of a hale, hearty young woman, devoid of manias or nerves, gifted with

an unimpaired digestion, and with nothing more constitutionally morbid about her inclinations than a comprehensible desire to make her lover as wretched as possible before she accepts the inevitable foregone conclusion of being happy with him. Why should disease necessarily be more interesting than health, and deformity more fascinating than well-grown limbs and a straight backbone? We are not all born physicians, whose mission it is to gauge the depth of every wound, and lay bare the infirmities of each running sore; although of late the demarcation line which used to divide doctors from novelists seems to have got somewhat vague, and it has become the fashion nowadays to put scientific labels on many things which, in the happy days of our ignorant youth, used to be explained in less complex fashion. Thus in a recent lecture which it was our good fortune to attend, it

was decidedly startling to be informed by a learned German professor that Hamlet was now known to have been a confirmed neuresthenic, and Ophelia a striking example of that form of mental disease known to science as nymphomania (*N.B.*—It would be interesting to know whether Shakespeare himself was aware of these facts: or is it possible that our greatest poet was in the same predicament as Monsieur Jourdain, who talked prose without knowing it?); while the learned Italian master Lombroso has lately been at great pains to demonstrate that from certain evidence contained in some passages of the "*Inferno*," Dante was undoubtedly addicted to epileptic fits, although it cannot as yet be conclusively decided whether the particular form of the disease from which he suffered is to be designated as hysteropilepsia or genuine epilepsy.

What indeed is to become of poetry and art, if our favourite heroes and heroines of romance are thus ruthlessly to be subjected to pathological analysis, and their most delicate feelings and passions brutally laid bare by the dissecting-knife? We live in daily terror of being told that all the tears weakly shed over the woes of Romeo and Juliet were but wasted sympathy, since these misguided young people were really suffering from a rather acute attack of some repulsive disease with a long Latin name; or of learning that Katherine the Shrew's bad temper was solely due to a touch of liver complaint, which might have been far more easily and pleasantly cured by a dose of Carlsbad salts than by the brutal treatment of a conjugal bully.

First and foremost amongst

those who might not inaptly be described as pathological or nosological bards stands, of course, the prolific Monsieur Zola, who, having scarcely completed the long dreary series of the Rougon-Macquart novels, has just launched upon the world a fresh cargo of disease, under the ensign of '*Lourdes*,'¹—a remarkable work which, scarcely issued from the printer's press, has achieved the melancholy distinction of being put on the Index.

It had been with a sigh of distinct relief that, at the conclusion of the work entitled '*Dr Pascal*,' we had mentally assisted at the destruction of the Rougon-Macquart annals; and as we beheld Madame Felicité Rougon (to our mind the one sensible and sympathetic person in the whole book), with her own frail fingers, withered and bloodless with extreme old age, yet strong with the power of a tenacious resolve, crush down into the roaring flames the papers that represented her erudite son's life-work, we could not forego a feeling of sneaking admiration for the spirited old matron, and would even have been delighted, had circumstances permitted, to lend her a helping hand in the work of wholesale destruction. It was an unspeakable comfort to imagine that these odious Rougon-Macquart annals, which had taken their author no less than the quarter of a century to compile, existed no more, and that on his own solemn assurance we should never more be called upon to renew acquaintance with any one of the unsavoury members of this ill-starred family. But our hopes of a fresh departure, which might possibly indicate the return to more natural and wholesome lives, were rudely dispelled by

¹ *Lourdes*, par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier, 1894.

the perusal of the first half-dozen pages of 'Lourdes,' bearing in upon us the melancholy conviction that we had here but exchanged the frying-pan for the fire—since for a dozen invalids served up to us in previous volumes, we find them here bristling by scores. And, verily, what more fortunate opportunity for gratifying his pet propensities could Monsieur Zola have found than the famous express-train from Paris to Lourdes, the so-called *train-blanc*, which yearly in the month of August conveys to the miraculous grotto a wholesale and miscellaneous assortment of human misery in quest of relief? Blind people and dumb, paralytics from birth or from accident, victims of dissipation or of hereditary disease, sybarites whose sad afflictions have been chiefly brought about by a mistaken desire to make one stomach do the work of two, and others who have never yet known what it is to feel otherwise than weary or famished,—are here all swept along by the same current, all actuated by one identical impulse, the hope of discovering in the obscure Pyrenean village the answer to those riddles which have hitherto baffled science. What a glorious field for research! what a rich harvest here to be gleaned of mouldering and putrefied fruits! and needless to say that Monsieur Zola seizes upon the occasions thus presented with all his customary energy and relish for the repulsive,—for it is melancholy to have to recognise with a kind of shuddering admiration that this gifted artist's greatest and highest flights of genius are ever inspired by the dunghill or the charnel-house. The sight of a twelve-antler stag, in the full pride of its virile and vigorous beauty, will leave him unmoved, as something insignifi-

cant and commonplace; but show him the carcass of a dead dog, devoured by maggots and in the last stage of putrefaction, and straightway his inspiration will take fire, and for the glorification of this rotten hound he will discover such brilliant metaphors, such surprising and novel depths of hue and shade, as effectually to dazzle and delight the ignorant, and even to bewilder momentarily the critic's equanimity.

So likewise in 'Lourdes' it is, of course, with the most repulsive forms and branches of disease that we are chiefly called upon to deal; and in the long weary journey, occupying upon paper alone 126 pages of small-printed type, we are spared none of the loathsome details which must necessarily accompany the transport of three hundred more or less afflicted persons, when forcibly compressed in midsummer into the narrow limits of a train. Our eyes are forced to probe their most hidden and repulsive sores, our ears are lacerated with their shrieks and groans, and our olfactory organs are repeatedly offended by the suggestion of perfumes more potent than sweet. Having once landed the weary and disgusted reader at the terminus station, Monsieur Zola resumes his well-known documentary style, and gives us in full not only the entire history of the so-called miraculous springs of Lourdes, and of the subsequent net of intrigue, deception, mystery, and speculation woven around the little mountain village; but he likewise forces down our throat all the official, sanitary, and domiciliary arrangements introduced of late years for the reception of the pilgrims forming part of this gigantic picnicing party. Crushed down and overshadowed beneath this overwhelming mass of historical, statistical, scientific,

and theological information, there is, it is true, a thin vein of romance, which, like a feeble thread of water meandering aimlessly through the vast rocky bed intended for a giant cascade, asserts its thin puny voice from time to time, without, however, succeeding in arousing any serious interest. This is the tale of the loves of Pierre and Marie, an ethereal, vapoury young couple, who seem to have nothing stronger than rose-water in their veins, and to be considerably less encumbered by their mortal coils than a pair of transparent-winged butterflies who live upon sunshine and dew. Marie has been afflicted since childhood by an inexplicable paralytic complaint, and Pierre, despairing of ever being able to wed the only woman he can love, has meanwhile become a priest. They meet again at Lourdes, where Marie has come with a last despairing hope of there recovering the use of her limbs through the Virgin's intercession; and Pierre, who has lost his faith as a Catholic priest, makes his own spiritual conversion dependent upon Marie's cure. She regains her health in consequence of one of those strong nervous revulsions for which science has as yet no precise label; but the corresponding miracle in Pierre's spiritual state does not take place, for he has been convinced by a medical friend that Marie's cure was solely due to natural causes. Pierre has, however, the courage and self-denial to conceal his convictions from Marie, and suffers her to go on believing that a miracle alone has restored her lost health. At the conclusion of the book we see Pierre's return to Paris after a five days' absence, bereft of his last illusion, yet with no other choice but to go on preaching a creed he has ceased believing in, but which pity

and compassion for his fellow-creatures prevent him from openly disowning:—

"Of his whole journey there remained to Pierre but a mighty compassion overflowing from his heart, and leaving it wounded and bruised. . . . He had seen thousands of those poor creatures praying, sobbing, imploring the Almighty to have compassion on their sufferings; and he had wept and sobbed along with them, keeping within him, like a raw flesh-wound, the lamentable fraternity of all their woes. Nor could he think of these poor creatures without burning with the desire to relieve them. What indeed if the old simple faith no longer sufficed, if in retracing our footsteps backwards there was danger of going astray, would it then be necessary to close the grotto, to preach other objects of effort, another sort of patience? But his compassion rebelled at the suggestion. No, no! It were a crime to close the dream of their heaven to those sufferers of soul and body, whose sole alleviation it was to kneel down midst the splendour of wax-lights, rocked by the dreamy lullaby of the chanted hymns. He himself had not committed the crime of un-deceiving Marie. He had sacrificed himself in order to leave to her the joy of her delusion, the divine consolation of having been cured by the Virgin. Where, then, could be the man so cruel as to prevent the humble from believing, to destroy in them the consolation of the supernatural? . . . No, no! We have not the right to discourage any one. Lourdes must be tolerated, as we tolerate a fiction which is necessary to life."

In these and similar passages the author sums up his impressions of Lourdes and its pilgrimage; for who can doubt that the writer has more or less identified himself with his hero Pierre? But if, as he tells us, the whole significance of the wonder-place rests but upon a flimsy illusion in the mind of the ignorant, which it were mere wanton cruelty to

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effect on the next elections. To catch the Republicans bathing, and to steal their clothes, is not a policy which can be permanently successful.

The political aspect of the bill having been thus presented, in a manner, we trust, sufficiently clear, the purely business character of it may be indicated in a general way. The bill has been "reported" at various stages, as it came from the House Committee, as it emerged from the House of Representatives, as it was reported from the Senate Committee, as it was placed before a joint committee, and as it has been finally passed. Each stage witnessed a change in its features. A few examples will suffice. Thus, the Wilson Bill, by means of the majority report of the House Committee, recommended the freedom of iron and coal as the basis of modern industry. The Republican minority protested that this concession was given to manufacturers at the cost of the mines and the railways. The item of iron and its manufactures finally appeared in the bill as passed in the House of Representatives, at from 10 to 35 per cent *ad valorem*, instead of the specific duty of so much per pound, as under the M'Kinley Bill of 1890 and the tariff of 1883. It emerges finally subject to a mixed specific and *ad valorem* schedule, the *ad valorem* duties showing in some cases an increase to 45 per cent, though there is still a general reduction of the specific duties on articles of common use, as compared with the M'Kinley Bill.

Wool was also put on the free list in the original bill, the old duty not having been, in the opinion of the Democratic majority, beneficial in its operation, and a revival of woollen industry being expected under a *régime* of free wool. The *Advocatus Diaboli* of

the Republican minority, however, contended that as experience had shown that the woollen manufacturers of the United States needed 30 to 40 per cent to protect them during many years, they would necessarily collapse when the duty was removed. The item came into the original bill at from 15 to 40 per cent *ad valorem*, instead of the high, mixed, specific, and *ad valorem* duty under the Act of 1890. The classification and conditions of import were also changed, and the reduction of the duty was spread over a period of years, ending in 1900—reminding us of the Irishman's way of cutting off his dog's tail a little at a time "to make it aisy for the baste!" The item finally emerges on the free list, and the authorities have decided that wool will not have to be re-exported and re-entered in order to obtain the benefit of the new duty. The Canadian border would have been made use of, by arrangement, in such a case, as is sometimes done in the case of liquors that have remained too long in bond, on which duty would have to be paid at once if the goods were not re-entered.

Books still remain at 25 per cent *ad valorem* under the beneficent influence of the printers' unions, who had power also to prevent copyright, except on the condition of printing in the United States; and the rule which allowed books in foreign languages to come in free, while English books were taxed, has been invidiously retained. Sugar has been made more free by the abolition of the domestic bounty given by the M'Kinley Bill; but it is not quite easy to say how an *ad valorem* duty (with specifics in addition) of 40 per cent is going to be of any advantage to any but the local producer, who can afford to

smile at the abolition of his direct bounty if he gets an indirect one. This sugar question has of course been one of the burning questions of United States politics for many years; and the charge that the Sugar Trust has actually purchased the votes of Senators in order to maintain the higher rates of duty, is the one that renders the bill as passed so very objectionable alike to Democrats who are free-traders and to Democrats who are not.

There was of course a struggle over the cotton duties. These duties were under the original bill greatly reduced; whereupon the *Advocatus Diaboli* of the minority declared that the new scale of duties would destroy the cotton industry of America, "and again place the American market under the control of the English manufacturer," who would of course proceed to put up the price of spool cottons when he had had the satisfaction of sketching the ruins of American factories from the broken arches of Brooklyn Bridge! At this point, no doubt, the British manufacturer's sense of humour, and his knowledge of business, will combine to render him less hopeful of such a picturesque and profitable pastime.

The general characteristics of British trade, as it is likely to be affected by the new tariff, may be very briefly indicated by means of the Annual Trade Returns for 1893, the latest published. Our imports from the United States have shown much fluctuation, as the following table will show:—

Imports from United States.

1889	.	.	.	£95,461,475
1890	.	.	.	97,283,340
1891	.	.	.	104,409,050
1892	.	.	.	108,186,317
1893	.	.	.	91,783,847

Exports to United States.

1889	.	.	.	£43,878,934
1890	.	.	.	46,340,012
1891	.	.	.	41,066,147
1892	.	.	.	41,412,006
1893	.	.	.	35,715,274

The aggregate trade thus shows a noticeable falling off; the most remarkable decrease in our exports having taken place in wool and woollen goods, yarns, silk manufactures (a decrease from £1,155,417 in 1889 to £301,107 in 1893), metals, glass manufactures, clothing, hardware, and like articles of purely domestic produce. But the trade is still so very large that the application of a new tariff which will last till 1896, and after that date as long as Congress may take to prepare a new one, cannot fail to be a matter of the most serious consequence to this country.

There are some broad general features of the tariff which need to be more particularly dwelt upon, and which lend themselves to more satisfactory treatment.

In the first place, the loss of revenue under this bill is admitted; had it followed the lines of the Democratic Convention, and of the original bill, there would have been a greater deficit than is now threatened. A larger importation will, of course, even with reduced duties, give a good revenue. The pension system, which was increased year after year for the express purpose of consuming a revenue which was too great to be handled, may be reduced in cost; and other internal taxes will be laid on. The income-tax, for which elaborate provisions are made, and which goes into operation after January 1, 1895, will no doubt add largely to the national revenue after the first experiments have given some degree of skill to those who are to

was decidedly startling to be informed by a learned German professor that Hamlet was now known to have been a confirmed neuresthenic, and Ophelia a striking example of that form of mental disease known to science as nymphomania (*N.B.*—It would be interesting to know whether Shakespeare himself was aware of these facts: or is it possible that our greatest poet was in the same predicament as Monsieur Jourdain, who talked prose without knowing it?); while the learned Italian master Lombroso has lately been at great pains to demonstrate that from certain evidence contained in some passages of the "*Inferno*," Dante was undoubtedly addicted to epileptic fits, although it cannot as yet be conclusively decided whether the particular form of the disease from which he suffered is to be designated as hysteropilepsia or genuine epilepsy.

What indeed is to become of poetry and art, if our favourite heroes and heroines of romance are thus ruthlessly to be subjected to pathological analysis, and their most delicate feelings and passions brutally laid bare by the dissecting-knife? We live in daily terror of being told that all the tears weakly shed over the woes of Romeo and Juliet were but wasted sympathy, since these misguided young people were really suffering from a rather acute attack of some repulsive disease with a long Latin name; or of learning that Katherine the Shrew's bad temper was solely due to a touch of liver complaint, which might have been far more easily and pleasantly cured by a dose of Carlsbad salts than by the brutal treatment of a conjugal bully.

First and foremost amongst

those who might not inaptly be described as pathological or nosological bards stands, of course, the prolific Monsieur Zola, who, having scarcely completed the long dreary series of the Rougon-Macquart novels, has just launched upon the world a fresh cargo of disease, under the ensign of '*Lourdes*,'¹—a remarkable work which, scarcely issued from the printer's press, has achieved the melancholy distinction of being put on the Index.

It had been with a sigh of distinct relief that, at the conclusion of the work entitled '*Dr Pascal*,' we had mentally assisted at the destruction of the Rougon-Macquart annals; and as we beheld Madame Felicité Rougon (to our mind the one sensible and sympathetic person in the whole book), with her own frail fingers, withered and bloodless with extreme old age, yet strong with the power of a tenacious resolve, crush down into the roaring flames the papers that represented her erudite son's life-work, we could not forego a feeling of sneaking admiration for the spirited old matron, and would even have been delighted, had circumstances permitted, to lend her a helping hand in the work of wholesale destruction. It was an unspeakable comfort to imagine that these odious Rougon-Macquart annals, which had taken their author no less than the quarter of a century to compile, existed no more, and that on his own solemn assurance we should never more be called upon to renew acquaintance with any one of the unsavoury members of this ill-starred family. But our hopes of a fresh departure, which might possibly indicate the return to more natural and wholesome lives, were rudely dispelled by

¹ *Lourdes*, par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier, 1894.

the perusal of the first half-dozen pages of 'Lourdes,' bearing in upon us the melancholy conviction that we had here but exchanged the frying-pan for the fire—since for a dozen invalids served up to us in previous volumes, we find them here bristling by scores. And, verily, what more fortunate opportunity for gratifying his pet propensities could Monsieur Zola have found than the famous express-train from Paris to Lourdes, the so-called *train-blanc*, which yearly in the month of August conveys to the miraculous grotto a wholesale and miscellaneous assortment of human misery in quest of relief? Blind people and dumb, paralytics from birth or from accident, victims of dissipation or of hereditary disease, sybarites whose sad afflictions have been chiefly brought about by a mistaken desire to make one stomach do the work of two, and others who have never yet known what it is to feel otherwise than weary or famished,—are here all swept along by the same current, all actuated by one identical impulse, the hope of discovering in the obscure Pyrenean village the answer to those riddles which have hitherto baffled science. What a glorious field for research! what a rich harvest here to be gleaned of mouldering and putrefied fruits! and needless to say that Monsieur Zola seizes upon the occasions thus presented with all his customary energy and relish for the repulsive,—for it is melancholy to have to recognise with a kind of shuddering admiration that this gifted artist's greatest and highest flights of genius are ever inspired by the dunghill or the charnel-house. The sight of a twelve-antler stag, in the full pride of its virile and vigorous beauty, will leave him unmoved, as something insignifi-

cant and commonplace; but show him the carcass of a dead dog, devoured by maggots and in the last stage of putrefaction, and straightway his inspiration will take fire, and for the glorification of this rotten hound he will discover such brilliant metaphors, such surprising and novel depths of hue and shade, as effectually to dazzle and delight the ignorant, and even to bewilder momentarily the critic's equanimity.

So likewise in 'Lourdes' it is, of course, with the most repulsive forms and branches of disease that we are chiefly called upon to deal; and in the long weary journey, occupying upon paper alone 126 pages of small-printed type, we are spared none of the loathsome details which must necessarily accompany the transport of three hundred more or less afflicted persons, when forcibly compressed in midsummer into the narrow limits of a train. Our eyes are forced to probe their most hidden and repulsive sores, our ears are lacerated with their shrieks and groans, and our olfactory organs are repeatedly offended by the suggestion of perfumes more potent than sweet. Having once landed the weary and disgusted reader at the terminus station, Monsieur Zola resumes his well-known documentary style, and gives us in full not only the entire history of the so-called miraculous springs of Lourdes, and of the subsequent net of intrigue, deception, mystery, and speculation woven around the little mountain village; but he likewise forces down our throat all the official, sanitary, and domiciliary arrangements introduced of late years for the reception of the pilgrims forming part of this gigantic picnicing party. Crushed down and overshadowed beneath this overwhelming mass of historical, statistical, scientific,

and theological information, there is, it is true, a thin vein of romance, which, like a feeble thread of water meandering aimlessly through the vast rocky bed intended for a giant cascade, asserts its thin purr voice from time to time, without, however, succeeding in arousing any serious interest. This is the tale of the loves of Pierre and Marie, an ethereal, vapoury young couple, who seem to have nothing stronger than rose-water in their veins, and to be considerably less encumbered by their mortal coils than a pair of transparent-winged butterflies who live upon sunshine and dew. Marie has been afflicted since childhood by an inexplicable paralytic complaint, and Pierre, despairing of ever being able to wed the only woman he can love, has meanwhile become a priest. They meet again at Lourdes, where Marie has come with a last despairing hope of there recovering the use of her limbs through the Virgin's intercession; and Pierre, who has lost his faith as a Catholic priest, makes his own spiritual conversion dependent upon Marie's cure. She regains her health in consequence of one of those strong nervous revulsions for which science has as yet no precise label; but the corresponding miracle in Pierre's spiritual state does not take place, for he has been convinced by a medical friend that Marie's cure was solely due to natural causes. Pierre has, however, the courage and self-denial to conceal his convictions from Marie, and suffers her to go on believing that a miracle alone has restored her lost health. At the conclusion of the book we see Pierre's return to Paris after a five days' absence, bereft of his last illusion, yet with no other choice but to go on preaching a creed he has ceased believing in, but which pity

and compassion for his fellow-creatures prevent him from openly disavowing:—

"Of his whole journey there remained to Pierre but a mighty compassion overflowing from his heart, and leaving it wounded and bruised. . . . He had seen thousands of these poor creatures praying, sobbing, imploring the Almighty to have compassion on their sufferings; and he had wept and sobbed along with them, keeping within him, like a raw flesh-wound, the lamentable fraternity of all their woes. Nor could he think of these poor creatures without burning with the desire to relieve them. What indeed if the old simple faith no longer sufficed, if in retracing our footsteps backwards there was danger of going astray, would it then be necessary to close the grotto, to preach other objects of effort, another sort of patience? But his compassion rebelled at the suggestion. No, no! It were a crime to close the dream of their heaven to those sufferers of soul and body, whose sole alleviation it was to kneel down midst the splendour of wax-lights, rocked by the dreamy lullaby of the chanted hymns. He himself had not committed the crime of undeceiving Marie. He had sacrificed himself in order to leave to her the joy of her delusion, the divine consolation of having been cured by the Virgin. Where, then, could be the man so cruel as to prevent the humble from believing, to destroy in them the consolation of the supernatural! . . . No, no! We have not the right to discourage any one. Lourdes must be tolerated, as we tolerate a fiction which is necessary to life."

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M. Rod’s new novel, entitled ‘*La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier*,’¹ takes up the story eight years later. When living at Clarens with Blanche, Michel receives the news that Susanne, his

¹ *La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier*. Paris: Perrin et Cie., 1894.

first wife, has suddenly succumbed to an attack of aneurism. Ever since their marriage Michel and Blanche had led a restless wandering life, like a pair of exiles flitting about from place to place, without fixed home or occupation, and with nothing remaining to do now but to go on loving each other to the end of the chapter, without obstacle or opposition.

"They had now realised in its entirety the dream for which they had yearned in those bygone days when they had despaired of ever overcoming the obstacles accumulated between themselves and their love, that dream of an isolated intimacy which is that of all lovers. Without crossing the ocean they had shut themselves up in a desert island; they could live there unmolested by irksome ties, since there were none that they had not cast off; without duties towards any one, since they had extricated themselves from all duties; living one for the other, belonging one to the other, having made of their love the supreme object of their life as of their every thought. They grazed the world without being drawn into its movements, separated from those others by something more insurmountable than space, existing and being able to exist but for themselves, themselves alone. At first a sort of curiosity attached to their steps; they had eluded it by shutting themselves up in their English cottage, and now it no longer threatened to trouble them. Their names in a hotel register now passed unnoticed. People hardly remembered that Michel Teissier had been the instigator and leader of a great movement of opinion. . . . These were forgotten incidents, and he himself was but a man who had disappeared.

"Did Teissier suffer from this eclipse? It would have been hard to say. He appeared to regret nothing; he did not complain; he could even on occasion speak with absolute detachment of his former interests. But there was buried within him a man of action, who, reduced to idleness, must have had his hours of weariness, moments of suffering; and it was these

moments, no doubt, which he sought to cheat by his continual flittings, whose pretext was always insufficient, even when he took the trouble to find one. A whole portion of himself—that portion which in his first life had been the most strongly developed, the active, energetic, combative being—now remained unemployed; while that second being, the man of sentiment, long neglected, now reigned supreme. He could not, he must not, now do aught but love, without diversion, without obstacle. The champion, accustomed to the vast arena of public debate, had no longer an adversary to trample under foot; the orator of powerful voice, of commanding gesture, was now reduced to perpetual silence; the dexterous leader had no more party to organise, to guide, to mould, as a sculptor forms the obedient clay; the man of generous intentions had no more ideals to realise, none more to follow up; the ambitious man had no longer an object for his ambition. He avoided thinking of these things, but when he did think of them he was seized with bitterness. Having, like most orators, the habit of clothing his thoughts in pictorial language, he would then compare himself to a proprietor who, possessed of vast domains, rich with waving golden harvests and ripening vines, should have renounced all these in order to shut himself up in a little garden, where he cultivated flowers, only flowers; or else, with yet more cutting irony, he would liken himself to a tragedian accustomed to the applause of great scenes, who should have renounced his parts in order to warble incessantly the same romance in a feeble tenor voice."

And Blanche herself is not happy, for she suffers when reading on her husband's brow the thoughts he dare not confess, and her sufferings are all the greater from the consciousness of the inferiority of her sacrifice as compared to his. For his sake she has had to break no precious chain, has renounced no sacred bonds of affection. She did not tell herself that true love disdains any such debtor and creditor account; but rather she brooded over these things, finding

in them a reason for loving him the more, and of incessantly dreading the arrival of some chance which should raise up to life again the buried past.

It is at this juncture of the situation that Michel receives a telegraphic despatch to inform him that his first wife Susanne is dead. Hitherto, during the last eight years, the news he had received of his two daughters, Annie and Lawrence, had been but sparing, for he had deemed it wiser, for their sake as well as for his own, to abstain from direct communications, and the rare letters of Mondet, his old friend, were mainly confined to laconic bulletins regarding the health and education of his children, for this old friendship too had been wrecked in the stupendous tempest which had made such havoc of his life. But now this death changes everything, and Michel abruptly realises that he will have henceforward to resume a father's duties. But will these long-neglected daughters be now inclined to accept him as a parent? and, above all, how can they be induced to accept Blanche as a step-mother? His heart filled with painful misgivings, Teissier hastens to the little town where his first wife had settled down since her enforced widowhood, while in no less agonised suspense Blanche awaits his return.

The meeting between father and daughters is well described:—

"There are some situations in life so inextricably complicated as to bewilder the most lucid intelligence: it was in vain that, left alone tossing restlessly in his improvised bed, Michel asked himself how he should accost his daughters, what words he should say to them, in what manner he should look at them. He could find nothing. All the phrases he prepared struck him as being weak and awkward. He rejected them, arranging others that were no better,

and so on and on, till in this delusive pastime he felt the words begin to lose all sense, and thought got drowned in delirious combinations.

"I shall reflect to-morrow," he said to himself, "when I have slept; for sleep I must."

But when the morrow came, he found it no easier to arrange his thoughts, and it was almost with terror that he prepared to meet his daughters:—

"At last they entered, one behind the other, and stopped at two paces from the door.

"Annie, who was nearly eighteen, was tall, of elegant stature, with pale and somewhat sickly complexion, her pallor accentuated by her black dress; her face, without being beautiful, was sweet and delicate, lighted up by magnificent eyes, although just now swollen by tears. She was panting with emotion, whilst behind her, Lawrence, about two years her junior, prettier, darker, of more robust appearance, her eyes obstinately lowered, had an attitude at once frightened and defiant.

"My poor, dear little ones!" exclaimed Michel; and he advanced towards them with outstretched hands, as he broke down sobbing.

"There was nothing prepared, nothing discordant in his exclamation or in his movement. The tears had flowed spontaneously from his heart, bursting with anguish since so many hours, and now melting at sight of the irresistibly pathetic attitude of the two orphans. He did not say to himself that he had not the right to weep for the defunct, and that his tears might appear questionable; he had wept before reflecting, in one of those moments when calculations are as nought, when the strongest cease to be masters of themselves. And yet what could he have found more eloquent than those very tears? Neither did they, the two mourners, who had just now been dreading his sight, seek to analyse the cause of his tears. They did not ask themselves why and by what right he came to weep with them; they merely saw that he wept, and feeling themselves alone, abandoned, and wretched,

they did not resist the impulse that pushed them into his arms."

By-and-by, however, these instinctive embraces give way to a less congenial state of things. So long as father and daughters continue to weep locked in each other's arms, there is no consciousness of any barrier between them; but when after a time words have got to take the place of tears, the feeling of constraint comes back with tenfold force. It seems equally impossible to allude to a past which has contained such painful family events, as to make plans for a future which must necessarily include that other woman who has taken their mother's place. Weighed down by the consciousness of his false position, Teissier becomes embarrassed and awkward, the girls shy and mistrustful. With some reluctance Annie and Lawrence consent to accompany their father back to Montreux. Annie, the more gentle and reasonable of the two, shows herself willing to make the best of the situation; but the more impetuous younger sister steadily declines to regard her step-mother in any other light than that of an enemy, and turns a deaf ear to her sister's arguments when she says—

"We should not judge others by ourselves, but must try to understand them. . . . What she has done is dreadful: I think so, too, like yourself. She has been ungrateful to mamma, who was so good to her. She has been selfish. She has evaded all her duties—that is true. But—"

"The young girl's voice took a deeper accent.

"How she must have loved in order to do so much harm to those who had done none to her! and how she must have suffered from it later! For she was not bad, Lawrence, I assure you. I remember her quite well when she used to come to our house formerly in Paris. . . ."

"Lawrence had scarcely listened,

and wearily was undoing her heavy plait before the mirror.

"All that can make no difference," she retorted, in a cutting voice. "I do not care to know whether this woman is good or bad. I detest, I despise her, and I should be ashamed of being happy in her house. I do not wish to believe that she has loved. She was selfish, ambitious, bad—that is all. She is an *intrigante*, a—"

"Annie, on her side, interrupted—

"You forget that she is our father's wife," she said, firmly. "By this title, at least, she has claims on our consideration. Let us wait to know her before judging her so severely."

True to these warlike protestations, Lawrence accosts her step-mother with sullen defiance and a scarcely veiled impertinence, which all the latter's tact and patience prove unavailing to disarm. At every step of their new life its false position is brought home to all concerned, and ever more and more is forced upon Blanche the melancholy conviction that the harm done in the past can never more be undone, and must perforce continue to blight the life of an innocent younger generation. An attachment has sprung up between Annie and the son of Teissier's successor or leader of his political party, a man of stern inflexibility, who refuses to countenance a union with the daughter of a man whose private character has sustained such an irretrievable blot; and it is Blanche's worst punishment to be obliged to inflict on her gentle patient step-daughter the wound which is ultimately to prove fatal:—

" . . . Cold drops were standing on Blanche's forehead. Was this, indeed, the moment, after such a terrible shock, to pursue to its bitter end the necessary explanation? And yet how was it possible to leave this child to nourish vain hopes that would strengthen in her tender heart a futile sentiment, and only prepare for her fresh pain in the future?

"These difficulties," she said, with a great effort, 'would proceed from his father. . . .'

"And then, as Annie's clear eyes were fixed upon her, she turned away her own as she continued—

"You know it, there are things in your father's former life—in our past—"

"It was impossible for her to proceed.

"Yes, I know," returned Annie, gravely. 'But I have never thought it possible that these things could cause—M. de Saint Brun to withdraw from me.'

"Without adding anything more, she continued to question notwithstanding. With the tone of her voice, with her eyes, with the whole anguish of her heart, she was asking why her father's action should recoil upon her, why she should be spurned unknown, why the path of love and happiness should be closed to her?

"The world is thus," murmured Blanche.

"There was a long pause, each one pursuing silently the chain of her reflections. Ten minutes passed thus, slow and heavy as the invisible wing of time ever is. The young girl pushing her cushions sat up on the sofa; and as she now appeared to be calm, Blanche said to her mechanically, thinking as it were aloud—

"You will forget, my child. . . . At your age life is still so bright!"

"Annie shook her head.

"You know quite well that one does not forget," she answered. 'Why should I be less capable of a great love than—'

"She had been on the point, following up her train of thought, of saying 'than yourself,' but corrected herself by saying—

"Than another woman."

"But Blanche had guessed: she felt herself understood, and loved her for it."

The most cruel irony in the unequal workings of Nemesis is that Michel Teissier himself, the chief culprit, is eventually the least punished, for at the conclusion of the book we see him about to re-enter the political arena with a fresh lease of energy,

accumulated during his enforced idleness, and he receives the news of his nomination but a few hours before his eldest daughter is carried to the grave:—

"On Sunday evening, as they were all assembled in the mortuary-chamber, in presence of the coffin that was about to be closed, a telegram arrived.

"What is it?" asked Blanche, mechanically.

"Michel replied—

"My election is assured."

"His voice had betrayed no elated vibration, nor had his eye lighted up. Why, therefore, did this piece of news, smothered down by the mourning, evoke, as it were, two lightning flashes, blending together from the souls of Blanche and Lawrence? They looked at each other for an instant; then Lawrence, who had not yet been able to weep, burst into tears, and threw herself into the young woman's arms as she murmured between sobs—

"Forgive me! forgive me! You are the only one who knew how to love her!"

"She said this very low, without bitterness or reproach towards any one, as though suddenly the gentleness of her dead sister had passed into her. Michel did not hear. He only saw, and it was for him a gleam of consolation to realise that his wife and daughter, moved by the same emotion, were being united in a conciliatory embrace, and were mingling their tears brow against brow. But he failed to understand the profound significance of those tears: he did not guess that they came from an identical source in order to be lost in the same current; that they were but an isolated sigh in the unceasing lament of those who are the eternal victims of our selfishness, our ambition, and our hardness."

It is difficult, by the short extracts here given, to convey a just idea of the peculiar charm of M. Rod's workmanship, a charm which chiefly consists in the evolutionary perfection with which the characters are developed and sustained, and the climax brought

about by a series of incidents so simple as to appear insignificant at first sight, but which in reality are but the perfection of an art scarcely ever to be found on our side of the Channel. The book is essentially one which only a Frenchman could have written, although at the same time it is only fair to say that very few Frenchmen, either of the present or of the past generation, would have been capable of writing it.

Of a totally different class of fiction, but with distinctive merits of its own, is Jean de la Brète's latest work, 'Badinage,'¹ a book which undoubtedly deserves to be honourably mentioned here, were it only for the exceptional fact that, without being in the least mawkish or sentimental, it may yet be read with impunity by the most carefully preserved "young person." The genial author of that delightful girlish autobiography, 'Mon Oncle et mon Cure,' has given us many other almost equally charming pictures of country-life in France, the life of the old French châteaux, buried deep in the provinces, where, if we are to believe the author aright, the wickedness of the Parisian world has not yet penetrated, and simple truth and honesty, loyal faith, chivalrous love, and all the rest of the patriarchal virtues, are invariably to be found grouped around some ancient family whose meagre rent-roll ill matches its lengthy pedigree. The heroine of these exceptionally moral romances is almost invariably an enchanting hoyden of the *enfant terrible* type, a child of nature, gifted with a warm and faithful heart, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a ready wit, which makes her the terror and admira-

tion of all who come into contact with her. Without having ever seen the outside world, this marvellous young lady seems to know all about it by intuition alone, detecting its follies and deceits with the eye of an expert, and promptly condemning them with unerring wisdom. Whether such girls really exist, and where they are to be found, is a question which we shall not attempt to solve; but the portrait, if a fancy one, is at all events very pleasing, and it speaks much for the charm of the author's style that he succeeds, at least for the nonce, in investing his heroine with a certain semblance of reality in the reader's eyes, and arousing his interest in the simple love-story, whose course remains unmarked by any very thrilling incidents or stupendous obstacles.

The title of 'Badinage' is its only weak point, in so far as it lacks all discernible connection with the contents of the book. But what does that signify, after all? The old saying, "Give a dog a bad name and hang it," may well be rendered thus nowadays, "Give a book a silly name and sell it." Only choose a title sufficiently inane, pointless, and, as far as possible, irrelevant to the subject treated, and the success of your book is made. Let, for instance, any obscure young author desirous of rapidly achieving celebrity select 'Boo' as the title of his first novel, and before a week has elapsed every one you meet will ask enthusiastically, "Oh, have you read 'Boo'?"

To return, however, to 'Badinage,' which, far from being a joke, is the history of a young lady who takes herself and her life very seriously, conveyed to the reader by the rather well-worn device of

¹ Badinage. Jean de la Brète. Paris: Plon Nourrit et Cie., 1894.

a series of letters addressed to a *soi-disant* bosom friend, a person of straw who never appears in the story. But these letters are delightfully fresh and original, and it is more than probable that, narrated in any other language but her own, the history of Claude de Metierne would have lost its principal charm.

Claude, who has grown up between a silly fantastic old grandmother and a distant cousin who fondly believes herself to be a profound student of human nature, describes her relatives in the following manner:—

"Grandmother has remained intellectually at the year 1830, the golden age of her youth and of her ideas. In growing old, all reminiscences posterior to this date, with the exception of her great sorrows, have faded, and the engraving chisel has marked nothing deeply save the first impressions. As the result of this state, we have ungainly furniture strewn about the house, a disastrous taste, and a sort of retrospective existence, establishing upon one fixed point an intellect which has remained very young and very inexperienced.

"In literature, grandmother has very distinct predilections. She adores Madame de Genlis, she loves Madame Cottin. She still weeps in realising for the hundredth time the triumphs of Corinne, and Walter Scott is her idol.

"Grandmother is romantic, and has a fashion of her own of settling difficult questions without reference to obstacles and danger. During the war, when the arrival of the Prussians at Anjou was spoken of, she never lost her composure. She sold her cow, which might have encumbered her movements, and made the following astounding announcement to her surroundings—

"As soon as I hear that those Prussians are at Tours, we will get into my *calèche* with Walter Scott, and will start off vaguely before us to escape them."

"And in spirit grandmother saw herself, like Diana Vernon, clearing mountains, valleys, dangers, and pre-

cipices with the serenity of courage and of a peaceful soul.

"In order to simplify the situation, the silver plate, along with some precious objects, had been stowed away in a hiding-place devised by my cousin, and devised in such manner that it must infallibly have caught the eyes of the conquerors had they invaded Le Vaulné, where they would have found the doors sufficiently worm-eaten to fall into dust at the mere sight of a bayonet."

Unfortunately the Prussians give no opportunity of testing the efficacy of these ingenious arrangements, for they never think of going out of their way to visit the solitary castle; but grief and consternation are presently conveyed to its inhabitants by the news that Claude's father has perished in battle, and, within a few days of his decease, her mother too has been carried off by brain-fever. After dwelling on these misfortunes, Claude goes on thus to describe her other remaining relative:—

"If grandmother still turns the spinning-wheel from time to time, plays on the guitar, and lives in the first part of this century, Madame de Lines, my cousin, moves, intellectually speaking, in a whole period which does not overstep 1860. She speaks with passionate interest of the literature of her time, of the conflicts between Veuillot, of detestable memory, and of the liberal Catholics. She dreams or philosophises, and digs mouse-holes, at the bottom of which she suddenly makes discoveries, which she carefully consigns to a note-book, with, I believe, the latent idea of seeing them pass on to posterity, with the view of enlightening it as to the psychological condition of man.

"If you ask who directs the household, I would tell you that it is never so well directed as when no one troubles their head about it, for grandmother is like all our ancestresses, who had so many excellent recipes for making easy things in a difficult manner; and as to my cousin, crouched

in her mouse-hole, and endeavouring to enlarge it by nibbling at some thought, the *pot au feu*, whose composition she scarcely knows, might have boiled over into the flames or remained eternally at the state of clear water without her philosophy designing to remark it."

The quaint surroundings of the castle, the farm and household animals, and the portraits of some old family domestics, whose grotesque peculiarities are as remarkable as their intrinsic worth, are all touched off, or rather suggested, with humour and delicacy, as likewise the little scraps of dialogue serving to illustrate the development of events, and of which the following is a good specimen:—

"I was sitting this morning on a wooden bench. This bench is a simple board, placed without the shadow of style upon two stones. The board has become black with age, its surface crumbles away when scratched, and is partially covered over by a little coating of clinging lichen. I was vaguely dreaming over this lichen, which seemed to inspire me, I know not why, with a quantity of reflections. I saw Madame de Lines advancing towards me, her shapeless gown blown out by the wind, and her garden-hat in hand. Her serious expression made me anticipate that we were in accelerated march towards philosophy.

"The opening was in truth alarmingly profound.

"My child," she said, "the human heart is a harpsichord."

"Instinctively, and with a lively gesture, I moved my hand to the site of this organ, in order to see whether there was any truth in the assertion. Then, smiling at my own simplicity, I answered in a feeble voice—

"A harpsichord, madame!"

"A harpsichord, Claude," she replied, in the firm tone of a thinker whom profound meditations have transported into the very bosom of truth; "a harpsichord, whose notes vibrate successively, one after the other,—unless," she added, "unless several of

the notes happen to speak simultaneously."

"This striking metaphor filled me with extreme respect, and, as usual, the more so because of being utterly incomprehensible to me.

"But what a thing it is to be dull-headed! It seems that the whole matter was perfectly clear, for my cousin rejoined—

"You must have guessed, my daughter, that I am alluding to a marriage."

"I opened my eyes very wide, for unless Providence or friends took the matter in hand, I did not imagine that there could be the shadow of a husband on my path,—that is to say,—hum!"

"He will come to-morrow," went on Madame de Lines. "You have already seen him once, but I do not choose to tell you his name to-day. He is very worthy. He has an income of fifteen thousand francs besides his practice, for he is doctor. . . ."

"It is surprising," I exclaimed.

"And replying to her astonished expression, I continued warmly—

"Yes; surprising that a man so advantageously situated should have thought of me, who have nothing at all. He must surely be the son of an assassin, or something equally respectable."

"The question is too serious to be joked about," returned Madame de Lines, displeased. "He is of an honourable family, although less well descended than your own, and he is twenty years older than you are. These are the two shady sides of the situation."

"I understood! It was a case of free exchange applied to matrimony."

"You lack sufficient experience to judge wisely of the future," resumed my cousin. "Besides, I know that at your age the notes of the harpsichord incessantly vibrate upon one point."

"I swear by the Styx!" I exclaimed vehemently, "that my harpsichord is dumb as—"

"I was about to say 'as the grave,' but drew up suddenly, and felt a lively colour spreading over my face. Luckily Madame de Lines, being preoccupied, noticed nothing. I think she was mentally groping about in search of some crushing sentence, when I

continued, with a little hesitation, for I felt myself engaged upon dangerously slippery ground—

"I do not care for money, my cousin. I have lived for twenty years with nothing, and finding myself perfectly comfortable as it is, I only desire to continue."

"She looked at me with stupefaction."

"You could not argue more foolishly if you were ten years old. Money constitutes three-quarters of happiness; I ought to know it, having been deprived of it all my life."

"Very well, suppose I were not to marry at all!" I exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration.

"But Madame de Lines for all answer merely shrugged her shoulders, which lowered my discovery and my inspiration to the level of a frightful *bêtise*."

Claude, who has long since made up her mind that she will marry no other but her old playmate Hervé de Chetigné, the son of a near neighbour, makes very short work of the doctor's pretensions; and after about half an hour's conversation, in which she contrives to draw out and cover with ridicule all his views and opinions regarding science, politics, religion, and morality, the unlucky suitor retired discomfited, leaving Claude to sustain the reproaches of her relatives regarding her unjustifiable reception of the only respectable offer she was ever likely to have. She receives their scoldings with perfect equanimity, for does she not know that the man of her heart will presently return home, after an absence of four years spent in scientific travels; and only a few days later, as Claude is sitting on the top of a ruined wall plunged in day-dreams, their meeting takes place.

"Having reached this point of my wisdom, I interrupted myself in order to raise my eyes, and in the hollow lane I perceived, perched upon a steed gaunter than Rosinante, a horseman looking boldly up at me.

"I returned his look, and straightway a multitude of echoes began to sound around me, like the entrancing notes of a delicate instrument. Subtle vibrations escaped from the yellowing corn-ears, from the sunburnt grasses, from the very cart-ruts of the road; they surrounded us like a legion of exquisite friends, all speaking together in their joy at having refound us."

"Perhaps Hervé was also listening to their fugitive voices, for he remained a good minute without moving or speaking; and I, for my part, would have liked to prolong indefinitely this moment, which was gradually giving me the thrilling impression produced by ancient perfumes locked away in drawers rarely opened, and thus passed on to several successive generations."

"But he spoke, and straightway the charm was broken."

"Claude! You recognise me?"

"Assuredly," I replied, "although you have some slight resemblance to a Moor."

"I drew near and gave him my hand, which he kept in his, tapping absently on my fingers with the end of his reins."

"I was dying to know his thoughts, while, without pronouncing a word, he examined me with the gravity of a praying Arab."

"Is that a habit you have acquired over there?" I asked, losing patience a little.

"I have traversed so many dangerous countries," he returned, "that I cannot now make a step without looking suspiciously around me."

"Thank you," I said, laughing; "but you are in our good province of Anjou, and its women are not wild beasts."

"Who knows," he answered, gravely.

"I could have beaten him. It was too much, after four years of absence, to find nothing better to say than to compare me to a crocodile or a jaguar."

"Is that Persian courtesy which you are bringing back with you?" I asked. "You seem to have forgotten civilised ways."

Claude, however, rapidly gets reconciled to what she calls her old comrade's oriental manners,

and before many weeks have passed they have exchanged unalterable vows of fidelity. But her two old relatives are filled with consternation at the notion of such a poor marriage for Claude, and give vent to their misgivings in comical fashion :—

"Approaching the drawing-room by the garden, I caught up some scraps of animated conversation.

"'We cannot consent to it, Agathe,' Madame de Lines was saying; 'to do so would be throwing her into a wretched position.'

"'Undoubtedly she cannot marry such an ugly man,' replied grandmother. 'She would have hideous children!'

"'Poor child! At the age of twenty to accept a life of care and privation!'

"'Her daughters would be perfect frights; she would never be able to find husbands for them!'

"What do you think of this solicitude for creatures who will perhaps never exist? The human mind is verily a droll kind of thing!"

An unexpected legacy from a distant relative, however, abruptly transforms Claude into a rich heiress; but instead of her being enabled to realise the wish of her heart, her relatives only see in this circumstance a yet more conclusive reason for discouraging Hervé de Chetigné. Now that Claude is rich, of course she can have an unlimited choice of suitors, and it were folly to throw her and her fortune away on an obscure country gentleman; and he himself, too proud to owe everything to a wealthy wife, voluntarily withdraws his claims. How in the sequel Claude is taken to Paris, there to be angled for as a desirable gold-fish, and how in the long-run an unscrupulous banker contrives to relieve her of the inconvenient money-bags which had

proved such a stumbling-block in the path of true love, the reader must be left for himself to find out. The whole story from beginning to end is pleasant light reading of the non-sensational, unexciting type. We do not think that M. de la Brête will ever be answerable for a sleepless night, or an attack of palpitation on the part of his readers; but is it not some compensation to be able to say that at least he has never caused them any touch of nausea or of indigestion? Plain rice-pudding, when partaken of on the back of caviare and red pepper, is apt to taste just a trifle insipid to a vitiated palate; but after all it were scarcely fair to blame the rice-pudding for this result.

Likewise of the rice-pudding tribe, but rather more so, is a work lately crowned by the French Academy, entitled '*Brave Fille*';¹ and were it not for the fact of this distinction, which challenges both attention and criticism, we feel more than doubtful as to whether we should have succeeded in wading through three hundred pages of herring-fishery, merely in order to assure ourselves that Elise Henin, the heroine of the book, at its conclusion is led to the altar by the man to whom she has been faithful all along. The herring is doubtless a very attractive fish, whether contemplated as a wriggling piece of silver inside a net, or crisp and golden upon a breakfast-plate; but surely a novel is not a fishing manual, and it is scarcely too much to say that, apart from the technical knowledge of the subject it treats, and of the photographic accuracy of its descriptions, the book is absolutely devoid of all qualities which

¹ Fernant Calmettes, '*Brave Fille*,' ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française, Paris: Plon Nourrit et Cie., 1894.

go to make up a good work of fiction.

Some people may perhaps object that Pierre Loti's stories are likewise invariably sea-narratives from beginning to end, without being the less admirable on that account, and that precisely his best and most generally appreciated work, 'Pêcheur d'Islande,' treats of little else but of herring-fishery. We are even inclined to consider Monsieur Loti directly answerable for this sorry imitation, which, viewed by the side of his own artistic production, is like tinsel to gold, or clay to marble. To keep one single note reverberating without producing monotony requires a master-hand, and even Monsieur Loti's talent is not always sufficient to make us escape the feeling that we have swallowed quite as much salt-water as we are able to take.

But it is not merely the salt-water and the herrings to which we take exception in the present instance. It is the *Brave Fille* herself, who, to our thinking, is the chief stumbling-block of the tale. She is at once too *brave* in the French, and too brave in the English acceptation of the word; too impossibly and preposterously courageous and high-minded to remind us even distantly of a woman of flesh and blood. Gifted with the beauty of a Diana, the governing talent of a Napoleon, the wit of a Talleyrand, and the strength of a bullock, this surprising young woman takes service as a common sailor in a fishing-smack, in order to gain a living for herself and her little brother Firmian, aged twelve, her sole remaining relative. They are orphans, the father having been lately drowned one wild night off the coast, and neither his body nor those of his six companions have yet been recovered. His death

has ruined his children, for he was returning with a purse well filled from a successful fishing expedition, when the waters had swallowed him along with the boat that was his property. Under these circumstances Elise had obtained from her cousin, the *beau Florimond*, as he was called in these parts, the favour of being enrolled in the crew of his fishing-boat along with her little brother. This intrusion of a woman among them is at first much resented by the other sailors, who consider this to be an unjustifiable infringement of their rights. A wench on board never fails to bring bad luck, and where will the trade come to if women are to be suffered thus to take the bread out of honest sailors' mouths? Presently, as though to confirm these evil prognostications, the vessel runs on to a sand-bank, and the sailors, in order to deliver themselves and their boat from this damsel of evil omen, solve the difficulty by throwing the *Brave Fille* bodily overboard. Fished out and brought back to life by one of the men, younger and less stony-hearted than the rest, Elise presently compels the respect of the crew by the muscular force and moral energy with which, still dripping like a drowned rat from her recent immersion, she seizes on the helm, and, assisted by an opportune blast of wind, succeeds in dislodging the boat from its inconvenient position. From this moment forward she has it all her own way: the men who a minute previously had been planning her destruction, now look up to her with blind adoration as a sort of patron saint, so that Florimond, the commander of the sloop, begins to be seriously jealous of the rival influence of this little upstart relation, whom he had only taken on out of charity.

By-and-by the vessel gets into dangerous waters, a violent tempest has arisen, and it requires all Florimond's experience and energy to avoid the catastrophe which he sees staring them in the face:—

"Florimond was at the helm. Since four days he had scarcely left it. Less than ever at the hour of danger could he resign himself to place the fate of his vessel in other hands. He had refused himself all repose, taking his meals aloft, eating with one hand and directing with the other. In this half-week he had scarcely slept five hours. His cheeks were hollowed by fever, and his clear eyes were darkened by the shades of his thoughtful glance. For he knew it, and feared it, that sea which never hesitates in its fury, that sea which gives life and also death."

But when Florimond is presently struck down senseless by the action of a wave, the distracted sailors, bereft of their commander, all turn instinctively to Elise as their one chance of salvation:—

"The three breakers passed on with unbridled fury, which foreshadowed the violence of the coming squall. It was necessary to act or to perish.

"To whom the helm?"

"To the Lison—the Lison!"

"And all the sailors simultaneously shouted the name of the young girl, as though to testify the salvation they expected from her. She had gained them by her heroic valour; in the hour of danger they placed in her their force and their confidence; but it was a perilous honour that they designed to her. Injured in her most vital parts, gorged with water, the sloop was about to be shattered beneath the thundering waves at the entrance of the *Ecueil des Bancs*. Elise did not hesitate. . . .

"Without losing heart, without even feeling surprised at the choice which had fallen on her, she came to the wheel, and boldly caused herself to be lashed on to the mizen-mast, in order to be able to defy the smash of the breakers, which threatened to be gigantic. She commanded the manœuvre."

Elise gives her orders with the peremptory decision of an experienced commander. To each man is assigned a task, and nothing is forgotten that can increase the chances of escape. She seems to govern the wheel as easily as other young ladies handle a fan or a parasol, and to feel as much at home in her perilous position as another would be on the ball-room floor. The breakers are so immense that the girl's figure constantly vanishes in clouds of spray, only to reappear again, always erect, energetic, and invincible. Now they have already passed the quicksands, and are nearing the lighthouse of Treport, which looks out yonder on the horizon, white and gleaming as a beacon of hope:—

"Courage! the breakers are stiff, but the quicksands are behind them. In less than half an hour the Bon Pêcheur will have reached the harbour-bar.

"Alas! the squall still persists in blowing, the sky is dark, the sea is dark, the foam alone is white. The waves hurl themselves with yet greater violence against the boat. One of the breakers, implacable, irresistible, has almost swallowed it up in a yawning embrace. It has disappeared entirely. During twenty seconds it was no longer distinguishable from the coast. . . . If it cannot regain breath, it must infallibly go down.

"À la grâce!"

Of a sudden Elise commands the sails to be hoisted. Is she mad to think of it in such a tempest? But her orders are obeyed. The Bon Pêcheur flies like a storm-bird, and in less than a quarter of an hour has rolled in beneath the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour. The tempest has reached its climax, and yet Elise continues to order more sail, and yet more, to be hoisted. It is positive delirium!

"Courage! The boat regains its speed—the white lighthouse is no more than twenty boat-lengths off. But at the harbour-bar the waves are revolving in a delirious whirlpool.

"Courage! Alas! the big mast has crashed down on to the deck.

"Cut down the rigging!"

"The hatchets work. The mast and the sails, set free from their fastenings, fall into the abyss. The boat, relieved and lightened, rises up again. It still floats.

"Like a spar tossed from crest to crest, it sinks down only to rebound, to sink again, and once more to rebound. A terrified shout resounds from the pier.

"H-o-o—h-ō-ō-ō!" The Bon Pêcheur has been caught round by a current of backwater.

"A wave has seized it in the *flanc*, and has hurled it into the harbour entrance. Courage! Alas! it will be shattered against the stone pier. No!

"Elise has caused all her blood to recoil to the heart. [It would be interesting, by the way, to know how this little manœuvre is executed.] She has put her whole vitality into a supreme motion of the wheel. The Bon Pêcheur has turned over keelwards towards the pier—one might say keel upwards. Hoo! It has disappeared into the yawning abyss. No—it rebounds again. Is it for the last time? . . . No—the wheel has raised it up again. Hurrah! The ropes are thrown and seized. Two hundred hands are dragging them in.

"Sails down!"

"The last remaining scrap of linen is lowered. And they are in port. Hurrah, Elise! your sloop and your men are saved!"

The foregoing description of the storm, greatly curtailed for the reader's benefit, will convey a good idea of the author's style, which, although occasionally both spirited and forcible, is invariably marred by the needless profusion

of ejaculation and interrogation, producing a jerky, spasmodic, and hysterical effect.

Elise, however, meets with but small thanks for having rescued the vessel, and Florimond, furious at an incident which has robbed him of his accustomed prestige, succeeds in exciting the sailors' wrath anew against the girl as a witch and sorceress. Abandoned and shunned by every one, and with only an old dog to protect her against the fury of an unjust and senseless rabble, the *Brave Fille*, however, does not lose heart, but continues to perform prodigies of valour. She goes down in a diving-bell to search for the body of her dead father, succeeds in finding her little brother, who somehow had been mislaid in the German Ocean, saves the ungrateful Florimond and his crew a second time, when once more they are in danger of perishing, and finally reaps the reward of all these heroic actions by leading to the altar (rather than being led to it) the exceedingly namby-pamby young man on whom she has fixed her affections.

Why the French Academy has thought fit to crown a book which so little fulfils the conditions of a good work of fiction, might be matter for surprise were it not for the notoriously unhealthy condition of contemporary French literature. Where talent and morality so rarely go hand in hand, the predicament is apt to be a grave one; and when compelled perforce to make their choice between a vicious novel and a foolish one, it were perhaps unjust to condemn the Immortals for having decided in favour of the latter.

A RIDE IN HAKKALAND.

THE Hakkas are an extraneous tribe of Chinese who migrated into the north-east of the province of Canton about A.D. 1300. They are an agricultural people, about five millions in number, and are the most numerous emigrants from China, whence they go in great numbers to Australia, California, Honolulu, Mauritius, and especially to the Straits Settlements and the neighbouring places. They are very numerous in the mining districts of the protected Malay States of Perak and Selangor, to the former of which references occur in the following narrative.

"I EXPECT there are probably none," I said, gloomily prolonging the last word to emphasise my objection.

"*Hai yaah!* Extremely many, and as big as donkeys," replied Vong Ah Nyi (Brown Secundus). So I promised.

Vong was a farmer, and a Hakka Chinaman, and a good Catholic. He had come in to see my friend the French priest, as he was in trouble. "A woman's affair," he told me ambiguously. Then I showed him my six-bang guns, and then he asked me to shoot the wild pig that were devastating his young wheat, and promised in return to carry my bag and give me a hen.

4.30 A.M., 9th April 1894.—Saddling a pony by moonlight is ghastly work, not to say impious. Everything, too, goes wrong with the harness, as home-made things will go wrong; the girths are too short, and must be ingeniously supplemented with lamp-wick; a stirrup-leather gives, but the strap from a Gladstone bag makes a very good substitute; finally, the cushion of shavings that covers the wooden framework of the saddle has got itself into lumps, and wants altering. I should explain that I am up-country, 150 miles from the nearest treaty port

(Swatow), and that my harness is "made in China," principally from bits of string. Then half-an-hour of waiting while Ah Nyi fills himself with rice as you stoke an engine for a long run, measuring out the amount of fuel necessary, and methodically packing it away, actuated apparently by a sense of duty rather than by appetite. This done, he proceeds to strap my impedimenta to the ends of his *kandur* (carrying-stick), slips his shoulders underneath, and we are off. Alas! not so soon, in a land of delays. After three paces he stops. It seems that the basket at one end of the *kandur* outweighs the guns at the other by some pounds; so, after tentatively lifting his burden once or twice, he retires, to return with a skein of fibre. Then sitting down, he bares his thigh, and on it rolls a dozen threads together into a string, with which he ties a blanket and a pair of shoes to the lighter end of the burden, and makes the balance true. He is provokingly deliberate in his movements, but he is right. He has to carry 50 lb. for thirty miles before nightfall, and a very little irregularity in the spring of his burden will put him out of his stride. Having seen him fairly off (for if you would not find yourself stranded baggageless, your

indigenous Hakka is of burden-bearers the least well left to follow), I take a cup of cocoa and start after him, with a valedictory "Well, well! Softly, softly, go!" from my household ringing in my ears.

The sun is rising crimson through a white haze as I canter along, and the thermometer is at 50°—and that alone makes half a paradise, as any Straits man will tell. For the first mile or so the road lies through the plain which feeds the district city of Ka-Yin-Chu—through an expanse of greenest wheat, with here and there a brown patch flooded and set aside as a nursery for the coming padi. On every side white homesteads are scattered, each in its setting of giant bamboo shoots. When you have realised the fact that each of these little clusters of lime-washed cottages represents the home of fathers, sons, grandsons, and all their female belongings, you will begin to appreciate the density of the population. In front of every farm stand yellow straw-stacks raised on wooden legs, and under each a tiny red cow ruminates, or else a dull hairy water-buffalo, stupidly wondering whether a mouthful of straw snatched from above will repay the trouble of balancing on his hind-legs. The general effect is most homelike and pleasant. It must be added that a closer inspection of one of these farms does not prove so satisfactory. Round about the ground is strewn with litter and broken earthenware, while the drainage from the cattle-sheds forms puddles on the roadway. The plaster has fallen in flakes from the walls; the gay lanterns and gaudy texts in red and black that adorn the entrance only accentuate the dismal untidiness; nor is the semicircular

fish-tank, half full of stagnant water, pleasing either to eyes or nose. Clattering across the drying-floor between it and the house, I bring out a pack of curly black-haired dogs, who bark furiously, but at a respectful distance. I am known here, and am let pass without further comment than the customary "*Stit li fan m thiam?*" ("Have you eaten rice or not yet?"), which, like "How do you do?" calls for no particular answer. Riding on, I catch Ah Nyi up at the edge of the plain, and begin the ascent with him.

The road now runs steeply up the slope of the hill, with no particular regard for gradients. The engineer was guiltless at any rate of wasting money on surveys or trial traces; his one idea when crossing hilly ground appears to have been to follow water where there was water, elsewhere to go straight ahead. In Hakkaland it is not uncommon to find, after a breathless scramble straight up the face of a hill, that on reaching the top another scramble down lies ahead, to the level from which you started; all of which might have been saved by a very moderate deviation. But, after all, this is a matter of taste. If John Chinaman prefers walking one mile uphill and one mile down, to two miles and a half on the flat, who shall blame him for making his roads to suit his likings? What is more noteworthy is the unparalleled public spirit without which these roads would not be made at all. We English, who find our roads ready made, and grumble at having to pay for their upkeep, can hardly comprehend it. Talk about the London hospitals supported by voluntary contributions! Here is a people who (unblessed with local rates and a Public Works Department) have by sheer force of col-

lection-box and an active public spirit built and maintained the entire road-system of their country—thousands of miles of road, from the narrow track of granite slabs embedded longwise, which leads to some little hamlet or market village, to a twelve-foot road neatly paved with cobble-stones, or a concrete bund raised ten feet above the padi-fields. All these roads are apportioned by established traditions among the principal clans in the neighbourhood, each of which prides itself in the maintenance of its section, and will send round the hat when repairs are necessary. Every one subscribes according to his means, under pain of "becoming faceless," and greybeards who spend their old age in the hardest manual labour, apparently in deepest penury, display unlooked-for resources and give their two or three dollars, while the *nouveau riche* who would become a power in his village makes a bid for popularity with a proportionately handsome donation. New roads are built in the same way by the clans in whose neighbourhood they run. Naturally this system does not tend towards uniformity of design. Within a mile you may find your road in parts paved with flagstones and in parts a mere muddy track; crossing one river by a rickety plank and the next by a solid bridge of masonry. Moreover, I have been assured by missionaries that what I call public spirit is not public spirit at all, but the outcome of a degrading superstition: which is very sad. Still, there they are—good roads and plenty of them—a monument to the sturdy self-reliance of your Hakka, in the absence of fancy bazaars, charity sermons, and all the Western apparatus for extracting voluntary contributions from unwilling pockets.

Regarded from a horse's point of view, these roads are less satisfactory. Neither cobbles set on end nor slippery paving-stones make good roads for unshod cattle. It is wonderful how the 12-hand ponies of the country manage the distances they do. We meet several picking their way down the hill, most in wretched condition, all sadly in want of grooming. A Hakka knows nothing of the sentiment with which an Englishman regards his horse and his dog. The idea of bestowing a name on either seems absurd to him, and to fondle them is to associate with beasts because you are of them. This want of sympathy is reflected in their horsemanship, which I take to be the worst in the world. Look round at the cavalier who has just passed down the hill, smiling a tolerant smile at my riding-breeches. He is perched on a monstrous wooden saddle, over which are laid—I dare not say how many—quilts, till the edifice is as big as a dressing-table, and nearly as flat, the whole being covered with a crimson blanket. There he sits well back, with his feet stretched out in front, and the heels of his shoes thrust into enormous rusty stirrups a little below the pony's shoulder, so that his legs from the knee up are parallel with the ground,—sitting, in fact, much as one would sit on a bare-backed elephant. He wears white embroidered shoes of silk, with soles two inches thick, yellow silk trousers gathered in at the ankle, and a lilac-coloured silk coat with pendulous sleeves. A hemispherical black cap of pasteboard and sateen, surmounted by a red button, completes this chaste riding costume.

Ponies are sold in Hakkaland at prices ranging from 20 to 60 dollars,

but are not very generally used. Those who can afford it generally travel in sedan-chairs. Walking for pleasure's sake is of course a purely Western conception, and should you give it as your reason when on a walking tour, your interrogator will smile and change the subject, considering the crudeness of the lie to be a hint that you would avoid further questioning.

The higher we go the steeper the road becomes: for the last hundred yards from the top of the pass it is a flight of stone steps, leading to a ruinous Buddhist temple. We wait under a grass-grown archway to look about us, while man and horse get their breath. What a country and what a people! Surely there never was such a harvest wrung from so niggardly a soil. Down by the way we came the valley lies at our feet one smiling sea of green, cultivated every inch of it up to high-water mark. But from this level, above which irrigation is impracticable, the red sandstone hills lie huddled together in a crumbling arid desolation, varied only where a stratum of blue rock crops up and runs in an unbroken zigzag up and down half-a-dozen hillsides. On this shaly barren soil fir-trees alone seem to thrive, and these, unfortunately, the country-people (except in the neighbourhood of iron-mines, where charcoal is needed for smelting purposes) have little interest in planting. Firewood is so cheap, and most people burn grass instead; as witness the women grass-cutters dotted like blue flowers among the few parched patches of herbage. The result of this denudation is painfully apparent. When after a six months' drought the summer rains burst, they fall in sudden

torrents on a soil cracked and disintegrated by the heat, and unprotected as it should be by a leafy covering and network of roots. The water rushes off the hillsides as fast as it falls, cutting the great red gashes that disfigure every slope, and bringing down an equivalent amount of sterile red sand on to the valleys, to the silting up of streams and the smothering of fields.

The contrast presented by the rounded slopes of the few fir plantations is most marked. An energetic Government could hardly do less than impress on its subjects the necessity of planting, which to a foreigner seems obvious enough.

In the face of this perennial downflow of sand and rubbish from the hills, it seems hardly credible that men should have the industry to cultivate the gorges between them; yet so it is. Even between the gaunt red cracks, the eye catches here and there a flight of wholesome brown terraces running up the hill-face for a hundred yards or more, until the topmost reaches the level of the fountain that called them into being.

Ah Nyi wants to know what I am staring at. I say I am admiring "his" China. He replies modestly, "Not good, certainly not good, such a worthless land!" He ventures an opinion that foreign parts are more serviceable and have a broader wealth, but he only says this out of politeness, and is, I think, rather pleased with my little compliment.

We scramble down to the valley, then up and down again. One hill-top is much the same as another, each with a view of red and blue sandstone hills, each crowned by a temple or tea-house. At one of the latter we stop for refreshments—to "strike a point

on our hearts," as the idiom of the country expresses it. Great institutions are these Fung Yi Thin (wind-and-rain rest-houses), and very Chinese in the way they meet a want, and satisfy without pampering it. Usually they are plain brick barns, whitewashed and tiled, strongly built with foundations and lintels of stone, and set right across the thoroughfare, which passes through them from arched doorway to doorway. Inside there is no more pretence of ornament. The walls are bare except for the handicraft of passing vandals, verses and sketches such as "'Arry" would inscribe on such blank walls; and except for the lists of orange-coloured paper which set forth the subscribers' names—for these tea-houses, like the roads, are paid for entirely by voluntary subscriptions. I see with pleasure how our Perak Tin Hills have lent their aid; for it is here recorded how Ku Fu Long, at present a miner of the Great Pet Lak, subscribes 17 dollars. I wonder what most of us other exiles would say if we were called upon to subscribe a month's wages to, say, a free library or a people's park for the good folk at home! Not of course that I wish to imply that Fu Long was actuated by pure motives, himself being a heathen. I dare say his main thought was to keep the name of him green in his native village; the poor girls cutting grass who shelter here when a summer rain-storm has turned the five miles of mountain-side between them and home into a smoking torrent—they may have been a secondary consideration. Perhaps this is why they do not bless the "pious founders," as they set their dripping bundles down and laugh and dab each other after the manner of damp womankind all the world over.

The refreshment-buffet ranged against the wall is a purely private speculation. It is of the unpretentious form patronised by the peripatetic vendor of winkles at home. On it are ranged various comestibles, many of which are fit for human consumption. Such are *not* those unripe pears preserved in brine. The white *thow-fu* or bean jelly looks nice, but it is not. As for that great quivering yellow slab of fermented rice, like Mrs Todger's fish, "Don't you eat none of him!" But the slices of candied cucumber may be ventured upon, and the rice biscuits, and the sticks of what looks like hardbake. They are harmless, and taste strongly of nothing. The tea and the oranges are unexceptionable. The former is given you mixed with a little cold water at the bottom of a bowl. You are further supplied with a small earthenware teapot full of hot water, which you transfer to the bowl and thence into a doll's teacup without a handle, and drink it neat and as near boiling-point as may be. Among the oranges there is a sort about the size and shape of an olive which is eaten skin and all, and which is, I am assured, a sovereign cure for a sore throat. Most of these luxuries sell for three cash each, or a little more than the quarter of a cent.

On again. Another scramble, down this time, through a plantation of spruce-firs big enough to suggest to Ah Nyi a fresh variation of his favourite question, "In the Outland, such great trees are there or not?" (O Malaysia, where art thou now!)

At the next turning our path reduces itself to a notch cut round a buttress of rock. As my pony walks, after its nature, on the extremest edge, I get a beautiful view of a little cascade two hundred feet below, "as straight as a beggar can

spit." It is not particularly reassuring to find at this point a little shrine about the size of a dog-kennel, recording the fact that somebody did go over at this spot, and recommending the traveller to burn a joss-stick or two to the spirit of the place as a precaution.

Once round this awkward corner, we descend gladly into a longer stretch of level ground than we have met with so far. Now the road follows a river-bed, as it might be some quiet towing-path in the old country, sweet with the scent of brier-rose and honey-suckle. But a water-wheel as high as a house brings me back to China. Hollow joints of bamboo are tied to its flange, and as the wheel revolves lazily with the current, they scoop up the water, and turning one after the other on their downward sweep, pour it into a trough twenty feet above the level of the stream, whence it flows by a hundred channels over the rice-fields: a very Chinese "notion," truly, in its ingenious simplicity.

We cross the river by a massive bridge raised thirty feet above its bed on three immense buttresses of sandstone. These buttresses project up-stream some twenty feet beyond the bridging they support, tapering to a point like a ship's prow; so that from a little distance one might fancy them to be so many great barges passing under the bridge on their way up-stream. This is a necessary precaution; otherwise the beds of sand brought down from the hills by the summer rainstorms would bank against the masonry and carry it away. This continual down-drift of sand is the curse of the Chinese peasant. It continues till in many places the river-bed is raised to the level of the fields on

either side, and dams have to be built along the banks, so that the river is confined in a channel higher than the surrounding country. Then one day the river comes down in spate; the dam cracks, crumbles, bursts open; and a flood of brown water spreads itself over the low land, sweeping towns away and counting its victims by the myriad—as happens every few years in the valley of the Yellow River, or, to go back to our brooks in Hakkaland, merely washing away a homestead or two, and burying one knows not how much of labour and hope under an expanse of red sand.

But it is now past mid-day, and Ah Nyi has begun to give his tongue a rest, and to shift his burden more often from left shoulder to right, while his face begins to wear the fixed pained smile which in a Chinaman means that he is tired and wants his rice. Fortunately our halting-place is not much farther. Already the increased traffic heralds its approach. Troops of women meet us, armed with basket and sickle, on their way to cut grass, in their homely dress of loose blue coat and knickerbockers. They are of all ages, from sixty years to ten; but all stare alike their hardest as I pass, covering their faces with their sleeves to ward off any noxious humours the foreigner may exhale. Safely passed, all relieve their feelings with shrieks of laughter. Then there are men, women, and children carrying iron-ore, vegetables, sugar-cane, rice, and pigs—especially pigs. I think it is Mark Twain who says that, next to your amateur tenor, a calf chewing a dishcloth is the most self-satisfied thing on earth. He cannot have seen a Chinese pig driving to market. The contrast, indeed, is striking. The two lords

of creation stagger along under their pole, stopping every fifty yards for breath, half-naked, bowed, perspiring at every pore; while the pig lies slung in the crate between them, reposing with his four fat legs sticking out of holes in the wicker-work, eyes half-shut, tail gently curling. "There must be classes," he grunts *sotto voce* (the haughty aristocrat!). "Every one can't go riding in carriages!"

But now Oak-Tree Town comes in view half-way down the valley, showing flat and uninteresting, like all Hakka towns. It is enclosed by a triangular wall, of which the base lies parallel to the river that waters the valley, and the sides run up the hillsides, meeting at a point above the town. This peculiar situation is common among small towns in Hakkaland. It suggests the idea of a cur snapping in a corner. Viewed as a defence against brigands or rebels, this fortification is of doubtful value, as the whole town is commanded by every point on the hillside above the apex of the triangle; but a people who thought to keep out the Tartars by the Great Wall is above strategical considerations. But these thirty-foot ramparts, with their conning towers and rusty little cannon, are noteworthy for one thing: they are the only visible return that ratepayers get for their money. To the outer barbarian their only use seems to be that they confine the dirty town, and prevent it from straggling on to the corn-land around. As we pass through the massive gateway, the contrast is striking; and the first thing that forces itself upon my senses is that every third wayfarer is a woman staggering under two tubs of night-soil. The streets are lanes eight or ten feet

wide, paved with cobble-stones, and the houses on either side are one-storeyed shops. Perhaps booths would be a better name, for the whole shop-front is open to the street, showing a greasy counter and a gloomy little passage beyond. Even booths does not seem a very happy name, for apparently there is nothing for sale. For example, one *Virtue Glorious* has hung before his shop a long board, on which the legend "General Ware Shop" is inscribed in green and gold. Nothing, however, is visible except some tin lamps, an assortment of English needles laid out in rows on the counter, a few rice-bowls of coarse earthenware, and some packets of "self-come fire," the last also of quasi-English origin, as the legend thereon, SUREBESTMATCH, will tell. Similarly the draper's stock-in-trade is represented by an unassuming parcel or two in whitey-brown paper, unless you count a pair of indelicate straddling knickerbockers that solicit custom from above the doorway. The undertaker alone understands the advantage of an artistic shop-window. A little delicate scroll-work in green and red at the ends of his stock-in-hand has given quite a jaunty air to the black loglike coffins. As for the barber's shop, what mysteries it contains shall be left unobserved: a passing glance at the customer is enough, on whose ears and nostrils the man of razors is operating with a six-inch brazen bradawl.

As we pass on at a foot-pace, every doorway fills with curious spectators. The men put on an air of ill-feigned indifference; the women greet the absurdity of my *coiffure* and costume with quaint comments and unconcealed amusement. A smartly dressed urchin salutes me as *Lau Ya* (Venerable

Father), with a sublime demureness of expression, as one who would say, "Let me at least render honour where honour is due." Hardly, however, have I gone twenty yards farther when he changes his tune, and (I thought it was coming) raises a tentative cry of "Foreign Devil!" and waits to see the result, like a nervous rider striking a strange horse. Encouraged by his impunity, others take up the cry, and in a few minutes a crowd of little imps are dancing along behind me, albeit at a respectful distance, to a chorus of "*Fan Kwi, 'E! Fan Kwi, A . . . ah!*" It is impossible to be angry with them, they are so intensely happy. Their faces simply dance with pleasure; while their clattering wooden shoes, their little loose breeches and flapping sleeves, all seem electrified into an ecstasy of merriment. Even the red tags of incipient pigtails bob up and down, as if they too must get a peep at this extraordinary phenomenon. At last we find refuge in our inn.

You may know it is an inn, because there is absolutely nothing to buy in it. The landlord greets me with a "Good day, boss!" and insists on shaking hands, such lore of barbarian customs has he acquired during a ten years' stay in the Gold Mountains. Has he tea or rice? No, he has nothing; but he can buy. So we pass through the dirty shop, and dirtier passage, into a kitchen in possession of a weak-backed sow. At the farther end is a straw loft or platform, raised six or seven feet above the ground. Gaining this coign of vantage, I appeal to mine host to clear the house of the crowd that has followed me. He courteously goes so far as to swear lustily at large, but without result. A Chinaman's house em-

phatically is *not* his castle. The public considers a wandering foreigner as public property, and would deeply resent any attempt at monopolising him. Being thus thrown on my own resources to quiet the hubbub, I resort to strategy. Pulling out my telescope, I direct it on the crowd below, and, in the lull caused by this manœuvre, seize the opportunity of observing that, if there is any more noise or pulling about of my things, I shall decline all intercourse with this people. This produces an excellent effect. There is a general chorus of "Hush, hush! . . . Pulling his things about! . . . A reverend stranger, too! . . . Such bad manners!" and comparative quiet reigns, of which I take advantage, and try to reply categorically to the spitting fire of questions. Some one well up in theology first puts me through my facings. No; I am neither a Soul's Father (Catholic) nor a Guardian Master (Lutheran); neither a Frenchman nor a German. "What are you, then?" I reply, with much dignity, that my nation is the nation of Great Yin (of which most of them have heard), and that I am a mandarin in a foreign land (I translate the word magistrate, and if they are filled with an exaggerated sense of my importance, that is not my fault). I cannot say I find their country very good, for the Hundred Surnames (the masses) lack reverence. Having thus exalted my office, I proceed to explain that my stockings are made of sheep's wool, and even condescend to let them be felt, legs dangling, a second Tappertit. I have not come to teach them religion; I am not a grandfather, though I have a beard; I am not in the least afraid, thank you; I have a surname; I cannot see as far as

three feet below the surface of the ground.

At last I am released from this catechism by the arrival of my rice, which I eat *à la Chinoise*, basin to lip, using the chop-sticks as shovels, or beak-wise to extract a piece of salmon from its tin. Disgusting as it may seem to good people who live at home at ease, this method of feeding is adopted by most of those whom fate has sent to live off the beaten track in the Flowery Kingdom—that is, when dining in public. The curious staring and bursts of contemptuous laughter are quite enough to ruin a man's digestion, without the addition of such comments as, "Look at his fork all made of tin!" "No, it's silver." "There, he's spiked a bit of his foreign-tin-cow-meat!" "He'll prick his tongue." "So curious!" *ad nauseam*.

Man and beast being satisfied, we step out again, escorted by the populace as far as the gates, on through patches of sugar-cane, market produce, and tobacco. Then comes more barley, varied at intervals by brown hillocks studded with graves, where goats and cattle browse unmolested. These are the graves of the common people. In choosing a favourable site for a grave, where the elements of wind and water shall be propitious, lies much virtue. Here and there you may see one of these tombs, set like a white ring in some lofty mountain-spur on a lucky spot where the geomantist has discovered a curving Dragon's back, in conjunction with the White Tiger, among the surrounding hills; or a view of winding water such as will comfort the spirit of the dead, and win his goodwill on behalf of his pious descendants. But this is a great subject. Our Hakka peasants cannot, as a rule, afford such luxuri-

ous insurance, and have to content themselves with faith and what hillock of waste land may belong to their clan. A stone tablet set in an arch of masonry, and let into the slope of the rising ground, marks the resting-place and tells the name of the deceased; while the approach thereto is enclosed by a low stone wall of horse-shoe shape. But, lofty or humble, the grave of his ancestors is of the essence of a Hakka's religion. It is hard for a stranger to appreciate the depth of his feeling for it. You may sneer at Confucius and laugh at the Buddhist priesthood; but do not try with a lightning-conductor or weather-cock to divert the luck of a graveyard, or there will be trouble.

By good fortune we come on a party paying their annual visit of respect at one of these graves. It is a pretty sight, and one worth stopping for. Nor need we fear to intrude. By the token that your Hakka does not hesitate to invade your room at an inn, you may understand that European notions of privacy are foreign to him. A *Tsi Fun*, or Sacrificing at the Tomb, is perhaps the nearest Chinese equivalent to a picnic. From early day all the male descendants of the departed have been assembled at his sepulchre, from the white-haired grandfather (soon himself to be an object of worship) to the children playing knucklebones with the shells of exploded crackers. All the morning they have been cooking the cakes and sweetmeats laid out on the cement threshold before the tablet; and now kneeling one by one in their long blue gowns of ceremony, they give each other and taste the wine-cup, bowing, bowing before the grave till their foreheads touch the ground, amid discordant too-tooing of horns and popping of bombs. They pray for

health, wealth, long life, and male issue, the good souls, much as other people use. Let us recognise the touch of nature and bid them a hearty farewell, leaving the cheap sneer to professional iconoclasts.

A picture of Chinese scenery must have its pagoda. Without which none other are genuine, as the advertisements say. So it is worth while to leave the path and scramble up a hill in pursuit of one, even at the end of a day's march. It is the traveller's duty to carry sextant and yard measure in his pocket; so let me record that this pagoda of mine is an octagonal seven-storeyed tower of stone, a hundred feet high, with walls twelve feet thick, into which a winding staircase is built. There is, however, nothing to be seen in any of the storeys after the first two. The others have been left unfurnished, and the ship is spoilt for the want of a penn'orth of tar. The ground-floor is an octagonal room sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter. Opposite the door there is an altar or throne on which the effigy of a former emperor sits, fatuously smiling through a thin black beard, flanked by attendant ministers, in the midst of a mass of tawdry paper ornaments, dusty lanterns, tinsel, and flummery. Before this altar obeisance is made and incense burned by devotees. Human patience has its limits; sympathy the most cosmopolitan can hardly find interest in such nonsense. The occupant of the second floor is a small individual with squint eyes, a ghastly hare-lip, and a swollen lolling tongue. He is known to fame as having been so hideous that, though his essays were on two occasions far the best sent up, the examiners declared he was really too ugly to qualify. However, the third time they had to give way, and

he passed triumphantly. At his death he was canonised, and is now worshipped by students. The sculptor has gilded his homely features, perhaps to typify his merits; and impelled by a mistrust (quite uncalled for) in his ability to devise a sufficient atrocity of countenance, has accentuated the effect by representing the demi-god as standing with one knee pressed into the pit of his stomach, while he fiercely brandishes a pen rather bigger than himself. But these are mere superfluities. The object of the pagoda is engraved on the slab of marble, which, fallen from its niche in the wall, lies among briars and rubble at its foot. It seems to have been built A.D. 1800, at a cost of 10,000 dollars, to retain the luck of the neighbourhood, but more especially to preserve those who travel by land and by water in the Barbarous Outland. If our good miners in the Perak Tin Hills can remember the old country, as the tea-house showed, it seems that they in turn are not forgotten.

But now night is falling, and brings a cold rain with it. As we plod stiffly over the last mile, the fields have become deserted, save where two enthusiasts, man and wife, are still wading in a padi-nursery sowing the rice. Covered back and front with rain-proof coats of palm-leaf, with legs bare from the thigh downward, and red with cold, they look like some unwieldy species of waders or cranes.

But at last our inn! I have asked but a small boon from the Fates, that it shall not prove to be market-day, and my prayer is heard. Rice is to be had for man, and bean-stalks for beast. And so gladly to supper and to bed.

E. A. IRVING.

ROGER BACON.

THE brilliance of the intellectual Renaissance in Italy, the potency of its effect upon the philosophy, literature, and art of Western Europe, and the renown attained by the foremost men at all stages of the movement, have blinded us to the eminence of thinkers and writers who lived before the close of the middle ages. Apart from and besides the imperfection of such records as remain, the attention of succeeding generations has been diverted from the silent labour of earlier students by the intense and sudden vitality awakened in those of the fifteenth century. Just as, standing before a great conflagration on a dark night, the spectator beholds none of the objects in the landscape immediately beyond the blaze, so in order to view the operations carried on in the civilised world during the thirteenth century, one must pass to one side of the centre of action, and disregard, for the moment, the stir and tumult in the foreground. And even then, in estimating the proportions and nature of the different figures disclosed, allowance must be made for the glare reflected on them from the nearer flames.

It was the age of princes and of priests. Military force and ecclesiastical power alternately strove for mastery and allied themselves for rule. The titles of kings and cardinals of that time are associated with great works of art, while of those who wrought them, even the names have perished. No one who has traced the development of Gothic architecture from the sturdy Saxon translation of Roman building through the masculine beauty of the Norman, down to

its consummation in the honest splendour of the thirteenth century, can fail in the conviction that great intellects were untiringly at work during all the rigours and perils of these four hundred years—nay, that in the matter of noble building, neither in this country nor in Germany or France have their equals since been seen. The most ambitious efforts of modern architects are no more than copies of the old masterpieces.

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"During the twenty years that I have specially laboured in the attainment of Wisdom, abandoning the vulgar path, I have spent upon these pursuits more than two thousand pounds, not to mention the cost of secret books, of various experiments, instruments, tables, and the like."⁵

It is clear that during these twenty years, at all events, he must have been a free man with money to spend; and if they be reckoned from the time he went to Oxford, say in 1228, it will be seen that he had nearly reached the prime of life before he surrendered his liberty.

The exact date, however, does not greatly concern us now: what is of more moment is the object such a man can have had in view in entering the Mendicant Order. Robert Grosseteste and Adam de Marisco had both taken the vow of poverty; the former was the first head of the Franciscan House at Oxford: but if the motive was

¹ *Compendium Studii*, c. viii.; *Opus Tertium*, c. xi.

² Professor Brewer has compared this passage with a sigh from the later Bacon: "These are *opera basilica*, kingly works, towards which the endeavours of a private man may be but as an image in a cross-way, that may point the road, but not travel it."

³ *Opus Tertium*, c. viii.

⁴ *Ibid.*, cc. xi. and xiii.

⁵ *Ibid.*, c. xvii.

obscure in their case, it remains doubly so in that of Roger, whose restless spirit brought him constantly into conflict with authority. Perhaps the reason might be in the state of his private affairs. His original patrimony having been spent, as he explained, in books and experiments; his family, once affluent, having been ruined, as we know, by adherence to Henry III. in his long conflict with the barons,—he found himself without means. The remuneration for his lectures in Paris, seeing that he was a free-lance in learning, was probably the reverse of liberal or regular. To a bankrupt student one of the Mendicant Orders, in which all private property was prohibited, would offer a welcome asylum, and early association would incline him towards the Franciscans rather than the Dominicans. M. Charles has suggested another cause for sacrificing his freedom. Only three kinds of power existed capable of lifting a solitary student over the difficulties in his path—the king, the Pope, and one of the religious corporations—for there was no public in those days to extend sympathy to the searcher for truth. The only way for Bacon to reach the ear of either of the two first was through the agency of the last named. Among these the Franciscans, or Minorites proper, were then the leading Order, for Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas had not yet raised the renown of the Dominicans. Further, Bacon might be attracted to the Franciscans because of their independent spirit, which was to culminate in the following century in their revolt against Pope John XXII. He became, therefore, a brother of the Order of St Francis of Assisi, the first step in a road leading him to irremediable misery.

We have Bacon's own statement that during this sixteen years' residence at Paris he wrote nothing but a few scattered tracts; but we have the same authority for knowing the intensity with which he applied himself to learning:—

"While I was in another condition" (that is, before he entered the Franciscan Order) "people were astonished that I could endure the excessive labours which I undertook."

Through all these years of youth and prime there shines no gleam of amatory romance, nor even of friendship, save such as arose in the common pursuit of learning. No woman is mentioned in any part of his surviving writings, except his mother, of whom he speaks as still alive in 1267. If these writings faithfully reflect his life, from the day he first set foot in Oxford he kept two objects, and two only, in view—the discovery and diffusion of truth, and the exposure and expulsion of what he called "the pestilential causes of human error."

Bacon returned to Oxford about the year 1250, bringing with him the familiar and complimentary *sobriquet*, conferred in Paris, of *doctor mirabilis*. There is ever sadness inseparable from revisiting one's old college, but for Roger there must have been more than full measure of melancholy. In the brightness of life's morning he had left the old city, a free man, with all the confidence of youth and the ardour stirred by the first draught of knowledge; it was high noon before he trod the well-remembered streets again. They were filled with new faces; his own countenance was hardened by disappointment, his shoulders bent by close study: the world on which he had embarked with such high hopes had turned

out to be full of imposture and make-believe science. The Oxford he had left was no more the same for him. Grosseteste of Lincoln, who, he afterwards declared, alone had true learning,¹ the gentle and wise Adam de Marisco, the intrepid reformer Edmund Rich—all had passed away; while outside Oxford his birthplace was desolate—his mother and brothers, ruined in the civil disturbances, were exiles from the Somersetshire home.

Roger was not a man to make new friends easily; his manner was too dogmatic, his spirit too little patient of control, his temper, perhaps, like Dante's, not of the sweetest. His profound learning, however, commanded respect, and it may be assumed that he found little difficulty in attracting pupils to his lectures. There stood, until 1779, a tower on the Berkshire shore of the Isis, known as Friar Bacon's study: it is shown in an engraving in Skelton's '*Oxonia Antiqua Restorata*.' The secrecy of his pursuits in that secluded retreat, and his researches into unlawful arts and astrology, soon brought upon him the jealous scrutiny of his superiors. He was accused, as Wadding, his earliest biographer, states, of certain suspicious novelties (*quasdam novitates suspectas*), from which, when commanded, he refused to desist. Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor, had succeeded Jean de Rochelle as General of the Franciscans, and had set his hand sternly to restore discipline in the Order. In 1257 Bacon was interdicted from lecturing, and ordered to quit Oxford and place himself under supervision at Paris. We have only knowledge of one friend whom he

left to deplore his exile, a certain Friar Thomas Bungay, who, remarks the magnanimous compiler of the '*Historia Ecclesiastica Magdeburgensis*,' "had profound knowledge in mathematics, either by inspiration of the devil or by the teaching of Robert Bacon."²

This was the beginning of tribulation for the unhappy friar. For the next ten years Bacon was, if not actually incarcerated, at least subjected to restraint which would have been humiliating to an idle schoolboy, and must have been little short of intolerable to an intellect burning to achieve and communicate knowledge. We do not know what detail of irksome discipline he may have had to endure; we can only guess at the means and opportunity he may have secured for study, and the degree of intercourse with learned men which may have been permitted to him. At all events, we know that during this period of ten years he was forbidden, under pain of severe fasting, to write anything that should pass beyond the walls of his house of bondage, and no one was ever more thoroughly of Seneca's opinion that knowledge is but a corpse unless it can be communicated to others. What was the use of learning if he might not teach?

One bright thread was woven in this dark web of suffering. There was a servant lad in the convent, named Jean, of whom Friar Roger made a friend and disciple. Jean became the repository of all that his master could impart, the confidant of all his aspirations, the accomplice in all his schemes. The sympathy of this humble follower must have been the one means which saved

¹ "Solus scivit scientias,"—*Opus Tertium*, c. x.

² *Hist. Eccl. Magd.*, i. 3.

him from utter despair or madness.

At last, when the cloud was darkest, when Bacon was entering the decline of years, and it seemed as if the knowledge he had so painfully amassed was to pass with its possessor into the land where all things are forgotten, there came relief. In 1264, the year when Henry was defeated by Leicester at the battle of Lewes, Pope Urban IV. had sent Cardinal Guy de Foulques as his legate to England to mediate between the king and the subjects whom he had lashed into rebellion. His mission, as is well known, was contemptuously rejected by the barons, and ended in a failure, but it was of indirect advantage to Bacon. De Foulques was an eager patron of learning: his attention having been called by his chaplain, Raymond de Laon, to the extraordinary erudition of the Franciscan friar, it was quickened into sympathetic interest when he learned that the family of Bacon had been ruined by their adherence to the king's cause in England. Guy was not of a temper to forget or pardon the insults put upon his legation by the popular party in England; he determined to assist the poor scholar whose relations had suffered as royalists. It was not long before he was in a position to do so effectively. In 1265 he was elected Pope, under the name of Clement IV. Raymond had told him, erroneously as it turned out, that Bacon had composed a great work on philosophy and natural science. Raymond had also, it appears, advised Bacon to address a letter to Clement, which was put into the hands of a gentleman called Bonnecor to carry to the Pope, together with many oral explanations which it was not considered prudent to

commit to writing. Soon after, in 1266, came the gracious response. It is pleasant to imagine the rapture which burst upon Roger's troubled life when the following letter was put into his hands:—

"To our beloved son, Brother Roger, called Bacon, of the order of Friars Minor:—

"We have received with joy the letter of thy devotion, and have also paid heed to the explanation thereupon which our dear son, the knight G., called Bonnecor, laid before us by word of mouth, no less faithfully than wisely. In order that we may better understand thy purpose, it is our will, and in virtue of our apostolic authority we command, that thou shalt send to us as soon as possible that work fairly written out, which, when we were in a less exalted office, we desired thee to communicate to our beloved son, Raymond de Laon; and this notwithstanding the command to the contrary of any prelate whatsoever, or any ordinance whatsoever of your Order. And further, that thou shalt explain in thy letter the remedies which seem to thee applicable in certain circumstances, of which lately, at a very critical time, thou madest mention.

"Given at Viterbio, the second year of our pontificate, x Cal. Julii" (June 22).

Now, at last, the tyranny of prejudice and professional interest was at an end; with the authority of God's Vicegerent in his hand, Bacon might disregard the maddening restraint of his superiors, and, carrying out the explicit instructions of a higher power, let in a flood of light upon the ignorance and corruption of his enemies.

But the greatest genius cannot express itself without common materials. There is nothing to show that Clement directed that the rules of the convent, which he enjoined upon Bacon to disregard, should be relaxed in order that he

might apply himself to his appointed task. Bacon explained to Clement, in the forefront of his work, the delay which, greatly contrary to his desire, ensued upon receipt of the command. In the first place, no such book as Raymond had described was in existence. Before joining the Franciscans he had written nothing but a few essays not worth mentioning; and since that time, seeing that he had been forbidden under severe penalties to communicate anything he might write to persons outside the convent, where had been the object in writing? Otherwise he would assuredly have written much for the information of his scholarly brother and other dear friends. He proceeds to say¹ that when the welcome command at last arrived, he met with other causes of delay which wellnigh made him despair. It was accompanied by an injunction from the Pope, probably conveyed verbally by Bonnecor, not to reveal the secret of what he was going to do.

"My chief impediment lay in my superiors: for whereas you had written nothing to them in the way of dispensation for me, I have been unable to reveal your secret to them, which, in face of your command to secrecy, it was my duty to conceal. They threatened me with indescribable violence in order that I should obey their will like the other brethren. . . . Certain particulars of this opposition I will peradventure explain to you in their due place, and draw them up in my own handwriting because of the importance of the secret."

It must be admitted that there does not seem here evidence of wanton tyranny. Bacon, as a sworn brother of the Order, was bound to conform to its rules; his superiors were only acting according to their light in enforcing

them. It could hardly be expected that they would take the unsupported word of a quick-tempered insubordinate friar as good assurance that the head of the Church had so strangely departed from constitutional order as to address himself to one under their rule, directing him to disregard that rule and write a treatise on forbidden subjects. Probably they thought him not a little insane, and that a bread-and-water diet would tend to restore him to reason.

But Bacon goes on, in execrable Latin it must be confessed, to give a second reason for delay, which it is certainly strange that Clement had overlooked. Member of a Mendicant Order, Bacon was penniless; the Pope knew that his mother and brothers were in the same plight, in exile, and utterly unable to help him. How was he to employ copyists, obtain manuscripts for reference, make experiments, without money? It would take, he said, sixty Paris pounds for the necessary expenses.

"This obstacle was enough to upset the whole business (*quod sufficit ad subversionem totius negotii*). . . . I do not wonder that these expenses never occurred to you, for, seated on the summit of the world, you have so many and so great things to consider that the cares on your mind must be incalculable."

He then describes how he implored the aid of many great people, "of some of whom you know the features, but not the characters." He told them that he was employed on a certain business in France for the Pope, which he might not reveal, but which required funds:—

"But how often I was deemed a rogue, how often I was repulsed, how

¹ Opus Tertium, c. iii.

ROGER BACON.

THE brilliance of the intellectual Renaissance in Italy, the potency of its effect upon the philosophy, literature, and art of Western Europe, and the renown attained by the foremost men at all stages of the movement, have blinded us to the eminence of thinkers and writers who lived before the close of the middle ages. Apart from and besides the imperfection of such records as remain, the attention of succeeding generations has been diverted from the silent labour of earlier students by the intense and sudden vitality awakened in those of the fifteenth century. Just as, standing before a great conflagration on a dark night, the spectator beholds none of the objects in the landscape immediately beyond the blaze, so in order to view the operations carried on in the civilised world during the thirteenth century, one must pass to one side of the centre of action, and disregard, for the moment, the stir and tumult in the foreground. And even then, in estimating the proportions and nature of the different figures disclosed, allowance must be made for the glare reflected on them from the nearer flames.

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Biographers of Bacon greatly differ in fixing the date when he entered the Order of St Francis. Anthony Wood says it was before he first left Oxford for Paris; but his subsequent declaration to Pope Clement IV. is inconsistent with the vow of poverty which he must then have taken. Writing in 1267, he said:—

"During the twenty years that I have specially laboured in the attainment of Wisdom, abandoning the vulgar path, I have spent upon these pursuits more than two thousand pounds, not to mention the cost of secret books, of various experiments, instruments, tables, and the like."⁵

It is clear that during these twenty years, at all events, he must have been a free man with money to spend; and if they be reckoned from the time he went to Oxford, say in 1228, it will be seen that he had nearly reached the prime of life before he surrendered his liberty.

The exact date, however, does not greatly concern us now: what is of more moment is the object such a man can have had in view in entering the Mendicant Order. Robert Grosseteste and Adam de Marisco had both taken the vow of poverty; the former was the first head of the Franciscan House at Oxford: but if the motive was

¹ Compendium Studii, c. viii.; Opus Tertium, c. xi.

² Professor Brewer has compared this passage with a sigh from the later Bacon: "These are *opera basilica*, kingly works, towards which the endeavours of a private man may be but as an image in a cross-way, that may point the road, but not travel it."

³ Opus Tertium, c. viii.

⁴ Ibid., cc. xi. and xiii.

⁵ Ibid., c. xvii.

obscure in their case, it remains doubly so in that of Roger, whose restless spirit brought him constantly into conflict with authority. Perhaps the reason might be in the state of his private affairs. His original patrimony having been spent, as he explained, in books and experiments; his family, once affluent, having been ruined, as we know, by adherence to Henry III. in his long conflict with the barons,—he found himself without means. The remuneration for his lectures in Paris, seeing that he was a free-lance in learning, was probably the reverse of liberal or regular. To a bankrupt student one of the Mendicant Orders, in which all private property was prohibited, would offer a welcome asylum, and early association would incline him towards the Franciscans rather than the Dominicans. M. Charles has suggested another cause for sacrificing his freedom. Only three kinds of power existed capable of lifting a solitary student over the difficulties in his path—the king, the Pope, and one of the religious corporations—for there was no public in those days to extend sympathy to the searcher for truth. The only way for Bacon to reach the ear of either of the two first was through the agency of the last named. Among these the Franciscans, or Minorites proper, were then the leading Order, for Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas had not yet raised the renown of the Dominicans. Further, Bacon might be attracted to the Franciscans because of their independent spirit, which was to culminate in the following century in their revolt against Pope John XXII. He became, therefore, a brother of the Order of St Francis of Assisi, the first step in a road leading him to irremediable misery.

We have Bacon's own statement that during this sixteen years' residence at Paris he wrote nothing but a few scattered tracts; but we have the same authority for knowing the intensity with which he applied himself to learning:—

"While I was in another condition" (that is, before he entered the Franciscan Order) "people were astonished that I could endure the excessive labours which I undertook."

Through all these years of youth and prime there shines no gleam of amatory romance, nor even of friendship, save such as arose in the common pursuit of learning. No woman is mentioned in any part of his surviving writings, except his mother, of whom he speaks as still alive in 1267. If these writings faithfully reflect his life, from the day he first set foot in Oxford he kept two objects, and two only, in view—the discovery and diffusion of truth, and the exposure and expulsion of what he called "the pestilential causes of human error."

Bacon returned to Oxford about the year 1250, bringing with him the familiar and complimentary *sobriquet*, conferred in Paris, of *doctor mirabilis*. There is ever sadness inseparable from revisiting one's old college, but for Roger there must have been more than full measure of melancholy. In the brightness of life's morning he had left the old city, a free man, with all the confidence of youth and the ardour stirred by the first draught of knowledge; it was high noon before he trod the well-remembered streets again. They were filled with new faces; his own countenance was hardened by disappointment, his shoulders bent by close study: the world on which he had embarked with such high hopes had turned

out to be full of imposture and make-believe science. The Oxford he had left was no more the same for him. Grosseteste of Lincoln, who, he afterwards declared, alone had true learning,¹ the gentle and wise Adam de Marisco, the intrepid reformer Edmund Rich—all had passed away; while outside Oxford his birthplace was desolate—his mother and brothers, ruined in the civil disturbances, were exiles from the Somersetshire home.

Roger was not a man to make new friends easily; his manner was too dogmatic, his spirit too little patient of control, his temper, perhaps, like Dante's, not of the sweetest. His profound learning, however, commanded respect, and it may be assumed that he found little difficulty in attracting pupils to his lectures. There stood, until 1779, a tower on the Berkshire shore of the Isis, known as Friar Bacon's study: it is shown in an engraving in Skelton's *'Oxonia Antiqua Restorata.'* The secrecy of his pursuits in that secluded retreat, and his researches into unlawful arts and astrology, soon brought upon him the jealous scrutiny of his superiors. He was accused, as Wadding, his earliest biographer, states, of certain suspicious novelties (*quasdam novitates suspectas*), from which, when commanded, he refused to desist. Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor, had succeeded Jean de Rochelle as General of the Franciscans, and had set his hand sternly to restore discipline in the Order. In 1257 Bacon was interdicted from lecturing, and ordered to quit Oxford and place himself under supervision at Paris. We have only knowledge of one friend whom he

left to deplore his exile, a certain Friar Thomas Bungay, who, remarks the magnanimous compiler of the *'Historia Ecclesiastica Magdeburgensis,'* "had profound knowledge in mathematics, either by inspiration of the devil or by the teaching of Robert Bacon."²

This was the beginning of tribulation for the unhappy friar. For the next ten years Bacon was, if not actually incarcerated, at least subjected to restraint which would have been humiliating to an idle schoolboy, and must have been little short of intolerable to an intellect burning to achieve and communicate knowledge. We do not know what detail of irksome discipline he may have had to endure; we can only guess at the means and opportunity he may have secured for study, and the degree of intercourse with learned men which may have been permitted to him. At all events, we know that during this period of ten years he was forbidden, under pain of severe fasting, to write anything that should pass beyond the walls of his house of bondage, and no one was ever more thoroughly of Seneca's opinion that knowledge is but a corpse unless it can be communicated to others. What was the use of learning if he might not teach?

One bright thread was woven in this dark web of suffering. There was a servant lad in the convent, named Jean, of whom Friar Roger made a friend and disciple. Jean became the repository of all that his master could impart, the confidant of all his aspirations, the accomplice in all his schemes. The sympathy of this humble follower must have been the one means which saved

¹ "Solus scivit scientias."—Opus Tertium, c. x.

² Hist. Eccl. Magd., i. 3.

WHO WAS LOST AND IS FOUND.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXI.

How this night passed over, this dreadful night, under the once peaceful roof of the Hewan, was never known. It must have been dawn, though it seemed to her so dark, when Mrs Ogilvy dropped on her knees by the dining-room door—and how she got to her own room she did not know. She came to herself with the brilliant summer morning pervading all things, her room full of light, her body full of pain, her mind, as soon as she was conscious, coming back with a dull spring to the knowledge of catastrophe and disaster, though for the first moment she could not tell what it was. She was lying upon her bed fully dressed, her white shawl, which she had been wearing last night, flung, all crumpled, upon the floor, but nothing else changed. A thicker shawl had been thrown over her. Who was it that had carried her up-stairs? This became an awful question as her mind grew clearer. Who was it? who was it?—the victor—perhaps the survivor— She was aching from head to foot, feeling as if her bones were broken, and she could never stand on her feet again; but when this thought entered her mind she sprang up from her bed like a young girl. The survivor!—perhaps Robbie, Robbie, her once innocent boy, with the stain of blood on his hands: perhaps— Mrs Ogilvy snatched at the shawl on the floor, which looked almost as if something dead might lie hidden under it, and wrapped herself in it, not knowing why, and stole down-stairs in the brightness of that early morning before even Janet was stirring. She hur-

ried into the dining-room, from which she had been shut out only a few hours ago, with her heart leaping in her throat, not knowing what awful scene she might see. But there was nothing there. A chair had been knocked down, and lay in the middle of the floor in a sort of grotesque helplessness, as if in mockery of the mother's fears. Nothing else. She stood for a moment, rendered weak again by sudden relief, asking herself if that awful vision of the night had been merely a dream, until suddenly a little heap of torn paper flung upon the ornaments in the grate brought it back again so vividly that all her fears awoke once more. Then she stole away again to the bedrooms, in which, if all was well, they should be lying asleep. There was no sound from Robbie's, or she could hear none from the beating of her heart. She stole in very softly, as she had not ventured to do since the first morning after his return. There he lay, one arm over his head like a child, breathing that soft breath of absolute rest which is almost inaudible, so deep and so quiet. What fountains of love and tenderness burst forth in the old mother's breast, softening it, healing it, filling its dryness with heavenly dew! Oh, Robbie, God bless him! God bless him! who at the last had stood for his mother—who would not let her be hurt—who would rather lose everything. And she had perhaps been hard upon him! There was no blood on the hand of one who slept like *that*. She went to the other door and listened there, with her heart lightened; and the breathing there

was not inaudible. She retired to her own room almost with a smile on her face.

When Mrs Ogilvy came into the room in which the two young men awaited her for the only meal they shared, the early dinner, she was startled to see a person who seemed a stranger to her in Lew's place. He wore Lew's clothes, and spoke with Lew's voice, but seemed another man. He turned to Robert as she drew back bewildered, and burst into a laugh. "There's a triumph for me—she doesn't know me," he said. Then he approached her with a deprecating look. "I am the man that was so rude to you last night. Forget there was ever such a person. You see I have thrown off all semblance of him." He spoke gravely and with a sort of dignity, standing in the same place in which Mrs Ogilvy remembered in a flash of sudden vision he had almost shaken the life out of her last night, glaring at her with murderous eyes. There was a gleam in them still which was not reassuring; but his aspect was everything that was penitent and respectful. The change in his appearance was made by the removal of the beard which had covered his face. He had suddenly grown many degrees lighter in colour, it seemed, by the removal of that forest of dark hair; and the man had beautiful features, a fine mouth, that rare beauty either in man or woman. His expression had always been good-humoured and agreeable. It was more so, a look in which there seemed no guile, but for that newly awakened tigerish expression in his eyes. Mrs Ogilvy felt a thrill of terror such as had not moved her through all the horrors of the previous night, when Robbie for a moment left the room. She felt that the handsome smiling man before her would have strangled her

without a moment's hesitation had there been any possibility of getting the money for which he had struggled in another way, in what was for her fortunately the only possible way. She felt his grip upon her shoulders, and a shiver ran through her in spite of herself. She could not help a glance towards the door, where, indeed, Janet was at the moment about to come in, pushing it open before her. There was no danger to-day, with everybody about; but another night—who could tell?

When the dinner was over, Lew addressed her again. "This," he said, putting up his hand to his chin, "is my *toilette de voyage*. You are going to be free of us soon. We shall make no flourish of trumpets, but go suddenly as we came."

"If it doesn't prove too late," said Robert, gruffly.

"Listen to the croaker. It isn't, and it shan't be, too late. I don't admit the possibility—so long as your mother, to whom we behaved so badly last night——"

"You," Mrs Ogilvy breathed forth in spite of herself.

"Oh, he was in it just as much as I was," said the other, lightly; "but he's a canny Scot, Bob; he knows when to stop. I, when I am in a good way, don't."

There was a savage meaning in the lightness of this speech and the smile that accompanied it. Mrs Ogilvy, terrified, felt herself again shaking like a leaf, like a rag in these tremendous hands. And Robbie, who only knew when to stop—oh, no, no—oh, no, no—she would not believe that: though he had stood still long and looked on.

"You shall see that I will keep my word," she said, and hurried out of the room to fetch the money which she had brought from Edin-

burgh with so many precautions. She who had been above all fear felt it now penetrating to her very soul. She locked her door when she went into her room, a precaution she had probably never taken in her life before. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror as she passed, and saw that her countenance was blanched, and her eyes wide with fright. Two men, perhaps—at least one in the fulness of his strength—and she such a little old feeble woman. Had the money she possessed been more easily got at, she knew that she would have had short shrift. And, indeed, if he killed her, there would have been no need of making her sign anything first. It would all go to Robbie naturally—provided she could be sure that Robbie would be free of any share of the guilt. Oh, he would be free! he would not stand by and see her ill-used—he had not been able to bear it last night. Robbie would stand by her whatever happened. But her bosom panted and her heart beat in her very throat. She had to go down again into the room where red murder was in the thoughts of one, and perhaps—God forbid it! God forbid it! Oh, no, no, no!—it was not in nature: not on his mother, not on any one to kill or hurt would Robbie ever lay a hand.

She went down-stairs after a very short interval, and as she reached the dining-room door heard the voice of Lew talking to Janet in the most genial tones. He was so cheerful, so friendly, that it was a pleasure to hear so pleasant a voice; and Robbie, very silent behind backs, was altogether eclipsed by his friend, although to Janet too that often sullen Robbie was "my ain laddie," dear in spite of all. But there was no drawback in her opinion of Mr Lewis, as she called

him,—“Aye canty and pleasant, aye with a good word in his head; no pride about him; just as pleasant with me as if I were the Duchess hersel’.” She held up her hands in expressive horror as she met her mistress at the door. “He carries it off wi’ his pleasant ways; but oh, he has just made an object of himself,” Janet said.

Mrs Ogilvy went in, feeling as if she were going to her doom. She took her little packet to the table, and put it down before him. The room was filled with clouds of smoke; and that bottle, which was so great a trial to her, stood on the table: but these details had sunk into absolute insignificance. She had taken the trouble to get the money in English notes and gold—the latter an unusual sight in the Hewan, where one-pound notes were the circulating medium. In the tremor of her nerves and commotion of her feelings she had added twenty pounds which were in the house, of what she called “her own money,” the money for the housekeeping, to the sum which she had told him was to be for him. It was thus a hundred and fifty pounds which she put before him—hastily laying it down as if it burned her, and yet with a certain reluctance too.

“Ah!” he said, and threw a look across the table to Robbie; “another twenty pounds—and more where that came from, mother, eh?”

“I have no more—not a farthing,” she said, hastily; “this was my money for my house. I thought I would add it to the other: since you were not pleased—last night.”

It was evidently an unfortunate movement on her part. “You will perhaps find some more still,” he said, with a laugh, “before this night. It’s not very much for two, and one your only son; but there

will be plenty of time to settle that to-night."

"Robbie," she said, breathlessly, "is not going—he is not going: it is for you."

"Are you not going, Bob?"

Robert said not a word in reply—he sat with his head supported on his hands, his elbows on the table: and his countenance was invisible—he made no movement or indication of what he meant to do.

"I have no more," said Mrs Ogilvy, with a trembling voice; for she was afraid of the look, half fierce, half mocking, with which he met her eyes. "It would perhaps have been better if I had—money in the bank, and could draw a cheque like most people now; but I have always followed the old-fashioned way, and all I have is in the hands of—"

She broke off with a quavering, broken sound—seeing over again the scene of last night, and the paper with Mr Somerville's name upon it—she remembered now, suddenly, that Mr Somerville's name was upon the paper which they had wanted her to sign. What had become of Mr Somerville that he had not come, as he promised, to speak to Robbie, to persuade the other one to go away? It was difficult to recall to herself the fact that it was only two days since she had gone to Edinburgh and poured her trouble into his sympathetic ears. Perhaps it would have been better if she had not done this, or opened her heart to any one. Mr Somerville would never betray them, he would not betray Robbie; but still it seemed that something had happened between that time and this, a greater sense of insecurity, the feeling that something was going to happen. Things had been better before, when that strange life which she had felt to be insupportable was going on: now it was more than in-

supportable, it was almost over, and after—? A great chasm seemed to have opened at her feet, and she felt herself hurrying towards it, but could not tell what was below. After? what was to happen after, if Robbie drifted away again, and she saw his face no more?

He avoided her all day, while she watched for him at every corner, eager only to get a word, to ask a question, to put forth a single prayer. The afternoon was terribly long: it went over, one sunny hour after another, hot, breathless, terrible. It was clear by all those signs that a thunder-storm was coming, and the most appalling roll of thunder would have been a relief; but even that delayed its coming, and a dead stillness hung over heaven and earth. There was not a breath of air, the flowers languished in the borders, the leaves hung their heads, and all was still indoors. She did not know what the young men were doing, but they made no sound. Perhaps the weather affected them too—perhaps, another storm coming, which they had been long looking for, had overcome their spirits. Perhaps they were making preparations for their departure. But what preparations could they make, unless it were a bundle on the end of a stick like the tramps? She said to herself *they*, and then with anguish changed it in her mind to *he*, but did not believe it even while she did so. No! she had a conviction in her heart that Robbie would go. What was there to keep him back? Nothing but dulness and the society of an old woman. What was that to keep a man at home? She was not angry with him, nor intolerant, but simply miserable. What was there in her to make a young man happy at home? to keep him contented without society or any amusement? No, no, she could not blame Robbie.

He wanted movement, he wanted life at his age. He was not even like a young lad who sometimes has a great feeling for his mother. She could not expect it of him that he should stay here for his mother. Even the flight, the excitement of being pursued, the difficulty of getting away—Mrs Ogilvy had heard that such things were more attractive than quietness and safety at home. It was natural—and, what was the chief thing above all other, Robbie was not so much, not so very much, to blame.

She was still wandering about when the day began to wane into evening, like an unquiet soul. Where were they? what were they doing? The quiet of the house became dreadful to her. She who had loved her quiet so, who had felt it so insupportable to have her calm solitude so spoiled and broken!—but now she would have given much only to hear the scuffle of their feet, the roar of their loud laughter. She went about the house from one room to another, avoiding only the bedrooms where she supposed they were. She would not drive them out of that last refuge. She would not interfere there, be importunate, disturb them, if, perhaps, it was the last day.

And then she went outside and gazed right and left for she knew not what. She was looking for no one—or was it the storm she was looking for? Everything was grey,—the sky, like some deep solid lid for the panting breathless world, stealing down upon the earth, closely hiding the heavens: it seemed to come closer and closer down, as if to smother the universe and all the terrified creatures on it. The birds flew low, making little agitated flights, as if they thought the end of the world was at hand. So did she, to whom, as far as she knew, everything was hastening to

a conclusion—her son about to disappear again into the unknown, if he had not already done so, and her life about to be wound up for ever. For she knew well there would be no second coming back. Oh! never, never again would she sit at her door, and listen and hope for his step on the path. If he left her now, it would be for ever. It might be that for the sake of the money he would have seen some violence done to his mother; but no money, if it were ten times as much, would bring him back again—none! none! not if it were ten times as much. If he went now, he would never come back; and how could she keep him from going now?

About seven o'clock the windows of heaven were opened, and torrents of rain fell—not the storm for which everybody had been looking, but only the tail of the storm, which sounded all round the horizon in distant dull reports, like a battle going on a dozen miles away, and the tremendous downpour of rain. She said to herself, "In such a night they can never go," with a mingled happiness and despair—happiness to put off the inevitable, to gain perhaps a propitious moment, and supplicate her son not to go; and despair in the prospect of another twenty-four hours of misery like this, the dreadful suspense, the terror of she knew not what. When the first darkening of the twilight came, Mrs Ogilvy began to think of another night to go through, and Lew's laughing threats, and the devil in his eyes. He had said there would be time to talk of that to-night. Perhaps he would murder her to-night; and all the countryside would believe it was her son, and curse him, though it would not be Robbie—not Robbie, who had saved her once, but perhaps might not again. She asked

herself whether it would not be better to go away somewhere, to save herself, and above all, them, from such a dreadful temptation. But where could she go, exposing the misery of her house? and how did she know that something might not happen which would make her presence a protection to them? She gazed out from the window through the rain, and it occurred to her that she could always run out there and hide herself among the trees. They would not think of looking for her there. She would be safe there, or at least—This idea gave her a little comfort. How could he find her in the dark, in the heavy rain, among her own trees?

The rain had driven her indoors, and in the parlour where she was she heard them overhead. They seemed to be moving about softly, and sometimes crossed the passage, as if going from one room to another. They had shared the clothes with which Robbie had liberally provided himself on his return—and the thought that they were busied only with so homely an occupation as packing brought back a little comfort to her. A man does not fash about his clothes, she thought, who has murder in his head. She shook off her terror with a heat of shame flaming over her. Shame to have done injustice to her neighbour, how much more to her son! They were thinking of no such dreadful things: it was only the panic of her own imagination which was in fault. She said to herself that if

it must be so, if Robbie left her, she would get from him a sure address, and there she would send him the money he wanted, or whatever he wanted—for was it not all his? This was what she would do: she had nothing to give him now. Perhaps, perhaps he might be deterred by that, and wait till she could get it for him, while his friend went on. What a thing this would be, to get him alone, to talk to him, to represent to him how much better to take a little time, to think, to give himself a chance. She thought over all this, and shook her head while she thought; for, alas! this was what Robbie would never do.

Suddenly, it seemed in a moment, the rain stopped, the distant thunder came to an end, the battle in the skies was over. And after all the tumult and commotion of the elements, the clouds, which had poured themselves out, dispersed in rags and fragments of vapour, and let the sky look through—the most serene evening sky, with the stars faintly visible through the wistful lingering daylight—the sweetest evening, with that clearness as of weeping, and radiance as of hope returned, which is in the skies after the relief of the rain, and in a human countenance sometimes when all its tears have been shed, and there are no more to come. Was it a good omen, or was it only the resignation of despair which shone upon her out of that evening sky?

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs Ogilvy went wearily upstairs after the suspense and alarm of this long, long day. It was all that she could do to drag one foot after another, to keep upright; her

brain was in a confusion of misery, out of which she now could distinguish no distinct sentiment—terror and grief and suspense, and the vague wild apprehension of

some unintelligible catastrophe, all mingling together. When she reached the head of the stairs she met Robbie, who told her, not looking at her, that he had bidden Janet prepare the supper earlier than usual, "for we'll have to make a start to-night," he said.

She seized his hand in her frail ones, which could scarcely hold it. "Robbie, will you go?—will you go, and break my heart?"

"It's of no use speaking, mother; let me be free of you at least, for God's sake! You will drive me mad——"

"Robbie! Robbie! my only son—my only child! I'll be dead and gone before ever you could come back."

"You'll live the longest of the two of us, mother."

"God forbid!" she said; "God forbid! But why will ye go out into the jaws of death and the mouth of hell? If the pursuers of blood are after him, they are not after you. Oh, Robbie, stay with your mother. Dinna forsake me for a strange man."

"Mother," he said, with a hoarse voice, "when your friend is in deadly danger, is that the time, think you, to forsake him?"

And Mrs Ogilvy was silent. She looked at him with a gasp in her throat. All her old teachings, the tenets of her life, came back upon her and choked her. When your friend is in deadly danger! Was it not she who had taught her son that, of all the moments of life, that was the last to choose to abandon a friend? She could make him no answer; she only stared at him with troubled failing eyes.

"But once he is in safety," Robbie said, with a stammer of hesitation and confusion, "once I can feel sure that—— Mother, I promise you, if I can help it, I will

not go—where he is going. I—promise you." He cast a look behind him. There was no one there, but Lew's door was open, and it was possible he might hear. Robbie bent forward hastily to his mother's ear. "I cannot stand against him," he said; "I cannot: I told you—he is my master—didn't I tell you? But I will come back—I will come back—as soon as I am free."

He trembled, too, throughout his big bulk, with agitation and excitement—more than she ever did in her weakness. If this was so, was it not now her business to be strong to support her boy? She went on to her room to put on her other cap, to prepare for the evening, and the last meal they were to eat together. The habits of life are so strong; her heart was breaking, and yet she knew that it was time to put on her evening cap. She went into her room, too, with the feeling that there no new agitation could come near her, that she might kneel down a moment by her bedside and get a little calm and strength. But not to-night. To her astonishment and horror, the tall figure of Lew raised itself from the old-fashioned escritoire in which she kept her papers and did her writing. He turned round, and faced her with a laugh. "Oh, it is you!" he said. "I thought it was your good son Bob. You surprised us when we were making a little examination by ourselves. It is always better to examine for yourself, don't you know——"

"To examine—what?"

"Where the money is, mother," he said, with another laugh.

She had herself closed the door before she had seen him. She was at his mercy.

"You think, then," she said, "that I've told you a lie—about money?"

"Everybody tells lies about

money, mother. I never knew one yet who did not declare he had none—until it was taken out of his pockets, or out of his boxes, or out of a nice little piece of furniture like this, which an old lady can keep in her bedroom—locked.”

She took her keys out of her pocket, a neat little bunch, shining like silver, and handed them to him without a word. He received them with a somewhat startled look. It was something like the sensation of having the other cheek turned to you, after having struck the first. He had been examining the lock with a view to opening by other methods. The keys put into his hand startled him; but again he carried it off with a laugh. “Plucky old girl!” he said. And then he turned round and proceeded to open the well-worn old secretary which had enclosed all Mrs Ogilvy’s trifling valuables, and the records of her thoughts since she was a girl. It opened as easily as any door, and gave up its treasures, her letters, her little memorials, the records of an innocent woman’s evanescent joys and lasting sorrows. The rough adventurer, whose very presence here was a kind of sacrilege, stooped over the tiny writing-board, the dainty little drawers, like a bear examining a beehive. He pulled out a drawer or two, in which there were bundles of old letters, all neatly tied up, touching them as if his hands were too big for the small ivory knobs; and then he suddenly turned round upon her, shutting the drawers again hurriedly, and flung the keys into her lap.

“Hang it all! I cannot do it. I’ve not come to that. Rob a rogue by day or night; that’s fair enough: but turn to picking and stealing. No! take back your keys—you may have millions for me. I can’t look up your little drawers, d—n you!” he cried.

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCXLIX.

“No, laddie!” said Mrs Ogilvy, looking up at him with tears in her eyes, “you’re fit for better things.”

He looked at her strangely. She sat quite still beside him, not moving, not even taking up her keys, which lay in her lap.

“You think so, do you?” he said. “And yet I would have killed you last night.”

“Thank the Lord,” said the old lady, “that delivered you from that temptation.”

“That saved your life, you mean. But it wasn’t the Lord. It was Bob, your son, who couldn’t stand and see it after all.”

“Thank the Lord still more,” she said, “that wakened the old heart, his own natural heart, in my boy.”

“Well, that is one view to take of it,” said Lew. “I should have thought it more sensible, however, to thank the Lord, as you say, for your own life.”

Mrs Ogilvy rose up. The keys of her treasures fell to the ground. What were they to her at this moment? “And what is my life to me,” she said, “that I should think of it instead of better things? Do you think it matters much to me, left here alone an auld wreck on the shore, without a son, without a companion, without a hope for this world, whether I live or die? Man!” she cried, laying a hand on his arm, “it’s not that I would give it for my Robbie, my own son, over and over and over! but I would give it for you. Oh, dinna think that I am making a false pretence! For you, laddie, that are none of mine, that would have killed me last night, that would kill me now for ever so little that I stood in your way.”

“No!” he said in a hoarse murmur, “no!”—but she saw still the gleam of the devil in his eye, that murderous sense of power—that he had but to put forth a hand.

“If it would not be for the sin

on your soul—you that are taking my son from me—you might take my life too, and welcome," she said.

She could not stand. She was restless, too, and could not bear one position. She sank upon her chair again, and, lifting up the keys, laid them down upon the open *escritoire*, where they lay shining between the two, neither of use nor consequence to either. Lew began to pace up and down the room, half abashed at his own weakness, half furious at his failure. She might have millions—but he could not fish them out of her drawers, not he. That was no man's work. He could have killed her last night, and he could, she divined, kill her now, with a sort of satisfaction, but not rob her *escritoire*.

"Mr Lew, will you leave me my son?" she said.

"No: I have nothing to do with it; he comes of his own will," cried the other. "You make yourself a fine idea of your son. Do you know he has been in with me in everything? Ah! he has his own scruples; he has not mine. He interfered last night; but he'd turn out your drawers as soon as look at you. It's a pity he's not here to do it."

"Will you leave me my son?" she repeated again; "he is all I have in the world."

"I've got less," cried Lew; "I haven't even a son, and don't want one. You are a deal better without him. Whatever he might be when he was a boy, Bob's a rover now. He never would settle down. He would do you a great deal more harm than good."

"Will you leave me my son?" she said again.

"No! I can say No as well as you, mother; but I've nothing to do with it. Ask himself, not me. Do you think this is a place

for a man? What can he do? Who would he see? Nobody. It is not living—it is making believe to live. No; he won't stay here if he will be guided by me."

The door opened suddenly, and Robbie looked in. "Are you going to stay all night?" he said, gruffly. "There's supper waiting, and no time to be lost, if——"

"If—we take that long run we were thinking of to-night. Well, let's go. Mrs Ogilvy, you're going to keep us company to-night?"

"It's the last time," said her son.

"Oh, Robbie, Robbie!" she cried.

"Stop that, mother. I've said all I'm going to say."

To sit down round the table with the dishes served as usual, the lamp shining, the men eating largely, even it seemed with enjoyment, a little conversation going on—was to go from one dreadful dream to another with scarcely a pause between. Was it real that they were sitting there to-day and would be far away to-morrow? That this was her son, whom she could touch, and to-morrow he would have disappeared again into the unseen? Love is the most obdurate, the most unreasoning thing in the world. Mrs Ogilvy knew now very well what her Robbie was. There were few revelations which could have been made to her on the subject. Perhaps—oh, horrible thing to think or say!—it was better for her before he came back, when she had thought that his absence was the great sorrow of her life: she had learnt many other things since then. Perhaps in his heart the father of the prodigal learned this lesson too, and knew that, even with the best robe upon him, and the ring on his finger and the shoes on his feet, he was still hankering after the husks which the swine eat, and their company. How much easier would life be, and how many

problems would disappear or be solved, if we could love only those whom we approved! But how little, how very little difference does this make. Mrs Ogilvy knew everything, divined everything, and yet the thought that he was going away made heaven and earth blank to her. She could not reconcile herself to the dreadful thought. And he, for his part, said very little. He showed no regret, but neither did he show that eagerness to take the next step which began to appear in Lew. He sat very silent, chiefly in the shade, saying nothing. Perhaps after all he was sorry; but his mother, watching him in her anguish, could not make sure even of that. Janet was, next to Lew himself, the most cheerful person in the room. She pulled her mistress's sleeve, and showed her two shining pieces of gold in her hand, with a little nod of her head towards Lew. "And Andrew has one," she whispered. "I aye said he was a real gentleman! Three golden sovereigns between us—and what have we ever done? I'll just put them by for curiosities. It's no often you see the like o' them here." The mistress looked at them with a rueful smile. Gold is not very common in rural Scotland. She had taken so much trouble to get those golden sovereigns for her departing guest! but it did not displease her that he had been generous to her old servants. There was good in him—oh, there was good in him!—he had been made for better things.

Janet had been in this radiant mood when she cleared the table; but a few minutes after she came in again with a scared face, and beckoned to her mistress at the door. Mrs Ogilvy hurried out, afraid she knew not of what, fearing some catastrophe. Andrew stood behind Janet in the hall.

"What is it? what is it?" the mistress cried.

"Have you siller in the house, mem? is it known that you have siller in the house?"

"Me—siller? are you out of your senses? I have no siller in the house—nothing beyond the ordinary," Mrs Ogilvy cried.

"It's just this," said Janet, "there's a heap of waiff characters creeping up about the house. I canna think it's just for the spoons and the tea-service and that, that are aye here; but I thought if you had been sending for money, and thae burglars had got wit of it——"

"What kind of waiff characters?" said Mrs Ogilvy, trembling.

"They are both back and front. Andrew he was going to supper Sandy, and a man started up at his lug. The doors and the windows are all weel fastened, but Andrew he said I should let you ken."

"The gentlemen," said Andrew, "will maybe know—they will maybe know——"

"How should the gentlemen know, poor laddies, mair than any one of us?" cried Janet.

It was a great thing for Andrew all his life after that the mistress approved his suggestion. "I will go and tell them," she said; "and you two go ben to your kitchen and keep very quiet, but if ye hear anything more let me know."

She went back into the lighted room, trembling, but ready for everything. The two men were seated at the table. They were not talking as usual, but sat like men full of thought, saying nothing to each other. They looked up both—Lew with much attention, Rob with a sort of sulky indifference. "It appears," said Mrs Ogilvy, speaking in a broken voice, "that there are men—all round the house."

"Men! all round the house." There was a moment of consternation, and then Lew sprang to his feet. "It has come, Bob; the hour has come, sooner than we thought."

Rob rose too, slowly; an oath, which in this terrible moment affected his mother more than all the rest, came from his lips. "I told you—you would let them take you by surprise."

"Fool again! I don't deny it," the other said, with a sort of gaiety. "Now for your gully and Eskside, and a run for it. We'll beat them yet."

"If they've not stopped us up like blind moles," cried Robbie. "Mother, keep them in parley as long as you can; every moment's worth an hour. You'll have to open the door, but not till the very last."

She answered only with a little movement of her head, and stood looking without a word, while they caught up without another glance at her—Robbie the cloak which he had brought with him, and Lew a loose coat, in which he enveloped himself. Their movements were very quiet, very still, as of men absorbed in what they were doing, thinking of nothing else. They hurried out of the room, Robbie first, leading the way, and his mother's eyes following him as if they would have burst out of the sockets. He was far too much preoccupied to think of her, to give her even a look. And this was their farewell, and she might never see him more. She stood there motionless, conscious of nothing but that acute and poignant anguish that she had taken her last look of her son, when suddenly the air, which was trembling and quivering with excitement and expectation, like the air that thrills and shimmers over a blazing furnace, was penetrated by the sound for which the whole world seemed to

have been waiting—a heavy ominous loud knock at the outer door. Mrs Ogilvy recovered all her faculties in a moment. She went to the open door of the dining-room, where Andrew and Janet, one on the heels of the other, were arriving in commotion, Andrew about to stride with a heavy step to the door. She silenced them, and kept them back with a movement of her hands, stamping her impatient foot at Andrew and his unnecessary haste. She thought it would look like expectation if she responded too soon—and had they not told her to parley, to gain time? She stood at the dining-room door and waited till the summons should be repeated. And after an interval it came again, with a sound of several voices. She put herself in motion now, coming out into the hall, pretending to call upon Andrew, as she would have done in former days if so disturbed. "Bless me!" she cried; "who will that be making such a noise at the door?"

"Will I open it, mem?" Andrew said.

"No, no; let me speak to them first. Who is it?" Mrs Ogilvy said, raising her calm voice; "who is making such a disturbance at my door at this hour of the night?"

"Open in the Queen's name," cried somebody outside.

"Ay, that would I willingly," cried Mrs Ogilvy; "but who are ye that are taking her sacred Majesty's name? None of her servants, I'm sure, or you would not disturb an honest family at this hour of the night."

"Open to the police, at your peril," said another voice.

"The police—in this house? No, no," she cried, standing white and trembling, but holding out like a lion. "You will not deceive me with that—in this house."

"Open the door, or we'll break it in."

Here, you speak to her!"—"Mem," said a new voice, very tremulous but familiar, "it is me, Peter Young, with the men from Edinburgh. It's maybe some awfu' mistake; but you must let us in—you maun open the door."

"You, Peter Young!" cried Mrs Ogilvy—"you are not the man to disturb my house in the middle of the night. It ill becomes you, after all you've got from the Hewan. Just tell these idle folk there is nothing to be gotten here, and bid them go away."

"This is folly," said a more imperative voice. "Break in the door if she will not open it. We can't stand all the night parleying here."

Then Mrs Ogilvy heard, her ears preternaturally sharp in the crisis, a sound as of women's voices, which gave her a momentary hope. Was it a trick that was being played upon her after all? for if it was for life or death, why should there be women's voices there?

And then another voice arose which was even more reassuring. It was the minister who spoke,—the minister dragged hither against his will, but beginning to feel piously that it was the hand of Providence, and that he had been directed not by Mrs Ainslie, but by some special messenger from heaven—if indeed she was not one. "Mrs Ogilvy," the minister said, "it must be, as Peter says, some dreadful mistake—but it certainly is the police from Edinburgh, and you must let them in."

"Who is that that is speaking? is it the minister that is speaking? are ye all in a plot to disturb the rest of a quiet family? No," with a sudden exclamation, "ye will not break in my door. I will open it, since ye force me to open it. I am coming, I am coming."

Andrew rushed forward, to pull

back with all expedition the bolts and bars. But his mistress stamped her foot at him once more, and dismissed him behind backs with a look—from which he did not recover for many a long day—and coming forward herself, began to draw back with difficulty and very slowly the innocent bolts and bars. They might have been the fastenings of a fortress from the manner in which she laboured at them, with her unaccustomed hands. "And me ready to do it in a moment," Andrew said, aggrieved, while she kept asking herself, the words buzzing in her ears, like flies coming and going, "Have I kept them long enough? have I given my lads their time? Oh, if they got out that quiet they should be safe by now." There was the bolt at the bottom and the top, and there was the chain, and then the key to turn. The door was driven in upon her at last by the sudden entrance of a number of impatient men, a great gust of fresh air, a ray of moonlight straight from the skies: and Mr Logan and his companions, Susie pale and crying, and Mrs Ainslie pale too—but with eyes sparkling and all the keen enjoyment of an exciting catastrophe in her face.

"We have a warrant for the arrest of Lew or Lewis Winterman, alias, &c., &c., accused of murder," said the leader of the party, "who we have reason to believe has been for some weeks harboured here."

Mrs Ogilvy disengaged herself from the man, whose sudden push inwards had almost carried her away. She came forward into the midst in her white cap and shawl, a wonderful centre to all these dark figures. "There is no such person in my house," she said.

And then there came a cry and tumult from behind, and through the door of the dining-room, which stood wide open, making it a part of

the scene, there suddenly appeared another group of whirling struggling figures, steadily pushing back before them the two fugitives, who had crept their way out, only to be met and overpowered, and brought

back to answer as they could for themselves. Then, and only then, Mrs Ogilvy's strength failed her. The light for a moment went out of her eyes. All that she had done had been in vain—in vain!

CHAPTER XXIII.

The two men stood with the background of dark figures behind, while the inspector who was at the head of the party advanced towards them. Robbie, with his long beard and his cloak over his shoulder, was the one upon whom all eyes were fixed. One of the policemen held him firm by the arm. His countenance was dark, his air sullen, like a wild beast taken in the toils. The other by his side, almost spruce in his loose coat, his clean-shaven face seeking no shadow, facing the enemy with a half-smile upon it, easy, careless, fearing no evil—produced an effect quite contrary to that which the dark and bearded brigand made upon the officers of the law. Who could doubt that it was he who was the son of the house, "led away" by the truculent ruffian by his side? There was no mention of Robbie's name in the warrant. And the sight of Robbie's mother, and her defence of her threshold, had touched the hearts even of the police. To take away this ruffian, to leave her her son in peace, poor old lady, relieving her poor little quiet house of the horror that had stolen into it—the inspector certainly felt that he would be doing a good service to his neighbour as well as obeying the orders of the law.

"The one with the beard," he said, looking at a paper which he held in his hand—"that is him. Secure him, Green. Stand by, men; be on your guard; he knows what he's about—ah!" The

inspector breathed more freely when the handcuffs clicked on Robert Ogilvy's wrists, who for his part neither resisted nor answered, but stood looking almost stupidly at the scene, and then down upon his hands when they were secured. The other by his side put up a hand to his face, as if overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and fell a little backward, overcome it seemed with distress—as Robbie ought to have done, had this and not the ruffian in the beard been he.

Mrs Ogilvy had been leaning on Susie's shoulder, incapable of more, her heart almost ceasing to beat, all her strength gone; but when the words, "the one with the beard," reached dully and slowly to her comprehension, she made but one bound, pushing with both arms every one away from her, and with a shriek appeared in the midst of the group. "It is my son," she cried, "my son, my son! It is Robbie Ogilvy and no one else. It is my son, my son, my son!" She flung herself upon him, raving as if she had suddenly gone mad in her misery, and tried to pluck off with her weak hands the iron bands from his wrists. Her cries rang out, silencing every other sound. "It is my son, my son, my son——!"

"I am very sorry, madam; it may be your son, and still it may be the man we want," the inspector said.

And then another shrill woman's voice burst forth from behind. "You fools, he's escaping! Don't

you see?"—the speaker clapped her hands with a sound that rang over their heads. "Don't you see? It's easy to take off a beard. If you waste another moment, he'll be gone!"

He had almost got beyond the last of the men, retreating very softly backwards, while all the attention was concentrated upon Robbie and his mother. But he allowed himself to be pushed forward again at the sound of this voice, as if he had had no such intention. A snarl like that of a furious dog curled up his lip at the side for a moment; but he did not change his aspect—the game was not yet lost.

"There are folk here," cried Mrs Ogilvy, still plucking at the handcuffs, while Robbie stood silent, saying nothing—"there are folk here who have known him from his cradle, that will tell you he's Robert Ogilvy: there are my servants—there is the minister, here present God knows why or wherefore: they know—he's been absent from his home many a day; but he's Robert Ogilvy—no the other. If he's Robert Ogilvy he is not the other: if he's my son he's not that man. And he is my son, my son, my son! I swear it to you—and the minister. Mr Logan, tell them——"

Mr Logan's mind was much disturbed. He felt that providence itself had sent him here; but he was slow to make up his mind what to say. He wanted time to speak and to explain. "I have every reason to think that is Robert Ogilvy," he said, "but I never saw him with a beard; and what he may have been doing all these years——"

"Mr Inspector," cried Mrs Ainslie, panting with excitement, close to the officer's side. "Listen to me: as it chances, I know the man.

There is no one here but I who knows the man. It shows how little you know if you think that idiot is Lew. I'm a respectable lady of this place, but I've been in America, and I know the man. I've seen him—I've seen him tried for his life and get off; and if you drivel on like that, he'll get off again. *That Lew!*" she cried, with a hysterical laugh,—"*Lew the devil, Lew the road-agent! That man's like a sheep. Do you hear me, do you hear me? You'll let him escape again.*"

Now was the time for Robbie to speak, for his mother to speak, and say, "*That is the man!*" But Mrs Ogilvy was absorbed tearing in vain at the handcuffs, repeating unconsciously her exclamation, "*My son, my son!*" And he stood looking down upon her and her vain struggle, and upon his own imprisoned hands. I doubt whether she knew what was passing, or was conscious of anything but of one thing—which was Robbie in those disgraceful bonds. But he in his dull soul, forced into enlightenment by the catastrophe, was very conscious of everything, and especially that he was betrayed—that he himself was being left to bear the brunt, and that his friend in his character was stealing away.

Janet had been kept back, partly by fright and astonishment, partly by the police and Andrew, the last of whom had a fast hold upon her gown, and bade her under his breath to "*Keep out o't—keep out o't; we can do nothing:*" but this restraint she could no longer bear. Her desire to be in the midst of everything, to be by her mistress's side, to have her share of what was going on, would have been enough for her, even if she felt, as Andrew did, that she could do no good. But Janet was of no such opinion. Was she not appealed to, as one

whose testimony would put all right? She pushed her way from among the men, pulling her cotton gown, which tore audibly, out of Andrew's hand. "Sir, here am I: let me speak," she said. "This is Mr Robert Ogilvy, that I've known since ever he was born. He came home the 15th of June, the same day many weary years before as he ran away. The other gentleman is Mr Lewis, his friend, that followed him here about a month ago at the most, a real fine good-hearted gentleman, too, if maybe he has been a little wild. Our gentleman is just as he was when he came out of the deserts and wildernesses. We're not a family that cares a great deal for appearances. But Mr Lewis, he's of another way of thinking, and we've had a great laughing all day at his shaving off of his beard."

"That's what I told you!" said Mrs Ainslie, in her excitement pulling the inspector's arm. "I told you so! What's a beard? it is as easy to take off as a bonnet. And he would have got clean off—look at him, look at him!—if it hadn't been for me."

"Look after that man, you fellows there!" said the inspector's deep voice. "Don't let him get away. Secure them both."

No one had put handcuffs on Lew's wrists; no policeman had touched him; he had been free, with all his wits about him, noting everything, alert, all conscious, self-possessed. Twice he had almost got away: the first time before Mrs Ainslie had interfered; the second when Janet with her evidence had come forward, directing all attention once more to Robbie—during which moment he had made his way backward again in the most cautious way, endeavouring to get behind the backs of the men and make a dash for the door. Al-

most! but what a difference was that! The policemen, roused and startled, hustled him forward to his "mate's" side, but still without laying a hand upon him. All their suspicions and observation were for the handcuffed criminal standing silent and gloomy on the other side. Lew maintained his careless attitude well, nodding at the inspector with a "Well, well, officer," as if he yielded easily but half-contemptuously to punctilio. But when he saw another constable draw from his pocket another pair of handcuffs, he changed colour; his eyes lighted up with a wild fire. Mrs Ainslie, who had got beyond her own control, followed his movements with the closest inspection. She burst into a laugh as he grew pale. Her nerves were excited far beyond her control. She cried out, without knowing, without intending, "Ah, Lew! You have had more than you meant. You've found more than you wanted. Caught! caught at last! And you will not get off this time," she cried, with the wild laugh which she was quite unable to quench, or even to restrain.

Whether he saw, what no doubt was true, that every hope was over, and that, once conveyed to Edinburgh, no further mistake was possible, and his fate sealed; or whether he was moved by a swift wave of passion, as happened to him from time to time—and the exasperation of the woman's voice, which worked him to madness—can never be known. He was still quite free, untouched by any one, but the handcuffs approaching which would make an end of every independent act. His tall figure, and clean-shaven, unveiled face seemed suddenly to rise and tower over every other in the heat and pale glow of passion. "You viper, Liz!" he thundered out. "Music-hall Liz!"

with a fierce laugh, "here's for you—the traitor's pay!" And before any one could breathe or speak, before a hand could be lifted, there was a sudden flash and report, and in a moment he had flung himself forward upon the two or three startled men in front of him, with a rush for the open door, and the pistol still smoking in his hand. Two steps more, and he would have been out in the open, in the fresh air that breathed like heaven upon him, among the dark trees that give hiding and shelter, and make a man, with his wits about him, a match for any dozen. Two steps more! But rapid as he was, there were too many of them to make such an escape possible. Before he had reached that open way, half-a-dozen men were upon him. The struggle was but for a moment—a wild sudden tumult of stamping feet and loud voices; then there was again a sudden flash and report and fall. The whole band seemed to fall together—the men who had grappled with him being dragged with him to the ground. They gathered themselves up one by one—everybody who could move: and left the one on the ground who would never move again.

He had so far succeeded in his rush that his head fell outside the open door of the Hewan, where his face caught the calm line of the moonlight streaming in. The strange white radiance enveloped him, separating him from everything round—from the men who, struggling up to their feet, suddenly hushed and awestricken, stood hastily aside in the shadow, looking down upon the prisoner who had thus escaped from their hands. He lay right across the threshold in all his length and strength of limb,—motionless now, no struggle in him, quenched every

resistance and alarm. It was so instantaneous that the terrible event—that sudden, incalculable change of death, which is of all things in the world the most interesting and tremendous to all lookers-on—became doubly awful, falling, with a solemn chill and horror which paralysed them, upon the astonished men around. Dead! Yet a moment since flinging off the strongest, struggling against half-a-dozen, almost escaping from their hands. He had escaped now. None of them would willingly have laid a finger on him. They stood trembling round, who had been grappling him a minute before, keen for his subjugation. The curious moon, too still and cold for any ironical meaning, streamed on him from head to foot in the opening of the doorway, displaying him as if to the regard of men and angels, with a white blaze upon his upturned face, and here and there a strong silver line where an edge of his clothing caught the whiteness in relief. Everything else was in shadow, or in the trembling uncertainty of the indoor light. The pistol, still with a little smoke from it, which curled for a moment into the shining light and disappeared, was still in his hand.

This was the end of that strange visit to the little tranquil house, where he had introduced so much disturbance, so strange an overturning of every habit. He had taken it for his rest and refuge, like a master in a place where every custom of the tranquil life, and every principle and sentiment, cried out against him. He had made the son his slave, but yet had not made the mother his enemy. And yet a more wonderful thing had happened to Lew. He, whom nobody had loved in his life, save those whose vile affections can be bought for pay, and who dishonour

the name—and for whom nobody would have wept had he not strayed into this peaceful abode and all but ruined and destroyed it—had tears shed for him here. Had he never come to the Hewan—to shed misery and terror around him, to kill and ruin, to rob and slay, as for some time at least he had intended—there would have

been no lament made for the adventurer. But kind nature gained him this much in his end, though he no way deserved it. And the moonlight made him look like a hero slain in its defence upon the threshold of the outraged house,—the only house in the world where prayer had ever been said for this abandoned soul.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was only when that extraordinary momentary tragedy was over, and the hush of silence, overawed and thunder-stricken, had taken the place of the tumult, that it became apparent to most of the spectators that all was not over—that there was yet something to be done. "Let some one go for the nearest doctor," the inspector said, quickly.

"No need for any doctors here, sir," said the men in concert.

"Go at once—you, Young, that know where to find one: and some of you go with him, to lose no time. There's a woman shot beside," said the officer, in his curt tones of command.

But the woman shot was not Mrs Ainslie, at whom the pistol was levelled. These three visitors, so strangely mixed up in the *mêlée* and in the confusion of events, had been hustled about among the policemen, to the consternation of the father and daughter, who could not explain to themselves at first what was going on, nor what their companion had to do with it. As the course of the affair advanced, Mr Logan began to perceive, as has been said, that it was a special providence which had brought him here. But Susie, troubled and full of anguish, her whole heart absorbed in Robbie and his mother, and the mysterious trouble which she did not under-

stand, which was hanging over them, stood alone, pressed back against the wall, following every movement of her friends, suffering with them. A sharp cry had come out of her very heart when the handcuffs—those dreadful signs of shame—were put upon his hands. She saw nothing, thought of nothing, but these two figures—what was any other to her?—and all that she understood or divined was that some dreadful trouble had happened to Robbie, and that she could not help him. She took no notice of her future step-mother's strange proceedings, nor of the extraordinary fact that she had forced herself into the midst of it—she, a stranger—and was adding her foolish shrill opinion to the discussion. If Susie thought of Mrs Ainslie at all, it was with a passing reflection that she loved to be in the midst of everything, which was far too trifling a thought to occupy Susie in the deep distress of sympathy in which she was. Her father moved about helplessly among the men. He thought he had been brought there by a special providence, but he did not know what to do. Mrs Ogilvy had turned upon him almost fiercely, when he had hesitated in giving his testimony for Robbie—which was not from any lack of kindness, but solely because he wanted to say a

great deal on the subject. Mrs Ogilvy by this time had come a little to herself, she had given up the foolish struggle with the handcuffs; and when Janet's over-frankness had drawn attention again to Lew, the mistress withdrew for a moment her own anxious looks from her son, and turned to the other, of whom she had said nothing, protecting him instinctively, even in the face of Robbie's danger. But when she looked at Lew's face, she trembled. The horror of last night came over her once more. Was that murder that was in it, the fire of hell? She had learned now what it meant when he put his hand to his pocket, and hers, perhaps, was the only eye that saw that gesture. He was looking at some one: was it at her, was it at some one behind her? Mrs Ogilvy instinctively made a step back, whether to escape in her own person or to protect that other she knew not, her eyes fixed on him with a fascination of terror. She stretched out her arms, with her shawl covering them like wings, facing him always, stretching forth what was like a white shield between him in his fury and all the unarmed defenceless people. She seemed to feel nothing but the sharp sound of the report, which rang through and through her. She did not know why she fell. There came a shriek from the woman behind her, at whom that bullet was aimed; but the real victim fell softly without a cry, with a murmur of bewilderment, and the sharp sound still ringing, ringing in her ears. The man seemed to spring over her where she lay; but she knew no more of what had happened, except that soft arms came suddenly round her, and her head was raised on some one's breast, and Susie's voice began to sound over her, calling her name, asking where

was she hurt. She did not know she was hurt. It all seemed to become natural again with the sound of Susie's voice. She did not lose consciousness, though she fell, and though it was evident now that the white shawl was all dabbled with red. It was hard to tell what it all meant, but yet there seemed some apology wanted. "He did not mean it," she said; "he did not mean it. There is—good in him." She laid her head back on Susie's bosom with a soft look of content. "It is maybe—not so bad as you think," she said.

The shot was in the shoulder, and the wound bled a great deal. No ambulance classes nor amateur doctoring had reached so far as Eskholm; but Susie by the light of nature did all that was possible to stop the bleeding until the doctor came. She sent Janet off for cushions and pillows, to make so far as she could an impromptu bed, that the sufferer might rest more easily. Most of the police party had been ordered outside, though two of them still stood, a living screen, between the group round the wounded woman and that figure lying in the doorway, which was not to be disturbed till the doctor came, some one having found or fancied a faint flutter in the heart. Mrs Ainslie, to do her justice, had been totally overwhelmed for the moment. She had flung herself down on her knees by Mrs Ogilvy's side, weeping violently, her face hidden in her hands. She was of no help in the dreadful strait; but at least she was in a condition of excitement and shattered nerves from which no help could be expected. Mr Logan had not taken any notice of her, though he was not yet aroused to any questions as to her behaviour and position here. He was moving about with soft suppressed steps from one side to another, in an agony of desire

to do his duty, and consciousness of having been brought by a special providence. But the minister was appalled by the dead face in the moonlight, the great figure fallen like a tower. When it was said there was still life in him, he knelt down heroically by Lew's side, and tried to whisper into his ear an entreaty that still at the eleventh hour he should prepare to meet his God. And then he came round and looked over his daughter's head at Mrs Ogilvy. Ought he to recall to her mind the things that concerned her peace as long as she was able to hear? But the words died on the minister's lips. He was a good man, though he was not quick to understand, or able to divine. His lips moved with the conventional phrases which belonged to his profession, which it was his duty to say; but he could not utter any of them. He felt with a curious stupefied sense of reality that most likely after all God was here, and knew more perfectly all about it than he.

Meanwhile the chief person in this scene lay quite still, not suffering as appeared, very quiet and tranquil in her mind, Susie's arm supporting her, and her head on Susie's breast. The bleeding had almost stopped, partly because of the complete peace, partly from Susie's expedients. Mrs Ogilvy, no doubt, thought she was dying; but it did not disturb her. The loss of blood had reduced her to that state of weakness in which there is no struggle. Impressions passed lightly over her brain in its confusion. Sometimes she asked a question, and then forgot what it was and the answer to it together. She was aware of a coming and going in the place, a sense of movement, the strange voices and steps of the men about; but they were all part of the turmoil, and she paid no attention to them. Only she roused

a little when Robbie stood near: he looked so large, when one looked up at him lying stretched out on the floor. He was talking to some one gravely, standing up, a free man, talking and moving like the master of the house. She smiled and held out a feeble hand to him, and he came immediately and knelt down by her side. "He did not mean it," she said. And then, "It is maybe not so bad as you think." These were the little phrases which she had got by heart.

He patted her on the sound shoulder with a large trembling hand, and bade her be quiet, very quiet, till the doctor came.

"You have not left me, Robbie?"

"No, mother." His voice trembled very much, and he stooped and kissed her. "Never, never any more!"

She smiled at him, lying there contented, with her head on Susie's breast—joyful, but not surprised by this news, for nothing could surprise her now—and then she motioned to him to come closer, and whispered, "Has he got away?"

The appearance of the doctor, notwithstanding his pause and exclamation of horror at the door, was an unspeakable relief. That cry conveyed no information to the patient within, who did not seem even to require an answer to her question. There was no question any longer of any fluttering of Lew's heart. The slight shake of the doctor's head, the look on his face, his rapid, low-spoken directions for the removal of the dead man, renewed the dreadful commotion of the night for a moment. And then he had Mrs Ogilvy removed on the mattress which his skilled hands helped to place her on, into her own parlour, where he examined her wound. She was still quite conscious, and told him over again her old phrases. "He did not mean

it,"—and "Maybe it will not be so ill as you think"—with a smile which wavered between consciousness and unconsciousness. Her troubled brain had got those words as it were by heart. She said them many times over during the course of the long and feverish night, during which she saw many visions—glimpses of her son bending over her, smoothing her pillow, touching her with ignorant tender hands; glimpses of Susie sitting beside her, coming and going. They were all dreams, she knew—but sometimes dreams are sweet. She was ill somehow—but oh, how immeasurably content!

This catastrophe made Robert Ogilvy a man—at least it gave him the courage and sense which, since his arrival at home, he seemed to have lost. He gave the police inspector an account of the man who was dead, who could no longer be extradited or tried, in Scotland or elsewhere. He did not conceal that he himself had been more or less connected with the troop which Lew had led. The inspector nodded. "We know all about that," he said; "we know you didn't count," which pricked Robbie all the more, half with a sense of injured pride, to prove that now at least he did count. His story filled up all that the authorities had wanted to know. What Lew's antecedents were, what his history had been, mattered nothing in this country. They mattered very little even in that from which he came, and where already his adventures had dropped into the legends of the road which we still hear from America with wonder, as if the days of Turpin were not over. No one doubted Robert Ogilvy's word. He felt for the first time, on this night, when for a brief and terrible moment he had worn handcuffs, and borne the brand of shame—and when he

had felt that he was about to be left to stand in another man's name for his life—that he was now a known person, the master, at least in a secondary sense, of a house which "counted," though it was not a great house: and that he had, what he had never been conscious before of having, a local habitation and a name. Robbie was very much overpowered by this discovery, as well as by the other incidents of the night. He was not perhaps deeply moved by grief for his friend. The man had not been his friend—he had been his master, capable of fascinating and holding him, with an influence which he could not resist. But whenever he was removed from that influence, his mind and spirit had rebelled against it. Now it seemed impossible, too wonderful to believe, that he was free,—that Lew's voice would never call him back, nor Lew's will rule him again. But neither was he glad. Lew had led him very far in these few days,—almost to the robbing, almost to the killing, of his mother—his mother, who had fought for them both like a lion, who had done everything and dared everything for their sakes. But the slave, the bondsman, though he felt the thrill of his freedom in his veins, did not rejoice in the death of his taskmaster. It was too recent, too terrible, too tragical for that. The sight of that familiar face lying in the moonlight was always before him—he could not get it out of his eyes. He did not attempt to go to bed, but walked up and down, sometimes going into the drawing-room where his mother lay, with a wonderful tenderness towards her, altogether new to his consciousness, and understanding of the part she had played. He had never thought of this before. It had seemed to him merely the course of nature, what

was to be expected, the sort of thing women did, and were glad and proud to be permitted to do. To have a son to do everything for was her delight. Why should not the son take it as such? she was pleasing herself. That was what he had always thought,—he awakened to a different sense, another appreciation, not perhaps very vivid, but yet genuine. She had almost been killed for her love—surely there was something in it after all, more than the course of nature. He was very sorry for her, to see her lying there with little spots of blood upon her white night-dress, and the shawl all covered with blood laid aside in the corner. Poor mother! She was old and she was weak, and most likely she would die of it. And it was Lew's doing, and all for his own sake.

The house had once more become still. The crowd of people who had so suddenly taken possession of it had surged away. No one knew how it was that Mr Logan and his daughter and the lady who was going to be his wife had appeared in that strange scene, and no one noted how at least the last-named person disappeared. One moment she was kneeling on the floor, in wild fits of convulsive weeping, her hat pushed back from her head, her light hair hanging loose, wholly lost in trouble and distress: the next she was gone. She had indeed stolen away in the commotion caused by the arrival of the doctor, when Mrs Ogilvy was taken away, and that tragic obstruction removed from the doorway. It is to be supposed that she had come to herself by that time. She managed to steal out unseen, though with a shudder crossing the threshold where Lew had lain. It was she doubly, both in her betrayal of him and in her exasperation of him, who was the cause of all; but probably she did not realise that. She found her

way somehow through the moonlight and the black shadows, along the road all slippery with the recent rain, to her own house, and there spent the night as best she might, packing up many things which she prized,—clothes and trinkets, and the *bibelots*, which, in their fashion and hers, she loved like her betters. And early in the morning, by the first train, she went away—to Edinburgh, in the first place, and Eskholm saw her no more.

When the doctor's ministrations were over, for which Mr Logan waited to hear the result, the minister went into all the rooms looking for her. He had thought she was helping Susie at first; then, that she had retired somewhere in the excess of her feelings, which were more exquisite and delicate than those of common folk. He had in the excitement of the time never thought of as yet, or even begun to wonder at, the position she had assumed here, and the part she had taken. He knew that if his Elizabeth had a fault, it was that she liked to be always in the front, taking a foremost place in everything. He waited as long as he could, looking about everywhere; and then, when he was quite sure she was not to be found, and saw the doctor starting on his walk home, took his hat and went also. "You think it will not be fatal, doctor?"

"It may not be—I cannot answer for anything. She's very quiet, which is much in her favour. But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, did I find a dead man, whom I never saw in life, lying across the door-steps of the Hewan, and a quiet old lady like Mrs Ogilvy struck almost to death with a pistol-shot?"

"It is a wonder indeed," said the minister. "I, if ye will believe me, was led there, I cannot tell ye how, with the idea of a common

call—and found the police all about the house. It is just the most extraordinary special providence," said Mr Logan with solemnity, "that I ever encountered in the course of my life." He began by this time to feel that he had been of great use. But he was a little troubled, poor man, by the thought of his Elizabeth running home by herself, as she must have done in the night. He passed her house on his way to the manse, and was relieved to find that there was a light in her bedroom window; but though he knocked and knocked again, and even went so far as to throw up gravel at the window, he could obtain no response. He went home full of thought. There began to rise into his mind recollections of things which he was not conscious of having noticed at the time—of the energy with which she had rushed to the front (but that was her way, he reflected, with a faint smile) and insisted with the inspector: and then some one had called her Liz—Liz!—who was it that had called her Liz?

Mr Logan's thoughts grew, through a night that was not very comfortable to him more than to the other persons involved. The absence of Susie made things worse. He would not have spoken to Susie on such a delicate subject, especially as she was already hostile; but still, if Susie had been there—in her absence there was an unusual tumult in the house, and he had no one to save him from it. And his mind was sorely troubled. She had taken a part last night that would not have been becoming in a minister's wife. He would speak to her about it: and was it—could it be—surely it was that robber villain, the suicide, the murderer, who had called her Liz? It added to all his troubles that when he had finally made up his mind to go to her—she not coming to him, as was her

habit in the morning—he found her gone. Away to Edinburgh with the first train, leaving her boxes packed, and a message that they would be sent for, her bewildered maid said. Mr Logan returned home, a sorely disturbed man. But he never saw more the woman who had so nearly been his wife. There was truth in the story she told her daughter and son-in-law in Edinburgh, that the scene she had witnessed had completely shattered her nerves, and that she did not think she could ever face the associations of that dreadful place again. She did not cheat anybody or rob anybody, but left her little affairs at Eskholm in Tom Blair's hands, who paid everything scrupulously. I don't know that he ever was repaid; but he saw very little of his mother-in-law after this extraordinary overturn of her fate.

Mrs Ogilvy's wound took a long time to heal, but it did heal in the end. She was very weak, but had for a long time that wonderful exemption from care which is usually the privilege of the dying, though she did not die. Perhaps there was no time of her life when she was happier than during these weeks of illness. Susie was by her bedside night and day. Robbie came in continually, a large shadow standing over her, staying but a moment at first, then longer, sitting by her, talking to her, answering her questions. I do not know that there was soon or fundamentally a great moral improvement in Robbie; but he had been startled into anxiety and kindness, and a little went a long way with those two women, who loved him. For there was little doubt in any mind, except perhaps in his own, that Susie loved him too, with something of the same tolerant, all-explaining, all-pardoning love which was in his mother's heart. She had done so all her life, waiting

for him all those years, through which he never thought of her: that did not matter to Susie,—nobody had ever touched her faithful simple heart but he. She would not perhaps have been an unhappy woman had he never come back: she would have gone on looking for him with a vague and visionary hope, which would have lent a grace to her gentle being, maiden-mother as she had been born. And even this wild episode, which she never quite understood, which she never desired to understand, made no difference to Susie. She forgave it all to the man who was dead, and shed tears over the horror of his fate; but she put easily all the blame upon him. Robbie had been faithful to the death for him,—would have gone away instead of him to save him. It covered Lew with a shining mantle of charity that he called forth so much that was noble in his friend.

The minister, who was shamed to the heart, and wounded in his *amour propre* beyond expression by the desertion of Mrs Ainslie, and by the conviction, slowly forced upon him, that she had deceived him, and was no exquisite English lady of high pretensions, but an adventuress—felt that the only amends he could make to himself and the world was to carry out his intention of marrying, and that as quickly as possible. Providence, as he piously said, directed his eyes to one of those kind old maids who fill up the crevices of the world, and who are often so humbly ready to take that position of nurse-housekeeper-wife, in which perhaps they can be of more use to their generation than in their solitude, and which satisfies, I suppose, the wish to belong to somebody, and be the first in some life, as well as the mother-yearning in their hearts. Such a blessed

solution of the difficulty enchanted the parish, and satisfied the boys and the little girls, who had now unlimited petting to look forward to—and set Susie free. She married Robert Ogilvy soon after his mother's recovery. Fortunately Mrs Ogilvy was never conscious of the details of the tragedy, and did not know ever what had lain there in the moonlight across her threshold. I doubt if she could have come and gone cheerfully as she did over that door-stone had she ever known. And the young ones full of their own life forgot—and the family of three continued in the Hewan in love and content. Robbie never became a model man. He never did anything, notwithstanding the fulness of his life and strength. He had no impulse to work—rather the reverse: his impulses were all in the way of idleness. He lounged about and occupied himself with trifles, and gardened a little, and carpentered a little, and was never weary. It fretted the two women often, sometimes the length of despair, especially Susie, who would burst out into regrets of all his talents lost, and the great things he might have done. But Mrs Ogilvy did not echo those regrets: she was well enough aware what Robbie's talents were, and the great things which he would never have done. She represented to her daughter-in-law that if he had been weary of the quiet, if he had grown moody, tired of his idleness, tired of his life, as some men do, there would then have been occasion to complain. "But he is just very happy, God bless him!" his mother said. "And you and me, Susie, we are two happy women; and the Lord be thanked for all He has done for us, and no suffered me to go down famished and fasting to the grave."

BRITISH FORESTRY.

It is sometimes alleged against the scientist that he is a hard-hearted, uncompromising individual. Assuredly he is no respecter of persons or of persons' "fads and fancies." Old traditions, fondled by ordinary folk, are to him as nothing, mere myths to be brushed aside as the musty cobwebs of a superstitious past. The man of science hunts for hard facts, plays games with algebraic signs, communes familiarly with the faithful units of the atomic theory. He is wary of wise saws, impatient of old men's proverbs, conceding little which cannot be demonstrated. There is reason to fear that the Scientific Forester, one of the latest recruits to the ranks of industrial scientists, may not be unlike his learned brethren.

Common people have been accustomed to regard the Laird of Dumbiedikes as a prudent man, as a man before his day in wisdom and enterprise. "Jock," said he to his son, "when ye hae naething else to do, ye may aye be sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping." That fatherly advice has long been accounted the very essence of sound economy, an admirable example of frugal industry. Now, however, the Scientific Forester has dispelled the illusion—showing that it is all wrong, a fundamental error arising from the want of a scientific knowledge of the laws of plant-growth. If the Laird of Dumbiedikes had been a scientific Forester, he would have known that trees as well as their planters have a habit of going to sleep at stated times—that, in fact, assuming that his son Jock was an orderly young man,

the trees planted by Jock would be sleeping when Jock slept. It is only under the influence of sunshine that the chlorophyll of the foliage can actively perform its function in plant-growth; and so, when the sun goes down, the tree goes to sleep.

Now we have not a word to say against this action on the part of the Scientific Forester. We dare not challenge him, for he has truth on his side. But while the Laird of Dumbiedikes's advice may have been "all wrong" scientifically, it was both sound and good from a practical point of view. If those quaint words addressed to Jock had become the motto of every owner of forest-land in this country, and if that motto had been faithfully carried into practice, such fabulous additions would have been made to the material wealth of the British Isles as could hardly now be calculated. The whole aspect of the countryside would have been changed. Millions of money going abroad every year would have been kept at home. "Aye be sticking in a tree"—why, a better bit of advice never passed from father to son.

Tree-planting is an old art. Strange as at first glimpse it may appear, tree-clearing is still older. "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees," we are told in the seventy-fourth psalm; and the same enterprise—the cutting down of trees—has been in all countries and in all ages the forerunner of both forestry and agriculture. The Romans were the first as a nation to perceive that persistent tree-cutting, unaccompanied by methodical tree-planting,

would be disastrous to the industrial interests of a country. We have to thank the Romans for introducing the art of Forestry into Britain. It is acknowledged that, if tree-culture was pursued at all in this country before the Roman invasion, it was not practised to any important extent until after that event. Both Pliny and Horace tell us that the Romans were eminent as foresters at an early date. They planted and reared coppice-woods for poles to support their vines and for other purposes, planted willows for wicker-work, and on their hills cultivated forests from which they cut timber for building purposes. There is hardly any doubt that they were the first to introduce exotic trees into Britain. Many species brought over by the Romans have remained in this country ever since, becoming thoroughly acclimatised, and adding greatly to the forest-wealth of the British Isles. Other varieties would seem to have succumbed to the rigours of the British climate when first tried; but most, if not all, of them have since been reintroduced and successfully established. We have to thank the Roman invaders for the English elm, the lime, the sweet-chestnut, poplar, and other trees, which have been a boon of no small value to the country.

The love of the chase was, no doubt, the motive which first induced the early kings of England and Scotland to preserve certain stretches of woodlands as forests. These forests, indeed, were known as the royal hunting-grounds. They were numerous in England at the time of the Norman Conquest; and we are told that a great impetus was given in this direction by William I. and his immediate successors, amongst other new forests formed being the New Forest

in Hampshire, which has ever since been an interesting feature in British woodlands. But forest forming for the purpose of the chase is one thing, tree-culture for direct profit is quite another. The latter, which constitutes the modern art of Sylviculture, came long after the creation of the ancient royal hunting-grounds. And the mention of the word Sylviculture brings to mind the confusion which exists as to the use and the meaning of the terms *Sylviculture* and *Arboriculture*. The treatment of woods on sound, rational, scientific, and financial principles, with timber production as the one main object, is properly described as *Sylviculture*. On the other hand, by *Arboriculture* is meant the cultivation of individual trees, or small groups or patches of trees, intended more for ornament, shelter, or game-rearing than as a source of income from the produce of the trees themselves. When one speaks of Forestry it is Sylviculture rather than Arboriculture that is usually meant, but it may be doubted if in this country the distinction between the two arts is as well understood as it ought to be. Indeed, it is alleged that the woods in this country have hitherto been treated too much from an arboricultural point of view, and that the true art of Sylviculture is but in its merest infancy in the British Isles. It cannot be denied that there are grounds for these statements, yet it seems to us they are stronger than the circumstances really warrant. The local peculiarities of large parts of this country lend themselves more readily to arboricultural than to sylvicultural treatment,—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they suggest the former rather than the latter. To provide shelter in exposed situations, and to

beautify a landscape that sorely needed something of the kind, have been the chief motives which have led many British landowners into tree-planting. It is thus by design more than through neglect or want of knowledge that the minor art of Arboriculture has become so largely characteristic of British Forestry.

The art of Forestry in this country cannot now be traced to the precise date at which it began. Holinshed in his 'Description of Britaine' states that, in the reign of Henry VIII., "plantations of trees began to be made for purposes of utility," and it is known that the cultivation of the trees and woods of the New Forest in Hampshire was undertaken prior to the reign of Edward IV. Fitzherbert's book on planting, the first work of the kind in the English language, was published in 1523. It is stated on reliable authority (Brit. Topo., p. 61) that before the end of the sixteenth century Gerard had 1100 different plants and trees in cultivation. During the first half of the seventeenth century considerable progress was made in Forestry, several important trees, such as the silver fir, maple, larch, and others, having then been introduced into England. In 1664 there appeared a work which for its day was a treatise of remarkable intelligence and ability, and which was destined to exercise no little influence upon the art of Forestry in Britain. We refer to Evelyn's 'Silva.' In little more than forty years the third edition was called for, and a work which in those days attained that distinction must have made a marked impression upon the public mind. Evelyn describes fully the modes of planting, pruning, thinning, and general treatment of trees and plants which were pur-

sued by him, and no doubt by means of his writings he was able to induce many others to follow his example. Evelyn was distressed by the wholesale tree-cutting which was then taking place, and in the third edition of his work, published in 1706, he gives forcible expression to his regret at "the impolitic diminution of our timber . . . caused through the prodigious havoc" by those who "were tempted, not only to fell and cut down, but utterly to extirpate, demolish, and raze, as it were, all the many goodly woods and forests which our prudent ancestors left standing, for the Ornament and Service of their country."

Another event of perhaps still greater importance—one in which Scotchmen may well have some pride and interest—followed quickly the publication of Evelyn's 'Silva.' In the year 1670 the Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh were founded by Dr Balfour—exactly ninety years before the establishment of the celebrated Gardens at Kew. Scotland thus took the lead at a comparatively early date in the promotion of tree-planting; and it is interesting to note that the oldest Botanic Gardens in the United Kingdom have in our own day been the first to establish a systematic course of instruction in the science and practice of Forestry—a step which will call for mention later on. It is known that during the last thirty years of the seventeenth and the earlier years of the eighteenth century great activity in tree-planting was displayed in different parts of Scotland. Not only were plantations formed of native trees, but other species were introduced and planted on a tolerably extensive scale. The lime-tree was planted at Taymouth in

1664, the silver and spruce firs at Inverary in 1682, the black poplar at Hamilton in 1696, the horse-chestnut at New Posso in 1709, the Weymouth pine at Dunkeld in 1725, the larch at the same place in 1741, the cedar of Lebanon (which had been brought to the Edinburgh Botanic Garden in 1683) at Hopetoun in 1743, and the English elm at Dalmahoy in 1763.

At the pressing instigation of his mother, Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, began his great plantations at Tynninghame, East Lothian, in 1705. He became an enthusiast in the work, and planted not only upon an extensive scale, but with skill and good judgment. There is no need to point out what East Lothian in general, and Tynninghame in particular, have gained from the forethought and enterprise of that nobleman. His example no doubt exerted influence far beyond his own country, for in 1733 he wrote and published a treatise on forest-trees. In that treatise he tells us that planting was not well understood in this country till the beginning of the eighteenth century. He believed that the Earl of Mar was the first to introduce amongst them what was called the wilderness way of planting—planting large masses with openings left through them, as vistas from given points, which method was in vogue in England at the time. The Earl of Mar's example "very much improved the taste of our gentlemen, who very soon followed his example." A natural result of the growing taste for planting was the formation of nurseries for the rearing of young forest-trees. Soon these nurseries became so plentiful that landowners were able to obtain supplies of trees at moderate prices. From this circumstance

planting received a great impetus, and the extent to which planting was carried on is evidenced by the fact that a very large portion of the existing woodlands throughout Britain had been planted in the latter part of the last and the earlier years of the present century. The most extensive planters in the kingdom at that time were the Duke of Athole, Lord Breadalbane, and Sir J. Grant of Strathspey, whose noble forests have been the admiration of all countries.

For some time after 1830 there would seem to have been a lull in tree-planting. This has been attributed partly to the fact that the great prosperity which was attending agriculture was diverting attention from the woodlands, and partly also to the demands which the promotion of railways was at that time making upon the capital of landowners. It was no doubt, however, in a very large measure accounted for by the comparatively poor returns which were then being realised, or were likely to be obtained, from plantations that had been formed in the preceding century. It has to be acknowledged that the financial returns from most of the earlier plantations were far from satisfactory. Little wonder, indeed, that this was so, for it was not until after the year 1845 that the draining of forest-land was practised to any considerable extent. The systematic thinning of the young plantations had been pursued to some extent in earlier years; but even in that all-important work, as in other matters affecting the healthy and profitable formation of the woodlands, there was need for improved methods. A new era in planting dates from about 1845. Mr Robert Monteath's '*Forester's Guide and Profitable Planter*,' which brought

out Sir Walter Scott's famous essay in 'The Quarterly Review,' was followed by Sir Henry Stuart's work, 'The Planter's Guide,' which was published by Messrs Blackwood. By these and later works, and by other means, a new light has been thrown upon the art of Forestry. The function of drainage is now thoroughly understood. Much that was before unknown as to the thinning, pruning, and the general tending of woodlands, has been learned and turned to good purpose both in the management of existing and in the formation of new plantations. There is no doubt much to be learned still. It is not pretended that all that has been taught as to the art of Forestry since the dawn of the new era has been unassailably sound; the systematic study of the science of Forestry may show the old teaching to be astray on various points. Be this as it may, it is undeniable that an improvement of a very marked character in the management of British woodlands took place soon after 1845.

Various agencies have been active in promoting this improvement in Forestry. None has been more effective than that standard work known as Brown's 'Forester.' The first edition of 'The Forester' was published in 1847, the second in 1851, and the sixth has just made its appearance.¹ 'The Forester' has from the very outset of its useful career ranked as a standard work. It has been the guide, philosopher, and friend of the best foresters in the country. It was the product of a master-

mind, the work of a man far above most of his compeers in intelligence and ability. Brown's experience of practical Forestry was extensive and thorough. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that the scientific principles regulating plant growth were but imperfectly known to him. Viewed in the light of his own day, his work was from beginning to end sound and consistent. The fuller knowledge of the science of Forestry, which, thanks mainly to Continental effort, is now available, shows that at several points Brown's teaching is capable of advantageous modification. In the new edition before us it has received this and a good deal more. The work of revision has been planned judiciously. Brown's book it is still. The outstanding features of the old work are all there. Where its teaching is at variance with the newer school of Forestry, the editor comes in with appropriate guidance to the reader. The reasons for the modifications are always given, so that the line of transition from the old methods to the new may be readily followed. The work has been brought up to date in the most thorough manner; and the fact that, notwithstanding the great advance which the study of scientific Forestry has lately made, this has been done without any serious disfigurement of the old book, says not a little for the character of the work in its original form. The new matter added is of great value in itself, and will much increase the practical usefulness of the work, alike to the landowner,

¹ The Forester: A Practical Treatise on the Planting and Tending of Forest Trees and the General Management of Woodlands. By James Brown, LL.D. New edition. Thoroughly revised, emended, and amplified by John Nisbet, D.Ec., Author of 'British Forest Trees,' &c. In 2 vols. royal 8vo. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

the forester, and the student of Forestry. No one, however, who knew the fine old book in its original shape, will think any the less of the achievement of its author because of the alterations that have now had to be made upon his handiwork.

In the new edition of 'The Forester' the present condition of British woodlands is represented in an interesting and suggestive light. It is shown that they are sufficiently extensive to be of great national importance. It is observed that, comparatively speaking, they are so limited in extent as to give rise to no little concern regarding the future timber-supplies for the industrial wants of the country. It is, moreover, more than hinted that the management of our woodlands is so very bad as to incur enormous losses to the owners of plantations themselves and to the nation at large. Upon each of these aspects of the question the editor has much to say that is worthy of careful study. Dr Nisbet has had exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted with the science and practice of Forestry as taught and practised in Germany, India, and elsewhere abroad, as well as in our own country; and in this work he has shown that he has made good use of those opportunities.

There is, in particular, one point concerning the new edition of 'The Forester' as to which many will be anxious to obtain information. The methods and principles of thinning and pruning advocated by Brown in former editions of the work were well known to be at variance with the teaching of the modern school of Continental Forestry, which may be said to have its head and centre in Ger-

many. "What course does the new edition take?" is a question that will be on many lips. As might have been expected, the editor, himself a student of the German school, has frankly avowed his faith in the German methods. He has not expunged the author's recommendations as to thinning and pruning, but he has made it plain wherein he differs from him, and describes fully the newer methods with which he would supplant the old.

Continental foresters favour thick planting and frequent but spare thinning, with the view of providing and maintaining an abundant leaf-canopy, so that the trees may be encouraged to seek for light and air from the tops rather than the sides, and that the fertility of the soil may be conserved. It is argued that this struggling upwards for light and air promotes the formation of a long, clean, straight bole, a tree of the highest technical value; while the system of excessive thinning, which has been so largely pursued in this country, encourages lateral development rather than high-growing, the formation of thick, short, quickly tapering boles, with numerous low branches, which lessen the value of the wood by the "knots" they form. The editor remarks:—

"Thinning operations should be repeated at regular intervals of a few years; but the actual number of years depends mainly on the age and the energy of growth of the crop, and on the species of tree. In pole-forests of light-demanding species, thinning will have to be repeated most frequently; in tree-forests of shade-bearing species, the need for thinning will be least. In the former class of young woods (oak, ash, larch, Scots pine) thinnings should, if possible, be repeated *every five years*; whilst in pole-forests of shade-bearing species

(spruce, silver fir, beech, and sometimes maple and sycamore), it will usually be sufficient to thin once every eight or ten years during the pole-forest stage of development.

"Considerations regarding the conservation of the productivity of the soil of course demand that on inferior qualities of land the thinnings should be slighter, but more frequently repeated, than on good soil. Although on the former class nature requires more assistance in the elimination of the weaklings, yet the productive capacity of the soil is more apt to be injuriously affected even by the temporary and slight interruption in the leafy canopy, and the consequent partial exposure of the soil to insolation.

"As long as thinnings are not carried so far as to interfere with increment in height and with the formation of a long, clean bole, free

from branch-knots, and having a good form-factor, *i.e.*, a high relative proportion between the top-diameter and the base of the bole, their influence is beneficial. But wherever they tend to prejudice, *as is so often the case in Britain*, the finest development of the stem for technical purposes, they must, of course, affect the financial value of the woods, even when they do not go so far as to endanger the productivity of the soil, in violation of the first fundamental principle of Sylviculture."

The following table shows the extent of woodlands as compared with the other main divisions of land and water in the United Kingdom, the figures being taken from the Agricultural Returns for 1892:—

In the United Kingdom.	Acres.	Percentage of total area.
Total area of land and water	77,642,099	100.0
Arable land	20,444,577	25.5
Permanent pasture	27,533,326	35.5
Woodlands (and nurseries)	3,005,670	3.8

Comparatively small as is the extent of our woodlands in acres, their value in hard cash is by no means insignificant. It is estimated that their bare cost of production must have considerably exceeded the sum of £20,000,000, and their present value may surely be placed at a good deal more than that. In his rectorial address before the University of Munich in 1889, Professor Gayer stated that the annual out-turn in timber from the forests of Germany amounted to about 60,000,000 cubic metres, or about 2,160,000,000 cubic feet, worth from £20,000,000 to £22,000,000; and reckoning 2 per cent as the rate of interest yielded, he estimated the capital value of all the German forests at about £1,000,000,000. Estimated upon

the same basis, it would be expected that, if our British woodlands, which extend to about one-eleventh of those of Germany, were as economically and efficiently managed as are the German forests, they would yield annually very nearly £2,000,000, and—adopting 2 per cent as the rate of interest yielded—would have a capital value of £90,000,000—or at any rate about £50,000,000, even adopting only twenty-five years' purchase as their value, and presuming that they yielded as much as 4 per cent per annum on the capital value of the soil *plus* the growing stock of timber. It is thus obvious that British woodlands are extensive and valuable enough to be regarded as of great national importance.

An interesting view of the forest areas in Great Britain and in the Continental countries of Europe is provided in the following table:¹—

STATE.	Forest area in acres.	Percentage of the total area of the State.	Acreage per capita of population.	Percentage owned by the State.
Russia }	447,592,405	36.0	4.94	57.4
Finland }	50,359,471	38.0	23.14	70.5
Sweden }	45,061,984	44.4	9.50	31.0
Norway }	19,280,820	24.0	10.67	13.0
Germany	34,353,743	25.7	0.69	32.7
Austria }	24,150,215	32.6	1.11	6.5
Hungary }	22,683,469	28.3	1.53	16.1
France	23,360,062	17.7	0.61	11.3
Spain	20,955,480	17.0	1.28	83.7
Turkey (with Bulgaria) }	13,919,685	19.1	3.45	?
Italy	9,030,320	12.0	0.32	1.6
Russia and Herzegovina }	6,583,515	51.0	?	85.0
Roumania	4,446,000	13.7	0.38	52.3
Great Britain	3,005,670	3.8	0.08	3.6
Servia	2,393,430	20.0	1.43	?
Switzerland	2,032,572	19.9	0.71	4.2
Greece	2,025,400	15.8	1.21	80.0
Belgium	1,205,830	16.6	0.22	?
Portugal	1,165,346	5.1	0.27	?
Holland	568,100	7.0	0.12	?
Denmark	508,298	5.4	0.24	24.0
Luxemburg	380,380	34.8	1.77	71.4
Total forest area throughout Europe }	735,062,195	30.2	2.51	

It is thus observed that, as a timber-producing country, Britain occupies quite a minor position amongst the European nations. As a timber-consuming country, however, its position is very different. Indeed, so enormous are the demands of Britain for timber and other forest produce that the state of the British market practically regulates prices all over the trading universe. The remarkable position which Britain has attained as a vast consumer of timber is well indicated in the following extract from an article by Professor Endres of Karlsruhe

on "The World's Timber Trade, and Taxation in Timber," in the 'Allgemeine Forst- und Jagdzeitung,' March 1893, p. 82:—

"England has only 4 per cent of woodland, and is, in consequence of its highly developed commerce and intensive output of coal, the most absorptive country in the world. The English timber consumption influences the timber trade all over the world, and determines the level of the timber prices. In the beginning of the year 1890, when a serious crisis occurred in the English market in consequence of enormous imports, prices fell about 10 to 15 per cent throughout Central Europe. In 1890

¹ Endres, article on *Forsten*, in 'Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften,' Jena, 1892; but including corrections of figures for Britain.

the total import amounted to 9,983,774 cubic metres = 5,990,244 tons, valued at sixteen million pounds sterling. The total was supplied as follows:—

	Per cent.
Sweden and Norway	37.4
Russia	21.5
British North America	19.3
United States	6.5
Germany	4.7
British East India	0.6
Other countries	10.0

"Thus over 30 per cent of the timber is produced in non-European

countries, and consists of kinds of timber that cannot possibly be grown in Europe. The timber export of England is almost zero, so that the new customs legislation relative to timber within the Central European countries does not affect England in the slightest degree."

The customs returns for 1892 show that the imports of forest produce into Britain in that year were as follows:—

SPECIES.	Quantity.	Value.
Hewn wood (in the round or square)	Loads, 2,469,140	£4,905,846
Converted timber (sawn or split, plane or dressed) ¹	" 5,094,309	11,180,141
Staves of all dimensions	" 136,063	593,539
Total for wood and timber . . .	" 7,699,512	£16,679,526
Wood-pulp for paper manufacture .	Tons, 190,938	£981,025
Rosin	Cwt., 1,681,393	384,050
Bark for tanners and dyers . . .	" 380,337	158,105
Total for minor forest produce .		£1,523,180
Total value of forest produce imported		£18,202,706

It is acknowledged in the new edition of 'The Forester' that it would be impossible to eliminate from these returns the classes of timber which could not possibly be produced in our own country—such, for example, as the teak used in the lining of iron ships, the jarrah, and other Australasian hardwoods used for street pavements, &c. At the same time the returns given above do not include the other similar articles which could be eliminated from the Custom accounts, such as mahogany (56,315 tons = £501,203),

Cutch and Gambier (25,192 tons = £548,395), caoutchouc and gutta-percha (317,660 cwt. = £3,501,932), &c., supplies of which must of course, under all circumstances, be drawn from foreign lands.

How much of this eighteen millions worth of timber now imported could be raised at home? This question very naturally rises in one's mind here. Upon this point the new edition of 'The Forester' gives forth no uncertain sound:—

"If our woodlands," we read at p. 14, vol. i., "were better managed than they at present are, and if the

¹ Of this converted timber, 20,935 loads, valued at £72,860, were exported; but all the other raw produce appears to have been actually consumed in the country, making the true figures for the year £18,129,846.

landed proprietors could be made to study the importance of the steady appreciation in the value of timber, and the bright prospect existing for timber that may become marketable in about fifty years' time, home competition might easily be induced for the supply of more than the half of our total timber imports. For, taking the countries in which identically the same species of trees are grown that may be produced sylviculturally in Britain, there still remain the following imports that may be regarded as utilised by us and not exported again:—

Imported from Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Germany during 1892.

	Loads.	Value.
Timber in the rough	1,400,927	£2,257,401
Converted timber	3,362,425	6,950,504
Total	4,763,352	£9,207,905

"It may confidently be stated that if due attention were given to the selection of the proper species of trees for given soils and situations, if the principles relating to the most favourable density of plantations, or sowings, or natural regenerations, and to the operations of tending (clearing, thinning, &c.) were properly understood and practised throughout Britain, there would not be the slightest necessity for the insertion (as at present obtains) of any clauses into Government contracts stipulating for the use of foreign wood in preference to home-grown timber.

"But if woods be allowed to grow up so that a considerable portion of the energy of growth of the individual trees forming the crop is dissipated in branch development, in place of being utilised economically in the formation of a clean, smooth, full-wooded bole of high general technical quality, then no surprise need be felt at every person concerned with its utilisation giving a solid preference to foreign timber grown under more rational conditions, and therefore of higher technical and general value, owing to its comparative freedom from knots."

Again, at p. 40, vol. i., we read:—

"There is no climatic reason why a very considerable portion of the £9,207,905 worth of timber that was imported into Britain during 1892 from Russia, Scandinavia, and Germany should not in future be supplied of home-growth, when once the crops raised have been subjected to rational treatment from the time of their formation onwards. This latter condition is essential; for woods that are crowded at thirty, forty, or fifty years of age may not have been of sufficient or normal density at ten or fifteen years of age, but may have become crowded in canopy through excessive and uneconomical ramification and coronal development. When, however, the woods have been properly tended during the early stages of growth, their subsequent tending, by means of thinning out, determines their economic value to a considerable extent. This has been very well put, by one of the greatest German authorities on Sylviculture, in the following words:¹—

"It must, however, be expressly stated that the youthful development of timber crops can afford no reliable indication for the future quality of the mature fall. Expectations, anticipations, and suppositions in this respect have no justification; for the whole matter depends most essentially on the later treatment of the crops (whether formed by sowing or by planting) during the operations of thinning out."

Now, if it is practicable to substantially extend our area of woodlands—and the great majority of trustworthy authorities believe it is—then assuredly strenuous efforts should be made to achieve this object. The advantages which would be gained are manifold. The first and main consideration of keeping at home several millions sterling per annum, which now go to foreign countries for

¹ Gayer, 'Waldbau,' third edition, 1889, p. 384.

imported timber, is in itself a matter of momentous importance. Even if there were no other end to be served, surely this one object would be worthy of the ambition of any nation. But there are other advantages of no mean value which would follow and be derived from a marked extension in the area of our woodlands. There are, for instance, the increased labour which would be provided for our working classes, the beneficial effects which plantations exercise upon climate and soil, the shelter provided for agricultural land, and the beautifying effect of woods upon the landscape. Another consideration of importance is the increased provision which would thus be made against the dreaded dearth of timber in the comparatively near future. It is, indeed, an easy matter to make out a strong case for extended planting, at least from the national or public point of view. It would be easy to adduce evidence in support of all the advantages indicated. Some of them, however, are so self-evident as to render this unnecessary. If we would wish to know what a vastly increased area of woodlands would mean to our working classes, we have but to glance across at the state of matters in Germany. In that country something like £4,150,000 is annually spent in the management, protection, and regeneration of the forests, and in the felling, preparing, and handling of the produce before it is delivered into the hands of the buyer; while the timber and other products of the woodlands directly afford employment to 583,000 persons (or 9 per cent of all the industrial classes throughout the empire) who are engaged in industries dependent on the forests for their raw material. It is esti-

mated that these 583,000 bread-winners represent about 3,000,000 persons, or nearly one-sixteenth of the entire population. Moreover, to all this have to be added the very large sums incurred for transport by land and water after the raw produce of the forests has reached the hands of the buyer. Another authority states that from 190,000 to 230,000 families obtain their livelihood from work in the forests of Germany. No one will deny that a large extension in our woodland area would be an advantage to the industrial interests of the nation.

From time to time much has been written regarding the influence of plantations upon climatic conditions. Generally speaking, it is unquestionably beneficial. Woods moderate extremes of heat and cold. Well-wooded districts do not suffer so much as treeless regions either from the scorching heat of extremely hot summers or from the chilling frosts of bitterly cold winters. The general tendency of woods is to increase rainfall. This consideration would of course count for or against planting, according to whether the normal rainfall of the district happens to be insufficient or ample. In regions where the climate is naturally dry, great advantage has been gained by extensive planting. Dry arid winds which formerly swept over the treeless land have been softened and moistened, while springs of running water have appeared where, prior to the formation of the woods, there were no springs. On the other hand, the extensive clearing of woodlands in parts characterised by dry climates—as in many districts of the United States of America—has been followed by the disappearance of springs and by the lessening of streams that were formerly reliable sources of water-supply.

These circumstances are explained by the facts that plantations conserve the moisture which descends in rain, yielding it gradually in springs and streams, and that in treeless parts the rainfall is carried away rapidly in the flood of the time.

Tree-culture increases the fertility of the soil. It does this in more ways than one. Reference has already been made to the protection which the woods provide to the soil from the effects of extreme heat and extreme cold, as also to the shelter from the blasting influence of dry arid winds. Woods, moreover, prevent the waste of soil by washing in times of heavy rainfall. But the influence of woods on the soil is not merely negative. They break up and loosen the lower layers by the operations of the tree-roots. They add largely to the fertility of the surface-soil by the great mass of vegetable matter which drops upon it from the trees, and there decomposes and turns into humus. The tendency of all this is to raise the temperature of the soil, and to render it capable of maintaining higher forms of vegetable life than it produced before it grew a crop of trees. Examples of the truth of this may be found in many parts of the country. The writer has in his mind's eye a certain hill familiar to him. That hill is marked by a straight line running from base to wellnigh the summit. On one side of this line nothing is to be seen but a mass of strong brown heather; on the other, the hillside displays well-mixed pasture of wonderfully good quality. The contrast is striking. To what is it due? The straight line was the boundary fence of a thriving plantation that was cleared away a few years ago.

There is no need to enlarge upon the great advantage that is derived from the shelter provided by plantations. The agricultural value of the adjoining land is thereby increased substantially—to a far greater extent, indeed, than would be readily believed by those who have not observed the matter narrowly. It may be doubted if landowners and others, in weighing the “pros” and “cons” of planting, attach sufficient value to the important consideration of the shelter provided by the woods. The agricultural value of large areas of land may be sensibly increased by the judicious formation of adjacent plantations. It is but fair that the plantations should be credited with the amount of this increase. It is more than probable that if this were universally and faithfully done, the woodlands would in many instances stand higher than they do in the estimation of their owners.

As an argument in favour of planting, something has been said of its beautifying effect upon the landscape. Is there nothing more in this than mere sentiment? If not, it is assuredly a sentiment which possesses a reliable market value. It has been said that without woods there would be no landscape “worth speaking of.” When one hears a district or an estate described as finely or beautifully wooded, one knows that more is meant and conveyed than that that district or estate is bearing a crop of timber that will in due time be marketable. What our own country in particular, even in this one sense, owes to its woods, is more than can be adequately expressed in the sombre measure of prose. The land of brown heath, of mountain and flood, would not be the land it is without its shaggy woods. Better and

"bonnier" it would be if its "shaggy woods" were more plentiful than they are.

But it may be objected by the landowner, the man who should form the woods, that in all this we have been thinking too much of others and too little of him—have concerned ourselves too much with the advantages of woodlands to the country at large. "What of the interests of landowners? Would planting be profitable to them?" he may ask. At once let it be admitted that this is the crux of the question. Unless there is good reason to believe that planting will be profitable to the planter, it is not likely to be carried out to any considerable extent. Landowners cannot be expected to form plantations from philanthropic motives. Private interest will govern here as in most other "going concerns." As to whether extensive planting in this country would or would not be profitable, there is great difference of opinion. Much will always depend upon local circumstances—such as the suitability or unsuitability of the soil and district, the value of the land for other purposes, the manner in which the plantations are made, and the methods of treatment throughout the various stages of their existence. Planting upon land of any description that is ill suited for tree-growth is not likely to be attended with good results, however skilful the management. It would certainly not pay to plant the very poorest of poor land. Neither would it, as a rule, be profitable to plant land which has any considerable value for agricultural purposes. Throughout the country, however, there are vast areas of land which are of little value in their present condition, but which, with proper treat-

ment, might produce crops of trees that would be, at least, fairly remunerative. At p. 40, vol. i., of the new edition of 'The Forester' we read the following:—

"It may be stated as a general rule, based on, and verified by, actual practical experience both in England and Scotland, that land which is from various causes unfit for arable occupation will, if brought under sylvicultural crops, and subjected to rational and careful management, at the end of seventy years pay the proprietor nearly three times the sum of money that he would have received from any other crop upon the same piece of ground."

In support of this statement examples are given of large and profitable returns from the sale of wood upon various estates in Scotland and the north of England. The editor of the new edition is guarded in his language when he speaks of the probable returns from planting; yet he, as well as the author, is confident that in suitable surroundings, and with proper management, planting should almost invariably be profitable. His "practical experience, both at home and abroad, shows that for the poorer classes of land, sylvicultural occupation is on the whole much more advantageous than any other system, even for private owners."

One of the chief hindrances to planting is the long waiting for the harvest. A crop of trees is a slow-growing one. The men who plant rarely live to reap the benefit; that is reserved for the succeeding generation. Seventy-eight or a hundred years are long periods of time to have to wait for the return of capital that perhaps at the outset can be but ill spared. These considerations naturally weigh with landowners, and will always act as a deterring

influence to the forming of plantations.

Another hindrance to planting in Scotland was the fact that while landowners could charge their estates with the cost of most other improvements, they could only do so with the cost of planting in cases in which the planting was being carried out for the express purpose of providing shelter. Landowners were therefore unable to get any assistance from the provisions of the "Improvement of Land Act, 1864," in the forming of plantations as a pure investment. This has now been altered by the "Improvement of Land (Scotland) Act, 1893," which enables landowners to apply to the Board of Agriculture for permission to charge their estates with the cost of planting, whether for shelter or other purposes. It is more than probable that this will tend to increase the rate of planting in Scotland.

In the new edition of 'The Forester' much is said as to the future of Forestry in this and other countries, and as to the conditions under which success is most likely to be attained.

"The sister arts of Sylviculture and Arboriculture," we read at p. 81, vol. i., "are of vast importance both to the welfare and the pleasure of all nations; and no people can be said to be wise and economic which does not attend to their advancement. The future of Forestry is not confined to any one people or nation; it is a universal science, and an art capable of being cultivated so as to promote the comfort and the happiness of every people in every clime, and to secure rich harvests to the industry of all nations that will put its precepts properly into practice."

But if "rich harvests," direct or indirect, are to be derived from the pursuit of Forestry, it is absolutely essential that those intrust-

ed with the formation and management of woodlands shall be equipped for their duties by a thorough education in the science and practice of Sylviculture. This is well enforced in the following extract from p. 81, vol. i., of the new edition of 'The Forester':—

"The only safe manner in which the future benefits derivable from a system of Sylviculture, based upon natural laws and carried out with well-directed judgment, can be securely realised, is by the thorough education of practical foresters and sylviculturists. Upon these must chiefly depend the planning, the carrying out, and the supervision of all the operations in connection with the formation, tending, regeneration, protecting, utilising, and general management of the forests of the future—not only in this country, but in our colonies and dependencies as well. Care should be taken, therefore, that in the near future we may have a class of foresters who have received a sound general education in all the theoretical knowledge of their profession, combined with a good practical training, in which they may have proper opportunities of testing the soundness of the scientific teaching they receive. It is extremely undesirable that foresters should be men of theory alone. It is essential that they should be practical men; but they can only be well equipped for practical work when they have become thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental principles of scientific Forestry.

"So long as no well-organised system exists in this country for the education of foresters, the advancement of Sylviculture must be slow; for no art can flourish so long as it feels the want of a sure scientific foundation. From a purely national-economic point of view, therefore, it would appear to be the duty of Government to establish, from national funds, such means of education for foresters as will be for the future benefit not only of this country, but also of all her colonies and dependencies."

HANNA, MY ABYSSINIAN SERVANT.

CERTAINLY, until the end came, we had found no fault in Giammaria, our Italian messman. His efficiency in the most varied capacities had been amply approved. As a cook, he was without an equal in the camp; and he could evolve salads from almost any materials. "Is it vegetable?" he would ask, when in joke we handed him some mysterious parcel; "then it will make a salad." And apparently it did. Anything served; and we suspected that shavings, compressed hay, or straw bottle-cases even, if nothing else was at hand, became salads that were delightful. Giammaria was a great traveller. He had visited all the quarters of the world, but especially he knew Africa; and during long years of ceaseless fighting under Gessi Bey in Equatoria and Bahr-el-Ghazal, had gained an acquaintance with the methods and stratagems of Sudan warfare that might well have entitled him (had mere knowledge aught to do with such matters) to no obscure place in the officers' council-tent. By the natives, moreover, he was accounted a great Hakim.¹ Indeed, here at Suakim, his reputation had spread so widely among the Friendlies, that his medicine-chest—he kept a bottle of croton-oil, a camel's-hair brush, and a fleam in an old cigar-box—was in continual demand. But perhaps he was at his best as an interpreter. In this capacity he was invaluable. It was not merely that he was an able translator of words and phrases—that were nothing—but he could read the native mind like an open and dog-eared book, and would fathom

at once the hidden motive prompting each particular lie with an accuracy that terrified his victim. And he was always cheerful.

We used to watch him lazily in the hot mornings as we sat, scantily clad, on the shady side of our tree. The kitchen-tent gleamed before us white-hot in the sunlight. From within, plates rattled, spoons clinked, fragrant fumes burst from cook-pots and hung in the shimmering air. Giammaria, singing always as he worked, flitted in and out, bustling everywhere—tasting one pot, stirring another, throwing a pinch of something into a third; now polishing a knife, now wringing out a cloth and spreading it on the tent to dry, and anon checking his music to fling a command to the black boys, his aids.

All day long round about the kitchen-tent, at a respectful distance, squatted ever a circle of his patients and admirers. A group of Friendlies maybe, their shields on their knees, their spears stretched before them; a few camp-followers, not actively interested, but with an eye to potential pilfering; further off a huddled mass of greasy flaccid goat-skins and women water-carriers—women so stunted, so battered and withered, as to be like nothing in the world so much as the shrivelled skins whose contents they had just now poured into our *zeer*.²

Presently through the cowering groups would stalk a personage. It was, say, Wa-ad Idis, chief of the guides—gaunt, stately, with the tread of a panther,—a great spear flashing in one hand, a huge

¹ Doctor.² Porous clay water-jar holding many gallons.

instituted in 1889 in the University of Edinburgh, and supported by a grant of £50 a-year from the Highland and Agricultural Society; £150 a-year in support of a "Course of Free Instruction for Practical Foresters and Gardeners," at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh; and similar aid to classes in Forestry in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and at the West of Scotland Technical College, Glasgow. It is to be hoped that before long technical and scientific instruction in Forestry will receive much more substantial support from Government, both financially and otherwise.

With its admirably appointed Arboretum, Edinburgh is peculiarly adapted for a centre of higher education in Forestry. Naturally, therefore, the founding of a Chair of Forestry in the University of Edinburgh has long been an object eagerly sought for in Scotland. Scotchmen are impatient in waiting. They also indulge the belief that those who desire a thing well done, and done timely, must do it themselves. The Forestry Exhibition left no money for the purpose; successive Governments have allowed the Report of the Forestry Committee to lie as a dead letter; and so Scotchmen have set to work to establish on a sure foundation a course of Forestry instruction

in the University of Edinburgh. When this movement began, the University authorities undertook to institute a Chair of Forestry if a sum of £10,000 were provided with which to endow it. The promoters obtained a promise from the Government that if the one-half of that sum were raised otherwise, the other half would be contributed from Government funds. The matter was taken in hand by the Highland and Agricultural Society and the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society, and the results so far have been fairly encouraging. A sum of over £2250 has now been subscribed privately, and the efforts to obtain further subscriptions are still being continued. It is understood that now, on account of the low rate of interest for money, a larger sum than £10,000 would be required by the University authorities before they would undertake to institute and maintain a Chair of Forestry. For a smaller sum even than £10,000, however, the temporary Lectureship on Forestry might be put upon a permanent footing. This in itself would be an important object. It might now be accomplished if the Government could be induced to make a substantial grant to the fund that has been raised by private subscriptions. Has not the time come for an effort in this direction?

HANNA, MY ABYSSINIAN SERVANT.

CERTAINLY, until the end came, we had found no fault in Giammaria, our Italian messman. His efficiency in the most varied capacities had been amply approved. As a cook, he was without an equal in the camp; and he could evolve salads from almost any materials. "Is it vegetable?" he would ask, when in joke we handed him some mysterious parcel; "then it will make a salad." And apparently it did. Anything served; and we suspected that shavings, compressed hay, or straw bottle-cases even, if nothing else was at hand, became salads that were delightful. Giammaria was a great traveller. He had visited all the quarters of the world, but especially he knew Africa; and during long years of ceaseless fighting under Gessi Bey in Equatoria and Bahr-el-Ghazal, had gained an acquaintance with the methods and stratagems of Sudan warfare that might well have entitled him (had mere knowledge aught to do with such matters) to no obscure place in the officers' council-tent. By the natives, moreover, he was accounted a great Hakim.¹ Indeed, here at Suakim, his reputation had spread so widely among the Friendlies, that his medicine-chest—he kept a bottle of croton-oil, a camel's-hair brush, and a fleam in an old cigar-box—was in continual demand. But perhaps he was at his best as an interpreter. In this capacity he was invaluable. It was not merely that he was an able translator of words and phrases—that were nothing—but he could read the native mind like an open and dog-eared book, and would fathom

at once the hidden motive prompting each particular lie with an accuracy that terrified his victim. And he was always cheerful.

We used to watch him lazily in the hot mornings as we sat, scantily clad, on the shady side of our tree. The kitchen-tent gleamed before us white-hot in the sunlight. From within, plates rattled, spoons clinked, fragrant fumes burst from cook-pots and hung in the shimmering air. Giammaria, singing always as he worked, flitted in and out, bustling everywhere—tasting one pot, stirring another, throwing a pinch of something into a third; now polishing a knife, now wringing out a cloth and spreading it on the tent to dry, and anon checking his music to fling a command to the black boys, his aids.

All day long round about the kitchen-tent, at a respectful distance, squatted ever a circle of his patients and admirers. A group of Friendlies maybe, their shields on their knees, their spears stretched before them; a few camp-followers, not actively interested, but with an eye to potential pilfering; further off a huddled mass of greasy flaccid goat-skins and women water-carriers—women so stunted, so battered and withered, as to be like nothing in the world so much as the shrivelled skins whose contents they had just now poured into our *zeer*.²

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¹ Doctor.² Porous clay water-jar holding many gallons.

lump of fresh mutton-fat sizzling on his top-knot, and dripping on to the half-dozen yards of cotton stuff that draped his lithe limbs like a *toga*. He was come to consult the doctor.

The ceremony of consultation never varied in its details. The patient approached the tent and leant on his spear. Giammaria, feigning brief unconsciousness of the visit, sang two bars in a high key, and then paused to fling a curt inquiry at the sufferer. To the native mind the song held no mean place in the treatment. Then the patient detailed his symptoms, and saying his inside was "going like this," conveyed with his fingers suggestions of a stag-beetle struggling on its back.

"Out tongue!" ordered the doctor, much as one might say "Fix bayonets," and produced the cigar-box, singing louder than ever.

"*Io son la Farfalla*," he carolled, plunging the brush in the croton-oil.

"*Che scerza tra i fiori*"—here he liberally daubed the victim's tongue—"e schelga le rose." This line was always *con espressione* as he gave the finishing touches. Then he said sharply to the patient, "Now shut your mouth and enjoy yourself," and vanished into the tent, leaving his audience at once awestruck and delighted.

But long years of sojourn beneath the fierce African sun entail penalties from which few Europeans are exempt. Poor Giammaria was constantly shaken by recurrent attacks of fever, and as the days grew hotter lived in daily dread of the sunstroke, to which he had already fallen twice a victim. The saying that no doctor can prescribe for himself is probably not more absurd than

many other old sayings; but in this case it was justified. Misled, doubtless, by his experience of native constitutions, our unlucky factotum subjected himself to heroic treatment, and applied quinine for his fevers, and the fleam against the sunstroke, and terrible Greek brandy as a fillip for the system generally, with a Spartan determination that produced fatal results. For under these combined influences, one night he ran wildly, singing as usual, to the top of the water-fort, and threw himself on to the rocks beneath, where, when we found him, he had already passed beyond reach of aught save our regrets.

This was the dawning of Hanna.

I met him at Massowah. Hanna was at this time about three-and-twenty years old. He was five feet ten in height, handsome as a bronze statue, free, irresponsible, happy; untouched by the canker of civilisation; trammelled by neither cares nor clothes nor political convictions. His worldly possessions were a breech-cloth, a sheath-knife—minus the sheath—half-a-dozen sugar-canes, and a small blue cross tattooed on the right wrist; and with these he was in a manner rich, since he needed and wished nothing more, unless, indeed, it were a copper ring for his great toe. All day long he lay on a heap of dhurra¹ in the market-place, munching ceaselessly at a sugar-cane, chatting with his friends, men of means and leisure like himself, and chaffing the girls as they trudged to and fro with the water-skins across the long stone causeway that led to the mainland and the wells. At night the dhurra made a soft bed and a strip of mat a counterpane, and

¹ Coarse Indian corn.

each morning found him in his place tasting the pleasures of a new day.

Servant-seeking though I was, I had watched Hanna for a week before I ventured to approach him with an offer of employment. I had no equivalent, I felt, to give him in exchange for this idyllic existence that was his. But when I saw him attack the stump of his last sugar-cane, I knew the time for hesitation was past. If he went out to steal a fresh supply I might lose sight of him altogether; or should he return from the foray, weary but enriched, he would be less than ever inclined for work. Yet even as it was, it needed dark strategy to secure my end.

I sought the owner of Hanna's dhurra-heap, and bought it from beneath him, and while he was still dazed with the shock of eviction, I persuaded him to convey the grain on board my steamer. There I gave him a lump of coarse brown sugar, and suggested that he should clean my long tan boots with milk. He complied, but drank the milk first—perhaps to stimulate his arm. Then I exhibited some more sugar and several small coins, and invited him to come next morning and make himself useful. He looked bewildered, startled, a little hurt maybe, that he should be asked to do so much. He glanced from the sugar in his hand to the dhurra-baskets ranged on deck, and from the dhurra-baskets to the machinery, the boots, the awning, the open door of the cook's galley—and hesitated. Refusal puckered his brown forehead. At this supreme moment I had an inspiration. I carelessly drew out my watch—a repeater—and made it strike. Hanna's eyes gleamed. I touched the spring again. Ping-

ping! ping-ping! and victory was mine. "Shūgl bittal Inglis," he murmured in broken Arabic—an invention of the English—and declared himself my slave forthwith. It was once more the triumph of curiosity over innocence.

The plunge made, Hanna developed rapidly, and readily accommodated himself to his new position. Very early he discovered his need of clothes. There was no question of shame, but it was not for my dignity, he said, that he should go naked. An ancestor of his and mine used a less manly, if more plausible, argument, although he knew naught of yellow boots or "clocks that cried like the steamer." For thus Hanna, who knew no other bells, designated the repeater. Like other infants newly born into civilised life, Hanna was bathed and put into long-clothes: what else, indeed, were the seven yards of cotton stuff in which he draped himself, with the Manchester factory mark displayed proudly on the corner? Like an infant, too, he wore a little embroidered cap, and some yards of belting about his middle. He differed from white children only in that the process of evolution was, in his case, more rapid than in theirs. In two years he had run through the whole gamut of costume, and had reached a state of sartorial effulgence which the European youth rarely attains under twenty. He had swiftly traversed the several stages of short-clothes—represented in his case by varieties of the *galubieh* and *jubbé*, tunics reaching to the ankle and the knees. He had made a lengthened halt at the knickerbocker and short-jacket stage—knickerbockers, be it said, of a generous oriental cut, and jackets brodered with gold; and finally, after suffering cruel tortures with his first

starched shirt and high collar, his garments had attained the apothecosis of dress as typified by a tall hat, a suit of reach-me-downs, very tight (from Messrs Somebody's on Ludgate Hill), and patent leathers, or, as he called them, "glass boots," with uppers of bright blue cloth.

It is no doubt a matter of taste, but, for my own part, I preferred Hanna in his first costume, the *tobé*. Draped in this toga-like garment, with rawhide sandals bound to his great toes, on one of which gleamed the coveted ring, with a sickle-shaped dagger buckled to each elbow, and a tall slim-bladed spear grasped in one hand, Hanna, as he swaggered through the market-place and among the mat hovels of the native town, was a sight worth beholding. His flashing eyes, his gleaming white teeth, the oily wrinkles of his bronze face, the shiny curls that held his white cap in place far back on his bullet head, seemed all to smile at once. His satisfaction in himself was irresistible. His delight in his new-found prosperity—a prosperity already far beyond the wildest flights of his day-dreams—was unbounded, and found an outlet in an ineffable good-humour towards his old companions, and a demeanour of bland tolerance towards his former enemies, the Banian merchants of the town.

When the time came to return to Suakim, Hanna made no difficulties as to the trip. He had heard, he said, that there was an excellent *Franghi souk*¹ at Suakim where he might obtain articles necessary to a man of his rank, such as were not to be found in Massowah. At this time he had been in my service a fortnight. Moreover, he had relations, he

thought, in the town. No doubt, too, his intense desire to investigate the working of that strange monster, the *bappor*,² did much to allay his fears of the unknown world that lay beyond Massowah. It was already something to have lived on board the *bappor* while at anchor in the little bay, and the circumstance had given him great authority among his fellows; but the movements of the great black beast were still as deep a mystery to him as to his comrades, who asked him continually what was the whirring, throbbing song she moaned always before she moved, and what they had done to annoy her that she should viciously spout great volumes of boiling steam through a little hole in her side, straight into the dug-out where they sat laughing and chattering alongside.

But if the exile himself was cheerful, the demeanour of his friends made ample amends. For three days before we sailed they boarded the steamer in a continuous procession from dawn to sundown. Great numbers of them were ladies, — Hanna said they were his sisters, which showed that his mother must have been a remarkable as well as a handsome woman. The young ladies were all very much the same age—bright, pretty, modest-looking Abyssinian girls, with big soft eyes and cool grey skins, with slim hands and feet, and small regular features, and limbs delicately moulded. Their costume was indescribable, and so slight as to leave on my memory an impression not more definite than it produced on themselves; but their ornaments, I remember, were Maria Theresa dollars—necklaces, bracelets, anklets—all of these same useful

¹ European market.

² Steamer.

tokens. They came alongside in dug-outs, crowded so many into one flimsy craft as threatened to make a feast-day for all the sharks in the harbour, and all chattering like a flock of paddy-birds. Half a dozen paddled, the rest sat astride the ends of the boat, their little feet trailing overboard, and threw stones into the harbour to keep off the enemy. They all brought gifts to the emigrant: one had a black stone which she vowed was a *bezoar* and infallible against every disease, but most of them tearfully offered fragments of their jewellery, which they laid on a cloth at the young traveller's feet. Hanna accepted everything with dignified urbanity, and offered in return a slight collation of sugar, *merissa*,¹ and cigarettes. He took a generous part in the grief of the company, and howled with great spirit when the final parting came; and exactly seventeen minutes later came flying up on deck pursued by a Malay fireman with a shovel, who swore he had caught him tampering with the engines, to the peril of the vessel. I believe the accusation was warranted, yet how could I blame Hanna for yielding to the impulse that urges all children to "see wheels go round."

At Suakim, where, by the way, he found many relatives, some of whom immediately took service with me—I was not consulted in the matter—very kindly sharing my board and my tobacco, Hanna's political education was begun. We had in camp at the time an Abyssinian prisoner—one Fit-orari-Debeb—a cousin of King John, who, an outlaw from his own people, and with a price set on his head by the Egyptian Government, had lived for years a

noted border brigand in the hills round Senneheit. At length the Khedive's Government, being anxious to conciliate King John, had bought the body of this unhappy princelet from some of his smuggler followers, and pending the negotiations for the price of his delivery to his suzerain—who was very eager to put him to death—Debeb had the run of the camp, and used to hold a little court every afternoon outside the turret, which was his prison.

Hanna owed allegiance to Ras Area, who was King John's uncle; and the prisoner, Ras Area's son, as evil-eyed a scoundrel as ever wore fetters or aspired to a throne, therefore claimed his support. This Hanna freely promised. Nor was he backward with more material pledges. The prince's adherents, like those of other pretenders, were called upon to make sacrifices for the cause. Coming upon my servant suddenly one day, I found him squatting on the ground with certain rare treasures spread on a mat before him. His prince—who was not more diffident in the matter than other princes—had demanded a proof of his loyalty. Hanna had no thought of questioning the divine right of Ras Area's son to claim what he wanted from a follower, but his mind was torn with doubts over the impending sacrifice. Before him on the mat were a large loaf of white sugar, and a pair of brand-new yellow boots of an alarming shade and pattern; and near them were spread his broad flat feet with a thick bright ring shining on each great toe. No doubt it was a cruel struggle. Hanna nursed and sniffed longingly at the sugar; he gently stroked the bilious uppers

¹ Fermented mare's milk.

of the boots; he glanced sadly at his glittering toe-rings. Then he sighed deeply, and meditatively applied his tongue to the base of the cone where the torn blue wrapper showed the sweet stuff sparkling within. Interference would have been indelicate in so grave a crisis: I stole softly away. That evening, strolling through the camp, I wandered into view of the princely reception—held behind the wall of the water-fort—and saw Hanna, clad in a new white tunic and the yellow boots, but grey and haggard with suffering, limp painfully into the royal presence and tender the lower half of a much-nibbled sugar-loaf to the noble prisoner. He was well received. The prince graciously noticed his gallant appearance. The ragged courtiers were gutturally enthusiastic. They crowded round him with covetous eyes, stroking the boots, patting them, pinching them even; and Hanna bore it all manfully, and even fetched up a weird smile at the flattery. But he was evidently ill at ease, and at length, the attention of the court being diverted—the owner of a neighbouring melon-patch had peremptorily demanded audience—he crept away into the shadow of a bush, I following, and sank upon the ground. “Innah-lah-aboo-uc ya-ibni-sorma!” he groaned, tugging wildly at the laces—“Curse your father, O son of a yellowslipper!”—and throwing the boots far into the sand, he sat cuddling his aching feet in both hands. Then I saw that he still wore his toe-rings.

Thenceforth he carried the boots slung about his neck, until he lost them in our hurried flight from the massacre of Baker's expedition at El-Teb. He felt this blow

keenly, though he extracted from it a certain naive comfort in the reflection that had he been in them when taken by the enemy his loss might have been greater. But ever afterwards he treasured the memory of those yellow boots as a mother does the little shapeless shoe of her first-born. True, he had worn them but once, but they represented to him the perfection of the cobbler's art. Others, even “glass boots,” faltered through his life and left him cold. “They are not like the Suakim boots,” he would say as he discarded each worn-out pair. “Those were good. They would have lasted for ever. The dealer said so.”

It was in Cairo, while resting after the fatigues and hardships of the double campaign, that Hanna learned he was a Christian. The intelligence, due entirely to the sight by an erudite friend of the little blue cross tattooed on his wrist, gave him immense satisfaction. Hitherto, in lazy Massowah, religious questions had not troubled him. Arabs had a religion, of course, because they were Arabs and knew no better, and Greeks because they were Greeks and sold *rakki*;¹ but not the Habbashe, unless he was rich and the *aboona*² was his friend, and even then it was a business matter. When he had thought about it at all, Hanna had regarded the sign of his baptism as nothing more than a distinctive tribal mark, such as was worn at once by the cattle and the camels and the ladies of his acquaintance. But now the knowledge of his Christianity seemed to bring him yet a step nearer to the civilisation of the Franghi, towards which he aspired. From the moment of the discovery he adopted towards his fellow-servants, who were Berbers

¹ Spirit distilled from mastic gum.

² Coptic priest.

and Arabs, an attitude of pitying contempt. "What can you expect," he would say to me, "of these ignorant 'black-faces'? They are not Nazarenes like us." The main fact being established, however, complications arose. Hanna found that, though doubtless a pleasant pastime, religion had its drawbacks. For a time indeed he was somewhat in the position of a child with not a new toy merely, but a whole box of new toys of intricate mechanism. He admired all and understood none. He had no prepossession in favour of one Church or another, and the entire freedom from prejudice with which he approached the subject must have caused much perplexity to his various teachers—for he had many. Orthodoxy charmed him a while. On the eve of the Greek Easter he borrowed my revolver with which to salute the joyous dawn, and spent the Sunday amid the mad throng of revellers who bore to the stake the stuffed presentment of Judas Iscariot. I met the wild procession in a by-street, and marked Hanna yelling at the top of his voice the antique chant consecrated to the occasion (to an air, by the way, identical with that sung on the 5th of November by English boys). He professed himself next day much soothed by the consolations of the Church. The *papas*,¹ who he said was much pleased with his fervour, had impressed on him the beauty of patience, the contempt of riches, and the nobility of self-denial. Three dollars, Hanna was instructed, if I would give them, would be a powerful aid to grace.

Very soon, however, he became dissatisfied with the Greek faith. He ceased to frequent the precincts of the church where he had been

went to pass all his mornings. Apparently he had conscientious misgivings as to whether he was really in the right path, and it is probable that the importunities of his *papas* for the payment of the dollar and a half still owing of the promised three influenced him not a little—for Hanna had withheld this sum. No doubt he wished to study in another the growth of the virtues preached by his pastor, and the result of his experiment disheartened him.

While thus unsettled and drifting with his doubts, he made the acquaintance of some American missionaries, in whose somewhat dingy retreat he spent many peaceful hours. Here certainly he was not put under contribution, and the only sacrifice demanded of him was that he should abandon the picturesque smoothness of fable for the harsh squalor of fact. There was a pleasant garden, too, attached to the mission-house, where he and his fellows might sit and smoke under a great fig-tree, while the missionary and his wife talked with them, and strove to lift the veil of stolid misapprehension that shrouded their understandings.

So fond was Hanna of this sheltered garden, that I was astonished when one day he announced that he was going no more to the mission. In lieu of the explanation I asked, he delivered what appeared to be a theme advocating celibacy in the priesthood. At first, though eloquent, he was incoherent; but at length I perceived that there ran disconnectedly through his argument a kind of burden or refrain, from which I gathered that the *kassis*² was a good man, and that the *sitti kassis*³ was good too; that the *kassis* gave cigarettes and sometimes piastres to the sons of

¹ Greek Pope.² Clergyman.³ Lady (or Mrs) clergyman.

the Habbashe, and that the *sitti kassis* had a pleasant smile, but took tea with milk in the afternoon under the fig-tree. That the *kassis* was a learned man though blind, and knew the sons of the Habbashe were good — and was always busy with many books, which he read and wrote, and would put down on benches and tables and in the house and forget where they lay; and that the *sitti kassis* would go into the house to help him, but was giddy and restless like a young snake, and returning hurriedly, would trace, with a smiling eye and unerring certainty, tongue-licks in the jam-dish and finger-marks in the cream-jug, and knew at a glance how much sugar had gone from the bowl and how much cake from the basket; finally, that the sons of the Habbashe were brave and honest, and sweet things were nice, and he, Hanna, was not a slave, but Myrza and Benna were stupid like the hyena, and he was going to the mission-house no more.

Nor did he, but fell straightway into the arms of the Coptic Church — into which, indeed, he had originally been baptised — only to find once more that disappointment was in store for him. The *aboona* having welcomed the lost sheep, upbraided him severely for having forsaken the oldest Church in Christendom for a new-fangled faith, and declaring that both penance and a sacrifice were necessary to wipe out the offence, suggested that ten dollars would be an acceptable oblation. This was too much for Hanna. "Religion is for rich men like the Bey," he said, sadly, when I offered to advance the money on his wages; "it is too costly for Hanna. I knew that at Massowah." And

from that day his enthusiasm cooled.

Perhaps the fact that other branches of instruction occupied him may have had something to do with his backsliding. It was his ambition at this time to possess a watch, and he had drawn from me a promise that, so soon as he could read the hour on a clock-dial, the coveted treasure should be his. Every artifice that native ingenuity could devise was employed by him to convince me that he had mastered the difficult lesson. I lay ill at the time, and the fact that my repeater, which had suffered, in common with every watch that had braved a Sudan campaign, reposed disembowelled in a saucer of oil at a jeweller's in the Mouskee, lent Hanna an opportunity he could not forego. He would enter my room and announce airily that it was half-past twelve. He would bring me a watch borrowed from a fellow-servant, and reading the hour from it, would hurry away to return it to its owner. I was almost convinced of his proficiency when one night I sent him to see the time by the clock in the hall of the hotel, and he returned with the news that it was ten o'clock. After several hours of sleepless fevered tossing on a burning pillow, I roused Hanna from his mattress on the floor and bid him see how near it was to dawn. He announced that it was ten o'clock. "Ya salaam!"¹ I cried, "is it no later?" "Wal-lahi,"² said Hanna, "the clock marks it." Later, much later, I roused him again, but with the same result. It was ten o'clock. "Then the clock has stopped," I said. "Certainly it has stopped," answered Hanna. "Open the shutters," I ordered; and as he

¹ Freely translated—Good heavens!

² Freely translated—Verily.

obeyed a flood of rosy light gleamed through the banana-trees, while at the same moment the patter of unshod feet in the corridor announced that the hotel was awakening. From the first servant passing the door I learned that by the clock in the hall it was half-past six. Hanna was unconvinced; but later, presumably after consultation with friends, he inveighed loudly against the clock, and protested that although its "fingers" had perhaps moved, *it had not altered its position on the wall*. The Habbashe, he said loftily, were bold and keen. They tracked the elephant in the forest and the river-horse in the swamp, and watched the eye of the lion in the thicket, waiting for its spring. How should they take note of the fingers of a clock, a harmless creature, slower than a tortoise and cold as a lizard? "Shūgl bittal Inglis," he said, with a shrug, in conclusion, as though that explained everything. "It is an invention of the English. It is not like the sun and the moon. They do not lie to the sons of the Habbashe."

"Shūgl bittal Inglis." The phrase was not Hanna's only, but was common enough throughout the Sudan, where all Europeans—known collectively as *Inglis*—are understood to be in league with the devil. Steam and telegraphy, their handiwork, are all sufficient proofs of this, without the further testimony of their strange practices and wondrous costume and uncanny knowledge. The expression, which allays apprehensions and soothes the native mind, covers everything that is incomprehensible, from the steam-engine to photography, and from Verrey's lights to an eclipse of the sun.

Up the Nile among these simple Sudanese Hanna was in his element. He was at once cook and messman, and superintendent of all the other servants. When on the march he had charge of the commissariat, and travelled perched high on his camel amid the camp canteen, with the larder and store-closet at either knee convenient to his pilfering hands. He lagged always far behind his comrades, and would devour in the course of a morning a whole week's supply of sugar, and drain in an hour the entire water provision of the party; and the movement of his camel, surnamed Osman Digna, because, like that gentleman, he could never be got to the front, made a jangling and unmusical accompaniment to his languid progress, heralding his tardy approach from afar, when weary and hungry we awaited dinner. The privilege of spending money—my money—was very dear to Hanna. He ruffled with a ludicrous swagger among the mild-mannered villagers at our halting-places, clinking always a heavy bag of *reals*¹ wherever he went, and exhibiting, when he wished to pay twopence, at least ten pounds' worth of loose silver.

Catering was now his ruling passion. Wherever we stopped on the road he would eagerly purchase any strange esculents the natives had to offer, in such quantities as we could neither eat nor carry away, but with the hope always that I would prolong our stay until we had sufficiently reduced the supply. There existed, too, between himself and his fellow-servants a conspiracy, not organised in any way, but born spontaneously of the requirements of the situation, to induce me to call a halt

¹ Dollars (the only currency in the Sudan).

influence to the forming of plantations.

Another hindrance to planting in Scotland was the fact that while landowners could charge their estates with the cost of most other improvements, they could only do so with the cost of planting in cases in which the planting was being carried out for the express purpose of providing shelter. Landowners were therefore unable to get any assistance from the provisions of the "Improvement of Land Act, 1864," in the forming of plantations as a pure investment. This has now been altered by the "Improvement of Land (Scotland) Act, 1893," which enables landowners to apply to the Board of Agriculture for permission to charge their estates with the cost of planting, whether for shelter or other purposes. It is more than probable that this will tend to increase the rate of planting in Scotland.

In the new edition of 'The Forester' much is said as to the future of Forestry in this and other countries, and as to the conditions under which success is most likely to be attained.

"The sister arts of Sylviculture and Arboriculture," we read at p. 81, vol. i., "are of vast importance both to the welfare and the pleasure of all nations; and no people can be said to be wise and economic which does not attend to their advancement. The future of Forestry is not confined to any one people or nation; it is a universal science, and an art capable of being cultivated so as to promote the comfort and the happiness of every people in every clime, and to secure rich harvests to the industry of all nations that will put its precepts properly into practice."

But if "rich harvests," direct or indirect, are to be derived from the pursuit of Forestry, it is absolutely essential that those intrust-

ed with the formation and management of woodlands shall be equipped for their duties by a thorough education in the science and practice of Sylviculture. This is well enforced in the following extract from p. 81, vol. i., of the new edition of 'The Forester':—

"The only safe manner in which the future benefits derivable from a system of Sylviculture, based upon natural laws and carried out with well-directed judgment, can be securely realised, is by the thorough education of practical foresters and sylviculturists. Upon these must chiefly depend the planning, the carrying out, and the supervision of all the operations in connection with the formation, tending, regeneration, protecting, utilising, and general management of the forests of the future—not only in this country, but in our colonies and dependencies as well. Care should be taken, therefore, that in the near future we may have a class of foresters who have received a sound general education in all the theoretical knowledge of their profession, combined with a good practical training, in which they may have proper opportunities of testing the soundness of the scientific teaching they receive. It is extremely undesirable that foresters should be men of theory alone. It is essential that they should be practical men; but they can only be well equipped for practical work when they have become thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental principles of scientific Forestry.

"So long as no well-organised system exists in this country for the education of foresters, the advancement of Sylviculture must be slow; for no art can flourish so long as it feels the want of a sure scientific foundation. From a purely national-economic point of view, therefore, it would appear to be the duty of Government to establish, from national funds, such means of education for foresters as will be for the future benefit not only of this country, but also of all her colonies and dependencies."

Evidence is not wanting that the country is waking up to a sense of the importance of tree-culture as a national industry, and of the need there exists for the better training of those intrusted with the management of British forests. At the recent meeting of the British Association, the subject of Forestry received unusually prominent attention; and the publication of Professor Bayley Balfour's able and eminently practical address, delivered before that body, has been followed by a newspaper discussion which is both significant and suggestive. Professor Balfour strongly advocated the extension of systematic and scientific forestry in the British Isles, maintaining that it would be profitable to landowners, provide labour at seasons of the year when there is little else doing in country districts, stimulate other industries, and increase the national wealth. He acknowledged that the long waiting for the return would ever be a hindrance to extensive tree-planting; but he pointed out that, in properly managed timber-growing, areas would be so arranged that some part of the forest would be annually yielding its final return of mature crop:—

"Given a systematic cultivation of forest on scientific principles of rotation, the conditions are prepared for a steady output by annual cut, and for a supply of raw material to be utilised in subsidiary manufactures. Then the travelling timber-merchant, buying small lots and transporting them to his distant mill, might be superseded by the landowner's mill near the forest, and by his machinery for making useful products from waste wood. A steady market would favour the home-grown article, and local industries dependent upon forest growth would provide fresh outlets for forest produce."

But Professor Balfour did not go

too far when he asserted that, to become a profitable industry, Forestry must be practised as an applied science, and not as an empirical routine; and that the true solution of the question is to be found in the diffusion of accurate knowledge.

Little has as yet been done in this country to provide Forestry education. It was hoped that the Forestry Exhibition held at Edinburgh in 1884 would have provided funds to establish a Chair of Forestry in the University of Edinburgh. The Exhibition failed in that object, but was by no means fruitless. It gave a fresh impetus to the study of Forestry, and led to the consideration of the whole question of British Forestry by a Committee of the House of Commons. The Committee sat in the years 1885, 1886, and 1887, and produced an interesting and suggestive Report in August 1887. From that Report the following paragraph is taken:—

"Your Committee recommend the establishment of a Forest Board. They are also satisfied by the evidence that the establishment of Forest Schools, or at any rate of a course of instruction and examination in Forestry, would be desirable, and they think that the consideration of the best mode of carrying this into effect might be one of the functions intrusted to such a Forest Board."

The Forest Board has not been established. Neither have the Forest Schools. Both must come. The sooner they are in existence the better it will be for British Forestry. The schools in particular are urgently needed. A beginning has been made, from which good things are expected. The Board of Agriculture gives a grant of £100 a-year towards the Lectureship on Forestry temporarily

instituted in 1889 in the University of Edinburgh, and supported by a grant of £50 a-year from the Highland and Agricultural Society; £150 a-year in support of a "Course of Free Instruction for Practical Foresters and Gardeners," at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh; and similar aid to classes in Forestry in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and at the West of Scotland Technical College, Glasgow. It is to be hoped that before long technical and scientific instruction in Forestry will receive much more substantial support from Government, both financially and otherwise.

With its admirably appointed Arboretum, Edinburgh is peculiarly adapted for a centre of higher education in Forestry. Naturally, therefore, the founding of a Chair of Forestry in the University of Edinburgh has long been an object eagerly sought for in Scotland. Scotchmen are impatient in waiting. They also indulge the belief that those who desire a thing well done, and done timely, must do it themselves. The Forestry Exhibition left no money for the purpose; successive Governments have allowed the Report of the Forestry Committee to lie as a dead letter; and so Scotchmen have set to work to establish on a sure foundation a course of Forestry instruction

in the University of Edinburgh. When this movement began, the University authorities undertook to institute a Chair of Forestry if a sum of £10,000 were provided with which to endow it. The promoters obtained a promise from the Government that if the one-half of that sum were raised otherwise, the other half would be contributed from Government funds. The matter was taken in hand by the Highland and Agricultural Society and the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society, and the results so far have been fairly encouraging. A sum of over £2250 has now been subscribed privately, and the efforts to obtain further subscriptions are still being continued. It is understood that now, on account of the low rate of interest for money, a larger sum than £10,000 would be required by the University authorities before they would undertake to institute and maintain a Chair of Forestry. For a smaller sum even than £10,000, however, the temporary Lectureship on Forestry might be put upon a permanent footing. This in itself would be an important object. It might now be accomplished if the Government could be induced to make a substantial grant to the fund that has been raised by private subscriptions. Has not the time come for an effort in this direction?

HANNA, MY ABYSSINIAN SERVANT.

CERTAINLY, until the end came, we had found no fault in Giammaria, our Italian messman. His efficiency in the most varied capacities had been amply approved. As a cook, he was without an equal in the camp; and he could evolve salads from almost any materials. "Is it vegetable?" he would ask, when in joke we handed him some mysterious parcel; "then it will make a salad." And apparently it did. Anything served; and we suspected that shavings, compressed hay, or straw bottle-cases even, if nothing else was at hand, became salads that were delightful. Giammaria was a great traveller. He had visited all the quarters of the world, but especially he knew Africa; and during long years of ceaseless fighting under Gessi Bey in Equatoria and Bahr-el-Ghazal, had gained an acquaintance with the methods and stratagems of Sudan warfare that might well have entitled him (had mere knowledge aught to do with such matters) to no obscure place in the officers' council-tent. By the natives, moreover, he was accounted a great Hakim.¹ Indeed, here at Suakim, his reputation had spread so widely among the Friendlies, that his medicine-chest—he kept a bottle of croton-oil, a camel's-hair brush, and a fleam in an old cigar-box—was in continual demand. But perhaps he was at his best as an interpreter. In this capacity he was invaluable. It was not merely that he was an able translator of words and phrases—that were nothing—but he could read the native mind like an open and dog-eared book, and would fathom

at once the hidden motive prompting each particular lie with an accuracy that terrified his victim. And he was always cheerful.

We used to watch him lazily in the hot mornings as we sat, scantily clad, on the shady side of our tree. The kitchen-tent gleamed before us white-hot in the sunlight. From within, plates rattled, spoons clinked, fragrant fumes burst from cook-pots and hung in the shimmering air. Giammaria, singing always as he worked, flitted in and out, bustling everywhere—tasting one pot, stirring another, throwing a pinch of something into a third; now polishing a knife, now wringing out a cloth and spreading it on the tent to dry, and anon checking his music to fling a command to the black boys, his aids.

All day long round about the kitchen-tent, at a respectful distance, squatted ever a circle of his patients and admirers. A group of Friendlies maybe, their shields on their knees, their spears stretched before them; a few camp-followers, not actively interested, but with an eye to potential pilfering; further off a huddled mass of greasy flaccid goat-skins and women water-carriers—women so stunted, so battered and withered, as to be like nothing in the world so much as the shrivelled skins whose contents they had just now poured into our *zeer*.²

Presently through the cowering groups would stalk a personage. It was, say, Wa-ad Idis, chief of the guides—gaunt, stately, with the tread of a panther,—a great spear flashing in one hand, a huge

¹ Doctor.² Porous clay water-jar holding many gallons.

the Habbashe, and that the *sitti kassie* had a pleasant smile, but took tea with milk in the afternoon under the fig-tree. That the *kassie* was a learned man though blind, and knew the sons of the Habbashe were good—and was always busy with many books, which he read and wrote, and would put down on benches and tables and in the house and forget where they lay; and that the *sitti kassie* would go into the house to help him, but was giddy and restless like a young snake, and returning hurriedly, would trace, with a smiling eye and unerring certainty, tongue-licks in the jam-dish and finger-marks in the cream-jug, and knew at a glance how much sugar had gone from the bowl and how much cake from the basket; finally, that the sons of the Habbashe were brave and honest, and sweet things were nice, and he, Hanna, was not a slave, but Myrza and Benna were stupid like the hyena, and he was going to the mission-house no more.

Nor did he, but fell straightway into the arms of the Coptic Church—into which, indeed, he had originally been baptised—only to find once more that disappointment was in store for him. The *aboona* having welcomed the lost sheep, upbraided him severely for having forsaken the oldest Church in Christendom for a new-fangled faith, and declaring that both penance and a sacrifice were necessary to wipe out the offence, suggested that ten dollars would be an acceptable oblation. This was too much for Hanna. "Religion is for rich men like the Bey," he said, sadly, when I offered to advance the money on his wages; "it is too costly for Hanna. I knew that at Massowah." And

from that day his enthusiasm cooled.

Perhaps the fact that other branches of instruction occupied him may have had something to do with his backsliding. It was his ambition at this time to possess a watch, and he had drawn from me a promise that, so soon as he could read the hour on a clock-dial, the coveted treasure should be his. Every artifice that native ingenuity could devise was employed by him to convince me that he had mastered the difficult lesson. I lay ill at the time, and the fact that my repeater, which had suffered, in common with every watch that had braved a Sudan campaign, reposed disembowelled in a saucer of oil at a jeweller's in the Mouskee, lent Hanna an opportunity he could not forego. He would enter my room and announce airily that it was half-past twelve. He would bring me a watch borrowed from a fellow-servant, and reading the hour from it, would hurry away to return it to its owner. I was almost convinced of his proficiency when one night I sent him to see the time by the clock in the hall of the hotel, and he returned with the news that it was ten o'clock. After several hours of sleepless fevered tossing on a burning pillow, I roused Hanna from his mattress on the floor and bid him see how near it was to dawn. He announced that it was ten o'clock. "Ya salaam!"¹ I cried, "is it no later?" "Wal-lahi,"² said Hanna, "the clock marks it." Later, much later, I roused him again, but with the same result. It was ten o'clock. "Then the clock has stopped," I said. "Certainly it has stopped," answered Hanna. "Open the shutters," I ordered; and as he

¹ Freely translated—Good heavens!

² Freely translated—Verily.

each morning found him in his place tasting the pleasures of a new day.

Servant-seeking though I was, I had watched Hanna for a week before I ventured to approach him with an offer of employment. I had no equivalent, I felt, to give him in exchange for this idyllic existence that was his. But when I saw him attack the stump of his last sugar-cane, I knew the time for hesitation was past. If he went out to steal a fresh supply I might lose sight of him altogether; or should he return from the foray, weary but enriched, he would be less than ever inclined for work. Yet even as it was, it needed dark strategy to secure my end.

I sought the owner of Hanna's dhurra-heap, and bought it from beneath him, and while he was still dazed with the shock of eviction, I persuaded him to convey the grain on board my steamer. There I gave him a lump of coarse brown sugar, and suggested that he should clean my long tan boots with milk. He complied, but drank the milk first—perhaps to stimulate his arm. Then I exhibited some more sugar and several small coins, and invited him to come next morning and make himself useful. He looked bewildered, startled, a little hurt maybe, that he should be asked to do so much. He glanced from the sugar in his hand to the dhurra-baskets ranged on deck, and from the dhurra-baskets to the machinery, the boots, the awning, the open door of the cook's galley—and hesitated. Refusal puckered his brown forehead. At this supreme moment I had an inspiration. I carelessly drew out my watch—a repeater—and made it strike. Hanna's eyes gleamed. I touched the spring again. Ping-

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The plunge made, Hanna developed rapidly, and readily accommodated himself to his new position. Very early he discovered his need of clothes. There was no question of shame, but it was not for my dignity, he said, that he should go naked. An ancestor of his and mine used a less manly, if more plausible, argument, although he knew naught of yellow boots or "clocks that cried like the steamer." For thus Hanna, who knew no other bells, designated the repeater. Like other infants newly born into civilised life, Hanna was bathed and put into long-clothes: what else, indeed, were the seven yards of cotton stuff in which he draped himself, with the Manchester factory mark displayed proudly on the corner? Like an infant, too, he wore a little embroidered cap, and some yards of belting about his middle. He differed from white children only in that the process of evolution was, in his case, more rapid than in theirs. In two years he had run through the whole gamut of costume, and had reached a state of sartorial effulgence which the European youth rarely attains under twenty. He had swiftly traversed the several stages of short-clothes—represented in his case by varieties of the *galubish* and *jubbé*, tunics reaching to the ankle and the knees. He had made a lengthened halt at the knickerbocker and short-jacket stage—knickerbockers, be it said, of a generous oriental cut, and jackets brodered with gold; and finally, after suffering cruel tortures with his first

lump of fresh mutton-fat sizzling on his top-knot, and dripping on to the half-dozen yards of cotton stuff that draped his lithe limbs like a *toga*. He was come to consult the doctor.

The ceremony of consultation never varied in its details. The patient approached the tent and leant on his spear. Giammaria, feigning brief unconsciousness of the visit, sang two bars in a high key, and then paused to fling a curt inquiry at the sufferer. To the native mind the song held no mean place in the treatment. Then the patient detailed his symptoms, and saying his inside was "going like this," conveyed with his fingers suggestions of a stag-beetle struggling on its back.

"Out tongue!" ordered the doctor, much as one might say "Fix bayonets," and produced the cigar-box, singing louder than ever.

"*Io son la Farfalla*," he carolled, plunging the brush in the croton-oil.

"*Che scerza tra i fiori*"—here he liberally daubed the victim's tongue—"e schelga le rose." This line was always *con espressione* as he gave the finishing touches. Then he said sharply to the patient, "Now shut your mouth and enjoy yourself," and vanished into the tent, leaving his audience at once awestruck and delighted.

But long years of sojourn beneath the fierce African sun entail penalties from which few Europeans are exempt. Poor Giammaria was constantly shaken by recurrent attacks of fever, and as the days grew hotter lived in daily dread of the sunstroke, to which he had already fallen twice a victim. The saying that no doctor can prescribe for himself is probably not more absurd than

many other old sayings; but in this case it was justified. Misled, doubtless, by his experience of native constitutions, our unlucky factotum subjected himself to heroic treatment, and applied quinine for his fevers, and the fleam against the sunstroke, and terrible Greek brandy as a fillip for the system generally, with a Spartan determination that produced fatal results. For under these combined influences, one night he ran wildly, singing as usual, to the top of the water-fort, and threw himself on to the rocks beneath, where, when we found him, he had already passed beyond reach of aught save our regrets.

This was the dawning of Hanna.

I met him at Massowah. Hanna was at this time about three-and-twenty years old. He was five feet ten in height, handsome as a bronze statue, free, irresponsible, happy; untouched by the canker of civilisation; trammelled by neither cares nor clothes nor political convictions. His worldly possessions were a breech-cloth, a sheath-knife—minus the sheath—half-a-dozen sugar-canes, and a small blue cross tattooed on the right wrist; and with these he was in a manner rich, since he needed and wished nothing more, unless, indeed, it were a copper ring for his great toe. All day long he lay on a heap of dhurra¹ in the market-place, munching ceaselessly at a sugar-cane, chatting with his friends, men of means and leisure like himself, and chaffing the girls as they trudged to and fro with the water-skins across the long stone causeway that led to the mainland and the wells. At night the dhurra made a soft bed and a strip of mat a counterpane, and

¹ Coarse Indian corn.

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Except for meals, of which he partook very heartily, he rarely left his seat; and he showed none of the intense interest of former voyages in the doings of the crew and the machinery, or the occupations of the butcher and the cook. As we approached the island of Syra, whose three sugar-loaf hills, covered with snow-white houses, gleamed dazzling bright in the sun-glow, he was seized with a great fit of shivering, which yielded, however, to treatment on the exhibition of one or two boxes of preserves of new and varied flavours, which the islanders brought on board for sale. At Naples, under the influence of "Santa Lucia" and "Bella Napoli" and the gentleman who imitates a farm-yard, he revived sufficiently to make several purchases of coral ornaments and a box of *nougat*, and found time, though we stayed but an hour in the bay, to have his ears pierced and fitted with a pair of elaborate tortoise-shell rings that had taken his fancy. But when the first pleasurable excitement attaching to this new acquisition had subsided he relapsed once more into a despondency, from which I endeavoured in vain to rouse him.

Matters came to a climax in Marseilles. I was seated at breakfast in the pleasant dining-room of the Hôtel de Noailles on the day after our arrival. It was a glorious morning, though with a promise of noontide heat rivalling that of Cairo in June, and as I ate lazily I rejoiced in the cool green of the ferns and the soft plash of the fountain, and the flavour of the *bouillabaisse*, and, most of all maybe, in the delightful fact of being once more on European ground after many weary months of hardship and suffering in the Sudan. Suddenly my happy

reverie was rudely broken by the abrupt entrance of the Suisse of the hotel, followed by half-a-dozen scared waiters. "Votre Africain, monsieur," shouted the Suisse, as he hurried toward me—"votre Africain se détraque. Il se taille à grands coups de couteau."

I received this startling intelligence with such composure as I could command, but with grave inward misgivings as to the possible conduct of a maniac Abyssinian. "C'est sans doute sa religion," hazarded one of the waiters as I followed the Suisse to the hall; and with the view of calming their apprehensions and saving appearances, I eagerly adopted this suggestion, hinting vaguely at mysterious heathen rites. We found Hanna seated on the flags in the porch, surrounded by a little crowd of curious spectators, and engaged very gravely and deliberately in gashing the thick skin of his head with a razor—apparently, it seemed, to very little purpose. There was, however, evidently no cause for alarm. He was merely essaying, with but poor success, an experiment in primitive phlebotomy, for the furtherance of which operation he had provided himself with the razor, an india-rubber drinking-cup, and a box of matches.

"Hanna was suffering acutely," he said, with a heavy sigh, in explanation of this strange whim. In Cairo he had been told by an Abyssinian soothsayer that England was a cold country, and that its climate would be injurious to a son of the Habbashe; and now that he had reached England, he would of course be very ill. The soothsayer had said so, and he was a wise man who would not lie.

To disabuse him of this fixed idea, nursed sedulously throughout the voyage, that the air of England would be fatal to him, and

that now he had reached land he must prepare to wrestle with some wasting disease, I exhausted in vain all my powers of persuasion, backed by a lengthy geographical disquisition. He admitted, somewhat reluctantly, that the sun was as hot and as bright here as in Cairo; he granted that his appetite was excellent, and that he felt as yet no indisposition: but he maintained the soothsayer was a wise man. He had told Garabet, whose leg had been cut off, that he would die, and Garabet died. Therefore when he said Hanna would be ill it must be true.

At length I lost patience. "Hanna Habbashe," I cried, "I did wrong to take you from your thieving and your nakedness at Massowah; I did wrong to trust you as my servant. You are as ignorant as the Dinkas, you are as vicious as the camel, you are as stupid as the hyena, and your wicked heart is as black as your face."

For a moment Hanna stood silent. Then the scowl of sullen obstinacy faded from his brow, and I saw that I had prevailed.

"Hanna's face is a little black," he said, diffidently, "but his heart is nice. It is an English heart, and white like the Bey's."

From this moment the warnings of the soothsayer were forgotten. Hanna had no further thought of illness; and as in Marseilles he found many companions of his own colour, the few days of our stay there passed pleasantly enough with him. Very speedily his objections to, and fears of, the rigour of English weather disappeared; and when at length, with a biting wind blowing in our teeth, and a driving storm of sleet and hail

stinging our cheeks and eyelids, we emerged shivering at daybreak from Charing Cross Station into the Strand, Hanna turned to me sleepily, but with a merry smile. "Is this England?" he asked, turning up the collar of his cloak.

"This is London," I said, emphatically.

"Ah!" said Hanna, with delight. "Then we shall see the great white Queen."

It being obviously out of my power to procure for him this supreme satisfaction, I sent him as an alternative to the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre, where the gorgeous pageantry provided by Sir Augustus Harris certainly impressed him far more deeply than aught he could have seen in a European Court. It may be said, too, that he never knew he had been deceived. He was delighted beyond measure with this splendid entertainment, which he visited on no less than six successive nights. Each morning he would stand at the foot of my bed and give me a detailed account of the doings of the great Queen (Mr Harry Nicholls, I believe) and the King her husband, and the brilliant courtiers, and the army with glittering armour of gold and silver, and shapely pink legs. He was always curious, indeed, to know why these troops had not accompanied Lord Wolseley to the Sudan, where they would, he said, have been so well adapted to the pretty little boats provided for the carriage of the expedition. He was amazed and awestruck by the transformation-scene, and would describe with bated breath the Djinnoun¹ floating in mid-air in the shapes of beautiful maidens, and the fountains of coloured flame,

¹ Genii.

and the glittering foliage of gold and silver. Some giant attendants on the comic monarch, however, with big wobbling heads, troubled him not a little. Of course he could know nothing of the divinity that hedges round a king; but (and here was an example of the danger of a little learning) there was in his dark mind, I fear, as he gazed on these wicker effigies, a confused memory of the teachings of the *papas* and the *aboona* and the American missionary. "I was not afraid," said Hanna, alluding to the three grotesque monsters; "I am a Christian, too, like the Bey." I had noticed some months before that the contemplation of the three huge seated figures at Abou Simbel had roused in him feelings of a like mixed nature, and I had been at some trouble to avoid any discussion on the subject. But as a result of his pantomime experiences, I have no doubt that when Hanna left England he was convinced that he had basked for several days in the sunlight of Royalty, and that he had even contributed, by the payments of himself and his companion at the pit entrance, in no small measure to the support of the English Crown.

The pantomime over, I discovered that a performance styled *Khar-toum* was being presented at an outlying place of entertainment. To this I accompanied Hanna with a friend, and we occupied a stage-box. The hero of the entertainment, we soon found, was a war correspondent, in a helmet and *khakee* suit and shiny patent-leather boots. Hanna, very justifiably, took quite early in the performance a rabid dislike to this personage, who never did any work, but passed his time in rhapsodising about the dangers of his calling and the beauty of his beloved. And when the war correspondent,

having lain down to sleep, note-book, helmet, patent boots and all, beside a tinfoil camp-fire in the centre of the stage, the Arab enemy, led by a treacherous guide, stole on in the limelight and searched for him painfully amid pasteboard rocks and painted bushes at the back, and, though every one could see him quite plainly, failed to discover his bivouac. Hanna directed them loudly in Arabic to where he lay, and shouted to them to go and kill him, and abused them roundly for fools when they took no heed. And when, at length discovered, the war correspondent arose and fought, and after emptying at them a thirty-two chambered revolver (we counted the shots), dispersed some hundred assailants with his note-book—a weapon he should have thought of sooner—Hanna was greatly disconcerted. "They are not Arabs," he said emphatically, as the discomfited supers slunk away into the wings. "They are not Arabs. They are not even Egyptians. *Kooluhoum Ghreeki*—They are all Greeks."

A few days later I escorted my *protégé* to the Zoological Gardens. The first object we encountered as we entered was an elephant slouching placidly along, regardless of the burden of some dozen schoolgirls. Hanna looked at the great beast in silent wonder, and it was evident to me that the English rose greatly in his estimation at the sight. "Do children tame the *Fil* here?" he said at length. "In my country we kill him and take his teeth."

He hissed at the camels when he came to them, making them kneel down with much docility, despite the warnings of their keepers that they were very savage. He laughed at the brown bears, though he expressed wonder at the white polar beast. He

stood unmoved before the hippopotamus and rhinoceros, and blinked lazily at the giraffe, which he said was a foolish beast deprived by Eblis of brains. With the ostrich, the stork, the pelican, and the flamingoes he was familiar, and expressed surprise only that they should stay where they were, in so cold a country. Finally, having visited every other object likely to interest him in the Gardens, I led him to the lion-house.

It was near feeding-time. As we entered, in the cage nearest the door lay a big male lion, his muzzle pressed against the bars. From time to time he uttered a low whining roar. In the cage next to him was a female in a state of terrible excitement, now rearing herself upright against the bars, now dragging herself along the front of the cage by her paws, now beating furiously at the iron door in the rear.

Hanna stood for a moment motionless, watching these two brutes. Then he made three steps to the door, picked up a handful of gravel, and returned. "I know you," he said—"I have known you always. God's curse be on you! Have you come to this country too?" and he threw the gravel in the male lion's blinking eyes.

After this he refused to stay in the Gardens. "He was not armed," he said, "and the lions might come round by a back way and meet him with no weapon but a *shemseeçé*."¹

When the time arrived at length for Hanna to return to Egypt—if not indeed to Massowah—a question arose as to the investment of his capital. For he was in a manner a capitalist. He had spent no

money for three years, and his accumulated savings made a useful sum. I suggested various schemes for the preservation and increase of this little estate, but to all of them Hanna, though expressing much sensibility of my kindness, remained cold. He had a plan himself, he said, which he hoped I would aid him to put in execution. He had observed not only in England, but in Cairo and Alexandria, that piano-organs were a valuable property, and he expressed a desire to purchase some of these instruments and carry them with him. I raised some objections against the plan, urging that he himself could only manipulate one organ at a time, and that if he let out the others they would be very liable to injury, or even destruction, in those quarters of the Egyptian towns where their music was most appreciated. But this argument he cleverly combated, saying that he would only hire his property to Greeks, who had wives and young children, and whose furniture he could hold as a mortgage.

After all, when regarded from this point of view, the plan was a good one. The cost of a piano-organ was about £12, while the rent of one in Cairo, said Hanna, where they were scarce, was three dollars per week. So after some diligent search—for the instruments are chiefly made in Vienna—I discovered an importer in the neighbourhood of Hatton Gardens, from whom I purchased five instruments, to be delivered on board the ship by which Hanna was to sail from Liverpool, for the sum of £65.

With these, then, and a fair sum of money, and with several suits of very fashionable clothes and in-

¹ An umbrella.

numerable presents from friends of all ranks, including a silver-gilt repeater-watch and chain, which I handed to him in the cab on the way to the station, Hanna prepared to return to Egypt, to seek there his fortune.

When we were nearing the station I noticed that he was unduly agitated, and by cross-examination elicited that his desire was to invest in some boots of a very showy red leather, exhibited in the windows of cheap ready-made dealers. It was easy to satisfy so modest a taste, and as time permitted, we stopped and made the purchase.

Hanna nursed his new acquisitions in his arms throughout the rest of the drive, and had no sooner taken his seat in the railway carriage than he commenced a minute examination of their workmanship. As the train moved out of the station he rose from his seat and stretched his body out of the window.

I hurried along the platform to catch his farewell.

"Ya Bey," he said, sadly, "they are not like the Suakim boots. Those were good. They would

have worn for ever. The dealer said so."

These were Hanna's last spoken words to me, but I have since received a letter from him, so full of information that it will doubtless be of interest to my readers. I therefore quote it verbatim. This is the letter:—

"in CAIRO.

"Mr Feruncis Scudamore Times Special correspondent: En London. My Sir I have the honor to be Sir verj setfully your obedient servant. My Sir I have the plesure to ask your in good Hulth. But I am much obelighed by yuur kindess. that you make me verj useful and I thunke you olwys. You mj a great Sir. And I am now obedient at Cairo. But not yet I did not find work But I am verj glod by yuur name sir. if you sent a letter for me you con sent it in Captain Chercha. But my sir, I may have a recve a letter to sent me Beneh from you my sir. *Biano Lanterna*¹ are in good Hulth but my sir, one broke liver and bowils run away.

"Remen yours servant

↳ "HANNA Abyssinian."

FRANCIS SCUDAMORE.

¹ Piano-organ.

A NOOK OF NORTH WALES.

In the following sketch I shall carefully avoid referring to any of those "problems of humanity" which I am given to understand are now calling for solution. Dis-establishment, Land Commissions, Education—though I am going to a country where men's minds are much exercised by all three—I will none of.

"Negligens, ne qua populus labore,
Parce privatus nimium cavere :
Dona præsentis cape letus horæ et
Linque severa."

One fine morning, then, about the middle of last September, I booked myself and a faithful middle-aged spaniel from a London terminus to a small station in the mid-west of Great Britain, bound for a well-remembered spot, which I had never yet left without inwardly resolving to get back again as soon as I could. I was in the best of humours at the prospect of being once more at my old quarters; and though the railway runs through a great variety of rich and luxuriant, and sometimes even beautiful, scenery between London and Shrewsbury, I was impatient for the first glimpse of Wales, and it was not until we crossed the Dee that I felt my holiday had fairly begun. The change in the aspect of the country at this point is complete. I have crossed the boundary farther south without being conscious of any immediate alteration in the character of the scenery. But on leaving Chester we are greeted by nature with a totally different countenance—different in colour, in form, in the smallest details as well as in general effect, from the England we have left behind us. The prevailing tints

now are light green and grey. The hills on our left, as we speed on our way, are prettily wooded: but we miss the dark foliage of the English hedgerow timber, the old red brick farm-houses, which, covered with crumbling lichens, are rather roan than red; the snug villages with the tall church tower or spire. In place of these we have between the hills and the sea small flat enclosures, divided very often by walls; and everywhere whitewashed cottages and houses with slated roofs, imparting an air of coldness to the landscape even on a summer day. The churches are small, and not often visible from the railway. But then at every turn on our journey we come upon little picturesque nooks which compensate for all: little pictures done by nature's hand, in which hanging wood, moss-covered rock, fretting streamlet, and banks of tangled gorse and fern are blended together in such exquisite confusion that the eye could feast on it for ever. These tiny glens and dingles greet one with increasing frequency as we penetrate farther into the country; and of course, on approaching the Conway, we are in the immediate vicinity of some of the most beautiful scenery in North Wales. Bettys-y-Coed in particular, at the junction of the Conway and the Lugwy, I have always thought one of the loveliest spots in the Principality. But our way does not lie thither. We run straight on, at first through a country diversified by many such pretty little bits of natural composition as we have here described. But by degrees it grows wilder and more desolate. Swamps and bogs ap-

pear on either side of the line, tormenting us with thoughts of the sport to be had there in November, till at last we reach a point where just for a little distance the country assumes a more English look. There is a larger proportion of cultivated land, and we see more sheep and fewer pewits. Here we get out and find a dog-cart in waiting, which soon conveys us out of sight of anything approaching to the commonplace, and eventually lands us, about seven o'clock, at one of the most delightful retreats it has ever been our lot to visit.

Let the reader imagine to himself, lying on a gentle declivity, a large low farm-house, which has once been a manor-house and the residence of a country gentleman, approached downwards through an avenue of ancient sycamores, and shut in on the left by a very high stone wall enclosing a large old-fashioned garden, and opening on the right to the stables, cow-houses, and out-buildings appertaining to its modern character. At the end of the avenue an iron gate leads into a small courtyard, where we descend from our vehicle, entrance to the front of the house being obtained through a low postern-door in the garden-wall, overshadowed by one of the largest of the sycamores, which stretches its branches on every side. This opens on to a pretty little green lawn, divided from the garden by a mass of flowering-shrubs, intermingled with roses and fuchsias. Behind the fence are visible some dark yew-trees, apple-trees, and tall hazel-bushes, while the front of the house is here formed by a low verandah with glass windows running the whole length, and admitting us into the dark old dining-room and sitting-room, where many a Welsh cavalier has in all probability drank to the health of

King Charles and success to the White Rose. On this side the house is entirely shut in by the high wall and the trees; and for a weary Londoner, tired of politics, tired of controversy, tired of town, wellnigh tired of the world, can any place of repose be imagined more delicious!

Brian, who has a strain of the Irish water-spaniel in him—"I make no doubt," says Mr Thackeray, "that I too am descended from Brian Boru,"—Brian is accommodated in a comfortable stable, and I then proceed indoors to pay my compliments to my hostesses, very unlike the furies described by Tacitus, who encountered the Roman army when it crossed the Menai Straits. They are two most courteous, amiable, and refined women, sisters, who carry on the farm together—and there is a saying in parts of Anglesey that women make the best farmers. These two ladies always take in a friend or two of their landlord's in the partridge-shooting time, and most comfortable do they make them, as I can testify. They are, one or both, born cooks: and even Mr Saintsbury would acknowledge that they can dress game to perfection. Perhaps if they excel in one thing more than in another it is their hare-soup.

I stayed at this house by myself about ten days, shooting partridges, in company with Brian and a Welsh boy who had "niel Sassenach," from ten to five, and returning home on the late September afternoon, when everything is so fair, fresh, and sweet. It has been in many parts of England a very bad season for birds, and this part of Wales had suffered grievously, in so much that over a farm where last year I shot twelve brace of birds to my own gun without any difficulty, I could not

now, by dint of hard walking and careful shooting, get more than a third. Brian had the advantage of me in one respect, for he did not know it was a bad season, and was naturally buoyed up with the hope of finding a covey in every field we entered; and I don't think he felt the sickness of hope deferred at all. It was different with myself: for after two or three days I began to see plainly that there was no chance of making anything like a bag, and resolved to find what compensation I could, and I can always find a great deal, in the wild, rough scenery, the beautiful air, the mellow sunshine, in watching the habits of birds and beasts, and in observing the manners and sayings of the human race.

After I came home from shooting, I used to delight in strolling out in the serene September evening to watch the turkeys going to roost in the sycamores, and the rooks preparing for rest in the little grove of ash-trees beyond the pig-sty. Why both turkeys and rooks proceed with so much deliberation, and are so long in making up their minds before settling for the night, I have never been able to discover. I know that many birds make what seems a very unnecessary fuss about going to bed, none more so than the rook. But there is no fuss or bustle about the turkeys. One will sit upon a wall, staring straight up into the tree where he means ultimately to perch, for half an hour at a time, solemn, silent, and nearly motionless. Whether this is done in obedience to any private understanding among themselves, which, like Sergeant Buzfuz, I am not in a position to explain, I can't say. Possibly the turkey, like the Turk, may consider it *infra dig.* to be in

a hurry about anything. The behaviour of the rooks is very different. I have seen two or three thousand at a time wheeling round and round over the little wood, now high in the air, now almost touching the tree tops, now right overhead, now taking a circuit of half a mile or more, and returning only to do the same thing over and over again a dozen times. Sometimes they all pitch head first into the trees, and you imagine that the ceremony is over, when in a few minutes out they all bounce again with a rush, and collecting together in the air resume their rotatory movements with unabated energy and clamour.

About this time, too, I used to watch the pigs gathering together in an open space near the sty, moving about restlessly with their noses in the air, and apparently wanting to ask me what o'clock it was. I am very fond of pigs, though I still adhere to the habit, contracted in early youth, of throwing stones at them. But not at their dinner-hour. No. I think of my own; and am sure there must be some secret sympathy between us which accounts for their confidence and familiarity. Presently, as it grows dusk, the white owls will be seen flitting about the chimney-tops and the adjacent trees, symbols, as they always seem to me, of peace, seclusion, and immemorial repose and tranquillity. And then, repeating to myself the admirably chosen words of Gray, I re-enter the house to prepare for the agreeable repast which awaits me in the old wainscoted parlour.

On Sunday I went to the little parish church, where the service was in Welsh, and where, to judge from the attention with which it was listened to, the sermon must have been a very good one. The

Welsh clergy now are indeed a very different class of men from what they were fifty or sixty years ago. Many of them, of course, are not Oxford or Cambridge men. Their stipends are frequently small, and they live in a very plain way. But all those that I have met have been distinctly men of more than average ability, devoted to their profession, and exemplary in the discharge of its duties.

I must make some exception to the rule with which I started, in regard to the aspect of Dissent in Wales, though I shall plunge into no controversy. The majority of the people, both farmers and labourers, are Dissenters; but I never could find out that they cherished any hostility to the Church's doctrines. I used often to be asked into the farm-houses for lunch, or to take a "cup o' tea" in the afternoon, and always found the farmers very courteous, very easy to get on with, and very ready to talk. Some of them were educated and intelligent men, whose main objection to the Church was the unequal distribution of its revenues. They would not have understood Sydney Smith's argument at all. Others there were, and probably these are everywhere the majority, at least among such as have ever taken the trouble to consider why they are Dissenters, with whom the question of Orders seemed to be uppermost. One old man, a Calvinistic Methodist, amused me rather by his way of putting the question. He said the Dissenters were accused of intolerance. But that was not so. It was the bigotry of the Church which stood in the way of reunion. "You see, sir," he said, "they won't acknowledge us." It did not seem to occur to him that Dissenters, having repudiated the Church and episcopal orders, had begun the

quarrel, and were out of court in complaining that the Church still insisted on them. His way of looking at the question reminded me strongly of the old poacher, who declared that when he was in business he never wanted to "run up agen the keepers," if they'd only leave him alone. So the old gentleman aforesaid would have no quarrel with the Church, if she would only allow what all her formularies condemn, and abandon the chief principle which it is her bounden duty to protect. If the Church would deny the Prayer-Book, and admit that no men who "profess and call themselves Christians" can require to be "led into the way of truth," this excellent Nonconformist would hold out the right hand of fellowship to her. It is the old story of the fox who had lost his tail. In the meantime I had reason to believe that a species of practical intolerance existed among some Welsh Dissenters, at all events. I am not, of course, speaking from personal knowledge; but I was assured that many Nonconformists refuse to allow their servants to go to church: and that if any of them do go, they are informed that next hiring-day they will not be re-engaged unless they discontinue the practice.

In North Wales generally the labourers are boarded by the farmers, and in the neighbourhood of my little "nook" receive about nine shillings a-week besides. The married men get cottages, considered to represent a shilling a-week more. As a general rule, all alike are allowed a piece of ground on which to plant a sack of potatoes, the farmer finding the manure; and sometimes they are allowed grazing for one sheep all the year round. They are apparently comfortable and contented.

But in many parts of the world the working man has a smiling face for strangers, which may be no index to his real feelings, and such may be the case, for what I can tell, in North Wales. Moreover, I have noticed, both in Wales and England, that men at work in the fields seem always pleased to see a sportsman, and that if you only have a gun in your hand you are certain of meeting with a friendly civility which you might not invariably experience as an ordinary pedestrian. Here, however, there is this to be said, that the men could not well be rude to an Englishman if they wished, as very few Welsh labourers speak English, and very few English visitors understand Welsh. The farmers, it is true, will tell you that much of this ignorance on the part of the peasantry is assumed, and that they not only understand English when it is spoken to them, but that some among them, at all events, especially the boys, could speak it in return if they chose. My two kind hostesses always maintained that the boy I took out shooting with me was only shy, and didn't like to talk English before me. This, I believe, was partly true; for as he got more used to me, he would occasionally volunteer a remark in English, as, for instance, "the pull's a-shouting"—i.e., the bull's a-roaring; or "you've broken"—i.e., torn—"your clothes." But sometimes to very simple questions, requiring only Yes or No, his replies, like some of those I got from the labourers, must have betokened, I think, a genuine ignorance. I asked him once whether he had had his dinner; he answered that he didn't know. I asked a man in the fields if there were any

birds on the farm. He replied, "To-morrow." The boy could read English well enough; and by carrying pencil and paper with me, and writing down what I wanted him to do, we got on nicely. They are taught to read English at school, but not to speak it; and probably when addressed by an Englishman it is the accent and rapidity of utterance which perplexes them.

One very old farmer once came out of his house to me in the fields, mistaking me for his landlord. I said I was only a friend of that gentleman; and as he was very cordial, I shook hands with him, and asked him how he was. He understood English well enough; but his reply was partly conveyed by signs. He clasped his hands across the pit of his stomach, and, looking at me earnestly, declared that he was all right "from here up," at the same time regarding the lower part of his body with a deep sigh. Very amusing scenes would sometimes arise from the mutual misunderstandings of Welsh and English. I was once out shooting with a Welsh proprietor when two native trespassers were brought before him. He could speak no Welsh, and the two lads only very broken English. He asked who they were, who were their parents, and so forth. Only half catching the meaning of something said by one of them, "What," he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you never had a mother?" "Ah," said the English keeper, in his eagerness to show his scorn of Welsh veracity rather overrunning the scent, "and he wouldn't tell you if he had."

Primitive manners and customs die hard in such localities. The ancient ways of agriculture are still cherished. Close by the house

says, "I intend by precept and example to exercise a salutary influence over you," who awakens in us a feeling of meekness and docility; and I cannot see why we should expect the same principle of action to be more efficacious when the two sexes instead of two individuals are concerned. If it be true that, "beyond and above all that we may *do*, is that which we may *be*," it is yet more true that what we may *say*—and particularly what we may say about ourselves—is of no consequence at all. One is tempted sometimes to think that we women are forgetting altogether the words of our poetess and priestess:—

"A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means whatever perfect thing she can,
In life, in art, in science, but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part,
And rest there: she must prove what she can do
Before she does it, prate of woman's rights,
Of woman's mission, woman's function, till
The men (who are prating too on their side) cry,
'A woman's function plainly is . . . to talk.'"

And again:—

"We want more quiet in our works,
More knowledge of the bounds in which we work;
More knowledge that each individual man
Remains an Adam to the general race,
Constrained to see like Adam, that he keep
His personal state's condition honestly,
Or vain all thoughts of his to help the world,
Which still must be developed from its *one*
If bettered in its many."

And now some young scientist will remind me ruthlessly that by using the word "evolution" I have

cut the ground from under my own feet — that "trying to develop ourselves" is like trying to push on the locomotive that carries us, that Nature makes no leaps, and that, slowly as women have developed throughout the ages, so slowly will they develop to the end.

I am not learned enough to refute the objection, but I should like to quote in answer to it a few words which a great man spoke to me some years ago.

"On this subject of evolution," he said, "three things seem clear to me:—

"1. That, as a rule, Nature has worked slowly and imperceptibly, leaving behind traces of the links in the chain.

"2. That there have been from time to time periods of exceptional activity, when development has advanced with a rush, and some of the links have been lost.

"3. That in one such period of exceptional activity man was evolved."

Is it too sanguine to hope that the present age, with all its feverish unrest, its mistaken ambitions, its false estimate of intrinsic values, may yet prove to be an age of exceptional activity for woman, not only as regards the comparatively accidental characteristics of the medium in which she lives, but also as regards the essential characteristics of herself?

Do we need a new revelation to tell us that such a hope can never be realised through our scrutinising the faults of others, and loudly proclaiming ourselves the conscience of the race? The woman question, with all its special features, is subject to general, eternal laws; and the experience of the ages has surely taught us that he who would save his fellows can only do it by consecrating himself.

AN ETON MASTER.

At no time of our national life, perhaps, has there been so much importance attached to the public schools, which are one of the greatest and most interesting of English national institutions, as now. It may be that the continual increase of the class which desires its boys to be educated in that way, either because of its excellence or because of the pride of bringing up their boys along with the offspring of the highest classes, which is so strong among the new rich, rouses ever a greater and greater curiosity on this point; or it may be—a motive which tells very strongly with the popular writer, if not always with the reader—because they are very easy to write about: but certainly the amount of articles and even books written about Eton, Harrow, and the other great schools has been very great during the last twenty years. Curious delusions exist about them, in the face of all this information; but yet there is no reason why we should not all know familiarly enough the course of life which is led there, and which commends itself so warmly to all who have been trained in it. In the first place, they are peculiarly, even narrowly, English. Scotland knows them (except by recent importation) as little as France or Germany. Their rule and principles are unknown elsewhere. That the sons of gentlemen should be trained by gentlemen more or less of their own condition, understanding their special needs and duties, and that from their childhood they should be treated like gentlemen,—taught first of all the laws of honour, and that a man, even if only ten years

old, must be true to his word, and governed by the unwritten laws of that noblest aristocracy, the regulations which *noblesse oblige* and gentle blood demands,—is their special pride and distinction. It would be presumption and folly to pretend that the love of truth is not inculcated in others—in all the schools of England,—but in those in a special form and noble way. The teaching itself is a different matter. We do not pretend to distinguish what shades of better and worse may be in this respect between one or another. There is a general level nowadays which none can fall beneath, and some rise above. And Eton especially has its ranks of masters always replenished with the best of the young scholars from the Universities year by year—than which we suppose no more successful way of procuring the best teaching is known. But the thing which distinguishes it and its fellows from all public schools elsewhere—from the Lycées of France and the Gymnasiums of Germany, and from all other High Schools and Academies known—is that teachers and taught are of the same class, and understand each other to the tips of their fingers.

The pedagogue has never been very highly thought of, though everybody allows theoretically the importance of his office. The schoolmaster in general has sprung mostly from among the poor, as the clergy have done also in every case but that of England, and, perhaps, only not in England for the last hundred years. This is to say nothing against the schoolmaster; but it has put him in many cases in a very false position. He has

where I was living dwelt two old men, bachelors and brothers, joint-tenants of a small farm. Last summer, for the first time, when the grass was ready to be cut, there was some talk of using the mowing-machine. One of the two brothers, a Progressive, was strongly in favour of it, and eventually carried the day, whereupon the other immediately went to bed, and remained there till the hay was got in. Dairy-farming and grazing are leading industries in Anglesey, and the farmers send large supplies of store cattle to England—Leicester, I believe, being one of their chief markets. The farmers here take great pride in their dairies, the walls of which on one estate are often prettily inlaid with Minton tiles, at the landlord's expense, with illustrations suggested by himself. Sometimes a portrait of the farmer's pretty daughter who superintends the dairy has the place of honour. Agriculturists have of course been hard hit here as elsewhere; but I heard no prophecies of ruin, nor anything of land going out of cultivation. They probably made money in the dear years, on which they can now fall back. One nice little lady I know very well, so small and neat and ladylike, and always so prettily dressed, who often talked about the past. She had a grandmother living, when I first went to Anglesey, who "had seen the fairies"; but the good old dame had seen something more substantial than that. "When my grandmother first came to this farm," said my informant, "wheat was six pounds ten a quarter, and the men had sixpence a-day" (in addition, of course, to their board and lodging). "Folk could live *then*," she naïvely added. I assented to the statement, thinking, however, at the same time, as

I glanced at her black silk dress and handsome cloth cloak, that they could live pretty well still.

Among the farmers the belief in fairies and witches seemed to have reached about the same stage as the Borderer's belief in the Black Dwarf, so humorously described in the introduction to that novel. Behind their incredulity, half real and half assumed, there lurked in a corner of their minds a suspicion that there might be something in it after all. I was told gravely of a reputed witch who lived about a mile off in a hut in a remote glen—the very spot for such a character—that "she was quite harmless,"—a piece of information which would have been entirely superfluous had the speaker not believed that there were some who were not harmless. My informant on this occasion was a man about five-and-thirty, who had been educated in England, had read 'Pickwick,' and drank ale. If the fairies have really got King Arthur, Mona is the place, of all others, where we should naturally expect to find them.

While I was staying in my farm-house, indulging in all the luxuries of solitude, getting up when I liked, going to bed when I liked, and rambling about the fields all day as long as I liked, I too felt in a kind of fairy-land, or, rather, very like a lotos-eater, careless of mankind, and forgetful of all ties, duties, or obligations. I quitted that happy, peaceful, picturesque retreat with infinite reluctance, though I exchanged it for all the elegancies of a great country-seat full of agreeable company, and surrounded by finer and bolder scenery than any I had left, in the midst of which it was still possible to make a good bag of partridges even in the present season. A favourite beat of mine

lies far away on the western extremity of the island, where the Irish Channel and the Carnarvonshire mountains are visible the whole time. I have every year had one walk by myself on this beat, which takes a very long day, and is in parts very rough walking, and in average seasons I have generally managed to get from ten to twelve brace on it. I could have done the same this year; but I left off shooting when I had got eight brace, thinking that as birds were scarce, I was not expected to kill many more. But I had many more chances.

The partridge-shooting there is very pretty sport, either with a spaniel or a pointer. Long narrow fields of stubble and turnips run up between high "banks," as they are called here, being really masses of stone clothed with fern, heather, gorse, and brambles. On ground like this it is easy to scatter birds, but very difficult to mark them; and I wish for no better sport than hunting for a broken covey with a good dog among these rocks and hollows. Sometimes, if a pointer or setter, you catch sight of him on the topmost stone, drawn up stiff and well-defined against the sky-line, the birds probably being just underneath him among the thick grass and rubbish under the stone wall which runs round the base of the rock. Having climbed up to him, you then have to descend again over the slippery stones, with the great probability that the birds will rise just as you are poisoning yourself on a loose fragment. It requires all one's nerve to shoot well in such circumstances. Then at other times the keeper will summon you rapidly round the corner, to find Ponto or Carlo curled round like a fried whiting, with his head nearly meeting his tail, in a narrow

place where there is hardly room for him to stand at all. There is a brace of birds under that black-berry bush. The keeper pokes his stick in: out come the birds, and twirl rapidly round the steep bank to your right. One is stopped quickly; the other you catch just as he is disappearing, and are not certain whether you have killed him or not till Brian, who is told off for this particular duty, brings him back in triumph. These are moments which repay the partridge-shooter for many long and blank hours in a bad season.

But a good many birds, in twos and threes, have gone towards the bog which lies just below, and where, God willing, as the Baron of Bradwardine says, we may meet with a snipe. Partridges are very fond of the dry places in these bogs, and we get half-a-dozen pretty shots in crossing it, besides a snipe and a landrail; and then on to some large turnip-fields beyond, whence we hope again to drive birds into the clefts and crags lying on the other side of them. From eight to twelve brace of birds killed after this fashion are worth ten times the number bagged on ordinary ground, whether over dogs or not.

There is only one drawback to this sport in Anglesey, and that is the number of dogs kept by the small farmers. Every little holder, with his twenty or thirty acres of land, though he owns neither sheep nor cow, thinks himself entitled to keep two, and sometimes three or four, half-starved mongrels, who get their living in the fields. I was once talking to the tenant of the farm where I was shooting, when a big dog, not his own, suddenly crossed the road in front of us, as if he had just come out of the turnip-field I was about to enter, and went into another which

all the methods are to be seen at Eton as in other places. There are masters whose delight it is to cultivate, almost as if in a hot-house, with sedulous observation, intercourse, and influence, the characters, as they think, of the boys under them, uniting a kind of maternal, half-feminine intimacy and tenderness to the ruder bonds; and there are some to whom the other form of life, as prized and followed at the present day, the athletic side, is everything, pursued and maintained not only for the honour of the School (so esteemed), and the successes that count so much in the present phase of English life, but because they honestly believe, and with reason, that these manly sports force out much worse things from the minds of the unintellectual, and that the grossest temptations of youth are blunted to those who know by experience that the body must be kept in subjection even for the sake of pleasure. Both these types flourish amid a small community of men entirely absorbed in the training of boys, and taking but a modified interest in anything save that all-important nurture of youth. The new University man, of course, abounds also, who has not yet had sufficient knowledge of life to be himself aware what his higher faculties or duties are, and who is only a schoolboy of a larger growth, thinking chiefly how to encourage other schoolboys to gain the prizes he has himself so lately won. Perhaps the influences of such a place, the pressure of the young life, all so undeveloped, so full of possibilities, has an effect in limiting the growth of the men, almost all young, who are its guides and leaders, keeping up an atmosphere of artificial youthfulness, and diminishing everything that

does not tell more or less upon the progress and instruction of the boys.

In such a sphere it is impossible to overestimate the importance of a man who has altogether outgrown this youthful phase, which is in its nature entirely modern, and proceeds from the over-importance which every influence around us helps to give to mere teaching, or we may even go further, and say mere training,—the conscious influence put forth by one human creature upon another. It is the fashion of the time to think that everything is in that. But it is not the old tradition of the English school, nor is it, we think, the highest inspiration. After all, to be brought up by and among men is the best—men full in all the interests of the world, not either cloistered or confined within scholastic limits. It was Mr Hale's great distinction that he was this. He was the genial father of English life, not so overwhelmingly devoted to his children as to cut off his own individuality, not feminine in any absorption of sympathy: but all the more a tower of strength on that account, an independent mind, ready to bring its native powers and long experience to every problem, clearing away all that was unimportant, cutting to the root of the matter, with eyes always sympathetic but never sentimental, dispersing the unreal, helping the true. He was not an athlete, though he loved his boys to win a race and bring the glories of another cup to the house. He was not in any exclusive way a scholar, though ready to rejoice and triumph in every literary success. He was a man, an Englishman, entering into every sphere of life, eager in politics, full of books, reading everything, as far as was pos-

sible seeing everything, taking his part wherever he was. His smile, his ready joke, the kindness that seemed to ray out from him like an atmosphere, pervaded the whole school. Old Hale, Badger Hale! The merry nickname, in itself almost always a sign of kindness, always evoked an answering glow of pleasure and kindness in old boys and new boys alike, amid all the wonderful subdivisions of that youthful crowd. There were many masters of whom the boys stood in more awe. There were many whose attainments were greater in the strait limits of professional life: there was none who was more, scarcely any who was so much, a man in the midst of those overwhelming influences of youth. Through all these he preserved always the large and natural proportions of manhood, unexaggerated, unspecialised. He loved London and his club, and the murmur of all that was going on: it troubled him if there was a new book talked of which he had not at least dipped into: he even read the serials as they ran, and kept himself going with half-a-dozen stories. And he knew everybody about a world which was always cheerful in his eyes, of which he always hoped and thought the best. From Bond Street or the Park to the familiar High Street of Eton he could not walk a dozen steps without encountering a friend; at every railway station, whenever he took a journey, he met somebody he knew. He was everybody's trustee, adviser, helper, the guardian of the poor, both formally—for he held that office in his parish—and unofficially, to every one who called upon his aid. He was one of the local political leaders on Mr Gladstone's side, until that statesman entered upon the erratic

career which ended his political life, when Mr Hale became a steady and useful Liberal Unionist. With all these charges, and many more, upon his head, his fall was like that of a great tower in the little place where he had been a shadow from the storm to many for forty years. There is a new opening of sky behind every such great removal, but the light is chill and terrible to mortal eyes.

Mr Hale's sphere in the School was that of science, which he loved. For a long time he had been chiefly concerned with the Army Class, which was specially congenial to him, for he came of a race of soldiers and sailors, and all his traditions were of that strenuous and militant life, while at the same time the association with those young men, about to be scattered to every corner of the globe in the service of their country, added to the breadth of his sympathies with every spot of ground on which Englishmen lived and died. He had one of the largest houses in Eton, always overflowing with boys, always well to the front on field and river, and warmly attached to the genial, humorous house-master, the twinkle in whose eye made many a small heart rise with a consciousness of punishment averted. The name of Badger Hale, by which he was everywhere known, arose from the fact that he was very grey, almost white, quite early in life, and presented the curious sight of an almost white head and black beard. The nickname remained when the beard had also become grey. An impudent little person in his division asked him once, while the form listened with tremulous delight, "Is it true, sir, that badgers flourish in——" we do not remember what degree of cold or warmth.

did not belong to us. I asked my friend how he could expect to have any game if loose dogs were allowed all over the place like that one? The man replied, as in excuse and pity for the dog, "Well, sir, it is bad; but you see, poor thing, he's got nothing to do." This was capital — a piece of unconscious testimony to the justice of my complaint which was worth a mine of gold. The dog had nothing to do; his owner didn't want him: therefore he beat all the adjoining fields for his amusement, if not for his dinner. This is the case with more than half the dogs in the island. They kill hares in the breeding seasons, when the does fall an easy prey to them. As likely as not, they kill young partridges when they have a chance; and of course in marauding over the fields I have described, they drive away all the coveys. Personally I would make some sacrifice for "the poor man's dog," but not for the poor man's pack. That is quite another thing. It is ridiculous to say that a farmer of twenty acres, with two cows and a goat, can require three or four dogs, or even one dog, for his business. One is quite enough

for a friend and a companion. The rest are kept for poaching, and spoiling sport. I have been told by many of the large dairy farmers in the island that where herds of cows are kept, dogs do more harm than good. They are of course wanted for sheep; but none of the smaller occupiers, who are the chief offenders, have any sheep. The dogs, as my friend said, have nothing to do, and, being idle, get into mischief.

Alas! it is all over now. I have had my outing. I looked my last on glen and mountain, brook and bog, wood and crag, from the windows of the Irish express, as it rushed past them at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and now the only consolation I can find is sitting in my arm-chair recalling all my pleasant experiences, and living that fortnight over again in imagination, as I commit my reminiscences to paper. I thank my stars that I am able to do this. It softens the pangs of parting, and makes me even love my writing-table for the time being, though regarded generally as a hard taskmaster.

RUSTICUS URBANUS.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MONA MACLEAN.'

"It is a curious thing," said a friend to me some time ago, "how in all our talk of the evolution of the individual, we fail to recognise the evolution of the medium."

I have often been struck since with the truth of the remark. In studying a man's life, even when we give ourselves credit for taking into account the action of environment, we look upon that environment as a fixed quantity, and fail to recognise that it is developing just as surely as the man himself is. Nay, it even happens repeatedly that we give the individual credit for the natural evolution of the medium in which he lives, and, when his surroundings change, we say, "How much he has accomplished!"

This truth seems to me particularly applicable to the present state of the woman question. When we reflect upon the great improvement in the position of women which the last thirty years have seen, we are perhaps too much inclined to regard it simply as a proof of the development of the sex, whereas surely, in itself, this improvement is not so much an evolution as a change of surroundings. Our girls do good work at school and college, they win high honours in the field of open competition with men, their names are in every mouth; but did not their mothers and grandmothers do good work before them? Woman's work is more varied than it was of old,—more exciting, more amusing, more congenial; but, regarded simply as work, is it any better? Surely

the girls who distinguish themselves at Girton are, as a rule, precisely the girls who would have distinguished themselves at home. It is not only their work that has improved; it is not necessarily they that have improved; it is mainly the medium in which they live.

I do not wish for one moment to detract from the honour due to those who were pioneers in the cause of women, who, in the teeth of real persecution, asserted their right to be complete human beings, to "make good the faculties of themselves" in obedience to the light that was in them. They carried their lives in their hands, so to speak; they risked much and lost much. The girls who now follow in their steps risk nothing. They are sure of applause, sure of popularity, sure of a welcome. Let us give them the credit they deserve; but do they deserve credit for the fact that their choice of occupation is wider, their life more varied, their work more congenial, and therefore easier?

In an able article on the woman question which appeared some time ago, the writer stated his conviction that the freedom which women at present enjoy is simply an instance of altruism on the part of the men. When the pendulum swings back, and altruism goes out of fashion, it was argued, women will once more betake themselves meekly to their distaffs.

The writer, no doubt, overstated his case, ignoring the fact that sluice-gates are more easily opened than shut, and forgetting that, on any computation, the relation

¹ This paper was originally addressed to a guild of medical women and others.

"Come to me at one, my boy, and we'll talk it over," said with a twinkle the genial master. Coming at one means many dreadful things to Eton ears: it meant nothing in this but a tug at the boy's ear, and a word of humorous advice. In India, in Australia, in Africa, in every corner of the world, men meeting in all manner of wild or dangerous places will have told stories to each other within the last three months, with a smile on the lip but water in the eyes, of Badger Hale.

We have said he had been a Christian Socialist in his early days, and a volunteer in the Working Men's Colleges and night-schools which that movement brought forth. He had also a place in the very different circle surrounding the poet-painter Rossetti, and was among those who read in MS. the poems which were buried in the grave of the poet's wife, although they came to light again in after-years. Thus his acquaintance embraced the innermost walks of literature as well as the more thickly trodden paths of life, and it did not fail among later writers, with whom he had many friendships. The last public place in which he appeared was Lord's cricket-ground, at the Eton and Harrow match, which, as everybody will remember, was played, and drawn, in the most unfavourable weather. He had probably not missed that function for all his forty years at Eton above once or twice. It had been damp and dreary, and it was remembered that he was not so lively as usual on the way home. It was appropriate that this should have been the very last scene in which he was seen of men: for the charm of that meeting is that it brings together old Etonians from all

quarters to compare the feats of the old with the youthful prowess of the new. Mr Hale never rose again from the bed to which he went tired on the damp evening of that disappointing day. For a time nothing was feared, though he had in previous years experienced several serious attacks of similar illness, and his doctors knew there was a weak spot in him. All seemed to go well, however, for several days, and his recovery was confidently expected, when suddenly this weak point was touched, and no further hope remained. He lived for some thirty-six hours after, in great self-possession and peace, receiving the holy communion with his family, and leaving with them every tender word and farewell that could soften their lot. One of his last acts was to put together the hands of an affianced pair, over whom a few days later he was to have pronounced the marriage blessing: by no ritual, with no nuptial pomp, could that blessing have been more solemnly or touchingly bestowed. The great boys' house, with all its commotion of young life, will soon change hands, and another and younger man step into the vacant place. It is one of the special pangs of such a position that the home of many years must necessarily be closed upon the wife who has ruled it, and who now sits there alone, in a noble serenity and patience, waiting for the moment when the ever-open hospitable doors must be shut upon her, and upon the children born within them.

The loss of such men, however, let us remember, can never be made up for by any sharpening of mere teaching, by any quickening of modern lessons, or devices of the School Board, polished up for the use of a higher class. We

cannot make schoolmasters like Mr Hale; but he would not probably have satisfied the School Board. It ought at least to be fully acknowledged, and especially among the class themselves, that the breadth and manly naturalness of his kind do more for a future generation than all the improved machinery of teaching. The young ones push out the elder men, by nature in many cases, but sometimes with the vehemence of a principle, which thinks of nothing but the additional keenness as an implement of the recently sharpened and polished weapon. It is a great mistake in many ways, in none more than in the world of education. The experience, the composure even, if we may so call it, the comparative indifference of

age, is a great addition, and one that can least of all be dispensed with in a public school. The matured mind, which is beyond the starts of panic, and knows by experience how much more to be trusted is the even tenor of the general than the occasional disturbances of boyish extravagance, or the bad moments that sometimes occur in the management of a surging, seething world of humanity, even in childhood—is an almost fatal loss to any kind of government. A public school, above all, wants that steadying element. No young man could have held the place which Mr Hale did in Eton: nothing but a great tree, nourished by many snows and summers, can give such strong support or cast such grateful shade.

says, "I intend by precept and example to exercise a salutary influence over you," who awakens in us a feeling of meekness and docility; and I cannot see why we should expect the same principle of action to be more efficacious when the two sexes instead of two individuals are concerned. If it be true that, "beyond and above all that we may *do*, is that which we may *be*," it is yet more true that what we may *say*—and particularly what we may say about ourselves—is of no consequence at all. One is tempted sometimes to think that we women are forgetting altogether the words of our poetess and priestess:—

"A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means whatever perfect thing she can,
In life, in art, in science, but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part,
And rest there: she must prove what she can do
Before she does it, prate of woman's rights,
Of woman's mission, woman's function, till
The men (who are prating too on their side) cry,
'A woman's function plainly is . . . to talk.'"

And again:—

"We want more quiet in our works,
More knowledge of the bounds in which we work;
More knowledge that each individual man
Remains an Adam to the general race,
Constrained to see like Adam, that he keep
His personal state's condition honestly,
Or vain all thoughts of his to help the world,
Which still must be developed from its *one*
If bettered in its many."

And now some young scientist will remind me ruthlessly that by using the word "evolution" I have

cut the ground from under my own feet — that "trying to develop ourselves" is like trying to push on the locomotive that carries us, that Nature makes no leaps, and that, slowly as women have developed throughout the ages, so slowly will they develop to the end.

I am not learned enough to refute the objection, but I should like to quote in answer to it a few words which a great man spoke to me some years ago.

"On this subject of evolution," he said, "three things seem clear to me:—

"1. That, as a rule, Nature has worked slowly and imperceptibly, leaving behind traces of the links in the chain.

"2. That there have been from time to time periods of exceptional activity, when development has advanced with a rush, and some of the links have been lost.

"3. That in one such period of exceptional activity man was evolved."

Is it too sanguine to hope that the present age, with all its feverish unrest, its mistaken ambitions, its false estimate of intrinsic values, may yet prove to be an age of exceptional activity for woman, not only as regards the comparatively accidental characteristics of the medium in which she lives, but also as regards the essential characteristics of herself?

Do we need a new revelation to tell us that such a hope can never be realised through our scrutinising the faults of others, and loudly proclaiming ourselves the conscience of the race? The woman question, with all its special features, is subject to general, eternal laws; and the experience of the ages has surely taught us that he who would save his fellows can only do it by consecrating himself.

AN ETON MASTER.

At no time of our national life, perhaps, has there been so much importance attached to the public schools, which are one of the greatest and most interesting of English national institutions, as now. It may be that the continual increase of the class which desires its boys to be educated in that way, either because of its excellence or because of the pride of bringing up their boys along with the offspring of the highest classes, which is so strong among the new rich, rouses ever a greater and greater curiosity on this point; or it may be—a motive which tells very strongly with the popular writer, if not always with the reader—because they are very easy to write about: but certainly the amount of articles and even books written about Eton, Harrow, and the other great schools has been very great during the last twenty years. Curious delusions exist about them, in the face of all this information; but yet there is no reason why we should not all know familiarly enough the course of life which is led there, and which commends itself so warmly to all who have been trained in it. In the first place, they are peculiarly, even narrowly, English. Scotland knows them (except by recent importation) as little as France or Germany. Their rule and principles are unknown elsewhere. That the sons of gentlemen should be trained by gentlemen more or less of their own condition, understanding their special needs and duties, and that from their childhood they should be treated like gentlemen,—taught first of all the laws of honour, and that a man, even if only ten years

old, must be true to his word, and governed by the unwritten laws of that noblest aristocracy, the regulations which *noblesse oblige* and gentle blood demands,—is their special pride and distinction. It would be presumption and folly to pretend that the love of truth is not inculcated in others—in all the schools of England,—but in those in a special form and noble way. The teaching itself is a different matter. We do not pretend to distinguish what shades of better and worse may be in this respect between one or another. There is a general level nowadays which none can fall beneath, and some rise above. And Eton especially has its ranks of masters always replenished with the best of the young scholars from the Universities year by year—than which we suppose no more successful way of procuring the best teaching is known. But the thing which distinguishes it and its fellows from all public schools elsewhere—from the Lycées of France and the Gymnasiums of Germany, and from all other High Schools and Academies known—is that teachers and taught are of the same class, and understand each other to the tips of their fingers.

The pedagogue has never been very highly thought of, though everybody allows theoretically the importance of his office. The schoolmaster in general has sprung mostly from among the poor, as the clergy have done also in every case but that of England, and, perhaps, only not in England for the last hundred years. This is to say nothing against the schoolmaster; but it has put him in many cases in a very false position. He has

had to train the minds and thoughts of many youths who looked down upon him as much as, or more than, they looked up to him, with excuses for his deficiencies even when with admiration for his learning. He was an inferior in the homes of his pupils—except when he was an equal feeling himself superior to the native class from which he sprang—out of it everywhere, and neither in one place or the other properly acclimatised.

But this feeling does not exist in the great English public schools. The masters are almost entirely if not of the same rank as their pupils (for there are no dukes among them that we are aware of), yet of the same class according to modern fashions—trained in the same habits, with the same manners, the same standard of social virtues, in all essential points the same mode of life. An English duke can be no more than a gentleman, be he ever so great. And that his son's tutor should neither be the son of a peasant on his estate, nor of a tradesman whom he patronises, nor a meek priest, or even an imperious priest, regarded only for his office, excused or smiled at in other matters—but a gentleman trained more or less like himself, more, not less, favoured than himself in preliminary education, is an advantage which it is difficult to exaggerate. The tradition of gentle birth and training is not of universal efficacy. Some boors and brutes come from the oldest blood, some of the noblest specimens of humanity from the lower. But when we consider the race we must take the average, the general level of humanity. And there is no doubt that on these this tradition tells. It is of infinite consequence, at least in its effect upon the youth

of the country; and a great deal of the true distinction of English gentlemen has no doubt come from the fact that they are taught and trained by men born in the same atmosphere, contemplating the same aims, and bound by the same inner code of laws and manners as themselves. There is no doubt that the growing acquaintance with this fundamental difference has had a great effect.

There are many in whom the name of Eton rouses old prejudices and prepossessions—many who believe quite erroneously that the carelessness of old has survived there against all the quickening of the new—as there are also many to whom it is the symbol of all that is noblest in the training of young life, and all that is most happy and blessed in schoolboy days. We will neither combat the one nor add, as there are so many to do, to the applauses of the other. To ourselves Eton means a series of golden years, the best in life. God bless the old School!—the happy law, the youthful honour, the sound public sense, the grace of boyish courtesy, that are its very breath and being. The theme is too tender and too dear to many of us to bear dwelling upon. We believe that, with all the changes which the new views of the time in respect to education demand, and which have been rigorously complied with, not to the approval of all who love Eton, its essential character remains what it always was.

An Eton master, or assistant-master, as all are called except the Head, had for a long time a special place to himself in the world. The very fact, perhaps, that Eton was not in the first of the educational struggle and move-

ment, preserved to it the class of the urbane and accomplished man of the world, often an excellent scholar, almost always a man known for his own character and individuality, never a mere pedagogue. In these days the young, keen University element was not conspicuous, or else it was so tempered by its Etonianism that it produced little or no change in the character of the group of men who knew everybody, saw everything in their own country, and had their full share of political and social life, in addition to their work, which has always that great attraction and advantage, a large and legitimate portion of holiday attached to it. These men preserved the traditional character of the School better than the cleverest of teaching machines could have done. Their classics were always good, their sense and feeling still better, and there was a breadth of life in them which counteracted perhaps (what would now be called) the narrowness of their stalwart tenets of Church and King. In those days mature manhood, experience, and knowledge of life were held of the highest importance in the training of men.

The master whom Eton has lately lost, and whose memorial it is our desire, with what force we can, to set up in these pages, Edward Hale, was in character and nature one of the elder group, while in sentiment and feeling he belonged entirely to the younger world. He came to Eton, one of the first who were not Eton bred, in 1850, in a day when we all thought ourselves at the head of a noble revolt against the errors of the past, just as our successors do now. He was only twenty-two, fresh from Cam-

bridge, an Emmanuel man, full of Maurice and Kingsley and Christian Socialism, and the determination to make this world a better world. We do not know if it is partiality—no doubt there was much that was conventional and stilted in that movement, as in all movements—but it seems to us there was more generosity, more breadth and nobleness of aim, in it than in much that has succeeded,—less of the school, much more of the largeness and atmosphere of humanity. For one thing, it was warmly Christian, which is the great thing of all. It aimed at making Christian men, not prigs or doctrinaires. Mr Hale was all new, all fresh, and a little heterodox in the old-fashioned world of Eton: a Liberal in his political opinions, and not even a classicist, though that was still the way of salvation. The mathematical branch had just been instituted in the school, under the headship of the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, a most well-known Eton character and patriarch, and Mr Hale's appointment was that of a mathematical master. But notwithstanding these divergencies from the old type, and the novelty and freshness of him altogether, he yet belonged more distinctly to that type than to that of the schoolmaster of to-day. He was a man of the world, full of interest in everything. Eton was the centre of the world to him, as it ought to have been; but it was not the whole world. He lived not in his study or pupil-room alone, but in a larger atmosphere which embraced them.

The new has many differences from the old. We have lived to see a great quickening of public interest in Education so-called, or at least in schooling and the arts of communicating instruction: and

all the methods are to be seen at Eton as in other places. There are masters whose delight it is to cultivate, almost as if in a hot-house, with sedulous observation, intercourse, and influence, the characters, as they think, of the boys under them, uniting a kind of maternal, half-feminine intimacy and tenderness to the ruder bonds; and there are some to whom the other form of life, as prized and followed at the present day, the athletic side, is everything, pursued and maintained not only for the honour of the School (so esteemed), and the successes that count so much in the present phase of English life, but because they honestly believe, and with reason, that these manly sports force out much worse things from the minds of the unintellectual, and that the grossest temptations of youth are blunted to those who know by experience that the body must be kept in subjection even for the sake of pleasure. Both these types flourish amid a small community of men entirely absorbed in the training of boys, and taking but a modified interest in anything save that all-important nurture of youth. The new University man, of course, abounds also, who has not yet had sufficient knowledge of life to be himself aware what his higher faculties or duties are, and who is only a schoolboy of a larger growth, thinking chiefly how to encourage other schoolboys to gain the prizes he has himself so lately won. Perhaps the influences of such a place, the pressure of the young life, all so undeveloped, so full of possibilities, has an effect in limiting the growth of the men, almost all young, who are its guides and leaders, keeping up an atmosphere of artificial youthfulness, and diminishing everything that

does not tell more or less upon the progress and instruction of the boys.

In such a sphere it is impossible to overestimate the importance of a man who has altogether outgrown this youthful phase, which is in its nature entirely modern, and proceeds from the over-importance which every influence around us helps to give to mere teaching, or we may even go further, and say mere training,—the conscious influence put forth by one human creature upon another. It is the fashion of the time to think that everything is in that. But it is not the old tradition of the English school, nor is it, we think, the highest inspiration. After all, to be brought up by and among men is the best—men full in all the interests of the world, not either cloistered or confined within scholastic limits. It was Mr Hale's great distinction that he was this. He was the genial father of English life, not so overwhelmingly devoted to his children as to cut off his own individuality, not feminine in any absorption of sympathy: but all the more a tower of strength on that account, an independent mind, ready to bring its native powers and long experience to every problem, clearing away all that was unimportant, cutting to the root of the matter, with eyes always sympathetic but never sentimental, dispersing the unreal, helping the true. He was not an athlete, though he loved his boys to win a race and bring the glories of another cup to the house. He was not in any exclusive way a scholar, though ready to rejoice and triumph in every literary success. He was a man, an Englishman, entering into every sphere of life, eager in politics, full of books, reading everything, as far as was pos-

sible seeing everything, taking his part wherever he was. His smile, his ready joke, the kindness that seemed to ray out from him like an atmosphere, pervaded the whole school. Old Hale, Badger Hale! The merry nickname, in itself almost always a sign of kindness, always evoked an answering glow of pleasure and kindness in old boys and new boys alike, amid all the wonderful subdivisions of that youthful crowd. There were many masters of whom the boys stood in more awe. There were many whose attainments were greater in the strait limits of professional life: there was none who was more, scarcely any who was so much, a man in the midst of those overwhelming influences of youth. Through all these he preserved always the large and natural proportions of manhood, unexaggerated, unspecialised. He loved London and his club, and the murmur of all that was going on: it troubled him if there was a new book talked of which he had not at least dipped into: he even read the serials as they ran, and kept himself going with half-a-dozen stories. And he knew everybody about a world which was always cheerful in his eyes, of which he always hoped and thought the best. From Bond Street or the Park to the familiar High Street of Eton he could not walk a dozen steps without encountering a friend; at every railway station, whenever he took a journey, he met somebody he knew. He was everybody's trustee, adviser, helper, the guardian of the poor, both formally—for he held that office in his parish—and unofficially, to every one who called upon his aid. He was one of the local political leaders on Mr Gladstone's side, until that statesman entered upon the erratic

career which ended his political life, when Mr Hale became a steady and useful Liberal Unionist. With all these charges, and many more, upon his head, his fall was like that of a great tower in the little place where he had been a shadow from the storm to many for forty years. There is a new opening of sky behind every such great removal, but the light is chill and terrible to mortal eyes.

Mr Hale's sphere in the School was that of science, which he loved. For a long time he had been chiefly concerned with the Army Class, which was specially congenial to him, for he came of a race of soldiers and sailors, and all his traditions were of that strenuous and militant life, while at the same time the association with those young men, about to be scattered to every corner of the globe in the service of their country, added to the breadth of his sympathies with every spot of ground on which Englishmen lived and died. He had one of the largest houses in Eton, always overflowing with boys, always well to the front on field and river, and warmly attached to the genial, humorous house-master, the twinkle in whose eye made many a small heart rise with a consciousness of punishment averted. The name of Badger Hale, by which he was everywhere known, arose from the fact that he was very grey, almost white, quite early in life, and presented the curious sight of an almost white head and black beard. The nickname remained when the beard had also become grey. An impudent little person in his division asked him once, while the form listened with tremulous delight, "Is it true, sir, that badgers flourish in——" we do not remember what degree of cold or warmth.

"Come to me at one, my boy, and we'll talk it over," said with a twinkle the genial master. Coming at one means many dreadful things to Eton ears: it meant nothing in this but a tug at the boy's ear, and a word of humorous advice. In India, in Australia, in Africa, in every corner of the world, men meeting in all manner of wild or dangerous places will have told stories to each other within the last three months, with a smile on the lip but water in the eyes, of Badger Hale.

We have said he had been a Christian Socialist in his early days, and a volunteer in the Working Men's Colleges and night-schools which that movement brought forth. He had also a place in the very different circle surrounding the poet-painter Rossetti, and was among those who read in MS. the poems which were buried in the grave of the poet's wife, although they came to light again in after-years. Thus his acquaintance embraced the innermost walks of literature as well as the more thickly trodden paths of life, and it did not fail among later writers, with whom he had many friendships. The last public place in which he appeared was Lord's cricket-ground, at the Eton and Harrow match, which, as everybody will remember, was played, and drawn, in the most unfavourable weather. He had probably not missed that function for all his forty years at Eton above once or twice. It had been damp and dreary, and it was remembered that he was not so lively as usual on the way home. It was appropriate that this should have been the very last scene in which he was seen of men: for the charm of that meeting is that it brings together old Etonians from all

quarters to compare the feats of the old with the youthful prowess of the new. Mr Hale never rose again from the bed to which he went tired on the damp evening of that disappointing day. For a time nothing was feared, though he had in previous years experienced several serious attacks of similar illness, and his doctors knew there was a weak spot in him. All seemed to go well, however, for several days, and his recovery was confidently expected, when suddenly this weak point was touched, and no further hope remained. He lived for some thirty-six hours after, in great self-possession and peace, receiving the holy communion with his family, and leaving with them every tender word and farewell that could soften their lot. One of his last acts was to put together the hands of an affianced pair, over whom a few days later he was to have pronounced the marriage blessing: by no ritual, with no nuptial pomp, could that blessing have been more solemnly or touchingly bestowed. The great boys' house, with all its commotion of young life, will soon change hands, and another and younger man step into the vacant place. It is one of the special pangs of such a position that the home of many years must necessarily be closed upon the wife who has ruled it, and who now sits there alone, in a noble serenity and patience, waiting for the moment when the ever-open hospitable doors must be shut upon her, and upon the children born within them.

The loss of such men, however, let us remember, can never be made up for by any sharpening of mere teaching, by any quickening of modern lessons, or devices of the School Board, polished up for the use of a higher class. We

cannot make schoolmasters like Mr Hale; but he would not probably have satisfied the School Board. It ought at least to be fully acknowledged, and especially among the class themselves, that the breadth and manly naturalness of his kind do more for a future generation than all the improved machinery of teaching. The young ones push out the elder men, by nature in many cases, but sometimes with the vehemence of a principle, which thinks of nothing but the additional keenness as an implement of the recently sharpened and polished weapon. It is a great mistake in many ways, in none more than in the world of education. The experience, the composure even, if we may so call it, the comparative indifference of

age, is a great addition, and one that can least of all be dispensed with in a public school. The matured mind, which is beyond the starts of panic, and knows by experience how much more to be trusted is the even tenor of the general than the occasional disturbances of boyish extravagance, or the bad moments that sometimes occur in the management of a surging, seething world of humanity, even in childhood—is an almost fatal loss to any kind of government. A public school, above all, wants that steadying element. No young man could have held the place which Mr Hale did in Eton: nothing but a great tree, nourished by many snows and summers, can give such strong support or cast such grateful shade.

DENNY'S DAUGHTER.

DENNY's daughter stood a minute in the field I was to pass,
All as quiet as her shadow laid before along the grass;
In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut-tree's crooked root,—
An' I mind the crown o' clover crumpled under one bare foot.

For the look of her,
The look of her
Comes back on me to-day;—
With the eyes of her,
The eyes of her
That took me on the way.

Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white an' stiff upon her bed,
Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin' somewhere on her head.
She'll be singin' Ave Mary where the flowers never wilt,—
She, the girl my own hands covered with the narrow daisy-quilt . . .

For the love of her,
The love of her
That would not be my wife;—
An' the loss of her,
The loss of her
Has left me lone for life.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

CLUB-HOMES FOR UNMARRIED WORKING MEN.

MALTHUS says, that to prevent men roaming about like savages in search of food they must have a home. Had he been a prophet, we might have concluded he was alluding to the rise of tramps, whose numbers are largely augmented by recruits from the ranks of those who start in life without attachment to any kind of property. Such is the case of the unskilled labourer. At eighteen or nineteen his career begins as a lodger for a time at home, and then very soon at a private lodging-house. He receives, if lucky, twenty shillings a-week, and, being thoroughly uncomfortable while paying highly, presently gets married as the best means he knows of bettering his lot. Thus he mortgages the future. Too often from hopelessness, he afterwards runs on a path of drink to the workhouse. The custom among the working classes of entering early into marriage, lies at the bottom of our social problems. Without taking it fully into consideration, it is useless to present schemes of improvement, as every plan would be upset sooner or later by the growth of population. This is one of the chief reasons which produces the contempt of well-informed minds for socialistic remedies that neglect the kernel of the subject, while offering the absurd nonsense of flabby sentimentalism as an offset to the want of actual experience. There is full sympathy with the wage-earner. There is every desire to do whatever may be right. The hardship is to arrive at the right. Of course, there can only be steady opposition to the "cranks" who cheerfully favour a general *bouleversement*

for party purposes, who lightly ignore the gradual evolution of the principles of Political Economy.

From Adam Smith to our own period, early marriage and its concomitant, population, have been discussed by economists. Ricardo, for example, rightly insists that the wellbeing of the poor cannot be secured without some effort on their part, or on the part of the legislature, to render less frequent early marriages. Prudence in marriage, says Malthus, is the only means by which workmen can acquire a greater share of production. Mr Henry Sidgwick, in his 'Elements of Politics,' foresees a time when Governments must face the question of population, unless people do it for themselves. There are naturally prudent men in the unskilled grade as in every grade of society. We are not, however, treating of them, or of persons who reach the workhouse through misfortune. Our remarks are solely confined to those whose characters set up the "social question." To skilled workers what we have to write hardly applies, because British artisans are capable fellows. They belong to a club, perchance to a union, subscribe to a friendly society, and are anxious about their future. Therefore we are not here concerned with their troubles, which are produced by the false system of economics governing the world. They can take care of themselves. If they marry too young, as unfortunately is the case, they have, at all events, good and to some extent progressive wages. The solution of the social difficulty is thus connected, so far as material pros-

perity *per se* requires attention, with the proper development of the heady, unskilled worker. To any one who knows the individual it must be manifest that, as he sinks beneath the struggle of life, his interest in the management of the workhouse grows. He is dimly conscious that his destiny leads towards its direction, and he will tell one that as the rates are paid by him through the landlord, he is entitled to relief when necessary without loss of character, or to receive support at fair wages during times of depression. He hankers unaware after pre-Reform poor-law days. He is seemingly unconscious that his own conduct makes his destiny, and that in the interest of everybody he cannot, as a rule, be treated leniently by philanthropic people. Were the idea once acknowledged that the poor-rate was levied for the free use of the poor, every idler would speedily be fattening at the public expense, and the springs of industry be weighted with an intolerable burden. Happily there are men nowadays, impressing on the reckless, independence and restraint, who are unlikely to feel disturbed while pursuing justice and truth by sentimental appeals. Our aim, accordingly, has for its object to point out that if the ordinary, youthful, unskilled labourer is to be saved from making the *descensus Averni*, the descent must be stopped where it begins. Now, it begins with the marriage of the youth at a ridiculous age. No sooner does he pull himself into manhood than he forthwith reproduces his species, mainly because of the economic conditions which surround his life. A change in these is therefore indispensable. How is it to be made?

At the present time, the fashionable means for delaying marriage

is to encourage athleticism. This is all right in its way. It agrees with the Aristotelian maxim, that "the body should be trained for the sake of the soul," and is taken advantage of by the ultra, physically fit. When, however, an average man has gone through a day's toil, he has had his athletics. He is too tired, generally, to willingly undertake any more. No doubt the presentation of cricketing or boating flannels, the promise of prizes, or an occasional supper by outsiders of other classes, are grand inducements towards making a start. The spurt, unluckily, does not always so easily continue when regular exertion is demanded, nor will labourers be "bossed" by men of their own class as captains of teams. Indeed, it is a serious drawback to democratic club arrangements that seniors will exercise no authority over juniors, who may make the club thoroughly uncomfortable with little display of dissatisfaction beyond the silent withdrawal of older members. The athletic movement is the result of the establishment of clubs, such as past and present Etonians have built in East London at Hackney Wick, where working men can spend their evenings; and, although it may be probably too early in the history of East End club-life to draw any satisfactory conclusions, still, in the opinion of some who know, it is thought that the average age at which marriage occurs has been pushed back a little, owing to the improved surroundings occasioned by the clubs. How far the unskilled labourer is affected, it would not be easy to say. From our own small experience, we should infer that athleticism and clubs have been chiefly serviceable to the better grades of working men in the various departments of manual labour, and, as

already remarked, it is not from those that the pressure of social difficulties comes.

The great desideratum, brought out by the contemplation of the lives of English *unskilled* workers, is a method which will awaken their interest. Culture seems of slight use. Few of them "care a dump" for anything of that sort. A certain sporting paper, issued weekly at five shillings a copy, is an object exciting eager attention, when it can be seen gratuitously, by those who know of its existence. Culture cannot quicken a mind averse to intellectual tastes, nor is it of universal value to members of the more prosperous classes. Why, then, should it be expected to perform miracles in the lower ranks? A will to get on in the world is of the first consequence. Culture may happily follow as the effect of improvement, otherwise, if thrust down from above, the nation must become, as we have heard it expressed, "a collection of prigs." When the Angels carried off Faust's immortal part, when they rescued him from the devil, he had given evidence of true culture; he possessed an appreciative, constructive mind, and was not an *a priori* dealer in cant. He had, besides, an unswerving will, which rendered his salvation a comparatively light task. What is the treatment to apply to those who principally care for boxing, the buffoonery of music-halls, for love-songs not necessarily having a *double entendre*, for card-playing, gambling, and talk which is solely chaff? It will be seen that a likeness exists in the society of the "proletariat," as socialists say, to a section of that of the upper ten thousand. The difference is merely one of degree, of comfort and wealth. We believe the answer to the question is, that

the same relative amount of comfort should be present in the lower as in the higher class. Human nature has similar developments all the way through. If, then, the working man marries to better himself, as he undeniably does, if the marriage of a well-to-do bachelor does not usually occur till thirty, the inference may be legitimately drawn that, were the conditions of the humbler ranks identical *pro rata* with the richer ranks, a very great, a very healthy change would speedily take place in the position of small, limited wage-earners. The well-known opinion of Ricardo still holds good, that "the friends of humanity cannot but wish that in all countries the labouring classes should have a taste for comforts and enjoyments, and that they should be stimulated by all legal means in their exertions to procure them." The sensible man of assured prospects marries when he can afford it. He is not driven into matrimony simply to better his lot. He expects, of course, to do that. His standard of living has always been high, and he takes every precaution to ensure it through the future. The poor man marries in self-defence. He likewise expects, as has been said, to improve his position. They are both respectively, after their own manner, on the same journey. What has altered the outlook of the one will alter that of the other. What has delayed the marriage of the former will delay that of the latter. No one can deny that the altering, the delaying agent, was the gradual acquisition of "comfort."

With the object of enabling labourers to arrive at this, let us see how it can be managed. The title of our paper shows the line which, from observation of labour

difficulties, appears to ourselves to be the one to follow out. Lodging-homes that are not lodging-houses are wanted in England. They do not exist. When a young fellow leaves his father's roof—perhaps "ceiling" would be the proper expression—could he find a satisfactory abode, better, certainly, than the one he has quitted, the marriage-day would be considerably delayed if the argument which has been set forth is correct. Almost the last action of Lord Shaftesbury was the evidence he gave in 1885 before the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.¹ He said that if his Lodging-House Act of 1851, amended in 1866, was put into force, "it would meet almost everything that was required at the present moment." The purpose of the law was to establish "dwellings for the working classes by giving power to localities to adopt the Act, and to borrow on the security of the rates." The Royal Commissioners recommended a trial with certain amendments, for the Bill, though mutilated in the House of Commons, as we learn from Lord Shaftesbury's 'Life,' created so much interest at the time that it excited the attention of Europe and America; while, on account of the "indisposition of vestries to avail themselves of their powers," the Act could scarcely be said to have ever been tried. Indeed, it was not tried till nineteen years had passed. Here was a grand social scheme propounded by a Peer, and made legal long before municipal socialism was heard of. It is only an extra proof that Collectivism lacks the stimulant to progress which the individual

possesses. It is he who first makes the move, as he alone is interested. Lord Shaftesbury's opinion regarding such a matter, founded upon the most unique experience, is still the highest we have; and with his usual acumen, with the knowledge of a long life devoted to the public welfare, he placed his finger immediately on one of the weak spots of our social organisation. The recent development of the "lodging-house system," to which we are about to refer, demonstrates at once that Lord Shaftesbury was half a century ahead of his age. It can be scarcely too much to say that were he alive to-day, the further unrolling of social needs would have proved to him the necessity for club-homes, where men may sleep, eat, and live without unnecessary restrictions, as a corollary from his idea of lodging-houses. Love of country is not simply an affair of birth, as Dr MacGregor² imagines. Good feeding and housing give it a very secure base. There is a meaning in the parody on Sir Walter Scott's lines which we once heard in Canada:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so
dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is the land where I am fed."

In Scotland, the first large, actual expansion of what was really in conception Lord Shaftesbury's plan, took place. It was perhaps well suited to a country where the single-room arrangement seems widely adopted. Through the courtesy of Sir James D. Marwick, Town Clerk of Glasgow, one of the ablest and most practical men north of the Tweed, we have received the report issued

¹ See First Report.

² Speech in the House of Commons, 18th April 1894. The 'Standard.'

in 1890, "by a deputation from the city and county of Newcastle-on-Tyne on their visit to Glasgow as to Housing of the Poor there." Under the "Glasgow Improvements Act, 1866," the year already referred to when Lord Shaftesbury's Act was amended, the Corporation "obtained powers to deal with a vast amount of old and insanitary property." In 1870 they carried out the "important experiment" of opening lodging-houses in Drygate and East Russell Street, the latter for women. Gradually the number of houses was increased, until now there are seven establishments all earning fair dividends, ranging from £3, 18s. 11½d. to £6, 11s. 2d. per cent on the original cost of £85,000 for the whole seven. This is a net return, somewhat lowered by that from the women's house, which is the first sum. The lowest men's house dividend starts at £4, 14s. 0¾d. These returns are for the year ending 31st May 1890. The enterprise has been thoroughly successful according to the Report. In the two lodging-houses inspected by the deputation, there was a

"large dining-hall and abundant accommodation in the adjoining kitchen for cooking. Each inmate is allowed the use of cooking utensils, and cooks his own food. Each man can have the use of a small locker by depositing sixpence for the key. In the Clyde Street house there is accommodation for 350 lodgers, who, in addition to comfortable, clean beds, have the use of the recreation and dining halls, the kitchen-range and cooking utensils, and facilities for washing their clothes, &c., all for the charge of 3½d. per night, or, if they wish to indulge in the luxury of an extra sheet on their bed, the charge is 4½d.

per night. Each lodger has his own enclosed sleeping closet, in which is fitted up a spring wire mattress, covered with a hair mattress. The lodgers are not allowed to go up into the sleeping-rooms during the daytime."

Every establishment has a well-stocked shop. It is "carried on by the superintendent, who takes the profits as part of his remuneration. All articles of food are sold in these shops at ordinary trade prices; but lodgers may, if they prefer it, purchase their food outside." The taking of a bath has to be paid for.¹ A man can live in the houses "at a cost of 4s. to 5s. a-week." In the women's house "the charge per night is 3d., and 1½d. for a child per night occupying the same bed as the mother." The expenditure on one of these houses, that in Portugal Street, during the year already mentioned, was £1252, 14s. 10d., including £159, 18s. 4d. as an allowance for depreciation on capital account, and also a trifling payment for the "harmoniumist's salary." We have added up the number of the nightly lodgers who for the same year passed through the seven houses. There were 667,364 men and 34,286 women.² It is a significant fact that the great majority of men took the single-sheet price of 3½d. per night. Bearing the above in mind, few will deny—considering the quantity of solid comfort these poor people received, the enormous quantity of misery rightly relieved—that the man who by his remarkable foresight in 1851 secured the passing of an Act for the creation of such establishments was, when we think of the

¹ In similar London lodgings the price is one penny with hot water and a towel. The bather provides his own soap.

² Of course, many must have been regular lodgers night after night.

countless other social reforms he effected, the greatest genius of this century. That man was Lord Shaftesbury. Nobody approaches him in the good he achieved. How many candidly remember to-day to give him his legitimate due? His animating principles, as the world knows, were love to God and men. He talked no socialistic buncombe, but every Socialist is for ever his debtor, especially when working for the destruction of slums.

The Glasgow Corporation were nine years in erecting their seven houses, and nothing noteworthy seems to have occurred anywhere till May 1887, when Lord Radstock, with several friends, opened a lodging-house for 500 men at 39 Commercial Street, Whitechapel Road, London. The house is situated in the centre of the locality rendered infamously notorious by the series of murders of unfortunate women which shocked the nation some time ago. In 1890 Lord Radstock acquired a second lodging-house at 77 Whitechapel Road. They are both highly appreciated in these neighbourhoods, are called "The Victoria Homes," and are under the excellent superintendence of Mr A. Wilké. This year a third has been added to the list, that in the old Brunswick Hotel at Blackwall, formerly the "Emigrants' Home,"—Lord Radstock's earliest scheme, dating from 1883, but no longer required to shelter emigrants. It is started as a "club and home," to quote the leaflet announcing its opening, for "respectable men who wish to avoid the common lodging-house or the discomfort and expense of private lodgings." Thus it marks a beginning of the plan we are here advocating. The "hotel contains

a large number of separate, single-bedded, small rooms, public dining-hall, separate dining and coffee rooms, smoking-room, lavatories, baths, and hairdressing-room." The prices per night are 4d., 6d., and 9d., according to accommodation. Beds or rooms may be hired also per week at the same rate. A dinner of three courses can be had for 6d. in the general dining-hall, in private dining-rooms for 9d. The "Victoria Homes" have been of enormous advantage to East-Enders. Beds are 4d., cubicles 6d. per night. Lodgers who take "their beds six nights running, from Monday to Saturday, are entitled to a free night on Sunday." Lord Radstock, by his example, was the man who forced London lodging-house-keepers to put their places on an improved footing, though nothing short of their systematic night inspection, to quote from a pamphlet entitled 'Outcast London,' will keep alive Lord Shaftesbury's second Act, to secure proper sanitary conditions. Dickens called this Act, as told in Lord Shaftesbury's 'Life,' the best law "that was ever passed by an English Parliament." The description of the Glasgow houses likewise describes the "Victoria Homes." They are financially successful. The money earned goes to the extension of the work, and not into the pockets of the owners. At an expense of 8d. a-day, in addition to the bed-charge, a man can live fairly. At 1s. he would get *all* he desired. The houses have fire-escapes, a piano, harmonium, barber's shop, savings-bank, and labour office. Servants make up the beds, and keep everything clean. In special halls, on various evenings, religious addresses, concerts, or temperance lectures are given. At other times smoking is permitted, games are

played, or newspapers read. No interference of any kind with the opinions or habits of lodgers occurs, beyond the necessary rules regulating such establishments. Neither gambling nor cards is allowed. To the meetings, men come if they please. If disinclined to come, they sit about the dining-rooms chatting and smoking. Brotherly sympathy, brotherly help, extends itself freely as the highest privilege; and, we may add, it would be difficult to see Christianity more practically applied.

It is not within the scope of our paper to enter into further details. Any one wishing information on the awful lot of the London common lodger, and the comparative paradise Lord Radstock has created, can obtain, at 8 Salisbury Court, London, the pamphlet above quoted, or pay a visit to the "Victoria Homes."¹

In the evolutionary growth of improved lodgings, yet another Peer, Lord Rowton, the nephew of Lord Shaftesbury, takes the next place. Profiting, we believe, by Lord Radstock's experience, he opened on strictly commercial principles, on the 31st December 1892, as stated in the prospectus issued 8th March 1894, creating a limited liability company, the now well-known "Rowton House" in Vauxhall, London, at a cost of £30,000. This is a splendid affair, white-tiled throughout, containing 470 cubicles, the whole building being properly ventilated, lighted, and warmed. The internal arrangements, save for excellence, are scarcely different from what has been already described. There is no piano. Card-playing is prohibited. The cost

of a cubicle is 6d. per night. Each, like cubicles generally, is furnished with a chair and iron bedstead; but the occupant, as is usual, must wash at the lavatories. The enterprise yielded a net profit of "5 per cent on the capital invested," for the year ending 31st December 1893; while, "for the last three months of that period, when the House had become thoroughly known, and was consequently more largely used, the net profits were at the rate of 6 per cent per annum." We do not notice, however, that any sum has been set aside to cover repairs, nor does the prospectus state if this were included in the term "net profit." It frequently "happens that forty or fifty lodgers have to be turned away on a single night." Lord Rowton is extending the field of his operations. The new company by next summer hope to open at King's Cross, London, another "lodging-house, which will contain 620 separate cubicles with a window to each." All the results gained at Vauxhall will be utilised to the fullest extent. It is also "intended hereafter, as suitable opportunities arise, to increase the capital of the company, and to erect other lodging-houses in convenient positions." Lodgings for women are "receiving careful consideration." We were told by a lodger at Vauxhall that a man can have first-class meals for 5s. or 6s. a-week, which, with the cubicle charge, would enable him to live for 9s. a-week—of course doing his own laundry-work.

Finally, we come to the much-vaunted London County Council. The value of its "Progressivism"

¹ The superintendent is constantly needing cast-off clothes, suitable books, and games.

to the London artisan can be gauged by the fact that in the erection of lodgings it was the last to make a move, while its first dividend of about 1½ per cent is also the worst, owing, it was reported, to "unforeseen circumstances."¹ Where, then, we ask, is the business ability? The Council spent from £18,000 to £22,000 on the Parker Street House, Holborn; and it charged, during fourteen months, 5d. per night per cubicle. The original estimate, as stated in the 'Standard' for 16th June last, was £11,000. Comment is superfluous. The house is a good one, but the claim made by a county councillor that the Council's action had had the effect of stimulating "the other 900 lodging-house-keepers in London" to improve their houses, seems as far behind the mark as the "progressive" activity in taking up the matter is behind private enterprise. The management is the same as the others. It, too, possesses a piano and an excellent sitting-room. The return to capital is ridiculous. Well did Colonel Rotton say at the Council's meeting that they were "asked to subsidise the tenants out of the rates." A determination has been happily just reached to raise the cubicle price to 6d. per night, so that a 3 per cent dividend may be paid, and "the statutory sinking fund" created to reproduce the capital in fifty-five years. Three per cent on these houses is barely sufficient. If they do not pay at least 4 per cent, they will act as centres of attraction to the whole kingdom, or "the cost of maintenance," as here appears, is absurd. The Council's Committee had no right to plead want of experience to

cover their commercial stupidity when the Glasgow houses and "Victoria Homes" were before their eyes.

Any one may observe from what has been written, that a great improvement has at the best all too tardily set in with regard to the lodging requirements of poor men, which must totally change the hard lot of many a deserving man trembling on the verge of the workhouse. Others, including the Church Army and the Salvation Army, have established houses of more or less utility, but we have said enough to show the origin and progress of the scheme. Similar lodgings for women of the same class as the men, and for young work-girls, are urgently needed. The question, however, is complicated by the lives such large numbers lead; also by the small wages a respectable woman earns. Its solution, nevertheless, must be tackled as a moral reform, while more girls are yearly going into lodgings from distaste to home-life. What sort of wives they will make, or to what ends they will come, those who know them best can answer. Here it does not concern us. We will just say that the evils connected with women who have no proper homes, with girls whose chief motive of action is impulse, almost puts out of view, in our judgment, the possibility of satisfactorily treating them as if they were men. Influence of some sort will be required. The purely socialistic idea of this seems a notion derived partly from Comte, that humanity will serve humanity for the pleasure of doing so; or, according to modern high-flown enthusiasm, as a return for the advantages of socialism. As

¹ The 'Standard,' 21st March 1894.

either of these is a metaphysical speculation having no basis of fact, neither deserves serious discussion as a remedy to cure the ills of real life.

The possibility, however, of obtaining a decent nightly lodging, does not cover the subject under consideration. Lodging-houses are for those who do not possess a trunkful of belongings or even a second shirt. Besides, what moderately well-to-do man would be satisfied perpetually with such an arrangement, although carried out on the best of plans? The feeling of home can never be enjoyed, and the man is always a wanderer divorced from property. Yet, to associate together in the minds of working men comfort, independence, and property, is one of the greatest requisites to give moral and material stability to the nation. It may be read in Lord Shaftesbury's 'Life' how he once said, before leaving the House of Commons, that "all who were conversant with the working classes knew that, until their domiciliary condition were Christianised (he could use no less forcible a term), all hope of moral or social improvement was utterly vain." The youthful unskilled labourer wants a home, where he can live comfortably at the smallest figure; where his interests will be studied; where he can gather his knick-knacks about him, and be happy after the manner of his own heart. Capitalists, then, perceiving the trend of things, might very well study the subject—might very well see what dividends can be eventually made, by erecting or altering buildings with different internal arrangements to lodging-houses, by establishing homes on club lines for unmarried working men, who are constantly approach-

ing in large numbers the fatal marrying age. We say "eventually," because every new proposition offered to the British labourer is viewed by him with suspicion. This is a natural safeguard, so we do not underrate it. A waiting time, therefore, might be required before return to outlay began. Success would largely depend on the management of the homes, on their judicious advertisement, by handbills, on their establishment amid localities close to centres of unskilled work, such as the docks and other places of East and South London, or in the suburbs of cities accessible by cheap trains. To make them pay, the accommodation would have to be large. Each man should have his own room, bed, and bedroom furniture. A capacious room at either end, one of them containing a piano, ought to be set aside for purposes of recreation, smoking, reading, writing letters, and chat. The dining-room might be in the centre, communicating with the kitchen; or if it were found impracticable to spare so many public rooms as three, the room with the piano might be the one for meals. All the laundry-work, if possible, should be done on the premises, and the clothes of the lodgers afterwards mended. A man with his wife ought to closely superintend everything, having under them several servants to attend to the rooms, to the laundry, and to wait at meals. Strict rules and constant inspection by some one of authority would, of course, be necessary. It would be advantageous if "local government," under the regulations and control of the proprietary body, were introduced. If a committee were formed of the more respectable inmates, and those of longest

standing, to make internal rules not only respecting management but conduct of members, in the same manner as any club-committee does, subject always to the necessity for making the undertaking pay, this would afford a premium to continued residence and be of service to all concerned. Three ample meals a-day must be given. Breakfast should consist of bacon, eggs, or fish, bread and butter, tea or coffee. Dinner of meat, one vegetable, and a pudding. Supper of cold remnants, tea or coffee, bread and butter again. Variation in food should be aimed at. No alcoholic liquors, gambling, or card-playing could be allowed, while the weekly *pension* price might have to be regulated so as to permit of lodgers, if working at a distance, dining away from home.

Respecting price, what the lodging-houses do is a sufficient guide. A man earning 18s. a-week could not afford to pay more than 10s. 6d. Ten shillings is the amount usually asked by the father of his son, but the 6d. might go to the laundress. The interesting blue-book¹ on the expenditure of working men may be said to bear it out, though no definite figure can be stated. At a private lodging-house a young man will give for a room about 2s. 6d. a-week, including the washing of bed-linen. If boarding and lodging are obtained, he spends 12s. per week, and can afford the sum when earning £1 a-week.² A great trouble would arise in the probable inability of many workmen to steadily

pay, owing to the months they may be out of work through no fault of their own, but on account of bad weather or bad trade. Under present circumstances such an occurrence means getting into debt and frequently a descent at last to the "doss-house." The uncertainty of wages is a constant worry to every honest working man, and one of the predisposing causes which lead him to listen to socialistic arguments. The remedy is not with these, nevertheless. It must be principally sought by delaying marriage, and by the extension of the truth of free international exchange. Socialism, we cannot too strongly assert it, rests on the antiquated opinions bound up with foreign paternal notions of government. Stability of wages, stability of every sort, arises only from the free play of liberty. It is greater world-liberty, not greater national restriction, that all labourers require. The sole restriction of any kind applicable to the individual is the moral government of himself. With regard to population and free trade, we have already referred to them in 'Maga,'³ but uncertainty of employment must be met by forethought, insurance, and laying up of money during good seasons. Life's uncertainties have to be faced at some stage by most people. In fluctuating trades, such as the building trade, we understand high wages are given when fully active, because of the doubtfulness of the future. Moral restraint, carefulness, is just what the English labourer dislikes. Thriftlessness, perhaps, has been

¹ C 5861 of 1889.

² The agricultural labourer in England pays as a lodger from 8s. to 10s. See various reports from the assistant commissioners to the Royal Commission on Labour.

³ May and September 1892.

forced into his nature along the centuries since the age of the Black Death, 1349, which unhappily precipitated at revolutionary speed the gradual enfranchisement of labour that had then already begun. The labourer, amid the catastrophe, became divorced from property through the general upset, and the attraction of better wages which scarcity of hands created for a time. Consequently what is required, what has been wanted by working men to reinvigorate their moral tone, is the facilitation of the methods by which, through their own exertions, they may again become possessed of property. Socialism must immediately fizzle out. If the unskilled man found himself comfortable, he would feel a strong inducement to take such precautions as were necessary to always maintain comfort. "Actual possession of property," says Mr T. Mackay in his succinct account of "The English Poor," is "the only known influence" restraining an undue growth of population. At all events, there is no reason why a "club-home" should be confined solely to labourers. The small city clerk and the artisan have wages of sufficient steadiness. Men of these classes could be mixed with the lower class to its advantage and to the prosperity of the club. Friction at first might occur. It is the opinion, however, of the most capable wage-earner of our acquaintance, that everything would settle down at the end satisfactorily.

One objection labourers have to delaying marriage is the desire for a grown-up family capable of earning money at the period when their powers are beginning to fail. They say they begin to get played-out before forty. This, nevertheless,

has another side. In the opinion of Mr St Clair Donaldson, the vicar of the Eton Mission parish, with whom we agree, the early age when deterioration commences is partly due to the fact that frequently youths of fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen are called upon to support their relations through drink, incapacity, disease, or death of the fathers. Thus, lower-class lads assume the cares of existence at an age when upper-class boys are running wild about the playing-fields of Eton. Also, the workman weakens himself by late hours and the vile atmosphere, even of clubs, in which he lives. It is astonishing, unless due to anæmia, how he hates an open window, and catches "coke-fever," as it is named, from persistently roasting himself at a fire regardless of the temperature. The load of sorrow falling so quickly upon the youth of the labouring classes has little connection with the social conditions of England to-day. There are people born that have no right to be born. Marriage is a privilege, the reward of fitness to live; but working men, chiefly on account of discomfort, use it as a means of acquiring comfort when young and of insurance against old age. Could States divide to-morrow all wealth equally among everybody—under present conditions, or those of Collectivism—the world would soon possess such an enormous population that civil war and famine would at once arise as nature's stern check on outraged morality. Were, however, the commerce of the world based on the principles of free exchange of goods, population would automatically adjust itself beneath the play of freedom, and the impetus given to discovery might enable many more millions to be born

with absolute safety. Till then, it is plain that individual regulation of marriage lies at the bottom of schemes of improvement; so that, were the wage-earner, especially the artisan, induced by greater comfort to postpone marriage to a later date, while fighting in early years for free-trade internationally, he could lengthen his life, cause misery to decrease, lighten the burdens of youth, and easily insure for old age. Thus, no State-pension plan ought to be adopted which does not demand at first considerable contributions from the insurer. With this granted, the system might become a measure of value and of mental relief to thousands of souls; otherwise the State, by removing the spur to the maintenance of comfort, will place a premium on self-indulgence.

The cost of establishing "club-homes," as here advocated, can now be so easily arrived at, that it would only be tedious to enter into its discussion. Lord Rowton's Company, Lord Radstock's Committee, any one of the London Industrial Dwellings Companies, or "The Manchester Labourers' Dwellings Company," could very speedily decide what amount of capital would be required. Such undertakings generally possess powers enabling them to do anything. That a great opening presents itself, we think is shown by the growth and success of improved lodging-houses. There are large profits to be earned. In fact, Lord Shaftesbury, arguing upon his bill, as Lord Ashley, before the House of Commons, spoke "of the cheerful punctuality with which the rents were paid" of model homes, and preferred that they should be undertaken by local authorities, "as the temptation to

make inordinate profits had always proved irresistible" to the individual. Still, a personal rather than a machine element seems preferable. The Manchester company above mentioned was established for the purpose of giving every advantage to the "less favoured portion of the community." It does not seek more than a 4 or 5 per cent dividend, while window-gardening is promoted by shareholders interested in the success of the general scheme. The brick-and-mortar building of clubs is one thing, but the satisfactory building of character by human contact at a later stage is another thing just as requisite. Comfort has a tendency to produce selfishness, and the world possesses enough Sybarites already.

If, however, no capitalist will examine the question of "club-homes," local authorities have ample power to establish them at once—even to build separate houses or cottages having a garden of not more than half an acre. Lord Shaftesbury's Act, and other Acts connected with labourers' dwellings, have all been consolidated into one, and will be found in chapter 70 of the Public General Statutes, 53 & 54 Victoria, 1890. On page 581 is Part III., which deals more particularly with our subject. Any one may there find how the law provides machinery for setting in action a grand extension of one of the most salutary reforms that the present day could witness—a reform, too, which is not limited to unmarried men. The initiative rests with the rural and urban sanitary authorities. To stir them up is the duty of those who believe in constructive statesmanship. Lord Salisbury and Mr Chamberlain have lately spoken on population and im-

proved artisans' dwellings, so that the Unionist party are keenly alive to the sorrows and wants of the wage-earner.

We are aware, moralists may tell us, that the evils attending a delay of marriage would be greater than the present social perplexity. We reply, it would be no greater in the case of working men than in the case of well-to-do men. The manual labourer, feeling himself comfortable, will occupy the same relative position as the mental labourer who is already comfortable. Of course, we do not place more reliance on comfort than experience warrants. Those who impartially move between all classes know that the workman has notions of honour concerning a breach of the seventh commandment which the richer man, to his discredit, does not as effectively recognise. The most licentious

blackguards of the world have been despots and popes, men who possessed riches or were supposed to be shining examples. Democracies carry self-will to blatant absurdity, showing that excessive individual egoism from which springs all corruption; while Aristotle concluded it was more difficult to preserve a democracy than to create one. The animal element in human nature does not respect either persons or the positions of persons. It must be controlled before satisfactory results can be reached. *Pari passu*, then, with improved material conditions must go improved moral conditions, or advantages gained by the former will be lost. Countless efforts have been made to attain the latter. Philosophy has produced Stoics; primitive Christianity—saints and heroes.

WARNEFORD MOFFATT.

CHINA'S REPUTATION-BUBBLE.

"China is a huge country with a huge population; its wealth and resources are enormous, and its inhabitants are energetic and brave. Therefore the Chinese will 'walk round,' perhaps will annihilate, the Japanese."

—*Current popular verdict in England at the outbreak of hostilities.*

"The Japanese have spent years in organising and improving their sea and land forces, and in every department of administration have evinced an admirable aptitude for progress. They have now proved themselves a thoroughly military nation. Not only are their fighting characteristics of a high order, but their strategical science reminds us of Von Moltke, and their army may take rank amongst those of Europe."

—*Current verdict six weeks later.*

IN both of the above cases the premisses are undoubtedly right, but I suggest that the deductions are erroneous. What, then? War is ever fertile in surprises; do you intend to weary us with an academical proof of error—to flog a dead horse? No, I reply; but I would point out a fresh illustration of our constant tendency to be led astray by the irresponsible chatter of optimists, and I would urge that our policy in the Far East should not henceforth be prompted by that perversity of goodwill which, in the case of China, has beguiled us to select the ugliest of nations for our especial favour. As some sort of credentials for my attempt, I venture to explain that I have travelled over considerable distances both in China and Japan, by no means limiting myself to the coast-lines, with the carefully pre-arranged purpose of learning, as well as with the view of comparing more modern conditions with those which prevailed when Sir Hope Grant captured Peking in 1860. An objection that my testimony is invalidated by the march of events would not here hold good. China never "marches," except in the sense that she frequently progresses backwards.

Perhaps only those who have had personal experience of the nation can realise the extraordinary power which custom exercises over the whole course of their public and domestic life. All classes regard the slightest innovation not only as hateful but criminal. Utility and progress, whether applied to science or to practical art, they cannot away with. Their reputed astronomical proficiency would have aroused the ridicule of the cotemporaries of Copernicus, and their practice of medicine that of Galen. Their medical science is on a par with the above. The most trivial surgical operation is forbidden, anæsthetics are hated, and physiology is despised. And as regards manufactures, although the Chinese, from contact with Europeans, have had ample opportunities of appreciating the advantages of steam and machinery; although the establishment of a few, a very few, Government factories might imply an acquiescence in principle; although they possess a steam navy and an arsenal at Shanghai, partly worked by machinery,—the evidence of these circumstances is altogether illusory. The establishments are not national, and only exist to

blind Europeans. They are worked by foreigners, who are hired by the nation to carry out that which they despise. Our simplest devices for augmenting the results of muscular action are entirely repudiated by the working classes, who are more than content with the elementary application of the lever, the pulley, and the wheel. Household implements, farm implements, and trade implements are fashioned strictly in accordance with the prescriptions of "olo [old] custom." "Why are all your oars, large and small, made in two pieces clumsily lashed together?" I ask. "Olo custom," is the conclusive reply. "Why do you arm all your coast-junks with those useless 2-pounders, when you have plenty of 6-pounders available?" "Olo custom." "Why do you always emboss huge goggle-eyes on the bows of your ships?" "Olo custom," as a matter of course—plus, in this case, a championship of its wisdom. "If ship no have eyes, how can see? If no can see, how can walkee? You number one foolo." Should my reader decline to realise the power and prevalence of "olo custom," he will do well to discontinue the perusal of this paper, for he will pronounce my further facts fallacious and my conclusions inconclusive.

If, on the other hand, my postulate be granted, the hollowness of China's alleged military resources becomes evident. For instance, its population is estimated, somewhat vaguely, but with a probable approximation to accuracy, at a minimum of 350 millions. Were it double this number, of what avail for recruiting purposes, on a sudden emergency, if the levies for the army cannot be concentrated within months? China is practically destitute of every means of communication, save

the shifting water-ways of a few large rivers. I shall have more to say anon about railways in process of inception, or rather alleged conception; but the only lines actually existent are, according to the authority of Mr Curzon's excellent book, 'Problems of the Far East,' the twenty-seven miles from Tien-tsin to Tong-ku, with its prolongation thence in the direction of Manchuria, and a few trumpery local lengths, all of which as little serve for present strategical purpose as would a railway from London to Balham facilitate the concentration of troops in Yorkshire. Highroads, in our sense of the term, the Chinese will have none of, except in areas so restricted, compared to the total extent of territory, as not to invalidate my general statement. "Olo custom; we don't want them, we won't make them." Throughout the course of my travels, I failed to discover a single highway, or even track for wheel traffic. There were none in the vicinity of Canton, or Swatow, or Amoy, or Foochow, or Kiu-kiang, or the populous inland metropolis Hankow-Wuchau, or bordering at least six hundred miles of the Yang-tsze-kiang. When exploring the neighbourhood of Chin-kiang, I paid particular attention to the isolated path, winding for miles across the open burial district, and furnishing an example of what is called a Chinese road. It was six feet wide, with a narrow breadth of rough paving-stones, and with sharply sloping sides, which in summer are ankle-deep in dust, and in winter knee-deep in sticky mud. It was useful for wheelbarrows and for sweltering pack-coolies; but as a military communication it was beneath contempt. When, in 1860, Sir

Hope Grant marched with his little army, not exceeding 10,000 effectives, supplemented by about 5000 French, up to the very walls of Peking, the Chinese had had several months' grace for the concentration of myriads of levies; but they never appeared in sufficient numbers to cause him a moment's disquietude from the preponderance of odds, and the proud capital surrendered to our comparative handful without firing a shot from its fortified walls.

Assuming, however, the possibility that China's enemy were sufficiently obliging or dilatory to admit of the concentration at certain strategical points of a tithe of her resources in *personnel*—might it not be urged that the dogged courage of the Chinese taken as individuals would, together with the force of sheer numbers, counterbalance her inferiority in tactics and organisation? I should demur to such a deduction. Without a doubt a Chinaman upon due occasion is capable of conspicuous ferocity, frequently entertains a cynical disregard for his own life—besides the lives of his relations and friends—and patiently endures danger, torture, and death for a consideration. Witness the stolid equanimity with which our paid coolies stood in the ditch of the Taku Fort in 1886, unflinchingly supporting on their shoulders the ladder-bridges across which our troops rushed to the assault, while the bearers were shot down in numbers by their own countrymen. But this sordid sullen indifference to death is not to be confounded with the fierce valour of the true soldier, actuated by the fanaticism of fighting, of which Napoleon, speaking of civilised troops, said, "*Il en faut pour se faire tuer.*" *Il en faut*—but the

Chinaman has it not; he is not a fighting man, and he feels no shame in being morally cowed or physically whacked. An angry Chinaman, stimulated by a surrounding knot of his countrymen, made a snatch at my pony's bridle. "Ah, would you," said I, merely raising my slight whip. There was no occasion for the whip to descend on the shoulders, though there was not another Englishman within miles. I have been pelted by a howling crowd outside a Chinese temple, and surrounded by a menacing throng inside a Chinese city. The isolated Englishman had but to wheel sharply round and to advance with cheap swagger, and his enemies melted away like snow. The story of the little engagement of "Muddy Flat" at Shanghai shows how absolutely powerless are mere numbers of natives. A large number of Chinese Imperialists, acting against the Taiping rebels, had been encamped on the limits of the British concession, where they behaved in so hostile a manner that our municipal council sent a message to the head mandarin requiring the removal of his troops to a more distant camping-ground, and intimating that, in the event of non-compliance within twenty-four hours, serious consequences would ensue. This message from a few hundreds to several thousands was treated with silent contempt, until the rumour went abroad that, with their characteristic and insensate audacity, the Englishmen meant what they said. Thereupon the mandarin sent a message that we "must wait a little." "Certainly not," was the rejoinder; "we fixed on 2 P.M., and at 2 P.M. we intend to act." Sure enough at that hour the volunteers, reinforced with some blue-jackets, and

making an aggregate of not more than 300 men, marched out against the Chinese at "Muddy Flat," numbering about 3000, and supported by some additional 5000 in the vicinity. We opened the ball with a vigorous fire, and the Chinese were so astonished and dismayed at the arrogance of our tiny force that the victory was already half won, when the rebel Taepings, who from the city walls had been narrowly watching our operations, became so charmed at seeing the chastisement which the English were inflicting on the Imperial Chinese troops, that they sallied forth, attacked their own countrymen in flank, and materially contributed to their final defeat. My informant, who had himself been present at this engagement, told me he had counted 130 bodies of the Chinese. Our own loss was 3 killed and about 30 wounded.

Inasmuch as recent telegrams have given rise to some apprehension lest the small knots of our countrymen in Chinese settlements should be suddenly attacked and swept off the face of the earth by the mere weight of surging masses, I may expatiate somewhat on the measures which Englishmen formerly have concerted there for self-defence. The Shanghai volunteers requested the general at Hong-Kong to depute an officer to judge of their efficiency, and to give them any useful hints. I was selected for the duty; and as all my expenses were most liberally paid out of the private pockets of the volunteers themselves, I considered it incumbent on me not only to perform my task with prolonged diligence, but to point out shortcomings with an unreserve for which

they had the wondrous wisdom to express emphatic thanks. The strength on parade of the tiny army which I inspected, commanded by an excellent soldier, Major C. Holliday, amounted to 20 cavalry, 33 artillery with field-guns, and 208 infantry, all sturdy, well-armed (with the exception of the artillery), well-equipped, and worthily representing the organisation of English civilisation. Their drill movements were not ambitious, but were performed with a clever readiness and a grave steadiness which fulfilled every practical requirement.¹ They were justly proud of themselves, and Englishmen could not but be proud of these specimens of our countrymen in the Far East. Keen was the interest of the Chinese population. A vast crowd of many thousands from the native city had clustered round every conceivable point of vantage bearing on the inspection-ground — and none but the mentally blind could doubt how profoundly they were impressed with the, to them miraculous, regularity of our manoeuvres, and the evenly sustained fire of our infantry and artillery. "Humph! China soldier no good; no can do," was the philosophical remark of a native patriot.

On my return to England, I represented to the War Office the deficiency at Shanghai of proper artillery armament, and a complete battery of Armstrongs was sent out as a present to the soldiers of this little republic, so lavish in furnishing funds for their military budget.

At a later period these volunteers were again inspected by General Sir William Cameron, now commanding the troops in

¹ From notes taken on the spot.

South Africa, and from him I learned that they had in no wise deteriorated by the lapse of time. Not less efficient than their appearance on parade were their organisation and their measures to resist a sudden outbreak, and these precautions had, *mutatis mutandis*, been adopted in other localities. At Hankow, 600 miles in the interior, the British Municipal Council, regulating the affairs of a mere handful of European merchants, had purchased a large supply of rifles and ammunition, and had stored them in a central building ready for immediate issue. A rendezvous for the fighting men, as well as for the women and children, had been fixed, with a view of holding out until relieved by an English ship. We must admit the possibility that the various communities of our countrymen may be destroyed; but they will not be unresistingly massacred. To use the French prophecy concerning their next war with Germany: "On ne nous mangera pas tout crus."

To revert to the soldiers of China: I had occasional opportunities of personally scrutinising small bodies of Chinese troops. Their arms were of various patterns, possessing a uniformity only of such dirt, rust, and deficiency as to lead to the suspicion that one-half were incapable of being fired, while their equipment and marching, their drill and demeanour, were suggestive of a show at a transpontine pantomime. Captain Butler, superintendent of the Lung Hwa powder-factory, a Prussian officer free from Prussian arrogance, informed me that the Chinese Government, having heard of the efficiency of German drill,

had requested him to undertake, as an additional duty, the drilling of an infantry battalion, and the following was the gist of his statement to me:¹ "I explained, but without the slightest success, that the undertaking would be a waste of their money and my time. As soon as I appear within the fort, the mandarin colonel and his officers—at all times thoroughly idle—swagger off with offended dignity. The non-commissioned officers—at all times thoroughly useless—squat on the ground and go to sleep, unless I constantly bully them. I make it a point of principle never to allow any of the men to be thrashed except by myself. But the necessity for this operation is so frequent that a great part of my time is spent in bamboozing the sergeants, and the balance available for drill is small." He added that one of the greatest impediments to their efficient field-firing was their incurable habit of shutting both eyes just before pulling the trigger. Moreover, their rifles were kept in so filthy a condition that a large proportion of the locks became jammed, and the delivery of fire was habitually doubtful. He was of opinion that the men would never be worth one farthing unless they were exclusively officered by Europeans.

Although Chinese soldiers have a thorough knowledge of oppression, they have not a notion of discipline, as we use the term. A small body of troops in the neighbourhood of Shanghai were one day warned for muster, in order to deal with a local disturbance. Next night they absconded *en masse*, and when subsequently ridiculed and questioned by some of the English community,

¹ From some unpublished notes taken at the time.

they believed their absence would be held quite justified by the alleged remarkable coincidence of general misfortune involving a principle of ancestral worship. "Must go," said these warriors one and all; "last night mother makee die."

I do not think I shall be far wrong in declaring that, taking the Chinese troops as a body, they are, as a rule, little better than an undrilled rabble, dangerous only to their friends; and that, taking the Chinese soldier individually, he differs little from a coolie, wearing a filthy and scanty uniform. Without pride in his vocation or in his arms, ill-disciplined and untaught, with a great deal of the bully and, on occasions, a little of the craven, he is detested by his countrymen and despised by outsiders. The infrequent Chinese successes have been due to the folly of her foes, and the co-operation of climate, rather than to her own active achievements.

To state that the professional knowledge of the officers is at the lowest ebb would be to lead to a misconception, because their professional knowledge is limited to skill in perpetrating a maximum of evil and fraud. Generals, commanding officers, subordinate officers, and non-commissioned officers, from the very highest to the very lowest, their one object is to carry out a scientifically graduated system of cheating. The Fuhtais swindle through the supply department; the mandarin draws pay for 1000 men, though he has but 500 under arms. At an inspection by a superior, who, being a thief himself, allows no poaching on his own domain, the former dresses up as soldiers the required balance, in the shape of 500 coolies

ignorant even how to hold a rifle. The subordinate officers pay their men only one-half of the pittance due to them, and the private soldier compensates himself by pillaging and bullying the miserable villagers. In fine, provided an officer be rich and quiet, he is content to be infamous. He has not the faintest idea of that sense of honour which feels a stain like a wound. To imply to him that he is a thief, a liar, and a coward would scarcely convey greater offence than to charge an English gentleman with being an inveterate punster. Can it be maintained that such officers can heroically and efficiently lead such men? I was on board a ship of the China Merchant Company, conveying a Chinese general and some hundreds of his men to Foochow. The general, in support of his own dignity, claimed to dine with the five or six Europeans present, and we all exerted ourselves to treat him with the utmost civility and consideration. But the poor fish-out-of-water crawled cringing to his meals, replied tremblingly to the conversation I addressed to him in French—he knew little English—and shrank servilely into a corner at the conclusion of the repasts. He had little general education, less professional knowledge, and no dignity of address whatever, whether European or oriental. On disembarking at Pagoda Anchorage, he suddenly blossomed into a high official, and was received with great pomp by his garrison. But on closer examination I realised that the latter consisted of a disorderly mob, and that the blaze of colour was chiefly due to a conglomeration of standards, amounting to about 50 per cent of the fighting strength.

As might be expected, the Chinese fortifications reflect the military characteristics of the nation. Their works, though they are occasionally—as at Wuchau—skilfully traced and strongly built, are constructed on the principles of the Great Wall of China. They decide that an enemy will assail them at such and such a spot: this particular portion only will they fortify, and no power will induce them to adopt precautions against other contingencies. As a result, in many cases their works can be turned with ease by an enemy of ordinary intelligence and enterprise. This measure they consider as somewhat dastardly and unfair. “You had no business to hit me then,” remonstrated Molière’s Monsieur Jourdain. “You must never thrust in carte till you have thrust in tierce.” Sir Hope Grant used to tell of the intercepted Chinese despatch: “The untutored Barbarians, apparently ignorant that guns could not be fired backwards, attacked us in rear, and thus rendered the whole of our ordnance useless.”

I carefully swept with my glass the works protecting Amoy. Their front was formidable, and they were apparently heavily armed; but their flanks were “up in the air,” and there was no sort of obstacle, natural or artificial, to prevent an easy and successful flank attack. “No occasion to bother about such a contingency,” say the Chinese; “it is certain our enemy would attack us in the particular part we have fortified.” To be sure, I did detect a recognition of a more true principle in some intrenchments defending the river Min—some elementary redoubts guarding the flanks; but on

more careful scrutiny they proved to be mere sham,—painted lath and pasteboard, calculated to deceive an exceedingly childish enemy.

Under the guidance of European superintendents, I spent some time in examining the powder-factories, the navy-yard, and the arsenal at Kiangnan and Lung Hwa on the Whampoa river, and here the curious incapacity of the Chinese to grasp any idea deviating from “*olo custom*” was strikingly exemplified. The working head of the arsenal, Mr Mackenzie, whose name the Chinese had transformed into “Mah-chen-tsze,” had for ten years occupied a high position in Woolwich Arsenal, and had been employed by the Pekin Government to manufacture guns according to modern principles. He achieved some success, in spite of the vexatious opposition of the Chinese themselves; but his work was of a heart-breaking nature. Let him speak for himself.¹ “Try,” he said, “to introduce improvements of obvious and tried utility. The Chinese will have none of them, and argue that our so-called inventions had been anticipated by them years ago, tested, and found wanting. My native workmen are in some respects excellent, steady, hardworking, and extremely intelligent and accurate as regards imitation; but they cannot go beyond copying, and, on the other hand, they are thoroughly untrustworthy unless under constant supervision, thankless, and inveterate pilferers. In great matters of arsenal administration I am absolute master, but in practical details I am incessantly hampered. For example, here are a quantity of smooth-bore 2-pounders. Pekin ordered eighty of

¹ The gist of some unpublished notes taken at the time.

these wretched guns for their river-junks. In vain did I urge that I could supply far more efficient and lighter rifled weapons, with little ultimate increase of expense. No. 'Olo custom.' These junk-guns had been in use for generations, and had I deviated a hair's-breadth from the glaring defects of the old pattern, the whole batch would have been condemned. I can turn out good guns, but I cannot turn out good gunners. They have neither the spirit of artillerymen nor of soldiers, and are quite unable to work their own guns with any approach to efficiency."¹ Captain Butler, the manager of the powder-factories, to whom I have before alluded, gave independent evidence to precisely the same effect, laying especial stress on their incapacities for organising, and their untrustworthiness as foremen of departments. During the Tonkin war he was asked by the Chinese Government whether he could meet a sudden demand for an increased supply of cartridges. "Certainly," was his answer. "I could issue 20,000 instead of 5000 daily." But the mandarin, who was the titular head of the department, remonstrated: "Pray moderate your estimate. Say, at most, 10,000 per diem, otherwise I shall have so much extra trouble, and — and ——" conveying, in fact, his scarcely concealed fear that the innovation might in some way curtail his corrupt gains. Reassured on this point, he at once withdrew his opposition to his country being supplied with sufficient ammunition to deal with his country's enemies.

I do not presume to discuss the question of China's navy, because I do not possess the technical knowledge to qualify me for the task; but can it be doubted that it is affected by the rottenness and rascality which pervade the other departments? The frequent statement that the captain of a gunboat pays a premium for his command, and recoups himself handsomely by cheating his crew, bears at least the semblance of strong probability.

In dealing with the second of the two armies which we are considering—the Japanese—I shall restrict myself to a few remarks of a general nature, partly because excellent reports have recently been furnished by English officers, and partly because the remarkable progress of reform throughout the country forbids my asserting, as I assert concerning China, that Japan has not much changed of late years. We may, however, safely assume that its best features have become more pronounced by the lapse of time. During my stay in Tokio I was aided by the hearty co-operation of General Saigo and of the Japanese War Office in my methodical study of their organisation, while staff and regimental officers vied in their friendly endeavours to enable me to see for myself. I came to the conclusion that their theory of organisation was very good, and that men and *matériel* were in a satisfactory condition of efficiency—"considering"; considering that the subject of my investigation was an Eastern and not a Western na-

¹ While this paper is passing through the press, a telegram from Shanghai reports that this arsenal of Kiangnan, by far the most efficient in China, is only working half time—in the very heat of war—owing to lack of funds.

tion. I suggest that this qualification bears directly on my allegation of a fallacy of judgment which has bracketed the army of Japan with the leading armies of Europe.

In further explanation of my statement, not only were their departments, civil as well as military, conducted on principles of wisdom which resulted in efficiency in practice, their manufacturing departments delightful miniature counterparts of European State workshops, their educational establishments of a high order; not only was their regimental system excellent, but the individual regiments, taken *en masse*, might be fairly designated good factors. I may mention that I was so enamoured of the aspect and efficiency of their field-batteries that I could not resist the temptation of personally participating in their manoeuvres by driving the centre of a gun-team, in which I found myself as much at home as though I were drilling with my own battery. The infantry were precise and efficient in their movements; and the cavalry, though scanty in numbers, was fair. The aspect and the turn-out of the three arms left little to be desired; and yet—and yet—as we walk down the ranks a sensation of illusion creeps over us, for the spirit of the soldier is not here. Here are not men with an innate love of fighting, who would take the initiative of danger, and who, out of hand in their eagerness, would storm a position with a cheer. That they have fought fiercely against the Chinese does not confute my suggestion, because in this case national hatred has been roused to fury, and has assumed the phase of personal animosity rather than that of the courage of a soldier.

May it not be questioned whether the remarkable absence of crime and the submissive discipline of the Japanese army does not constitute an absolute military psychological defect—whether its soldiers are not over-docile, and therefore tend to be spiritless? Better, surely, that they should occasionally insult the sergeant-major, knock down the sergeant, break out of barracks, and make away with kits, rather than that they should be characterised by a lack of that spirited impetuosity which constitutes so valuable a component of the true soldier. No; the Jap will remain a Jap, do what you will to dress him, and arm him, and drill him as a European soldier. You may discipline him into military semblance, but you will never manufacture him into a “vieille moustache.” Relax the stringency of barrack life or set him to campaigning work, and Nature will insist on reasserting herself: the soldier will rapidly revert to coolie instincts—a thoroughly well-behaved coolie, but still a coolie.

One word more of caution. In Japan, as elsewhere, we are frequently led astray by the failure of practice to correspond with theory. When I was going round the barrack-rooms at Tokio, the officers who accompanied me urged me to question them in details as much as I pleased. I therefore inquire—

“How many boots has the private?”

“Two pairs; one he wears, and the other he keeps at his bed-head.”

“Why,” I reply, “I do not see a second pair belonging to yonder man?”

“Oh, gone to be mended.”

“But,” I urbanely suggest, “I

do not see a single second pair among all the thirty men in the room?" Baffled silence, and I hastily change the subject.

"Can you, please, tell me what are the articles of his kit?"

A long enumeration, which comprises the most liberal supply of every item conducive to cleanliness, health, and comfort.

"Would you be so kind as to permit me to see the nature of those articles. May that man, for instance, unpack his squad-bag?"

Dismayed hesitation—but there is no help for it. And I have some difficulty in maintaining my gravity as the French military *attaché*, whose pride in the Japanese army is great, mutters with a keen sense of the ridiculous, mingled, perhaps, with a little vexation: "*Dieu sait ce qu'il y trouvera.*" Ah, I thought so: a blanket, shirt, and head-dress, a piece of some nasty eatable, and a box of flea-powder. This triviality shows them in Japan as elsewhere; a scratch on the surface often reveals essential deficiencies in what is fair seeming.

It is, moreover, important to remember, in estimating Japanese progress, that a similar tendency, inevitable where very rapid civilisation has not had time to become ingrained, is noticeable in other classes. I was once a fellow-passenger on board a *Mitzu Bishi* (Japanese) steamer with four Japanese, who, on first embarking, were shyly polished in their demeanour, and bore the aspect of refined and even dandified European gentlemen. But as time wore on, their real nature soon asserted itself. Their acquired social manners lapsed into abeyance; they became untidy and unkempt; their "European" garments were in quick succes-

sion discarded; the flowing *Kimono* was substituted; they displayed an inclination to squat rather than to sit; their mode of eating was suggestive of chopsticks; they shambled about in naked feet; and as their clothing became more and more scanty, I began to surmise whether we should not be favoured with their "birthday suits" alone had we not fortunately reached port.

With the data I have set before the reader, I will now endeavour to show that the recent course of events has been precisely such as we ought to have anticipated.

Both nations must long ago have been aware that their increasing fierce animosity would result in war. Japan, who during the last twenty years has made strides of progress attained by civilised Europe only in the course of centuries, has for some time been concerting preparations for such an outbreak. China, who for the last hundred years—and a great deal more—has persisted in stagnation and corruption, also persisted in allowing eventualities to shift for themselves. Herein both sides resembled France and Germany in 1870, "only a great deal more so." The crisis came. Three-quarters-civilised, and wholly prepared, Japan hurled all her power against her half-civilised and wholly unprepared neighbour. Of what avail China's vast superiority in wealth and population if time, the most important element of success in war, precluded her utilising these advantages? Japan struck blow after blow, while China was still thinking it was really time to be doing something. Great, therefore, was the relative strength of Japan; great was not her absolute strength. Her preparations,

adequate against the Chinese, would have been entirely inadequate against a civilised enemy; and to speak of her as formidable to a European nation is to measure her with a false standard, and to weigh her with false scales. Equally preposterous is it to describe Japanese strategy as Von Moltke-like. The despatch of a strong force to the Corea was wisdom; it was also such wisdom as might be expected from a child of tender years. What exercise was there for painful, careful, and scientific strategy, which led to Waterloo, to Sadowa, or to Sedan? Dealing with later events, what evidence is there of Von Moltke's strategy in this tarrying at Ping Yang, instead of following up success with an immediate further blow? Really, the invocation of reputed strategists and the publication of their forecasts is about as reasonable as to summon Sir William Broadbent to diagnose a case of simple ear-ache.

And the Japanese tactics—marvellous! Nay, rather, marvellous the pig-headedness of the Chinese. At Ping Yang, the former found themselves confronted by an enemy ensconced behind entrenchments more or less formidable in front, but as defenceless on the flanks as would be a man with his hands tied behind his back. The Japanese played with the Chinese in front, and then ran round both corners and belaboured them in rear. To compliment them for such "tactics" would be like complimenting the wolves for their masterly destruction of the lambs.

Of more weight, however, has been the favourable verdict from three or four authorities concerning China's awakening, her actual development, and her prospective progress. Truly it is pleasant and

popular to support the optimists where, as in the case of China, the power of refutation belongs to few. Some years ago I published my personal experiences of the country, under the title of 'English Life in China.' Then, as now, I vehemently denounced the infamous administration of China, the misery of its inhabitants, and the quagmire of its ante-reform. My statements were characterised as the ravings of a sour pessimist. Doubtless I had represented my case in a clumsy fashion, for now, after the lapse of many years, I find the more skilfully framed arguments of Mr Curzon's most interesting 'Problems of the Far East' received with ready acceptance, although they correspond in essentials with singular exactitude to my former prognostications. As one of the few who have not been without opportunities of seeing for themselves, I again ask for evidences of development and progress in their internal administration and all that is comprised in that comprehensive expression. What of their laws, their prisons, and their local rule? Dare you pronounce them aught but legalised wickedness and cruelty? What of their officials? Dare you deny that, with very few exceptions, they revel in the very luxury of baseness, and that systematic robbery continues to be the all-powerful lever, from the highest Fuhtai to the lowest myrmidon? What of their manufactures? Can you quote a single national instance on a large scale where the modern inventions of steam and machinery have been utilised, apart, as I have said before, from the ingrafted European factories, which no more represent China than Gibraltar represents Spain? And the domestic condition of their myriad

lower orders—will you contend that they are not sunk in abject depths of ignorance and superstition, of misery and crime? The missionaries are awakening them, do you say? "Are awakening" is not identical with "have awakened"; and alas that the reports of a noble cause are, with rare exceptions, so overstated that impartial witnesses who have investigated the allegations on the spot must needs admit them to be fallacious!

What of railroads, the indispensable requirement of even the initiatory palliation of China's maladies? "There," may be the triumphant rejoinder, "we can confute you with your own arguments. The country is being opened up; railways are being constructed, and, *pari passu*, progress and improvement are matters of certainty." Let us accept the challenge as a test one. A line, to the best of my recollection about seven miles long, was constructed between Woosung and Shanghai by an English company, and worked under English administration upon a concession of three years, at the end of which period the Chinese Government was to have the option of purchase. The railway proved such a remarkable success, and was so largely utilised by the natives, that the mandarins became alarmed at this symptom of local progress, exercised their ultimate right of purchase, destroyed the railway, tore up the lines, and transported the whole of the *matériel* to far distant regions. I traced the destination of a portion of the metal to the island of Formosa. A skilled English engineer, Mr Morrison, who had come out for the special purpose of laying down the Woosung line, and carrying out other apparently dawning prospects, expressed his

concurrence in the prevalent belief that there is scarcely any country in the world where railways can be constructed with greater ease, speed, and cheapness, and with the certainty of a profitable return. But he considered that the general line of action pursued by the Imperial authorities transferred to the remote future the actual construction of a railway-system on a large scale, and acting on this opinion he returned to England. This occurred ten years ago, and uninterruptedly since that period the Chinese Government, faithful to its crooked courses, has hoodwinked European nations by simulated intentions to construct lines throughout the length and breadth of the empire. Over and over again enthusiasts have assured me that railways in China are an accomplished fact. Pressed to specify work completed and localities, the reply has been a compound of animadversion on scepticism and a reluctant modification of the original statement. "I tell you the country has been surveyed, the estimates drawn up, working gangs and material in process of concentration, and fulfilment is a mere question of a few months." "Not a bit of it," has been my reply, and not a bit of it has been the obstinate truth up to a very late period, when the Chinese, driven into a corner by foreign financiers, have, as Mr Curzon informs us, carried out the reality of some short length, chiefly valuable as indicating at least the possibility of a wide extension, which recent events may materially accelerate.

On the China question, as on all others, the wise may agree to differ in their deductions; but they cannot agree to differ about their facts, or to dispute that two and two make

four. How can the traveller be required to resist the evidence of his own senses—to ignore that which he himself has actually experienced, to disbelieve that which he himself has actually seen? Can those who have actually travelled in China, and whose discrimination is not warped by optimism, deny the universal reign of corruption, the rule of insensate custom, and the prevalence of ignorance and degradation? How, then, must such men be amazed at reading the following passages in the late Mr Pearson's 'National Character': "Ordinary statesmanship, adopting the improvements of Europe, without offending the customs and prejudices of the [Chinese] people, may make them a State which no Power in Europe will dare to disregard. . . . Does any one doubt that the day is at hand when China will have cheap fuel from her coal-mines, cheap transport by railways

and steamers, and will have founded technical schools to develop her industries? . . . The preponderance of China over any rival, even over the United States of America, is likely to be overwhelming." We can only lament that the eminent writer was so misled in his conclusions through second-hand, fallacious, or fanatic evidence.

Through the violent convulsion of current events, or the more gradual force of resulting circumstances, the Chinese empire may, in the course of decades, be purified; and after the lapse of tenfold decades may attain to a wondrous pitch of prosperity: but to bid us believe that she is actually entering on a career of purity and prosperity, notwithstanding existent corruption, is to bid us believe that we may gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.

HENRY KNOLLYS,

Col. (h.p.) R.A.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCL.

DECEMBER 1894.

VOL. CLVI.

A FOREIGNER.

INTRODUCTION.

PART FIRST—REHEARSAL.

AT the THEATRE ROYAL, COCKLEBURGH, will be performed, on the 21st inst.,
the celebrated Drama of

"CINDERELLA; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER,"

by a Select Company of Distinguished Artists.

Characters.	
<i>The Baroness</i>	Miss BELLA SIMPSON.
<i>Ulrica,</i> } her Daughters	{ Miss KITTY COCKBURN.
<i>Charlotte,</i> }	{ Miss AGNES HENDERSON.
<i>Cinderella,</i> Stepdaughter to the Baroness	Miss EUPHEMIA DALRYMPLE.
<i>A Fairy,</i> Godmother to Cinderella	Miss JESSIE LUSHINGTON.
<i>The Prince.</i>	
<i>Muley,</i> Lord Chamberlain to the Prince.	
Court Ladies and Gentlemen, Pages, Servants, &c.	

SUCH was the playbill which, transcribed in printed characters on a sheet of foolscap paper, and embellished by sundry ornamental flourishes executed in red ink, was posted up in the receiving parlour of Miss Crossbill's private boarding-school for young ladies at Cockleburgh, near Edinburgh, in order to inform the world at large of the dramatic treat in store for it.

For wellnigh a month past the girls had talked of nothing else but this play, which was to conclude

VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCCL.

the annual entertainment following upon the prize-distribution previous to breaking up school for the vacation. Scenery and costumes were all complete, the parts had been conned over and over again with such zeal that each young actress might almost have performed her rôle asleep, yet now at the eleventh hour the performance seemed likely to fall through for lack of two young gentlemen to take the parts of the Prince and Muley, and that was the reason why, on the above playbill,

3 B

the names of these two important actors were as yet represented by blank spaces.

To-day, being Saturday, is a half-holiday at Miss Crossbill's school; and as it is a faultless summer day, the girls have been permitted to spend the afternoon on the stretch of beach which lies so conveniently close to the garden of *Rhododendron Lodge*, that by a high tide and in stormy weather the waves are apt to leap up the steps, and, bursting in between the rusty bars of the iron gate opening out of the garden wall at this end, rudely to dash over the nearest flowers and shrubs, leaving them encrusted with a delicate crystal powder resembling the sparkle of hoar-frost. From this reiterated action of the breakers, the ancient steps have been honey-combed through and through, producing numberless holes and crevices in which miniature limpets and mussels have lodged themselves, side by side with tufts of many-coloured varieties of sea-weed and lichen.

The sea-gulls are almost as much at home in the garden as are black-birds and chaffinches, whose legitimate nourishment of worms and grubs they come to dispute; and the arrogant toads, which in other more inland gardens are accustomed to reign supreme, are here often superciliously surprised on encountering a bewildered crab, which, landed here by the last spring-tide, has ever since been vainly endeavouring to find an issue from this strange prison-trap into which it has unwittingly fallen.

But it is low tide just now, and the sea—that arch deceiver—looks quite far away as seen across the space of sand dividing it from the garden wall; so blue and motionless are the waters to-day, that only by a faint subdued ripple the giant occasionally gives warning that he

is asleep, not dead, and will wake up anon to a fresh burst of fury.

A belt of tangled brown sea-weed marks the usual boundary of the spring-tides along the beach, while, gently sloping down as it nears the water's edge, the smooth expanse of firm, shining sand is broken here and there by the mysterious imprint of some living marine creature. Here it is the silver sand-cle, which, in burrowing downwards, have traced their spiral hieroglyphics on the surface; yonder a razor-shell, eluding the pursuit of man, has discharged a jet of sand and water ere it vanishes from sight; while the action of myriads of smaller animals have combined to produce a whole further series of cabalistic signs, unintelligible to the vulgar crowd, but easily deciphered by those who have learnt Nature's lessons with thoughtful love. Snowy white cockles, blue mussels, and pale pink scallop-shells are scattered along the water's edge, like jewels strewn broadcast by a lavish hand; and here and there the fierce July sun beating down on the sands strikes a flash of coloured fire from off some agate or jasper fragment cast up by the waves.

The young ladies of Miss Crossbill's boarding-school, something more than a score in number, are dispersed over the piece of beach which lies directly beyond the garden wall, each one of them intent upon extracting out of her surroundings such diversion as happens best to suit her own individual taste. A number of the younger ones are busily engaged upon the construction of a sand fortress, surrounded by a formidable moat, into which by-and-by the sea-water is to be ingeniously conducted, while others have wandered right and left in quest of shells, crabs, or Scotch pebbles.

Three of the senior pupils, their ages ranging from thirteen to fifteen, have ensconced themselves on camp-stools close to the garden entrance, each one with some piece of work in hand which has to be finished before the distribution day, while their busy tongues—never silent for a moment—keep steady pace with the swiftly moving needles; and as usual, it is the subject of the all-important drama which forms the chief topic of their discourse this afternoon.

"There now!" says Bella Simpson, holding up for the admiration of her comrades a little slipper which she has been neatly covering over with silver ribbon adorned by a border of glittering glass beads—"Cinderella's first slipper is ready, and I hope to finish the second one to-day. Does it not look perfectly stunning?"

"What is the good of the slipper so long as we have not got some one to act the parts of Muley and the Prince?" says a second voice, discontentedly. "I bet that the play will come to nothing after all, because of that."

"We might dispense with Muley at a pinch," remarks Agnes Henderson, reflectively, laying down on her knees the piece of tapestry upon which she has been engaged, and smoothing it out with both hands. "His part might be struck out altogether, or some of his phrases transferred to one of the Court ladies; but the Prince is a difficulty, to be sure, for the play cannot well go on without him. I suppose there will be nothing for it but for one of us to dress up in boy's clothes and play the Prince. Why, I am quite willing to do so myself rather than let the play fall through on that account," she concludes, with the magnanimous expression of a martyr who is prepared to sacrifice herself to any

extent for the sake of a noble cause, backed up by the comforting conviction that the well-turned foot and ankle, just now rather freely displayed by the outgrown school-frock, would appear to fullest advantage encased in silken hose and velvet tights.

Her companions, however, do not seem disposed to treat the idea with any particular enthusiasm.

"In boy's clothes!" exclaims Bella in horrified accents. "How can you think of such a thing, Agnes? You know quite well that Miss Crossbill would never, never allow it!"

"And it would be so much more amusing to have a real boy," objects Kitty Cockburn.

"But if there is no real boy to be had for love or money except old Jacob the gardener," persists Agnes;—"and he hardly realises one's ideas of a Fairy Prince, you know?"

Several of the younger girls had meanwhile drawn near in order to admire Cinderella's slipper, and at the vision thus evoked of old hunchbacked, bandy-legged, pock-pitted Jacob—it had been precisely on account of these physical peculiarities that he had been considered fit for the post of gardener in a young ladies' boarding-school—decked out in regal attire, and spouting enamoured verses to his lady-love, there was a general burst of laughter, in which only one of the pupils failed to join.

This was a pale, sallow child, aged about nine, who had sat down silently on the lowest garden-step in order to arrange some lumps of quartz and agate she had collected in her pinafore, and seemingly so engrossed in their contemplation as to be deaf and blind to what was passing around her.

"What is Cinderella's opinion in the matter?" now said Bella Simp-

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A belt of tangled brown sea-weed marks the usual boundary of the spring-tides along the beach, while, gently sloping down as it nears the water's edge, the smooth expanse of firm, shining sand is broken here and there by the mysterious imprint of some living marine creature. Here it is the silver sand-eels, which, in burrowing downwards, have traced their spiral hieroglyphics on the surface; yonder a razor-shell, eluding the pursuit of man, has discharged a jet of sand and water ere it vanishes from sight; while the action of myriads of smaller animals have combined to produce a whole further series of cabalistic signs, unintelligible to the vulgar crowd, but easily deciphered by those who have learnt Nature's lessons with thoughtful love. Snowy white cockles, blue mussels, and pale pink scallop-shells are scattered along the water's edge, like jewels strewn broadcast by a lavish hand; and here and there the fierce July sun beating down on the sands strikes a flash of coloured fire from off some agate or jasper fragment cast up by the waves.

The young ladies of Miss Crossbill's boarding-school, something more than a score in number, are dispersed over the piece of beach which lies directly beyond the garden wall, each one of them intent upon extracting out of her surroundings such diversion as happens best to suit her own individual taste. A number of the younger ones are busily engaged upon the construction of a sand fortress, surrounded by a formidable moat, into which by-and-by the sea-water is to be ingeniously conducted, while others have wandered right and left in quest of shells, crabs, or Scotch pebbles.

Three of the senior pupils, their ages ranging from thirteen to fifteen, have ensconced themselves on camp-stools close to the garden entrance, each one with some piece of work in hand which has to be finished before the distribution day, while their busy tongues—never silent for a moment—keep steady pace with the swiftly moving needles; and as usual, it is the subject of the all-important drama which forms the chief topic of their discourse this afternoon.

"There now!" says Bella Simpson, holding up for the admiration of her comrades a little slipper which she has been neatly covering over with silver ribbon adorned by a border of glittering glass beads—"Cinderella's first slipper is ready, and I hope to finish the second one to-day. Does it not look perfectly stunning?"

"What is the good of the slipper so long as we have not got some one to act the parts of Muley and the Prince?" says a second voice, discontentedly. "I bet that the play will come to nothing after all, because of that."

"We might dispense with Muley at a pinch," remarks Agnes Henderson, reflectively, laying down on her knees the piece of tapestry upon which she has been engaged, and smoothing it out with both hands. "His part might be struck out altogether, or some of his phrases transferred to one of the Court ladies; but the Prince is a difficulty, to be sure, for the play cannot well go on without him. I suppose there will be nothing for it but for one of us to dress up in boy's clothes and play the Prince. Why, I am quite willing to do so myself rather than let the play fall through on that account," she concludes, with the magnanimous expression of a martyr who is prepared to sacrifice herself to any

extent for the sake of a noble cause, backed up by the comforting conviction that the well-turned foot and ankle, just now rather freely displayed by the outgrown school-frock, would appear to fullest advantage encased in silken hose and velvet tights.

Her companions, however, do not seem disposed to treat the idea with any particular enthusiasm.

"In boy's clothes!" exclaims Bella in horrified accents. "How can you think of such a thing, Agnes? You know quite well that Miss Crossbill would never, never allow it!"

"And it would be so much more amusing to have a real boy," objects Kitty Cockburn.

"But if there is no real boy to be had for love or money except old Jacob the gardener," persists Agnes;—"and he hardly realises one's ideas of a Fairy Prince, you know?"

Several of the younger girls had meanwhile drawn near in order to admire Cinderella's slipper, and at the vision thus evoked of old hunchbacked, bandy-legged, pock-pitted Jacob—it had been precisely on account of these physical peculiarities that he had been considered fit for the post of gardener in a young ladies' boarding-school—decked out in regal attire, and spouting enamoured verses to his lady-love, there was a general burst of laughter, in which only one of the pupils failed to join.

This was a pale, sallow child, aged about nine, who had sat down silently on the lowest garden-step in order to arrange some lumps of quartz and agate she had collected in her pinafore, and seemingly so engrossed in their contemplation as to be deaf and blind to what was passing around her.

"What is Cinderella's opinion in the matter?" now said Bella Simp-

son, veering round her camp-stool and addressing the silent child. "As she is the principal party interested in the choice of a prince, it is only just that she should give us her views on the subject of fairy princes in general, and draw us the portrait of what her own particular hero is to be like. Say, Phemie, is he to be dark or fair, tall or short, grave or gay?"

But so absorbed was Phemie Dalrymple in admiration of a pink-veined piece of agate she had found, and which she was holding up against the light to test its transparency, that the question had to be twice repeated before at last she raised her eyes to her questioner.

"The Prince?" she now said dreamily, leaning back against the steps while her eyes wandered over the expanse of water with a far-off expression, almost as though she could see the figure she was describing approaching in a fairy bark across the blue, dancing waves. "Of course he must be beautiful. He ought to look like the picture of St George killing the Dragon that hangs in the library at home. He has short thick curls escaping from the helmet he wears; his eyes are sweet, and fierce all at once; and when he smiles it is like the sunshine breaking through clouds."

"I am afraid old Jacob would never come up to the mark," said Agnes, laughing immoderately at this rather high-flown description. "You will have to be content with me after all, Phemie, for your Fairy Prince; and if I wear a short tunic, I daresay Miss Crossbill will have no objection to the plan. Luckily, I have learnt the words by heart, and am ready to play the part at a minute's notice; just see if I am not. Come, girls, let's have a rehearsal now. There will be just time to go through the second act of the play before tea-time, and out

here we shall be much less disturbed than indoors."

The other stragglers were soon collected, and the play taken up from the moment when the Prince, standing in the foreground with Muley, his chamberlain, first catches sight of Cinderella behind the scenes.

Muley (catching sight of Cinderella behind the scenes, and pointing her out to the Prince).

See there, my lord! who is it doth appear?

That figure ne'er have I encountered here.

Some lady she of royal race, I ween,
So rich her raiment, and so high her mien;

The gems how lustrous, that her bodice grace.

Prince. All nothing to the lustre of her face.

Ne'er have these eyes beheld a form so fair;

Vision of beauty this beyond compare.
Nor richest gold may with her tresses vie,

Nor sapphires match the azure of her eye;

Less white the lily than her hand of snow,

Red as her blush did never roses blow;
Her face shames all that artists' chisels trace,

Moulding a Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace.

Aright her praise to sing, her charms to speak,

Too dull my wit, my tongue is all too weak;

Alone avails the witness of my heart,
That, smitten, glows with Cupid's fiery dart.

Her love to win, I dedicate my life:
None else but she is destined for my wife.

Muley. Softly, my lord! First be it surely known

If she be worthy partner for your throne;

Her name we know not yet, nor her estate.

Prince. I know this only, I have found my fate;

On her is centred all my weal or woe,—
Nothing I reckon of lineage high or low.

Fixed is my purpose, steadfast I decide,
Her will I make my princess and my
bride.

Muley (aside). Crazy is my master;
that, alas! is plain.

This fair unknown has turned his royal
brain.

But just at the moment when Muley had expressed these reasonable doubts as to his royal master's sanity, the rehearsal was rudely interrupted by a new arrival on the scene. Jessie Lushington, the only one of the boarders who had been hitherto wanting, now came flying down the centre garden walk, scaring away a couple of sea-gulls that had been seeking for worms in the cabbage-beds, and, clearing the steps with a bound, scarcely in keeping with her dignity as a fifteen years' old young lady, bounced down into the centre of the group of actors, in her hand an open letter, which she brandished aloft with every appearance of excitement.

"Victory!" she panted, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered breath to be able to speak. "The Prince is found! Only think of that."

"A real boy?" inquired two or three voices simultaneously, in tones of as deepest amazement as though a centaur, or at the very least a unicorn, had been here in question.

"Two real, live boys, guaranteed perfectly genuine—one for the Prince and one for Muley," chuckled Jessie, triumphantly. "At least one of them—that is my cousin Edward—is a boy. The other one, whom I have never seen, is, I fancy, more inclined to consider himself a grown-up gentleman."

"What is his name?"

"Ronald Hamilton, aged sixteen," promptly replied Jessie. "He is at the same school as Edward, only a couple of classes

higher, and is coming down to Scotland next week for the mid-summer holidays. Edward has often spoken of him as stunningly clever, and quite an out-and-outer in every way."

"And how did you come to secure this paragon all of a sudden, Jessie?" asked Agnes, with an inflection of mingled envy and regret in her tone.

"I wrote to Edward some days ago to tell him of our dilemma. He is a very good-natured fellow, and I know that I can count upon him to oblige me when he can; besides, I have often helped him out with pocket-money, so he owes me a kindness in return, only I thought it better to keep my letter a secret for fear of exciting false hopes. The disappointment would have been too cruel had it all come to nothing, but now we are secured, for Edward never breaks his word. Listen what he writes:—

"DEAR COZ,—Blood is thicker than water, and it shall not be said that you implored my assistance in vain. Here I am at your orders, a willing slave, ready to perform the part of Muley or any other which my fair cousin Jessie may choose to impose upon me. To find a worthy representative of the Prince would, however, have been no such easy matter, had not a lucky chance befriended me; for Ronald Hamilton, whom I have often told you about, goes down to Scotland next week on a visit to his aunt, Lady Lauriston, and by dint of some persuasion I have at last induced him to accompany me down to Cockleburgh on Wednesday week and play the Prince's part. He did not seem to see it at first, for Hamilton is rather a swell, and does not like to make himself too cheap; but I have drawn him such dazzling pictures of Cinderella's beauty, that I have

succeeded in arousing his curiosity as to this paragon of female loveliness, whom I have described in such glowing terms. Who is she to be, by-the-by? You did not mention that in your letter. I trust she will do no discredit to my portraiture? As to Hamilton, he is in every way an out-and-outer. He is a great dab at acting, and has quite a remarkable talent for coining impromptu verses, so you may expect the text of your play to be embellished by some flashes of original genius. You may consider yourselves uncommonly lucky to have secured the co-operation of such a distinguished actor; for Hamilton is out and out the cleverest boy in the school, as well as the handsomest: he can be very pleasant when he chooses, only sometimes he is apt to give himself airs.

"Send me a copy of the play at once by the next post, that we may learn our parts by heart beforehand, as there will be no time for rehearsal, since all we can manage is to arrive on Wednesday evening just in time for the performance. Of course we shall bring our own costumes and everything we require.—Your affec. cousin,

"EDWARD LUSHINGTON.

"*P.S.*—Ronald Hamilton, who has been looking over my shoulder, desires me to send his love to the fair Cinderella."

"Delightful!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices in a chorus.

"Jessie, you really deserve to be decorated in recognition of the services you have rendered to the drama," added Kitty Cockburn, picking up a large pink scallop-shell, and proceeding with mock gravity to fix it by a piece of tapestry wool into her companion's button-hole, whence it dangled as proudly as

though it had been the order of the Golden Fleece. But Phemie Dalrymple, who had coloured up painfully while the letter was being read, now interposed.

"Oh, how could he, your cousin, tell such fibs about my looks?" she cried, piteously, while something suspiciously like tears began to cloud her hazel eyes. "You know quite well that I am not at all like the description of Cinderella in the play-book: now, am I?"

"Not a bit of it," said Jessie, candidly, as she examined her little companion with impartial scrutiny. "Your features are not exactly bad in the abstract, for your mouth is small, and your nose has nothing vitally wrong about it, but you are far too yellow and skinny ever to be called pretty, and you haven't an atom of colour in your cheeks; so, strictly speaking, there is nothing good about you but your eyes, which have got a queer, wistful sort of look about them which is rather taking. But if we subtract the eyes, you really have nothing more to fall back upon."

"I knew it," said Phemie, clasping her hands together with a tragic gesture; "so I say to myself often when I look in the glass. I am nothing but an ugly little girl, and not at all like beautiful Cinderella in the play. I am sure I don't know what made Miss Crossbill choose me out for the part."

"That is only because Cinderella must be the smallest of the three sisters, and you recite better than any of the other little ones. That is all that Miss Crossbill thinks of," said Agnes, cruelly. "Your face has nothing at all to do with the part. If she had wanted a really pretty girl, then she would have chosen Minnie Palmer, but only her awful lisp puts her out of the question."

"But Phemie also suited because

her foot is smaller than any other in the school," said Bella, good-naturedly, as she pointed to the silver slipper with an encouraging gesture. "Cheer up, Phemie, and don't lose heart. We shall turn you out quite a respectable Prin-

cess; just see if we don't. Fine feathers make fine birds, you know; and with a plentiful layer of rouge on your cheeks, and a flaxen wig on your head, no one will ever be able to recognise you as plain little Phemie Dalrymple."

PART SECOND.—PERFORMANCE.

Reassured by these persuasive arguments, it was almost with equanimity that Phemie awaited the arrival of the all-important day which was to witness her *début* on the boards. Certainly her pink silk frock, decorated with glittering tinsel stars, looked very pretty, and the little silver slippers shone as brightly as though in truth they had been made of glass. A judicious coating of rouge on her cheeks had supplied the colour which niggardly Nature had as yet refused to them; and with her own smooth brown hair tightly plaited and hidden away beneath a gorgeous flaxen wig, which fell in long corkscrew ringlets to far below her slender waist, even her companions had difficulty in recognising her thus transfigured by a borrowed glory.

"I really do not look so very much amiss," she said complacently, as she surveyed herself in the large pier-glass which stood in one corner of the green-room on the momentous evening.

"If only he arrives in time! Whatever shall we do if the Prince does not come?" For although it was almost half-past seven o'clock, and the performance had been announced for sharp eight, the two young gentlemen on whom so much depended had not yet made their appearance, despite the telegram which had come earlier in the day to announce their arrival in Edinburgh.

"I shall be obliged to take the

part myself, after all," Agnes Henderson was just beginning to say for the tenth time at least that evening, when the words were checked on her lips by the sound of carriage-wheels grating on the gravel outside.

"They have come!" exclaimed Jessie Lushington, dashing from the room in order to welcome her cousin and his companion.

Some of the other girls looked as if they would fain have followed her example, had they not been restrained by a reproving glance from the cold grey eyes of Miss Allan, the under-teacher, who, a great stickler for the proprieties, had from the outset rather set her face against the theatrical scheme, considering it culpable weakness on old Miss Crossbill's part to have ever countenanced the admission of boys into the hallowed sanctuary of a young ladies' boarding-school, even for one single evening.

Not being, therefore, fortunate enough to claim kinship with either of the new arrivals, the other pupils had to content themselves by thronging to the window, where, craning over each other's necks, they contrived to catch glimpses of the two youths just alighting from the carriage that had brought them out here from town.

"Which is Ronald Hamilton?" asked Kitty Cockburn. "Is it the short fair one in the Glengarry cap?"

"No, I think not; that must be

Edward Lushington, Jessie's cousin, for see he is kissing her. The taller one in the homespun suit is Mr Hamilton. Now he is turning this way. Oh my! How handsome he is! and what a regular full-fledged swell he looks!"

"Let me see! let me see!" pleaded Phemie Dalrymple, in an agony of tantalised curiosity, as she vainly endeavoured, by standing on tiptoe, to catch a glimpse over the shoulders of her taller companions. "I want to see what my Fairy Prince is like."

"Get up beside me on the dressing-table, Phemie, and you will see quite well," said her younger sister, Chrissy,—a smaller, scraggier, and yet more insignificant edition of Phemie's own self, and who from this enviable position had been enjoying the sight in a comfortable and leisurely fashion.

Thus encouraged, Phemie followed her sister's example, and ascended the table, where powder and pomatum pots, ends of burnt cork and sticking-plaster, and other such indispensable articles of a theatrical green-room, were huddled together in motley confusion.

The other girls, still engrossed in contemplation of the scene outside, had meanwhile paid no attention to what was passing behind their backs till suddenly startled by Chrissy Dalrymple's piercing shrieks—"Fire! fire! Phemie is burning!" they all turned round in alarm to see Phemie's head and shoulders in a blaze. In her anxiety to catch sight of Ronald Hamilton, she had taken no heed of the tapers burning on each side of the looking-glass, and it had required but a touch of one of the combustible flaxen curls to set the whole wig on fire.

In the general panic which ensued most of the girls confined themselves to helpless shrieks, utterly incapable of rendering assistance to their companion.

"Water!" cried Miss Allan, hurrying to the washstand and catching hold of a well-filled ewer, which she proceeded to empty over the burning Cinderella. But almost simultaneously Bella Simpson, quicker of thought, had seized hold of the blazing wig, and plucked it bodily off.

This all happened so rapidly that luckily no portion of the dress had as yet caught fire, and, barring the fright she had received, Phemie was none the worse of the little mishap; while Bella, whose energetic action had averted the danger, was quit for a slight burn on the wrist of her right hand.

The flaxen wig was, however, irremediably destroyed; and as its charred and blackened remains now floated limply in the foot-pail, where it had been thrown, no one would have recognised the luxuriant golden *chevelure* of but a few minutes since.

"My beautiful, beautiful curls are destroyed!" exclaimed Phemie, beginning to cry as she realised the state of things. "Whatever shall I do? I cannot act Cinderella without my curls!"

"You must just go on in your own hair," said Miss Allan, severely. "It serves you right for playing such foolish pranks; and you may thank your stars that it was only the wig that was burned, and not yourself as well."

Phemie thought to herself that she would gladly have purchased back her vanished flaxen glory even at the expense of a little pain.

There was nothing for it now, however, but to make the best of the situation, and try to conceal the accident from the general public, which already was beginning to show signs of impatience at this delay in the rising of the curtain. Phemie's own brown hair, all dripping and draggled from its recent

immersion in water, was forthwith — *faute de mieux* — combed out about her shoulders, where it hung in long, limp, expressionless wisps; and hastily clothed in the dingy brown wrapper which, during the earlier part of the play was to conceal the glittering ball-dress from the world's gaze, Phemie was hurried on to the scene, still wholly bewildered by the fright and agitation of the recent episode.

The first scene, in which Cinderella, sitting by the kitchen-fire, is found lamenting over her unhappy lot, and the cruelty of her stepmother and sisters, passed off smoothly enough. Phemie Dalrymple was possessed of a remarkably sweet voice, and her plaintive monologue, recited with much pathos and feeling, was warmly applauded, the more so as the dimly-lighted kitchen scene did not permit the spectators to analyse her charms very minutely. Then comes the Fairy Godmother, who, with a single wave of her magic wand, transforms the rags into finery; the sombre brown wrapper is thrown aside, and Cinderella stands forth, decked out in all the splendour of flounced pink silk and tinsel ornaments.

By this time our little heroine had forgotten all about her recent mishap, and so completely identified herself with the part she was playing, that, as the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first act, she had no other thought but of the pleasure in store for her, and of the grand ball where her incomparable charms were to meet with such ample and triumphant recognition.

She had as yet scarcely caught sight of the Prince assigned to her by fate, and who, leaning in an opposite doorway, was exchanging with his companion Muley *sotto-voce* remarks which, fortunately, did not reach her ears; and it was only

when the curtain went up for the second time, to reveal a brilliant ball-room, furnished with six claret-coloured armchairs out of Miss Crossbill's best parlour, a couple of brass chandeliers, and a crowd of aristocratic guests all belonging to the female sex, and consisting of the remaining boarders who had been considered too young or too dull to take more important parts in the performance, that Phemie, for the first time, obtained a clear view of Ronald Hamilton.

Arm-in-arm with his faithful Muley, the Prince advanced through the crowd of obsequious guests, who with low curtsies, carefully drilled into them by the dancing-master, made way for him to pass. Having reached the footlights he paused, and with a graceful gesture threw back upon his shoulder the short Spanish cloak, displaying a well-fitting costume of dark ruby velvet adorned with glittering paste buttons, black silken hose, diamond-buckled shoes, and a jewel-encrusted dirk by his side. His almost coal-black hair, with a slight inclination to curl, fell in natural rings about a broad and rather prominent forehead; and from beneath the well-defined straight eyebrows, the eyes looked out upon the world with an expression of mocking defiance. Though having scarcely reached his sixteenth year, an unmistakable shade of down adorned the upper lip, giving to his face a look of achieved manhood wholly wanting in his companion, who, short, fair, and rosy-cheeked, looked simply what he was, a healthy, wholesome, average English schoolboy.

Poor little Cinderella's heart fluttered wildly as, standing in the side-scene, she took in all these details. How beautiful he was! More handsome by far than her dreams had shown her, although he certainly bore no particular resem-

blance to the picture of St George and the Dragon, which had hitherto seemed to her to represent the impersonification of manly beauty. In another minute it will be her turn to enter the scene, as soon as the Prince has recited his impassioned monologue on her charms. She knows her part quite well, and is in no danger of tripping. Directly after the words—

Fixed is my purpose, steadfast I decide,
Her will I make my princess and my bride—

she will have to advance into the ballroom. The Prince will come to meet her, and, raising her hand to his lips, will welcome her, saying—

Lady, permit me, I am proud to see
So fair a guest, whate'er her rank may be.

What will his voice be like, she wonders. Ah! now directly she will hear it, for already Muley has made a gesture pointing her out to the Prince, as he says—

See there, my lord! who is it doth appear?
That figure ne'er have I encountered here.
Some lady she of royal race, I ween,
So rich her raiment, and so high her mien;
The gems how lustrous, that her bodice grace.

To which the Prince, looking in the same direction, made answer in a clear ringing voice:—

They scarcely seem to me to match her face.
What direful vision do mine eyes behold?
A sight indeed to make a young man old.
I never thought a lass so plain to meet;
If she's a beauty, then my head I'll eat.

What was the matter with the words? Phemie asked herself confusedly, with a sort of feeling that somehow she had got into a dreadful nightmare. Surely that was not what was written in the play?

But there was no time for reflection just now; for utterly unmoved by the titters breaking out around him, Ronald Hamilton proceeded with ruthless emphasis, while a cruel mocking smile played over his well-formed lips:—

Her face resembles most an unripe pear;
Her figure's like the very crows to scare;
Her cheek the colour of a tallow dip;
No rose nor cherry hues adorn her lip.
Not heaven nor hell itself shall have the power
To make me lead that lady to my bower!

The last words were drowned in a general and uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which actors and audience joined indiscriminately. It was in vain that the faithful Muley endeavoured to rescue the situation by repeating over and over again with intense conviction the next lines of his part:—

Crazed is my master—that, alas! is plain—
This fair unknown has turned his royal brain!

He only provoked the Prince's insolent rejoinder—

A galley slave I'd sooner be for life,
Than take Miss Cinderella for my wife!

Then it was that took place an event hitherto unparalleled in the annals of Miss Crossbill's refined and select boarding-school. A thin, scraggy little girl, with lank disordered elf-locks hanging about her shoulders, her painted cheeks all disfigured by the marks of angry tears, which had washed

away the rouge in long irregular streaks, and her hazel eyes alight with the fury of a Medea and a Cassandra rolled into one, rushed on to the scene, and raising herself on tiptoe, before any one had been able to guess or forestall her intention, had then and there, in full view of the assembled audience, delivered a resounding slap on the miscreant Prince's cheek.

Let us draw a merciful veil over the conclusion of this mournful scene. To continue the play after this tragic incident was clearly impossible; and there was nothing for it but to lower the curtain with all possible speed, so as at least to screen from the outer public the further painful details of this dramatic *fiasco*.

Severely reprimanded by the persons in authority for her unseemly and unladylike behaviour, Phemie Dalrymple was sent to bed, there to sob herself to sleep with mortification and annoyance, while the faithless Prince, cause of all the disaster, had meanwhile taken an abrupt departure from Rhododendron Lodge, and was enjoying a hearty laugh over the recollection of the scene, as together with his companion he drove back to town.

"But it was a dirty trick to play all the same, Hamilton," remonstrated the softer-hearted Edward, although he too had been

unable to refrain from joining in his comrade's infectious mirth.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; you should, on the contrary, be grateful to me for having delivered you from the ordeal of sitting out the rest of the evening in company with a set of dowdy schoolgirls. Why, there was not a pretty face among them. Now we shall get back to town in time to attend the circus, and see Señora Juanita, the beautiful bull-tamer, whom all the papers are full of just now."

"Señora Juanita might have waited till to-morrow," said Edward; "and I really do not like to think of that poor little girl, who will probably now be punished by your fault."

"Poor little girl! A regular spitfire, I tell you. She looked as if she could have scratched out my eyes with pleasure. Why, my cheek is still all hot and tingling with the pain of the slap she gave me."

"I rather liked her spirit," said Edward, reflectively. "You only got what you richly deserved, Hamilton, after all, and I cannot say that I think Cinderella was in the wrong for having boxed your ears."

"A woman is always in the wrong when she is ugly," rejoined Hamilton, with a smile that was decidedly too cynical for his sixteen years.

CHAPTER I.—LEAVE-TAKINGS.

The captain of the West Indian steamer *Minerva* was in high good-humour to-day, and rubbed his large red hands delightedly together as he welcomed on board the pilot that was to guide them into Southampton port. He had just accomplished the quickest passage ever known across the Atlantic,—eleven days

and a half from Barbadoes, which was quite twenty-four hours within the usual time, and fully six hours less than the utmost achievement of his rival, the *Neptune*. No wonder, then, that he felt satisfied with himself and his ship.

The passengers too were satisfied with their captain; for man is by

nature an impatient animal, and even the most indolent of human beings generally contrive to nourish the delusion that they have no time to lose. Most people may have felt that a day struck off a tedious sea-voyage was a day added on to life,—a day gained to business, to liberty, to love, or perhaps merely to sport or pleasure, but a gain undoubtedly.

Alone, Mr Dalrymple was conscious of no particular gain, and would have been glad if the sea-voyage had lasted twenty-four or even forty-eight hours longer. He was fond of these trips to and fro over the Atlantic—fond of the easy unconventional life on board ship—fond, too, of the chance acquaintances with whom he found himself mated for a week or so,—acquaintanceship which mostly involved no binding sense of obligation, no irksome tie of social duty on either side. The passengers on board this time exactly suited his taste; for besides his neighbour and old acquaintance, Mr Braidwood of Braidwood, who owned an adjacent West Indian estate, Mr Dalrymple had found in the *Minerva* a pleasant whist party wherewith to beguile an hour or two of an evening: a retired military surgeon, who talked very intelligently of the gout; a promising young artist, who had some very good ideas on the subject of clouds and waves; and an Austrian lady, the widow of a general officer,—as she took care to explain to people in general,—who displayed great social talent in devising and getting up all sorts of amusements on board ship, and who was not unwilling to smoke other people's cigarettes, or to make use of their private stores of tea or biscuits, in exchange for the many little civilities she contrived to offer;—whereas no particular business or pleasure awaited him at home. He was returning to the

arms of no tender spouse, to the genial atmosphere of no domestic circle. Two daughters he had, it is true, but they hardly counted for much in his life. Two little girls at school near Edinburgh, who came home once a-year for the midsummer holidays. It was now the beginning of May, and the vacations would not begin till July, full eight weeks hence, complacently reflected Mr Dalrymple, who was not encumbered with any very acute paternal feelings.

Obviously cut out for a bachelor, Thomas Dalrymple had, like many another man before him, slipped almost unawares into the matrimonial noose some eighteen years ago; and though after a fashion sincerely attached to his wife during her lifetime, he had never been able wholly to divest himself of a certain uneasy consciousness of having been worsted in the game of life. He had acquired all the habits of middle-aged bachelorhood before he met his fate in the person of Isabel Grahame, and what he had then to offer her consisted chiefly of a small Scotch estate, somewhat heavily encumbered, an insignificant sugar-plantation on one of the West Indian islands, and a hereditary disposition to gout. It almost seemed as if by some mysterious dispensation of Providence these two last inheritances had been expressly designed in order to complete and supplement each other,—as if the hereditary gout of the Dalrymples had been decreed solely for the purpose of necessitating a tropical winter; or else the little West Indian plantation created mainly with a view to counteracting the family complaint, for its utility from a financial point of view had ceased with the abolition of slavery.

Mr Dalrymple had readily fallen in with the views of Providence in

this respect. He was a great man at Santa Beata, whereas he was a very small one in Blankshire, and the aimless vegetating life of the tropics exactly suited his somewhat indolent turn of mind. Gifted with some artistic capacity, he was fond of making studies in water-colour, but he had an extreme aversion to responsibility in any shape. Specially odious to him were the duties of a Scotch landed proprietor: to attend meetings, feign an interest in the political state of the county, and listen to talk about poor-rates and branch railways, was to him weariness unspeakable; and though not objecting to shooting over his moor in August, and taking a turn or so at cub-hunting in October, he was never really happy till he had turned his back again on his native land, so that by degrees it became a settled part of his annual routine to sail for Santa Beata in November and return thence in April or May. Then at the age of forty this congenial programme had been rudely interrupted. It had all been the work of five minutes. An awkward fence in the hunting-field,—a handsome girl thrown almost into his arms, who, with returning consciousness, had called him *my preserver*,—and the chain was fixed. The much-bewildered bachelor realised that he had parted with his liberty, and some weeks later led to the altar the beautiful, penniless Miss Grahame, who had refused so many younger, handsomer men, after the incomprehensible fashion in which lovely girls will sometimes act. The change from celibacy to matrimony was, however, less acutely felt than might have been supposed. Isabel Dalrymple, like many another bright, high-spirited girl, subsided into a singularly quiet domestic woman, asking little of life, and

perfectly satisfied with the management of her house, her garden, and her nursery. Once supplied with a baby to fill her arms and her heart, she was wholly and entirely contented, and did not even seek to deter her husband, whenever gout and a futile pretext of business pointed out to him the expediency of resuming his tropical winters. Accepting his absence with cheerful equanimity, she soon came to regard her half-yearly grass-widowhood as the most natural arrangement in the world; and it had been during one of her husband's periodical visits to Santa Beata that she, whose health had always been so robust, had suddenly succumbed to an attack of acute bronchitis.

This had been ten years ago, when Mr Dalrymple, hurrying home at news of his bereavement, had for the first time dimly realised the inconvenience of being a father. A brief trial with a superior governess had resulted in utter failure; that accomplished lady having shown a decided inclination to devote more attention to the father than to the daughters. Mistrusting his own strength of resistance, and fearing to stumble into another less congenial matrimonial trap, the widower precipitately fled to his beloved tropics, after having placed his daughters at a high-class boarding-school, where they would be well cared for. Since that time, regular monthly letters, and a short summer vacation, had amply sufficed to satisfy his paternal yearnings. He had always been sincerely glad to welcome his girls home for a few weeks every summer, along with the return of roses and carnations, and had still more sincerely rejoiced to see them depart in autumn with the swallows. It had never yet seriously occurred to him to think that there might come an autumn when the

nature an impatient animal, and even the most indolent of human beings generally contrive to nourish the delusion that they have no time to lose. Most people may have felt that a day struck off a tedious sea-voyage was a day added on to life,—a day gained to business, to liberty, to love, or perhaps merely to sport or pleasure, but a gain undoubtedly.

Alone, Mr Dalrymple was conscious of no particular gain, and would have been glad if the sea-voyage had lasted twenty-four or even forty-eight hours longer. He was fond of these trips to and fro over the Atlantic—fond of the easy unconventional life on board ship—fond, too, of the chance acquaintances with whom he found himself mated for a week or so,—acquaintanceship which mostly involved no binding sense of obligation, no irksome tie of social duty on either side. The passengers on board this time exactly suited his taste; for besides his neighbour and old acquaintance, Mr Braidwood of Braidwood, who owned an adjacent West Indian estate, Mr Dalrymple had found in the *Minerva* a pleasant whist party wherewith to beguile an hour or two of an evening: a retired military surgeon, who talked very intelligently of the gout; a promising young artist, who had some very good ideas on the subject of clouds and waves; and an Austrian lady, the widow of a general officer,—as she took care to explain to people in general,—who displayed great social talent in devising and getting up all sorts of amusements on board ship, and who was not unwilling to smoke other people's cigarettes, or to make use of their private stores of tea or biscuits, in exchange for the many little civilities she contrived to offer;—whereas no particular business or pleasure awaited him at home. He was returning to the

arms of no tender spouse, to the genial atmosphere of no domestic circle. Two daughters he had, it is true, but they hardly counted for much in his life. Two little girls at school near Edinburgh, who came home once a-year for the midsummer holidays. It was now the beginning of May, and the vacations would not begin till July, full eight weeks hence, complacently reflected Mr Dalrymple, who was not encumbered with any very acute paternal feelings.

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swallows would go but the girls would remain.

The bustle of impending arrival was pervading the steamer; luggage was being collected, and farewells interchanged, which, according to the degree of intimacy which had sprung up within a fortnight, took the shape of cards, addresses, and more or less conventionally expressed hopes of meeting again. The ex-surgeon had presented Mr Dalrymple with a small pamphlet treating of the gout, and the young artist had given him the address of a French manufactory where water-colours could be procured at one-half of the London price. Baroness Gabelstein, the Austrian lady, who never missed an opportunity of adding to her interesting photographic collection, which had furnished amusement for more than one evening on board, now offered her *carte de visite* likeness, and asked for the portraits of the widower and his family in exchange.

"I fear I have not much to give in return," said Mr Dalrymple, hastily reopening his travelling desk, and taking out a couple of rather faded photographs, which he handed to the lady. The first of these pictures represented a stout elderly

man, rather undersized, with a shock head of grey hair, short stubbly beard, and a cheerful, devil-may-care, almost rakish expression. The second a pair of girls, seemingly aged ten and twelve respectively, attired in staring checked frocks, and with large white sun-bonnets overshadowing small insignificant faces.

"*Quelles charmantes petites filles!*" said Baroness Gabelstein, thinking to herself that she had rarely seen such uninteresting specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race. "How must you rejoice to think that you will so soon to your heart press those sweet little treasures."

"Yes — hum," said Mr Dalrymple, doubtfully. "Children are a great responsibility."

"Surely," said the Baroness, sweetly, "our children make us a great concern, and where the mother fails, the father has hard task indeed."

Then the steam-whistle, sounding loud and shrill, cut short all further leave-takings by giving notice that arrival was imminent; and ten minutes later the party which chance and fate had thus united for a brief span of time had dispersed, never in all probability to meet again.

CHAPTER II.—HORSE-CHESTNUT BLOSSOMS.

Mr Dalrymple dined and slept at his London club that night, then, as he had nothing further to do in town, took the Northern express next morning, having previously telegraphed his arrival to Mrs Dunn, the housekeeper, in order that she might air his sheets and get in a girl from the village to assist in the household work. Ever since he had lost his wife, Mr Dalrymple had made no pretence at all of keeping up an establishment at

Airds Hill. The large drawing- and dining-room there had been shut up for years, and the little back library, with its shabby, worm-eaten bookcases and faded wall-paper, hung round with some old sporting engravings, was ample accommodation for his simple tastes.

The change from Santa Lucia to Blankshire always disagreeably affected Mr Dalrymple's artistic perceptions, and it invariably took him some weeks to get reconciled

to the altered scenery. Nature here seemed poor and niggardly compared to the rich vegetation of the tropics; and the average Scotch navvy or collier was a far less picturesque feature in the landscape than silver-bangled coolies, or grinning negroes, tricked out with gaudy rags. To-day as he got into the fly that was to drive him up to Airds Hill, it struck Mr Dalrymple that he had never seen the country look so bare, so dismal, so thoroughly unprepossessing. Not a bright patch of colour anywhere on which to rest the eye, not a single poetical idea to be extracted from the hopeless prose of a coal-pit-dotted, railway-netted, smoke-enshrouded neighbourhood.

After a while the creaking sound of the vehicle, and the snail's pace at which it ascended the last stiff hill, became intolerable to bear. He felt chilly too, as he always did on his return to Scotland; and although, according to national standard, the afternoon was a very fine one for the middle of May, it felt bleak and raw enough to any one hailing from brighter regions. A walk would do him good, reflected Mr Dalrymple. There was a short-cut just here through the fir-plantation that would take him up in half the time required by the carriage, which had to make a wide circuit in order to avoid a group of ironworks. It was a decided relief to be able to stretch his cramped limbs, and to turn aside from the dusty highroad to a narrow pathway between the trees. The fir-plantation, after running up for about half a mile, finally resolved itself into a shrubbery of evergreens leading up to Airds Hill; and thus it came about that, after six months' absence, Mr Dalrymple re-entered his home unperceived and unannounced.

The front door stood open, in

itself an unusual circumstance; and he noted too with surprise that the drawing-room shutters were unclosed. Stepping in to the entrance lobby, he was about to go in quest of Mrs Dunn to make known his arrival, when the sound of hammering struck upon his ear. It came from the drawing-room, whose door stood likewise ajar. In the next moment Mr Dalrymple had entered the drawing-room, and stood petrified with surprise at the sight that met his eyes.

At the far end of the apartment was a deep recess in the wall, where formerly a large old-fashioned looking-glass had hung. This mirror had now been removed, and was leaning against the wall a little way off, while the empty recess, freshly lined with dark crimson velvet, had acquired a new, unknown glory. Mounted upon a ladder was a thin angular girl of about fifteen, vigorously plying the hammer whose sound had attracted Mr Dalrymple to the room. She was engaged in fixing up a little carved wooden bracket against the velvet, and seemed to be finding some difficulty in getting the nails to hold securely, for her face was flushed with the exertion, her hair rough and tumbled. Several more little brackets of the same kind lay piled up together on a table alongside, with half-a-dozen rare old china cups, and some quaint Japanese soapstone figures.

For a full minute Mr Dalrymple had stood and watched her aghast.

"Phemie, my dear," he called out at last, having recovered his voice. "Phemie!"

The young lady dropped the hammer with a clatter, barely escaping the destruction of one of the soapstone figures on the table below, and springing down the ladder with the agility of a cat, but with scarcely its grace, she ran to

embrace her father rather boisterously.

"Papa! Already? We did not expect you for an hour at least."

"And I did not expect you at all," reflected the parent; but aloud he only said—

"But, my dear Phemie, how on earth do you happen to be here? And what are you doing to the room?"

"Phemie!" now laughed the young lady with a shrill, school-girl laugh. "Phemie! why, I am Chrissy, papa. It is high time you came home if you have forgotten your own daughters' faces."

"Yes—to be sure, Chrissy," said Mr Dalrymple, in some confusion, unwilling to admit that he had been in truth mistaken; "Chrissy, of course,—it was only a little slip of the tongue, my dear: and then, you see, it is quite six months since— But why are you here at all, instead of at school?" he repeated, reverting to the original question.

"Measles," replied Chrissy, shortly. "They broke out last Saturday, so school was dissolved eight weeks sooner. It was too late to telegraph you about it, as we knew you would be already on your way home; so Phemie and I came here right away, and we have been trying to make the house a little comfortable before your arrival. We are not quite finished yet, for, you see, we only expected your steamer on the 16th. If you had come to-morrow the drawing-room would have been ready. It was meant as a little surprise."

"A great surprise indeed," murmured the widower.

"But you see that at least we have lost no time," said Chrissy, apologetically. "You will be delighted, papa, to see all we have done in one short week. Just look how lovely the recess will be when all is finished. We are going to

put up the marble console below, with the clock and the big Japanese vases, and those brackets will be filled up with cups and saucers and little soapstone men in the centre. I dragged them out of the store-room yesterday, all covered with dust and cobwebs. Then the mirror will come over the mantelpiece as soon as the frame has been regilt."

"But, my dear Chrissy," said the father, feebly, a prey to a sort of nightmare, feeling as though nets were closing in around him on all sides, "it is very good of you and Phemie to take so much trouble to make the house look nice, but you need not have minded on my account. I am quite comfortable, I assure you, without all this—this red velvet, and soapstone men, and so on."

"Oh, we do not mind the trouble," rejoined Chrissy, lightly; "and it had to be done at any rate, you know. We should have had the drawing-room repapered had there been time, but I suppose it must do for this year. And as for the furniture," she went on, rather aggrievedly, "I wanted to have chosen it in Edinburgh last week, but Phemie would not consent. She said you had better be consulted first."

"Phemie was quite right," said Mr Dalrymple, with more decision than he had as yet displayed. "I have not at all thought about refurnishing the drawing-room. It hardly seems worth while for a few weeks in summer, and you will be going back to school in September."

"Going back to school! What are you thinking of, papa? Why, now that Phemie is grown-up and has come home for good, you could surely never think of sending me back to school by myself. Two girls are less trouble than one, you know."

"Perhaps," said the father, doubtfully, with an unacknowledged feeling that no girls at all would probably have been a still less troublesome arrangement, had Providence so willed it. "But do not let us decide anything in a hurry, my dear," he continued, "either about the furniture or about other things. And where is Phemie all this time?"

"She went to get ready for dinner, I think; and it is high time that I should dress as well," concluded Chrissy, divesting herself of the large Holland apron which she wore over the shabby brown merino, now considerably too short for its wearer, but which last year had been her Sunday frock at the boarding-school.

"Oh, never mind dressing," said Mr Dalrymple, hastily,—"not on my account, at all events, my dear Chrissy. I never think of changing my coat when I am here alone. I shall just wash my hands up-stairs and be ready to join you in five minutes."

Something like a frown passed over Chrissy's face.

"Very well," she said, reluctantly, and with the air of a person in authority who is making a grudging concession to the indolence of those under her charge. "I suppose we must let you off dressing the first evening, but by to-morrow we shall be able to get into regular habits at last. And, by-the-by," she continued, seeing that her father was turning to go, "we have changed you into the chintz room at the end of the passage, as the peacock room which you have lately been using will now be required as our morning room. We have had the old piano sent to be repolished and partly restrung; and with a new carpet the room will look quite decent."

What answer Mr Dalrymple

would have made is uncertain, for happening to glance out of the window at that moment, his thoughts were abruptly diverted into another channel.

The window by which he was standing looked straight on to an indifferently kept shrubbery, where large masses of bay, laurel, and southernwood were diversified here and there by a clump of rhododendrons or a bush of ribes. Most conspicuous among these in form and colour was a young red horse-chestnut tree, which, growing about fifteen paces distant from the window, stood out in bold relief from the belt of dark laurels behind it. If the sad and sombre laurels made an effective background to the wealth of ruddy blossoms standing up between the large fan-shaped leaves like as many rose-coloured flames, so in its turn the bright hues of the red horse-chestnut but served to enhance and set off the slender white-clad form standing beside it.

It was the figure of a very young girl, over-slender with the excessive slenderness of first youth, and over-pale with the paleness of those from whom the pink flush of childhood has fled, without as yet having been replaced by the roses of maturity. The delicate profile, in which perhaps the nose and chin were just a little, a very little, too pointed as yet, showed like an exquisite cameo against the flowers, of which, together with two or three of their large fan-like leaves, she held a bunch clasped tightly against the folds of her white muslin dress. The soft brown hair, piled up high according to the fashion of the day, displayed the curves of a graceful neck, and was drawn back tightly behind the daintily formed little ear. The girl's whole attitude expressed a sort of dreamy languor; and she seemed to have forgotten for what reason she had come out

hither, as with head thrown back she watched a flight of homeward-hasting rooks with a far-off, almost wistful look in her uplifted hazel eyes. The white evening dress of embroidered Indian muslin was slightly cut out at the neck, and terminated at the elbow with some snowy lace frillings. With her disengaged right hand she had drawn up the folds of the trailing gown to shield it from contact with the possibly damp grass.

If specially designed by an artist, nothing more perfect could have been conceived in colour and outline than this graceful study in red and white. If Mr Dalrymple had an artist's eye, it certainly did not appear on the present occasion, for it was with an expression of mingled disgust and indignation that he presently turned from the window.

"What is the meaning of this, Chrissy?" he inquired in the sternest tone of voice which he was capable of assuming on the spur of the moment. "Why have you invited visitors here without my sanction, and on my very first evening too?"

"Visitors?" said Chrissy, interrogatively, from the other end of the room, where she was still engaged in sorting her working implements. "What do you mean, papa? and what on earth are you looking at out of that window?"

"Just look for yourself," pursued the parent, testily, "and see if there is not a fashionable young lady out there in evening dress,

and goodness knows how many others there may be lurking behind the bushes. Are you contemplating a ball or party, I wonder? Another of your idiotic surprises, I suppose. Really, girls, it is too bad of you, I declare. Where is Phemie? I shall give her a piece of my mind, indeed I shall!"

Mr Dalrymple had now worked himself up into a very tolerable imitation of a passion, but his indignant expostulations were cut short in unexpected fashion; for Chrissy, springing to his side in order to verify the accuracy of her irate parent's accusation, had sunk down on to the nearest chair, a prey to a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

"Good gracious, papa!" she gasped at last, pressing her hand to her side as though racked by mortal agony, and with large tears rolling down her cheeks, wrung forth by the very violence of her enjoyment. "How dreadfully funny you are to-day! Why, I thought I must have died of laughing. Are you doing it on purpose, I wonder?"

"On purpose? Why, surely——"

But Chrissy had flung up the window-sash by this time, and with her shrill schoolgirl treble echoing sharply into the evening air, had called out—

"Phemie! Phemie! what are you doing out there? It is too late now to arrange the dinner-table flowers. Come in here directly. Don't you see that papa has arrived?"

CHAPTER III.—TAKING COUNSEL.

A year ago Euphemia Dalrymple had been quite a child, sallow-faced and angular, and with no particular promise of beauty in her face; then suddenly, without warning or pre-

paration, just as a raw, green bud may change over-night to a fragrant blossom, she had developed into winsome beauty. It had required no startling metamorphosis, no great

constitutional convulsion, to bring this about; for truly great artists ever produce their effects by the most seemingly simple devices, and a few deft strokes of Nature's pencil had here sufficed. Nose and chin had become more delicately pointed within the last few months; a somewhat deeper shade had come into the clear hazel eyes; a faint, a very faint, tinge of pink to the hitherto insipid complexion. Each single change was but the change of a line—a mere hair's-breadth; but that line, trifling as it seemed, was the bridge that spanned the tremendous gulf that must always divide a pretty woman from a plain one.

People who had not seen Euphemia Dalrymple for six months could not imagine what she had been doing to herself in the interval to make herself look so different, but no one was as much bewildered and perplexed by the transformation as was her own father. All through that first dinner, between the intervals of eating his soup or trifling with the early strawberries which the solicitude of his young housekeepers had provided from town, he kept surreptitiously glancing at that slender figure opposite, occupying the long-vacant place at the head of the dinner-table, with a comical expression of semi-aggrieved bewilderment, as though dimly cognisant of the existence of something utterly preposterous and incongruous, which had been surreptitiously foisted upon his unoffending shoulders. So absorbed was he by these novel reflections that he scarce listened to Chrissy's lively prattle as she chattered on incessantly, airing her views and opinions upon every imaginable subject, supported by Phemie in somewhat more sober fashion; and it was only when dessert had been reached, and when the housemaid, who was doing duty

as footman, had retired, that he began to recover from the first shock of surprise, and simultaneously to wake up to a sense of the gravity of the situation.

"Have you brought home no guava jelly or preserved ginger, papa?" Chrissy was saying, as she helped herself to strawberries for the second time. "They would be useful, you know, for making a variety whenever we give a dinner-party."

"But I never give a dinner-party!" exclaimed the widower in considerable alarm.

"Oh, but of course you will have to do so just like every one else, now that Phemie is grown-up. Mustn't he indeed, Phemie?"

"Yes, I suppose so," chimed in the calmer elder sister, without, however, any particular enthusiasm in her voice. "Of course there will have to be dinner-parties," and she drew her delicate eyebrows together with a frown of pretty concern, as though already oppressed by the weight of a responsibility which she could not well avoid. Her satisfaction at leaving school, and on realising that she was in truth grown-up, had been little influenced by the prospect of fashionable parties, which she was as yet too ignorant to appreciate as did her more vivacious and precocious younger sister. She was glad, certainly, that the long dull years of boarding-school life had come to an end, but in the change it was chiefly the sense of regained liberty that she prized. She was glad to be at home again among the familiar objects and scenes which reminded her of her mother,—glad to be able to wander at will over the park and shrubberies, or spend hour after hour unchecked, poring over her favourite poets: further than this her aspirations did not go just yet.

"Of course," continued Chrissy, glibly, "it will take us some weeks

before we have organised the establishment properly; but as people will probably begin to call as soon as they hear that Airds Hill is reopened, we must lose as little time as possible. I hope that the butler who is coming this week to inquire about the situation will suit us. His character seemed to be thoroughly satisfactory, for he served five years as footman with a relation of Lady Lauriston."

"Lady Lauriston!" exclaimed the father, with an air of relief, clutching at the name as a drowning man may catch at a straw. "Yes, that is just what we want at present. Why on earth did I not think of her before? Yes, we shall drive over to Lauriston Park to-morrow afternoon."

"To inquire about the butler?" said Chrissy, eagerly, delighted to perceive that she had succeeded in communicating to her father something of her enthusiasm.

"To inquire about other things as well as the butler," returned the parent evasively, as he rose from the dinner-table in order to enjoy a peaceful cigar on the back of all these agitating discoveries.

"Yes, to be sure, Lady Lauriston was the right person to go to for advice in the present complicated contingency," mused Mr Dalrymple, when he found himself ensconced in the delightful privacy of his own shabby smoking-room up-stairs. "She has had so many girls herself, that she will know exactly what is to be done about them. Dear, dear! How time runs on, to be sure. I never realised that such a thing was possible! Little Phemie grown-up! How absurd it sounds, and how she has changed since last October. I do not pretend to understand these things myself, but I cannot help fancying that she has turned out what people call uncommonly pretty. If I were addicted

to figure-drawing, upon my word I believe that she would have made a first-rate study in water-colour. She stood there beside the red horse-chestnut tree. Pink madder, with a faint suspicion of yellow ochre, and the dark belt of laurels just suggested in sap-green by way of background. We shall see what Lady Lauriston says to her to-morrow."

This was by no means the first occasion upon which Thomas Dalrymple had sought advice of his old friend Lady Lauriston, and never yet had he repented having done so. Was it not to her that he had gone eighteen years ago, on the morrow of that fateful hunting expedition, when almost unwittingly he had parted with his liberty, and with perhaps a sort of sneaking acknowledgment, hope that some mode of retreat might be found from this unexpected position? Lady Lauriston's verdict on that memorable occasion had been given with the characteristic shortness and decision which had raised her to the position of a sort of oracle amongst her friends.

"Do your duty, Thomas Dalrymple," she had drily said when the state of the case had then as there been laid before her. "I do your duty, and it is no such great hardship either, I'm thinking, as you might very easily have gone farther and fared worse than with Isabel Grahame; for though you have escaped scot-free till now, you are just the sort of soft, helpless fellow to have drifted sooner or later into some idiotic marriage. Thank your stars, therefore, that the matter is not worse; and depend upon it you will never repent your bargain."

Which he certainly never did for granting that matrimony was to be his fate, what more convenient wife could he have lighted upon? And as years went by, more than

ever he realised the truth of his oracle's assertion that he might easily have gone farther and fared worse.

It had likewise been to Lady Lauriston that Mr Dalrymple had unburdened his soul some ten years previously, when it first began to dawn upon his troubled mind that Miss Findlay—the superior governess whom he had engaged to superintend the girls' education—was making a dead-set at his liberty; and it was by her advice that Phemie and Chrissy had been placed at school with such unexpected alacrity as to defeat all that accomplished lady's cunningly laid plans. Mr Dalrymple had never entertained the slightest doubt that, as his actual marriage had been virtually decided by the decree of his old friend, so, too, the second union into which he must infallibly have stumbled, if left to himself, had been solely averted by her sagacity. Many a time, when smoking the pipe of luxurious idleness under the shade of bananas and cocoa-nut trees, he had thought of Lady Lauriston with heartfelt gratitude; and it was with a sort of undefined hope that some such consolatory scission of this new Gordian knot might now be awaiting him, that on the following day he drove over to Lauriston Park to lay the case before her.

Lady Lauriston was an old lady, well turned sixty, with white fluffy curls and *spirituel* brown eyes, which might have belonged to some *rococo* French marquise, combined with the firm square chin and shrewd, tightly closed lips of a Glasgow man of business. If humour and *esprit* were clearly written upon the upper part of her face, so in no less unmistakable characters energy and common-sense were to be read on the lower portion. Only daughter and heiress of one of the great iron-masters who had raised himself to

honour and wealth by his unaided efforts, Elizabeth McBean combined the advantage of culture and refinement to a vein of more powerful originality than is mostly to be found nowadays among the upper ten thousand. The slight Northern accent, which she had never entirely shaken off, was rather a charm than a blemish; and when, in rare moments of emotion or excitement, she unconsciously emphasised her meaning with a word or two of vigorous, old-fashioned, broad Scotch, the effect produced by contrast to the conventional idiom, which has now been imposed upon us all alike, was that of some brilliant weed springing up irrepressibly 'twixt well-ordered rows of turnips or cabbages. Her natural qualities had been further developed and accentuated by circumstances. Married at sixteen, for the sake of her fortune, to Sir Ronald Lauriston, the worthless scion of a long line of dissipated ancestors, who had sought to regild his tarnished 'scutcheon with the money of the iron heiress, as she was then called, Elizabeth McBean had quickly realised that she must trust to her own wits alone if she would save her father's hardly earned guineas from being made ducks and drakes of, as had been the case with the Lauriston fortune. With the business instincts of her race thus early aroused, she had contrived to keep hold of her fortune in so firm a grasp, that when, after a dozen years of conjugal life, her worthless spendthrift husband had betaken himself to a better, or more probably a worse, world, she found herself still in possession of her uncurtailed patrimony. With the same energy and discrimination she had brought up her six children and settled them in life, procuring good appointments for the sons and suitable marriages for the daughters. It was now some twenty years since

the last Miss Lauriston had left her mother's wing, and having therefore no more immediate social duties to perform, Lady Lauriston had virtually retired from the gay world: but though she rarely paid visits or attended public entertainments, she still continued to see her friends in a quiet way at Lauriston Park in summer, or in winter at her Edinburgh house; and she was very much at the service of such of her acquaintances as chose to seek her out for the purpose of profiting by her shrewd judgment and close acquaintance with men and manners. Her cool-headed reason was not to be upset or misled by any deceptive glamour; and there were few characters so close or so insidious as not to be read aright by her penetrating brown eyes.

"She is very young," Mr Dalrymple was saying, in a deprecating tone of voice, as he sat opposite his counsellor holding an untasted cup of tea poised in mid-air.

"I don't know what you call young," returned his companion, a little testily. "She was seventeen last month, and that is decidedly too old to be sent back to school. Why, man, I had a bairn myself before her age!"

"Then what would you have me do?" said the father, helplessly.

"Your duty," said the old lady, shortly, making use of much the same words she had used on a former occasion eighteen years ago. "Show her the world, let her gauge her value against that of other girls, and make for herself the best bargain she can. Try, in short, to remember that you are her father."

Mr Dalrymple emptied his cup at one gulp with an exceedingly wry face, just as though, instead of containing superfine Ceylon tea at 6s. per lb.,—Lady Lauriston's tea was always famous, as she invariably contrived to have better bever-

age at a smaller figure than any of her acquaintances,—it had been some nauseous physic he was imbibing.

"Then, do you really mean to say that there is nothing else to be done?" he said, after a pause, putting down the empty cup on the nearest table.

"Nothing," returned the oracle with uncompromising cruelty; "you will have to pay visits at country houses and invite people in return; you will have, in short, to change all your habits, and give up your expeditions to Santa Beata till both your daughters are settled in life."

Mr Dalrymple moaned aloud, but did not attempt to struggle further against fate. "I will do what I can," he said, submissively, "but how on earth I am to set about it is more than I can tell."

"Perhaps you would like to put an advertisement in the 'Glasgow Herald,'" suggested the old lady sarcastically, "stating that you have a marriageable daughter, and that you will be delighted to receive suitors every day from 12 to 2 o'clock. That would save a deal of trouble, to be sure."

"So it would!" exclaimed the father, fervently. "I wish to goodness that people would hit upon some such common-sense device for simplifying all the ridiculous complications of society. Why, that is the way they arrange marriages abroad, I believe. In Italy, for instance, everything is managed by some competent go-between, and the young people rarely meet till everything is settled—a most convenient arrangement!"

"Most convenient," said the old lady, drily; then bursting into a genial laugh, she added compassionately, "But cheer up, Thomas Dalrymple. You are scarcely likely to be compelled to play the part of heavy father for very long—in

Phemie's case at least. She is so pretty that you are sure to find some one anxious to take her off your hands before many months have elapsed."

"You find her pretty? Why, that was certainly my own impression when I first saw her yesterday; but I scarcely felt sure of the fact till I heard your opinion."

"Well, now, you have my opinion that she is on the high-road to become an uncommon pretty girl—as pretty as any I have known during the last twenty years. Not regularly handsome, perhaps, for her chin is almost too pointed and her nose scarcely straight enough for that, but she possesses that peculiar charm which is ten times more worth than regular beauty. Depend upon it, you will require neither advertisements nor go-between in order to secure a son-in-law."

Mr Dalrymple's hitherto doleful countenance now brightened visibly under these consolatory words; and, unconsciously perhaps, his eyes wandered to the bow window opposite, which afforded a view on to the croquet-ground, occupied just now by a party of four—viz., the two Dalrymple girls, with a couple of young men as their respective partners,—the one a schoolboy, scarcely older than Chrissy herself, the other a tall and remarkably handsome man, whose grey tweed coat had an unmistakable air of distinction about it. It was on this latter figure, just now eagerly bent down towards his eldest daughter, as he explained to her some new intricate rule of the game they were playing, that Mr Dalrymple's eyes were fixed. But his glance had not passed unnoticed.

"It is not out there anyway that you will find the son-in-law you are seeking. Ronald Hamilton is a very elegant and fascinating

young man, no doubt, but scarcely the sort of fellow whom it would be wise to welcome into the bosom of a respectable family. He comes of a bad stock, and I ought to know, considering that he is almost my nephew by marriage. His mother was a Lauriston, step-sister to my own husband, and spite of his father's name he has far more of the Lauriston blood in his veins than my grandson Archie out there. Handsome and fascinating to be sure, like all the Lauristons, but rotten at core—mere dross, I assure you, mere dross."

It was always in this calm dispassionate manner that Lady Lauriston alluded to any member of the family whose name she bore. It was wellnigh forty years since she had buried her ne'er-do-weel husband; and whatever bitterness she may once have felt connected with his memory had long since died out. She as little remembered the suffering she had endured at his hands as we recall the pain of losing our first milk-tooth.

"He tried to elope with his sister's governess before he was eighteen," resumed the old lady, after a pause; "and after that his father imprudently bought him a commission in the Guards, but before a twelvemonth he was forced to exchange into an Indian regiment; and now, after scarce half-a-dozen years' service, he is back again like a bad shilling on his father's hands—obliged to sell out because of some row he got into out there. Some story about a woman, I believe. Poor old Hamilton is terribly cut up about it, and has sent him over here to-day in order to let me try my hand upon him. I have done what I can, but I fear he is a hopeless case."

"Dear! dear!" said Mr Dalrymple, putting up his eyeglass the

better to scan this precocious black sheep, who at this moment was kneeling down on the grass in order to steady Euphemia's ball for the tight roquet she was about to inflict upon her sister. "Dear! dear! you don't mean to say so? and there he is just now playing croquet with the girls. Do you think it is quite safe to leave them alone so long?"

"Quite safe so far as matrimony goes," replied the old lady. "Ronald may possibly flirt with Euphemia, but he will never dream of proposing to her, even if they play a hundred croquet-parties together; for he has got a keen eye to the main chance in the midst of all his philandering, and when-

ever he marries it will be money, depend upon it. To return, however, to what we were saying before about Euphemia's coming out: it is, of course, too late to have her presented this season, but you might take her to a few small gatherings in the meantime, just to let her feel her way and rub off the first shyness before making the decisive plunge into the world. Why, you cannot do better than take her to the Yeomanry ball at Lanark next month, where she will meet all the county, and you can freshen up old acquaintances. I shall make a point of going there myself for once in a way, and shall take care that she gets the right sort of partners."

CHAPTER IV.—CINDERELLA.

"Come along," said young Archie Lauriston, as he took hold of Chrissy's hand with schoolboy familiarity, and dragged her out in the direction of the croquet-ground. "Let us leave the ancestry alone to moralise over their tea-cups, while we have a jolly good game at croquet. There will be plenty of time before your horses are put to. I will play you two girls single-handed for half a bob—all I have left of my pocket-money this month. We might ask Hamilton to join us, to be sure, only he is so infernally stuck-up that he would probably not find it worth his while to play with a couple of schoolgirls like you," he added, with youthful candour.

"Phemie is not a schoolgirl," said Chrissy, indignantly. "She has left for good, and so have I. We are getting all the house freshly done up, and intend to give dinner-parties next month, to which you shall certainly not be invited if you make such rude speeches and call us a couple of schoolgirls."

"Is that really true about the dinner-parties?" said Archie, greedily. "Oh, come then, you would surely not be mean enough to leave out an old friend like me; that would be real shabby, you know! Let us make a bargain, Miss Chrissy. I will engage to call you a young lady, or a dowager, or a duchess, or anything else you please, and will not roquet your ball a single time, if you will promise to invite me to the very first dinner-party you give. Please remember that I dote upon lobster-salad, and that I would be ready to sign away my soul any day for a chance of goose-liver pie."

"How very flattering! Then I suppose it would do quite as well if, instead of an invitation, I were to send you a parcel containing a jar of lobster-salad and a goose-liver pie!" suggested Euphemia, demurely.

"Not near as well," returned the candid youth; "for you see there might be some mistake about the

parcel being delivered, and then the lobster would probably be stale, or else I might be obliged to eat it with my fingers, which would be horribly uncomfortable, you know. But, honour bright! if you will send me a printed invitation-card with 'Mr and Miss Dalrymple request the pleasure of Mr Archibald Lauriston's company,' &c., I will really and truly never call you a schoolgirl again; and I was not speaking of myself either when I did so just now, but of Hamilton. He is such a confounded swell, and never thinks any one good enough for him."

"Hamilton?" now inquired Phemie, whom the name had previously escaped. "Which Hamilton? surely not the same——?"

"Here he comes," interrupted Archie, as the person in question emerged from behind a clump of southernwood, holding in his fingers a half-finished cigar, and looking very handsome, rather sulky, and wholly bored. He was in particularly bad humour this afternoon; for having ridden over here with the latent intention of wheedling his aunt, Lady Lauriston, out of the loan of a hundred pounds which he sorely wanted for going up to the Derby, he had been dismissed, so to say, with his tail between his legs, and with a moral lecture which he considered a very poor substitute for the guineas he had hoped to reap. Unaware of the presence of other visitors, he had stumbled into their midst without warning, and could not escape the introduction which naturally followed.

"Will you not join us at a croquet-match, Hamilton?" asked Archie, somewhat diffidently, for he was rather in awe of the elder man's supercilious airs. "We are only three players, as it is, and I should have to take two balls myself against these two gir—young

ladies, unless you take pity upon us. Do come, that's a good fellow."

Thus apostrophised, Mr Hamilton looked doubtfully at the little group before him. Archie and Chrissy were looking eagerly in his face, as though awaiting an all-important decision to fall from his lips, but Euphemia, after the first stiff little bow, had turned away her head, and was now standing a few paces off, tapping the mallet against the ground with a nervous movement that seemed to speak of impatience or annoyance.

"So sorry to disappoint you," Mr Hamilton was beginning to drawl, "but I am really afraid it cannot be managed, for you see my horse will be coming round almost direct——"

His phrase was unexpectedly cut short by the elder Miss Dalrymple, who had suddenly turned round with a bright flush of indignation on her cheek.

"Archie," she exclaimed, speaking fast and breathlessly, "how can you be so tiresome as to tease people in that way? Leave Mr Hamilton alone if he does not want to play. We shall manage quite well without him."

The two men stared at her in surprise, each equally ignorant of the cause which had called forth this sudden excitement on the part of the usually so quiet Miss Dalrymple; and Chrissy, on whose face a look of mischievous intelligence had suddenly dawned, and who had begun to giggle behind her pocket-handkerchief, was silenced by a severe glance from Phemie's eyes.

"By Jove! she does look like a grown-up young lady now, and no mistake," was Archie's muttered reflection; while simultaneously Mr Hamilton was thinking to himself that this girl, upon whom he had scarcely bestowed a glance just now, was decidedly worth looking at,

after all, and as the natural result of this discovery, he hastened to qualify his former assertion by explaining that perhaps it might be possible to send back the horse to the stables for another hour: now that he came to think of it, a ride home in the cool of the evening would be infinitely pleasanter than to set out along the dusty high-road at this early hour: there was nothing that he enjoyed more than a game at croquet, &c., &c.

Delighted at having gained his point, like a shot Archie was off to the stables to countermand the steed; and as Miss Dalrymple had apparently no more objections to offer, a match was quickly organised, in which Phemie and Archie Lauriston on one side acted as partners against Chrissy and Mr Hamilton.

The latter gentleman made no attempt to approach Miss Dalrymple for some time, but though ostensibly engrossed in the progress of the game, he contrived to watch her furtively, with an expression of half-puzzled recognition on his countenance. "I must have seen that face before somewhere, but cannot for the life of me remember where. And why did she look at me so savagely, I wonder?" he questioned himself over and over again, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

"Have you ever been in India?" he presently inquired of Chrissy, when he had successfully initiated her into the art of sending her ball through two hoops at once.

"Good gracious! no; what on earth should make you suppose so?"

"Because I cannot get over my impression that we have met before somewhere or other. I seem to remember your sister's face somehow, but haven't a notion where it can have been."

Chrissy's eyes sparkled with mis-

chievous glee, and her lips were twitching with ill-suppressed merriment, as she replied as gravely as she could—

"Phemie has certainly never been in India, unless it was in her sleep. Why, she has never been out of Scotland—as little as I myself have ever been."

"Phemie? Is that her name? Phemie Dalrymple? Why, the name is half-familiar too, as well as the face: it seems to wake some old—some very old—chord in my memory which I cannot quite reach. Her face——"

But Chrissy, unable to contain herself any longer, now burst forth impetuously—

"Her face resembles most an unripe pear;
Her figure's like the very crows to scare;
Her cheek the colour of a tallow dip;
No rose nor cherry hues adorn her lip.
Not heaven nor hell itself shall have the power
To make me lead that lady to my bower!

There now! Do you remember where it was that you met Phemie before?"

For a full minute Mr Hamilton stared at his tormentor before replying.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed at last, striking his forehead. "What a duffer I have been, to be sure! Of course I remember now. It was at that midsummer party at Cockleburgh seven—no, let me see—eight years ago. And do you really mean to say that that is Cinderella—little Cinderella, who boxed my ears because I had ventured to take some liberties with the original text of the play?"

"Very great liberties, indeed, and you richly deserved to have your ears boxed," affirmed Chrissy, gravely. "No wonder that Phemie has never forgiven you."

"Is she indeed so implacable?"

said the young man, with a half-smile of amusement. "Why, your sister looked just now as if she would not have minded boxing my ears over again. But I shall make my peace by-and-by—just see if I don't."

He smiled again, the self-confident smile of a man who has already sufficiently tested his power over women in order to feel sure of the result. A singularly handsome man with his clean-cut features and well-marked brows overshadowing a pair of dark-brown eyes, in which there ever lurked a slight suspicion of careless devilry, Ronald Hamilton's success with the fair sex was yet not due to appearance only, but fully more to the absence of effort with which he seemed to accomplish most things which are calculated to make us shine in the eyes of the world. A splendid rider, a deadly shot, and a fencer of the first water, he was equally proficient at cards and billiards, cricket and golf, croquet and lawn-tennis, whenever, as in the present instance, he condescended to take a turn at such minor sports, and demonstrate his superiority over the rest of his fellows; and there was, moreover, this difference between him and other skilful players, riders, and marksmen, that whereas in their case proficiency was evidently the result of teaching and practice, these various accomplishments seemed but natural and instinctive to Ronald Hamilton, no more learnt, apparently, than was his brilliant smile and the seductive glance of his dark-brown eye. Hamilton the Invincible, as half-contemptuously, half-enviously he had been dubbed by his less brilliant friends, had but lately returned from India after an absence of some five or six years; and though, apparently, his moral character had gained but little from the change of climate, there could be no doubt that he

had returned home infinitely more fascinating and seductive than he had previously been. In the free, untrammelled life of the tropics he had acquired greater vigour and independence of bearing than our spoilt children of fashion can usually boast; and the slight prestige of an exiled black sheep, which still clung about his person, and out of which he had ingeniously contrived to weave for himself a very fair imitation of a martyr's crown, but further served to invest him with a flavour of romance.

Euphemia, who had recognised her former enemy at the first glance, was firmly resolved that nothing should induce her to unbend towards him. Had not the recollection of that eventful theatrical party been rankling in her mind all these eight long years? and was it not his fault that she had been sent sobbing and supperless to bed, while the other children were making merry down-stairs over pigeon-pie and plum-cake? Recognition had not been mutual, of that she felt sure; and if only Chrissy would have the sense to hold her tongue, he need never be the wiser. Chance seemed to favour her wishes by assigning to her Archie Lauriston as partner, when with two blades of grass the question was decided by lots.

Apparently Mr Hamilton was quite satisfied with the arrangement, for after those few phrases of conversation with Chrissy, he had abruptly changed the subject, and during the first half of the game kept studiously avoiding the pale green ball which belonged to Miss Dalrymple, and even refrained from glancing in her direction. Presently, however, just when she least expected it, Phemie, leaning listlessly on her mallet, was startled by a sharp click close at hand, causing her to turn round with a start of surprise. It was Mr Hamilton's

orange globe which, bearing down from the other end of the croquet-ground with the unerring aim of a William Tell and ten times the velocity of the Flying Scotchman, had ousted her own green ball from its advantageous position close to the centre bell.

"Too bad of you, Hamilton!" exclaimed Archie, aggrievedly. "That is what I call malice prepense to go out of your way to injure unoffending mortals."

"A mere chance," said the offender, sauntering up to rejoin his ball. "I was aiming at the bell, indeed I was, and had not even perceived the green ball—so exactly the colour of the grass, you see. To whom does it belong? Ah, Miss Dalrymple! Very sorry, I am sure, to have disturbed a lady, but all means are fair in war—or in love—you know the proverb."

"I know the rules of the game," said Phemie, a little shortly. "Of course you have a right to roquet me now."

"Well, that is just about it, I am afraid, and I am only admiring the philosophical coolness with which you submit to the inevitable. You will have to make an involuntary excursion to some distant point of Lady Lauriston's park, I fancy. Where shall it be? See how generous I am: I leave you to pronounce your own sentence. Do you desire to make nearer acquaintance with that copper beech-tree over there? or would you rather go and join those charming young lambs which are frolicking so sweetly at the end of the avenue?"

"Whichever you like," returned Phemie, impatiently; "only, please be quick, or we shall never be finished with this game."

"Here goes for the lambs, then!" exclaimed Mr Hamilton, swinging his mallet on high with a formidable gesture.

"We are lost now, Phemie!" cried Archie, piteously. "I know what Hamilton's roquets mean, and we shall never be able to make up for the ground we lose."

Twice—thrice the mallet was brandished on high, as though to prolong the agony of suspense, then the blow descended; but, contrary to all anticipation, it was neither to the lambs nor yet to the shade of the copper beech-tree that the hapless green ball was exiled.

"Missed, by Jove!" exclaimed Archie, executing a rapturous caper on the grass. "Only fancy the Invincible having slipped his foot in that incomprehensible fashion!"

"Incomprehensible!" echoed Hamilton, rubbing his left foot with an admirably assumed expression of excruciating agony. "Such a thing has not happened to me for years, and I cannot imagine how on earth it came about. The tables are turned with a vengeance, for now it is I who am at your mercy, Miss Dalrymple."

"Give him no quarter, Phemie," said Archie. "He does not deserve any pity."

"Certainly no pity," agreed Phemie, drawing her pretty eyebrows together with a ferocious frown as she prepared to adjust her mallet.

"Not even if I have smashed my foot and nearly made myself a helpless cripple for life?" pleaded the victim, glancing at Phemie with an expression of abject supplication, through which, however, there pierced a certain humorous twinkle, for the first time raising doubts in her mind as to whether the accident had been entirely unpremeditated on his part. Then, seeing that she gave no answer, he proceeded in a lower tone, not intended to reach the others—"How lucky it is, is it not, that my foot is not made of glass—like—like Cinderella's

slipper, for instance? If it were, it must inevitably have been shattered by the blow."

Phemie flushed scarlet up to the roots of her hair, and in order to cover her confusion, played a rather reckless stroke which called forth the violently expressed disapprobation of her partner.

"What do you know about Cinderella?" she said at last, looking at him with clearly expressed defiance in her hazel eyes.

"I only know that she is an exceedingly dangerous young lady, and that I must be careful never again to incur her displeasure if I wish to preserve my ears intact."

"Are your ears then as brittle as your foot?" inquired Miss Dalrymple, drily, with no sign of relenting in her voice.

"Would you like to try?" said Mr Hamilton, uncovering his head with a ready gesture, and standing before her in an attitude of mock submission. "Here I am bared for execution—you have only to strike."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Phemie, smiling in spite of herself, but with an annoyed consciousness that with her schoolgirl training she was no match for the ready wit and easy grace of this man of the world; "and for heaven's sake put on your hat again before the others see you. I don't want Archie Lauriston to know that—that—"

"That you ever boxed my ears? By no means. Let it be a secret between us—the tender link that binds us together."

Here again Phemie was uneasily conscious of having been worsted in the encounter of wits. It was distinctly mortifying to find the incident of Cinderella, which had lived in her memory as purest tragedy, thus lightly, almost facetiously, treated. Whenever in im-

agination she had thought of a possible meeting with her former enemy, she had always seen herself as mistress of the situation, crushing Ronald Hamilton by the weight of contempt, and coldly disdainful of all his efforts at reconciliation. And now, without exactly knowing how it had come about, here she was having entered into a sort of tacit alliance with her quondam foe. With a tardy attempt to regain her lost dignity, she added, "I do not care to let any one know that such—such a ridiculous thing ever took place. And you have ever so much more reason to keep silence than I have, for it was all your fault, you know. If it had not been for those silly verses nothing would have happened."

"Exactly. The verses were undoubtedly very silly, and I richly deserved my punishment. But all the same, I scarcely thought you would have done me the honour to remember this youthful flight of poetical fancy during eight whole years. I really had no notion that young ladies had such excellent memories, or that they nursed revenge so carefully. That is scarcely Christian, you know. Undoubtedly I am a very black sinner, but even black sinners occasionally repent, and I shall be delighted to make amends for my crime by sending you a fresh copy of verses in place of those which had such a disastrous effect. You will find, I am sure, that I have greatly improved as a poet since those days."

He was bending towards her now, and his laughing brown eyes were telling her very plainly what would be the gist of the poem he was offering to make upon her face.

"No, thank you," she said, as she turned away in some confusion, "I don't think I care for any more of your verses. You had better keep them for some one else."

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.—I.

I FANCY that I shall always hereafter associate the plaintive strains of Gluck's "Orpheo" with the fatal illness of one of my dearest friends. I was on my way to hear Julia Ravoglio at a morning performance of the "Orpheo," when I learnt that Froude was dying. Julia Ravoglio, as Orpheus, has always been and is still (as I think) without a rival; but that day it seemed as if the news I had just received added a keen, a poignant, pathos to music which I never hear unmoved. While one was being recalled from Hades, another high and pure spirit was passing away! Somehow the tender appeal, the exquisite pain and passion, the lofty consecration of a love stronger than death, elicited a responsive echo. Were it possible to revoke the sentence that had gone forth! Might not Death be appeased once more? Even at the eleventh hour might he not be persuaded to relent?

But in our prosaic modern world (where even the piping of an Orpheus would be unregarded) there is no relenting. Science has felt her way too surely: when she tells us with impartial composure, with cruel serenity, that there is no hope, we ask in vain for a reprieve. Froude, if we count by years, was an old man; yet it was wellnigh impossible to believe that he could be dying. Until a year or two ago he had retained much of his youthful vigour. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. He could still land his salmon; and he had been a famous angler. He could still handle a gun; and he had been a crack shot in his time. When aboard the tidy little craft that he kept at Salcombe,

especially if the waves ran high, he was almost boyishly elate. Sometimes, no doubt, he was sad; but it was the sadness of one who, looking before and after, has found that the riddle is hard to read. He had indeed an ever-present sense of the mysteries of existence, and of the awful responsibility of the creature to the unknown and invisible lawgiver. I have heard him described by shallow observers as "taciturn" and "saturnine." No two words could be less descriptive. He was a singularly bright and vivacious companion; his smile was winning as a woman's; possibly he did not always unbend, but when he unbent he unbent wholly. In congenial society he was ready to discourse on every topic in the heaven above or on the earth beneath; and when at his best he was not only a brilliant and picturesque but a really suggestive talker. I would not have it thought that he was not sometimes severe. He had a very high standard of right and wrong. He hated all shams, religious, literary, political. The casuistry of the rhetorician, the sophistical make-believe of the worldly ecclesiastic, he could not abide. In public as in private they were abhorrent to him. But while he had a passionate scorn of meanness and truckling, he had an equally passionate reverence for truth, as he understood it, whatever guise it assumed. The mask might be sometimes as impassive as Disraeli's; but behind it was an almost tremulous sensitiveness—a tenderness easily wounded. His presence was striking and impressive,—coal-black eyes, wonderfully lustrous and luminous ("eyes full of genius

—the glow from within,"—as Dr John Brown said¹); coal-black hair, only latterly streaked with grey; massive features strongly lined,—massive yet mobile, and capable of the subtlest play of expression. For myself I can say without any reserve that he was, upon the whole, the most interesting man I have ever known. To me, moreover, not only the most interesting, but the most steadfastly friendly. I have fished with him in the English Channel, have yachted with him on the Kenmare river, have acted as his assessor in University courts, have been his guest and his host for five-and-thirty years; and I found him ever the same,—the most loyal and lovable of friends, the frankest but most genial of critics.

That what may be roughly called the popular impression is very different I am well aware. That this silent, reserved, cynical, sardonic censor held aloof from his fellows, and regarded them with tacit or even Swiftian disapprobation, we have been assured again and again. Against such a confirmed misunderstanding, the assurance of friends is comparatively valueless. But even yet the true man is disclosed in his letters; and of his letters I have preserved many. He wrote with surprising ease; and the sunshine or storm of the moment was reflected in them as in a glass. His "verbal magic" was not an accomplishment but a natural grace. Carlyle

might hammer away painfully at his Frederick in the Valley of the Shadow; but Froude, however lofty or however lowly the theme, was never embarrassed; and the rhythmical rise and fall, the musical flow, of his written words was as noticeable in familiar epistle as in finished "study." I venture to think that even a limited selection, a provisional instalment, of his charming and characteristic letters will serve to dissipate many prejudices. Some of them are too intimate and confidential for publication. There are passages of flattering personal appreciation which must, wherever practicable, be omitted, while on the other hand there are humorously savage denunciations of clerical impostors and political charlatans which might be taken too seriously by the unwary. Froude, though constitutionally good-humoured, could hit very hard when roused. And there were occasions when he did not hesitate to speak his mind to friend and foe,—though I honestly believe that he never penned a line which, so far as he was concerned, the world was not welcome to read. His opinions might change—as they no doubt did; but he wrote always with the most absolute sincerity. He did not pride himself on "consistency,"—which indeed is not seldom only a euphuism for obstinacy or unteachableness. Of a certain eminent politician he wrote to me long ago, that he was "a man of the be-

¹ "I greatly fear I shall not get to you to-night. I am never sure of Monday, owing to my Insurance work, which cannot be gainsaid. So if I do not appear at seven, you will know how sorry I am for myself. Give my best regards and admiration to your friend. What a noble utterance that was and is—as full of genius as are his eyes—the glow from within. He and Carlyle are our only Rectors of Genius. I shall be very vex'd if I don't see him."—Letter from Dr John Brown, 1865. On another occasion "Dr John" writes that he is afraid he will not be able to come, as possibly old Mrs Brewster is to dine with him. "But I hope to learn to-day the will of that beautifullest and oldest of women."

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.—I.

I FANCY that I shall always hereafter associate the plaintive strains of Gluck's "Orpheo" with the fatal illness of one of my dearest friends. I was on my way to hear Julia Ravoglio at a morning performance of the "Orpheo," when I learnt that Froude was dying. Julia Ravoglio, as Orpheus, has always been and is still (as I think) without a rival; but that day it seemed as if the news I had just received added a keen, a poignant, pathos to music which I never hear unmoved. While one was being recalled from Hades, another high and pure spirit was passing away! Somehow the tender appeal, the exquisite pain and passion, the lofty consecration of a love stronger than death, elicited a responsive echo. Were it possible to revoke the sentence that had gone forth! Might not Death be appeased once more? Even at the eleventh hour might he not be persuaded to relent?

But in our prosaic modern world (where even the piping of an Orpheus would be unregarded) there is no relenting. Science has felt her way too surely: when she tells us with impartial composure, with cruel serenity, that there is no hope, we ask in vain for a reprieve. Froude, if we count by years, was an old man; yet it was wellnigh impossible to believe that he could be dying. Until a year or two ago he had retained much of his youthful vigour. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. He could still land his salmon; and he had been a famous angler. He could still handle a gun; and he had been a crack shot in his time. When aboard the tidy little craft that he kept at Salcombe,

especially if the waves ran high, he was almost boyishly elate. Sometimes, no doubt, he was sad; but it was the sadness of one who, looking before and after, has found that the riddle is hard to read. He had indeed an ever-present sense of the mysteries of existence, and of the awful responsibility of the creature to the unknown and invisible lawgiver. I have heard him described by shallow observers as "taciturn" and "saturnine." No two words could be less descriptive. He was a singularly bright and vivacious companion; his smile was winning as a woman's; possibly he did not always unbend, but when he unbent he unbent wholly. In congenial society he was ready to discourse on every topic in the heaven above or on the earth beneath; and when at his best he was not only a brilliant and picturesque but a really suggestive talker. I would not have it thought that he was not sometimes severe. He had a very high standard of right and wrong. He hated all shams, religious, literary, political. The casuistry of the rhetorician, the sophistical make-believe of the worldly ecclesiastic, he could not abide. In public as in private they were abhorrent to him. But while he had a passionate scorn of meanness and truckling, he had an equally passionate reverence for truth, as he understood it, whatever guise it assumed. The mask might be sometimes as impassive as Disraeli's; but behind it was an almost tremulous sensitiveness—a tenderness easily wounded. His presence was striking and impressive,—coal-black eyes, wonderfully lustrous and luminous ("eyes full of genius

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lieving temperament, without a single conviction that can stand a strain"; but (though sensitive as an aneroid to all the moods of the weather) his own vital convictions were never lightly shaken. There was an apparent fickleness, no doubt, about his judgments of men; but it was apparent only. He judged them as—week by week, session after session—they approached or fell short of his ideal. He had, for example, no confidence in the divine wisdom of democracies; the *vox populi* was not the *vox Dei*—quite the reverse indeed as a rule; and just as the statesman when he resisted ignorant popular clamour was blessed, so when he yielded was he banned.

The letters cover a wide range—literature, history, poetry, philosophy, and politics. Browning, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Freeman, Disraeli, Gladstone, are among the men who figure most prominently in this vivid record of five and-thirty years. The Russian troubles, the Irish troubles, the Carlyle troubles,—there is hardly a single incident of our time on which they do not touch. One page will be devoted to the struggle between Moslem and Slav; the next to the contest between rat and water-hen, or "the fate of the magpie's nest." A singularly sensitive and receptive eye watches with unwearied curiosity the game that is being played! The watcher sometimes becomes the worker; and then—once at least, and possibly more than once—the interest deepens into tragedy.

I did not know Froude except through his books (the first two volumes of the 'History of England' had been published in 1856) until, on John Parker's death in 1860, he undertook the management of 'Fraser's Magazine.' He

had nursed Parker on his death-bed; he was with him to the end; and it was to Froude that Parker's aged father naturally looked for help when the blow fell. For twenty years thereafter Froude, though much occupied (till 1870 at least) on the successive volumes of his history, continued to edit the Magazine,—Charles Kingsley and Sir Theodore Martin occasionally taking the duty when he had to be at Simancas or elsewhere abroad. It was in 1860, consequently, that our correspondence began; and it did not close till the summer of the present year. His last letter to me is dated 22d June 1894. I need only add that I had been a frequent contributor to 'Fraser' for several years before Parker's death; and that the manuscript of a political sketch (now dead and buried), entitled 'Thalatta,' was in his hands at the time.

"6 CLIFTON PLACE, HYDE PARK,
December 17 [1860].

"DEAR SIR,—You must excuse the silence of the Editor of 'Fraser'; when there was no editor, you could receive no letter from such a person. . . . Am I addressing 'Shirley'? At present even the names of most of the contributors are unknown to me. I hope, however, that I may become better acquainted with them in a little while. I have often heard John Parker mention your name.—Faithfully yours,

"J. A. FROUDE."

"The papers are sent to me in handfuls from the Strand. I get not what I wish to see, but what the porter's hands happen to close upon when they dive into poor young Parker's chest. Chest and all, I believe, come to me tomorrow. . . . I hope when you

come to London you will give me the pleasure of your acquaintance, and will call on me."

"6 CLIFTON PLACE, HYDE PARK,
Jan. 12 [1861].

"I have read 'Thalatta.' . . . The yacht scene made me groan over the recollection of days and occupation exactly the same. To wander round the world in a hundred-ton schooner would be my highest realisation of human felicity."

"BEMBRIDGE, ISLE OF WIGHT,
August 12 [1862].

"We were driven at last to a shorter flight for our summer than we had intended. . . . You will see me, however, at Edinburgh *alone* before I begin to write out my first copy. Even on so old and vexed a subject as Mary Stuart, I have much to tell that is new. Alas! that Knox's Kirk should have sunk down into the thing which is represented in those verses. . . . The horrible creed is not new. Thomas Aquinas says much the same. And after all, if it is once allowed that God Almighty will torture poor Devils for ever and ever for making mistakes on the nature of the Trinity, I don't see why any quantity of capricious horrors may not be equally true. Given the truth of what all English orthodox parsons profess to believe, and Hephzibah Jones may believe as much more in the same line as he pleases. Only I think our opinion ought to have been asked as to whether we would accept existence on such terms before we were sent into the world."

"6 CLIFTON PLACE,
May 18 [1862]."

"If it will not give you too much trouble, will you tell me,

quite briefly, the relation in which 'the Lords of the Articles' stood to a Scotch Parliament, and how in theory they were chosen?"

"6 CLIFTON PLACE, HYDE PARK,
May 22 [1862].

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—Thank you much. You tell me exactly what I wanted to know. I fear my book will bring all your people about my ears. Mary Stuart, from my point of view, was something between Rachel and a pantheress. —Ever sincerely yours,
"J. A. FROUDE."

"RAMSGATE, Easter Monday, 1862.

"I know very little of Browning's poetry; but Browning himself I admire extremely, and I have often wished for leisure to read him. I tried 'Paracelsus' twenty years ago unsuccessfully, and this, I suppose, has prevented me from exciting myself about him as I ought. By all means let me have your article. Kingsley was very sorry not to see you."

"BEMBRIDGE, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Sep. 13 [1862].

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—I suppose you are right about the Maclachlan story¹—in some degree. But in that the offence was treason and not creed (though I incline to think the tradition true as to the public execution), yet creed and treason ran inevitably one into the other. The two metals, quite separate in the cold days, fused together in the melting heat of passion. I wish you or some competent person would take a look at your Scotch history as a whole from the Reformation downwards, showing how Queen Mary's Catholics became the Montrose and the Claver-

¹ The article referred to was on the Wigtown Martyrs controversy.
VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCCL.

house of the next century. Men divide themselves into orthodox and unorthodox quite irrespective of the special creed they profess. The types of character and the contrasts of character remain constant, while the subject-matter is infinitely varied. Your orthodox latitudinarian Sadducee joined in condemning our Lord, just as your orthodox latitudinarian Doctor Lushington condemns the Essayists. No mind could be further from a Covenanter's, judged by its separate detailed opinions, than Macaulay's; yet the essential resemblance of sympathy was stronger than the opposed views of which he was conscious. The remarkable thing in Scotland was the intense hatred of the two parties for each other. It was not altogether Highlander and Lowlander. It was not patrician and plebeian, though in some degree these divisions followed the religious division.

"All mankind, Coleridge says, are either Nominalist or Realist. This was a metaphysical way of expressing two opposed classes which in one form or other divide the world; and which in your Scotland took such picturesque and romantic forms.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. A. FROUDE.

"On controverted points I approve myself of the practice of the Reformation. When St Paul's Cross pulpit was occupied one Sunday by a Lutheran, the next by a Catholic, the next by a Calvinist, all sides had a hearing, and the preachers knew that they would be pulled up before the same audience for what they might say."

"December 13 [1862].

"You will let me keep Browning till Feb.—will you not?"

[Froude in his conduct of the Magazine followed the "Reformation practice"; though Browning, I am afraid, was a hard nut to crack. But the prolonged unpopularity of our great poet is now a commonplace.]

"6 CLIFTON PLACE,
Jan. 3 [1863].

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—I am very sorry about Browning. The length has been the difficulty. Were it made up of your own work it should have gone in long ago, without a day's delay. But Browning's verse!—with intellect, thought, power, grace, all the charms in detail which poetry should have, it rings after all like a bell of lead. However, it shall go in next time—for your sake. No doubt he deserves all you say; yet it will be vain. To this generation Browning is as uninteresting as Shakespeare's Sonnets were to the last century. In making the comparison you see I admit that you may be right. I have no idea of giving up 'Fraser' unless it changes hands, and goes to some publisher whose views about it may be different from mine. Parker, as you know, wishes to sell it. 'Thalatta' came duly, very much improved, I think, by the additions. Thank you most warmly for your words about me in the Preface. I wish I could deserve them. I hope to be in Edinburgh the end of the month. I suppose I had better go through at once, and see Dunbar and Berwick on my way back. Surely I shall be delighted with 'The Seaside Sketch.'—Faithfully yours,
"J. A. FROUDE."

"March 8 [1863].

"The Magazine prospers. The circulation now exceeds 3000, and more copies must be printed."

"April 16 [1863].

"I was highly complimented by Carlyle last night on the management of 'Fraser.'"

"November 18 [1863].

"The old familiar faces which we recollect from childhood have a hold over us peculiar of its kind; and as they drop off one by one the roots of our own hold on life seem shaken. . . . But somehow when successes of this kind do come to us, they come at a time when we have ceased to care for them, and are beginning to think as much of the other world as the present."

"December 12 [1863].

"I want you some day to go with me to Lochleven, and then to Stirling, Perth, and Glasgow. Before I go further I must have a personal knowledge of Lochleven Castle and the grounds at Langside. Also I must look at the street at Linlithgow where Murray was shot."

"December 22 [1863].

"As to Darnley. Yes, it was too certain that she would kill him. He was a poor wretched worm; but they had better have let him crawl away to England, and the manner of it was so piteous. Still, considering the times, there was nothing about a mere murder of an inconvenient scoundrel so very wonderful. It was made important by the political consequences. On the ground that 'a blunder is worse than a crime,' it was unpardonable."

"February 28 [1864].

"Lord Stanhope tells me that he [Joseph Robertson] has just brought out for the *Bannatyne*

Club a curious book about Queen Mary. . . . If you see Mr Robertson, will you kindly tell him that if he will lend me the book I will take the greatest care of it. . . . I send you a lecture which I gave at the Royal Institution, and for which I was called an Atheist."

"6 CLIFTON PLACE, June 29 [1864].

"I almost regret that I did not choose Scotland this year, as local knowledge of many places is growing more and more necessary to me. If we are alive next year, you must take me to Lochleven. I want to make out Carberry Hill, and to seat myself on Queen Mary's stone. . . . The story grows wilder and grander the more I know of it; but like most wild countries it has bad roads through it, and the travelling is dangerous."

"SALCOMBE, August 14 [1864].

"I am only sorry to hear that the Campaigner¹ is so near his retirement. Let it be only on furlough, and let us by all means hope for more of him by-and-by. If your own travels bring you this way it will be most delightful, only if you come let it be before this splendid weather ends. We have no grouse, but we have a sea like the Mediterranean, and estuaries beautiful as Loch Fyne, the green water washing our garden wall, and boats and mackerel. I, alas! instead of enjoying it, have been floundering all the summer among the extinct mine-shafts of Scotch politics,—the most damnable set of pitfalls mortal man was ever put to blunder through in the dark. Nothing but blind paths ending each of them in a chasm with no bottom, and in the

¹ A Campaigner at Home (Longmans, 1865) originally appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine.'

place of guides with good horn lanterns to show the way, nothing but Protestant and Catholic Will-o'-the-wisps. I believe still that the Regent Murray was the honestest man in the whole island; but there was much pitch which he could not help handling.—Ever most truly yours,

"J. A. FROUDE."

"6 CLIFTON PLACE, June 6 [1864].

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—Thanks about the Campaigner, which is quite faultless. If you care for praise, you will be satisfied with what is said by all whose good word is valuable. You shall have your proof as soon as possible. I did my work in Spain; and except that I found I should have to go there many times again, I should be well satisfied. Just now my chief interest is in a number of ballads in the Record Office on the death of Darnley, and again on that of the Regent Murray. The whole tragedy told in that wild musical Scotch, which is like a voice out of another world. There are ten or twelve of them, some written or nominally written by Robert Semple, but there is more than one hand. Will you ask any of your antiquarian friends if they know anything about them? They are printed on loose sheets at the time—1567 and 1570. There is no doubt of their being the genuine expression of the emotions of the time, and although strongly Puritan, they are equally beautiful. I am having them copied, and shall print them in a volume¹ if you or Laing or some one will help me with the Scotch.—Most truly yours,

J. A. FROUDE."

"December 4 [1864].

"Theodore Martin will, I hope, undertake the Life of Maitland of Lethington, which I have been so long wishing to have written. Will the trout rise in Lochleven in May? Then, or about then, I hope for my fortnight with you in the North."

"WESTCLIFF HOUSE, RAMSGATE,
August 8 [1865].

"Pam. cares for nothing but popularity; he will do what the people most interested wish; and he would appoint the Devil over the head of Gabriel if he could gain a vote by it."

"WESTCLIFF, August 25 [1865].

"If you have time, I wish you would write half-a-dozen pages for October in review of two little books of poetry—one Allingham's 'Fifty Modern Poems'; the other another volume of our Devonshire *Postman* Capern, whom I reviewed in 'Fraser' seven years ago, when he first appeared. Art has done nothing for him, but he is a fine musician by nature, and found out his faculties merely by being employed to write songs for the farmers' festivities at Christmas, and sonnets or elegies for despairing lover and friend. It is wild-flower growth, but *real* as far as it goes."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
October 16 [1865].

"I hope to be with you on the second. Pray do not ask people to meet me. I am sorry about the chair; a leaden bottom and a wooden head seem the established qualifications."

[This is the first letter from the

¹ Since this letter was written these poems have been issued by the Scottish Text Society in a volume edited by Dr Cranstoun, entitled 'Satirical Poems of the Time of the Reformation.'

pleasant house in Onslow Gardens, where Froude remained until he went to Oxford in 1891.]

[In June 1865 I had reviewed Mr Swinburne's earliest volume, 'The Queen-Mother and Rosamond'; and on the appearance of the first series of 'Poems and Ballads' in 1866, Froude permitted me, after some hesitation, and in spite of, or rather in consequence of, the extravagant and irrational violence of the critics, to insert a qualified "apology." He had at first, having seen only garbled extracts, been rather carried away.]

"BABBICOMBE, TORQUAY,
August 15 [1866].

"You are coming round to my opinion of Swinburne. . . . I have looked at his late poems, but I have not got a copy of them. Your difficulty will be in choosing passages to justify your interpretation. . . . What about Dallas? Is the book ever coming out, or is the article to be broken up?—Most truly yours,

"J. A. FROUDE."

"BABBICOMBE, TORQUAY,
August 19 [1866].

"Since I wrote you I have seen Swinburne's volume, and also the 'Saturday' and the 'Athenæum' reviews of it. There is much, of course, which is highly objectionable in it, but much also of real beauty. He convinces me in fact for the first time that he has real stuff in him, and I think, considering the fatuous stupidity with which the critics have hitherto flattered him, considering that he is still very young, and that the London intellectual life is perhaps

the very worst soil which has ever existed in the world for a young poet to be planted in,—considering all this, I am very unwilling to follow the crew of Philistines, and bite his heels like the rest of them. The 'Saturday Review' temperament is ten thousand thousand times more damnable than the worst of Swinburne's skits. Modern respectability is so utterly without God, faith, heart; it shows so singular ingenuity in assailing and injuring everything that is noble and good, and so systematic a preference for what is mean and paltry, that I am not surprised at a young fellow dashing his heels into the face of it. If he is to be cut up for what he has done, I would lay the blame far more heavily on others than on him, and I would select and especially praise the many things which highly deserve praise. When there is any kind of true genius, we have no right to drive it mad. We must deal with it wisely, justly, fairly.—Ever yours,

"J. A. FROUDE."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 15 [1866].

"I entirely except to your view that there is no genius in the country beyond what is occupying itself with stringing words together in prose or verse. I should say, on the contrary, that genius intuitively seeks the practical, and only by accident gets squeezed off the road into book-writing. The ablest men in the country at this time, I believe, are lawyers, engineers, men of science, doctors, statesmen, anything but authors. If we have only four supreme men at present alive among us, and if Browning and Ruskin are two of those, the sooner you and I emigrate the better."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 6 [1867].

"Your paper is with the printers. I don't agree with it; but why should I? Could you not prefix to the proof two or three words intimating that you don't agree with the line which we are taking, and that you wish to say a little on the other side? and then I can put a note saying that I have the greatest possible pleasure in acceding to the wishes of an old and deeply valued contributor. I am grieved to hear about your side. If I were you, and *could* manage it, I would go right away to Algiers or some such place. —Most truly yours,

"J. A. FROUDE."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
July 7 [1867].

"I had a pleasant time in Spain, finishing my work there, I fear, for good and all. A great deal which is curious and unlooked for comes out about the relations between James VI. and Spain. They were more intimate than anybody in Scotland knew, and fresh vivid light is thrown by them on the Raid of Ruthven. I have a weary time before me, however, before I can begin to write. The book will be finished in the next two volumes."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 26 [1867].

"I was on the point of writing to you to stir your memory. You shall gather material in Kerry next year for splendid 'Riverside' papers. The likenesses and the unlikenesses to Scotland will not fail to strike you; also the remains of the Anglo-Franco-Scoto-Hispano-Hibernico private establishments which swarmed on those coasts in the 16th century. What a subject for a novel!"

[Froude was much gratified when the St Andrews students in 1868 elected him their Rector, and his Inaugural Address was delivered on 23d March 1869.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 23 [1869].

"I am writing my lecture, which I alternately believe to be profoundly wise and absolute nonsense. I suppose it is neither one nor the other, but considerably nearer the last."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 26 [1869].

"Matt. wishes your article on him to be postponed till the appearance of the new edition of his poems. He knows that he is strongest in criticism, and therefore cares most to be praised for his verses. Enough can be said justly in praise of this side of him without flattery, and therefore it will be perhaps wise to confine yourself to it; but we can talk him over when I see you. About my address. The subject will be modern education; the burden, that all education, high and low, ought to be of a kind to help men to earn their livelihood. The useful first, the beautiful and the good even afterwards. Or if men choose to devote themselves to the beautiful and good, &c., it should be with the conditions attached to that sort of thing by the old scholars of prospective poverty. Indirectly it will be a compliment to your system at the expense of ours. After four years of Oxford or Cambridge, and an expenditure of two or three thousand pounds, we turn young fellows out unable to earn a sixpence, and with habits of luxury which will be a misery and temptation to them all their lives. Of course there will be more in the lecture than this.

I give you merely a sketch of the main drift. . . . Faithfully yours,
"J. A. FROUDE."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Jan. 11 [1870].

"I am glad you liked what I said about the Colonies. It will be well if you will work to the same purpose in 'Blackwood.' Every nerve ought to be strained, or it will be too late."

[From this time onwards, the policy of Imperial Federation—or at least of a closer connection between the mother country and the Colonies—was urgently advocated by Mr Froude. There can be no doubt that to his urgent advocacy the sounder views that now prevail are in some measure due.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 19 [1870].

"You might put Morris's last poem into Rossetti's volume. Also, could you not throw a general retrospective glance over the last ten years' produce in this line,—gathering some kind of unity of tendency from it. . . . Poetry, like all else, is going post-haste to the Devil just now, and Alfred's last volume is the most signal instance of it. . . . You might say as much as this—much as I like and honour him.

"I have been among some of the Tory magnates lately. They distrust Disraeli still, and will never again be led by him. So they are as sheep that have no shepherd. Lord Salisbury's time may come; but not yet. I am going in with 'Fraser' for the reconstituting 'authority' somehow."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
March 9 [1870].

"I am to lecture at Edinburgh next winter on Calvin. . . .

Hearty thanks for your invitation, of which I shall not fail to avail myself. Remember, on the other hand, that you and Mrs Skelton promised yourselves to us this summer at Derreen. It is our last season; we are to be evicted without compensation at the end of our lease. . . . I want a crusade against party government. That lies at the bottom of every mischief under which we groan."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 12 [1870].

"Rossetti has gone to press. I was going to write to you to ask if you would review 'Lothair' for the June number. It will be a labour of love to you, and you may praise Dizzy as much as you please. G—— and Co. deliberately intend to shake off the Colonies. They are privately using their command of the situation to make the separation inevitable."

"DERREEN, June 21 [1870].

"Don't bother yourself. My only vexation was lest S. and M. should construe the passage into retaliation for their own good-for-nothing attack on me in the Q——. I never resented anything more than that article. I felt as if I was tied to a post, and a mere ass was brought up to kick me. Some day I think I shall take my reviewers all round, and give them a piece of my mind. I acknowledge to five real mistakes in the whole book—*twelve volumes*—about twenty trifling slips, equivalent to i's not dotted and t's not crossed; and that is all that the utmost malignity has discovered. Every one of the rascals has made a dozen blunders of his own, too, while detecting one of mine."

[This is almost the only letter

in which Froude alluded to the charges of inaccuracy that were freely brought against him by Mr Freeman and others. It seems to me that the charge, even when stated in far more temperate language than was used at the time, rests on no sufficient basis. We must remember that he was to some extent a pioneer, and that he was the first (for instance) to utilise the treasures of Simancas. He transcribed, from the Spanish, masses of papers which even a Spaniard would have read with difficulty, and I am assured that his translations (with rare exceptions) render the original with singular exactness. As regards Scottish history, I could not accept his *conclusions*, and I had more than once to examine his statements sentence by sentence; but I have seen no reason to change the opinion I expressed in the Preface to 'Maitland of Lethington': "Only the man or woman who has had to work upon the mass of Scottish material in the Record Office can properly appreciate Mr Froude's inexhaustible industry

and substantial accuracy. His point of view is very different from mine; but I am bound to say that his acquaintance with the intricacies of Scottish politics during the reign of Mary appears to me to be almost, if not quite, unrivalled." And with this view, I may add, John Hill Burton concurred.¹

"DERREEN, August 24 [1870].

"We expect you anxiously, and shall be most disappointed if you and Mrs Skelton do not come. At present the weather is most beautiful. Bring your gun or not as you please. Our grouse have been a failure so far as we have yet seen. . . . You misunderstand me about the [Calvin] lecture. I don't mean to meddle with the metaphysical puzzle, but to insist on the fact historically that this particular idea has several times appeared in the world under different forms, and always with the most powerful moral effect. The last reappearance of it in Spinoza, and virtually in Goethe, is the most singular of all. . . . They

¹ Since the text was written an admirable letter on the subject of the alleged "inaccuracies" (by Sir Theodore Martin) has appeared in the 'Times':—

"SIR,—If I may venture to say so, the writer of your obituary notice (October 22) of Professor Froude has given too ready credence to the critics who accused my friend of failing in the painstaking and discriminating research which must go to the production of anything that deserves the name of history. To say of a historian, as your writer says of Froude, that 'he was not a student,' that 'he had neither the desire to probe his authorities to the bottom, nor the patience to do so,' is about the heaviest charge that could be levelled against him. It strikes, indeed, at the very root of his reputation as man as well as writer. To those who, like myself, know that Froude thought no labour too great to get at the essential facts of history, and who also know how dear truth and sincerity were to him, the statement is, indeed, startling. Its accuracy fails, if it may be tested by the specimens your writer gives of the 'anecdotes' on which it is based. When, he says, Froude was invited to inspect the Cecil papers at Hatfield, 'he went there and stayed one day.' What was the fact? Froude was there quite a month studying these papers. Again, it is said that although Froude visited Simancas, 'it is unquestionable that he learned comparatively little about the records there preserved.' Mr Froude was at Simancas more than once. On his first visit, in 1861, he spent three months of hard work there, and then and subsequently he spared no pains to make himself master of every document of value that bore upon the reign of Elizabeth. This I had the best

have believed in Election, Predestination, and, generally, the absolute arbitrary sovereignty of God; and these, and not the moderate Liberals and the reasonable prudent people who seem to us most commendable, have had the shaping of the world's destinies."

"DERREEN, KENMARE,
Sep. 4 [1870].

"You will come from Killarney, and will therefore be at Kenmare about one. If the wind is East or North, the yacht shall go up and meet you, and the men will be at the Lansdowne Arms. If you do not find them there, you will understand that it would not do, and come on in a car."

[Of that memorable visit to the wild glens of Kerry some record remains in an old Note-book, and the pages devoted to the pleasant days spent on the bay of Killmackilloge still retain a touch of colour—though out of all the rest it has faded. As the happiest of Froude's later summers were passed at Derreen, those who knew

him only in London drawing-rooms may like to see him in his shooting-jacket among the Paddies, for whom, in spite of all political heartburnings, he retained a warm liking to the last. Here, then, is one of these pages:—

We were on our way to visit a friend whose name has long been, and long will be, illustrious in English literature; and the week which we spent with him on the bay of Killmackilloge will not be quickly forgotten. The "harbour" on which the house stands is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, which shut off the profane world. Their sides are bare of timber; but around the lawn forest-trees and rare shrubs, hollies, laurels, hedges of fuchsias, the pampas grass, the hydrangea, the myrtle, and the arbutus flourish luxuriantly. The woods are carpeted with ferns in autumn, and the loveliest wild-flowers imaginable are found in spring. Great dragon-flies sweep across the heather, and the curious humming-bird moth flutters among the roses

reason to know from my intimate personal communication with him at the time. Not less without warrant is the statement of your writer of his having, while engaged upon his 'Life of Lord Beaconsfield,' merely glanced at the Beaconsfield papers 'on a Saturday to Monday visit.' What the 'Beaconsfield papers' are your writer does not say. But I know for certain that the letters which were of chief value to Froude, and which greatly modified and moulded his opinion of Lord Beaconsfield, if they were only glanced at 'on a Saturday to Monday visit,' had sunk so deeply into his mind that he was able to give me orally as full a description of their contents as I could have gained had I read the letters themselves. Every detail in them was talked over between us, and I was under the impression that they were either then or lately in his hands to consider how far they might be used.

"Mr Froude during his life endured silently much misrepresentation as to his works and ways. If he were guilty of occasional inaccuracy, or mistaken conclusions, who is not, especially in a great work like his History, where the conflict of contemporary statements and opinions is so great as it is throughout all the period with which he deals. But the charge of deliberately failing to take the only means by which accuracy in history or biography is to be arrived at might surely have been left to die with Mr Freeman. . . .—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THEODORE MARTIN.

"BRYNTYLLIO, NEAR LLANGOLLEN, NOV. 5."

and geraniums. Nor are more material attractions wanting—the land flows, so to speak, with milk and honey. There are real Scotch grouse on the mountain-tops (2000 feet above us), where they find it cooler than in the valleys. There are hares and rabbits and wild-duck; salmon lying by the score in the long still reaches of the river; an oyster-bed on the beach; plaice, soles, turbot, lobster in the bay. There are water-birds, moreover, of various kinds; but no one cares to meddle with them: so that, at twilight, you hear close at hand the wild plaint of the curlew, and next morning, when you go down to bathe, the cormorants gaze at you with the utmost composure.

On this side of the bay, for twenty miles, our host has no neighbours except the Kerry cottars and fishermen; but on the other side there are a few country houses: Dromore, the residence of the last representative of a great old Irish house; Parknacilla, where the most genial, tolerant, and learned member of the Irish hierarchy enjoys his summer holiday; and Garinish, which the taste and munificence of a Catholic peer have transformed from a desolate rocky island into a veritable piece of fairyland. The Kerry cottars and fishermen are an interesting study, and they are best studied on Sunday. The Catholic chapel and its vicinity on that day present a curious scene. The people assemble on the highroad and in the neighbouring fields. The donkeys and ponies are taken out of the carts and tethered to the bushes. Through the birch-trees that bend over the stream one sees young women, who have walked without shoes eight or ten or twelve miles, washing their feet in the running water. (They

don't wear shoes in rainy Ireland, on the principle that it is *dryer* to wet their feet only, than their feet *plus* shoes and stockings.) Men and women and children are sitting about everywhere, a profusion of bright reds blazing through the green. Within the unfinished and unfurnished chapel the service is conducted in the most primitive fashion. The hum of voices comes in with the autumn sunshine until the host is raised, when for a few seconds there is deep stillness both within and without. Then the congregation leave the chapel—gathering into groups as at a fair—eating, drinking, buying, selling, winding up with a dance on the green. If you are looking on, some pretty, swift-footed Kerry girl will insist on your dancing with her—it is the custom of the country—and you must submit with the best grace you can. Then, late in the afternoon, the inhabitants of each district leave together in a body, and the loneliest glens are startled at dusk by the sounds of what always seemed to me in Southern Ireland a harsh and discordant merriment.

Respecting the other incidents of that pleasant visit, much might be written. How, in our host's yacht, we beat up and down the wide estuary from one point of vantage to another; how we visited the old churchyard where "The last remains of MacFinnan Dhu, Pater Patræ!" are deposited; how we were lost in the mist among the mountains; how, aided by the most charming of antiquaries (since Monkbarns), we opened a *rath* (or underground dwelling of the old natives), and how, on hands and feet, the great historian disappeared from our gaze into the bowels of the earth, and reappeared—heavens! if all the mud that the 'Saturday Review' has

cast at him had *stuck*, he could not have presented a more appalling spectacle; how we ascended Knockatee, and inspected the Holy Loch and its rude shrine and ruder offerings; how we walked and rowed and sketched, and were happy in that glorious Kerry sunshine, will be known hereafter, perhaps, when A.'s private diary is published by Mr Blackwood.

I return again to the letters.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Jan. 12 [1871].

"Carlyle has been angry too,—a strong Calvinism lies at the bottom of his nature. He knows perfectly that the life has gone out of modern Calvinistic theology, but he likes to see the shell of the flown bird still treated with reverence. . . . B—— is vexed with me because I will not let him use 'Fraser' to preach up toleration of Ritualism. I grow more and more intolerant of certain things; and conscious humbug in religious matters is one of them."

[Froude delivered his closing address to the St Andrews students on 17th March 1871. The subject was "Calvinism."]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
March 24 [1871].

"I enjoyed my trip exceedingly; you were all very kind to me. I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of the St Andrews students, from whom alone I have yet received any public recognition. . . . The Yankees have written to me about going out to lecture to them. I am strongly tempted; but I could not tell the truth about Ireland without reflecting in a good many ways on my own country. I don't fancy

doing that, however justly, to amuse Jonathan. . . . I liked the notice in the 'Scotsman' very much. It is a paradox to say that old Calvinism was not doctrinal in the face of the Institute; but it is astonishing to find how little in ordinary life they talked or wrote about doctrine. The doctrine was never more than the dress. The living creature was wholly moral and political,—so at least I think myself."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
June 8 [1871].

"I remain in office till December, so by all means let me have the 'Mary Stuart.' I shall be extremely interested in reading it. . . . I am working away at the Irish book. I found vast stores of material of a curious kind in Dublin; and at any rate I hope to produce something readable. I fear, however, that it will not conduce to the agreeableness of my future visits to *Celtic* Ireland. If G—— could have his way, there would be no Ireland but a Celtic one in a few years; but there are happy signs of approximation between the Church and the Presbyterians, which may be the beginning of a wholesome reaction. Protestants pulling together may still hold out, and even recover the reins."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Nov. 17 [1871].

"I am to continue editor after all. Dasent declines at the last moment. . . . Driven out of Derreen, I am thinking of trying to get Garinish. Lord Dunraven is dead, and his successor does not care to keep it."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 11 [1871].

"Don't you think the introduction into newspapers of remarks

upon our private affairs ought to be actionable? . . . I have changed my political mind about Dizzy, and shall be heartily glad of a laudatory article upon him if you care to write it."

"WESTCLIFF HOUSE, RAMSGATE,
Sep. 7 [1872].

"I sail in a fortnight [for the States], and I know not what I have before me. I go like an Arab of the desert: my hand will be against every man, and therefore every man's hand will be against me. Protestant and Catholic, English, English-Irish, and Celtic—my one hope will be, like St Paul's, to fling in some word or words among them which will set them by the ears among themselves. . . . I have been cruising with Lord Ducie in a big schooner. We were for several days in the Kenmare river, and I again walked over Knockatee, with Campbell of Isla for my companion—an extremely interesting man. Derreen was beautiful as ever."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 15 [1873].

"My American experience has been more than interesting. They are good people—very unlike what I looked for."

[This year I find he was looking out for a country-house in Scotland,—“where we can have our three or four months of gypsy life like the Irish one. A stream with trout and an odd salmon would add to the pleasure, or still better the sea or a salt-water loch.” But nothing came of it.]

"ATHENÆUM CLUB,
April 2 [1873].

"Some time ago you offered to do a panegyric on Dizzy. I declined, but I have come round to

your way of thinking. I am one of the weak-minded beings who are carried away by the Conservative reaction. Rather, I see plainly that G—— is driving the ship into the breakers. . . . I mentioned at a party of M.P.'s the other night that throughout human history the *great orators* had been invariably proved wrong. There were shrieks of indignation; but at last it was allowed that facts looked as if it were true. Will you write on Dizzy now?—Ever yours, J. A. FROUDE."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 16 [1873].

"I am working hard to finish my Irish book, which I have grown to hate. It will make the poor Paddies hate me too, which I do not wish, as I cannot return the feeling. . . . Anyway, I am satisfied to feel that the great Revolutionary wave has spent its force, and that the next fifty years will probably be more and more Conservative."

[In the spring of 1874 a great calamity overtook Mr Froude. Mrs Froude died suddenly early in March. Sir James Stephen, writing to me on April 1, informed me that he had been constantly with him since her death. "It is a terrible blow for him, poor fellow, and I think I am the only person (except Mr Carlyle) whom he has seen since it happened."]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
March 11 [1874].

"You will not expect me to say anything of what has befallen me. Rigid silence is my only present resource. . . . I am unable just now to attend to the Magazine work. We go in a fortnight to Wales, to remain there till the end of the year."

[Early next year Lord Carnarvon requested Mr Froude to visit South Africa, and ascertain the state of political feeling throughout the colony. He returned in December.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 24 [1875].

"A word of thanks for your note, though I am overwhelmed with business. Yes, I am at home again, after strange adventures. We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be. If anybody had told me two years ago that I should be leading an agitation within Cape Colony, I should have thought my informant delirious. And though the world cannot yet understand what has happened, I have picked the one Diamond out of the rubbish-heap, and brought it home with me. The Ministers have the appearance of victory, but we have the substance.

"Pray send your Essays. I shall delight in them. I have seen your hand from time to time in 'Blackwood'—specially in praise of Green's book at my expense.¹ I will back my view to outlive Green's; though I haven't had it, and don't know what he says. My best regards to Mrs Skelton.—Yours most warmly,

"J. A. FROUDE."

[In 1876 Mr Froude and Professor Huxley were appointed members of the Scottish Universities Commission. For several years thereafter they paid frequent visits to Edinburgh,—Mr Froude being my guest at the Hermitage. Both of the English Commissioners were brilliant talkers, and the remembrance of these

Noctes Ambrosianæ still lingers among us.

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
May 20 [1876].

"I would not be an inconvenience to either of you for the world. And least of all think of inviting any one to meet me. An evening or two with you in your beautiful glen will be better than any quantity of idle dinner-party talk. Abana and Pharpar are not better than the waters of Israel or the murmur of Lothianburn."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
May 27 [1876].

"Some time ago, before I knew that I was to be a Commissioner, I promised Henry Bowie that I would open the annual course at the Philosophical Institution by a lecture upon landlords and landed property. I had been much interested by what Mr Smith had done at Scilly, and I wanted to show Radical Scotland how beneficent a fairy a landlord still might and may be, in spite of battues and Deer-Forests. It occurs to me that my being a University Commissioner may be inconsistent with my performing on platforms. Will you think this over?"

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
March 24 [1877].

"This accursed Turkish business is still in the air. I met Lord and Lady Derby last night. They lay the blame on Ignatieff. I suppose, in fact, that the Russians mean to go to war unless Europe will efficiently back them in controlling the Turkish Government; and that the object of all their diplomacy is to put them in the right before Europe, and England in the wrong.

¹ Certainly not.

A few weeks must end the uncertainty. When the roads in Bulgaria become practicable, the Russian army will either advance or show clearly that it does not mean to advance."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
March 29 [1877].

"I cannot make up my mind to go to P—. It would be like being shut up in a cage with a benevolent white bear. . . . The Essays come out to-morrow."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Sept. 17 [1877].

"This Eastern business is very frightful, and will bring an ugly train of mischiefs behind it, worse than any which were anticipated. No European Government can allow Moslem fanaticism to come off completely victorious. The Turk, I fear, is like the Bull in a Spanish circus. However splendidly he fights, and however many men and horses he kills, he is none the less finished off in the end by *somebody*. Providence, that 'loves to disappoint the Devil,' will probably bring one good out of it all—a reform of the Russian administration. That democracies should promote the wrong man to high place is natural enough; but there is no excuse for an autocrat."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 23 [1877].

"I have never been in Scotland in mid-winter, and am curious to see what it is like. Curling is one of the Scotch mysteries in which I am still uninitiated, and I may have a chance of witnessing it. Also, there may be a woodcock or woodcocks in your glen. But whether or no, there will be warm Scotch firesides and warm friends."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 4 [1877].

"Anyway, pray order a frost. I have never seen Scotland in her snow drapery and icy jewels."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
May 3 [1878].

"We will talk about Salcombe when we meet. Sea-bathing, sailing, and fishing will do more to set you up than the French doctors. What a nice temper we are all getting into, and how delightfully the cards are shuffled!—Bradlaugh and Liddon shaking hands on one side, and Lord Beaconsfield and General Cluseret on the other. I have letters from the latter (who is now in Turkey) on the text of 'il faut humilier le Russie,' which explains the tenderness with which the 'General' is treated in 'Lothair.' . . . I am reading up Cæsar and his times, with a view to writing a book about him. Imagine a few years hence faction growing hot here;—England governed by troops from India, with Mr Hardy for Sylla; and then, by-and-by, Chamberlain and Bright for Cinna and Marius!—one's mouth waters at the prospect, and nothing less is foretold by hot correspondents of the Radical papers. Seriously, I believe things will end quietly. The prospect on the Continent is so ugly on all sides that all the Powers are frightened at the look of it."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 7 [1878].

"I was at the club this evening, took up 'Blackwood,' as you recommended, and found your kind handiwork. Of course it is yours—no one else would say such pretty things of me, or give Freeman a kick on my behalf. But I was more pleased with your evident liking for my poor little volume

of 'Studies.' It contains things which have been on my mind these thirty years, and could never get themselves uttered before. A 'Tory'! I don't know what I am. Nobody rejoiced more than I did when the Tories came in, or wished them longer life. But they seem to me to be no wiser than their predecessors, and to be working steadily on the lines which will bring on the catastrophe, which I fear as much as you. But what am I! and what do I know? I have lived long enough to distrust my own judgment beyond that of most reasonable men. I have been often wrong before, and I hope I am wrong now. And yet I hated the Crimean war, and I saw every one (a few years ago) come round to my old opinion. Now, the country seems to me to have been bitten by the same mad dog."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 29 [1875].

"I congratulate you. . . . The laurel is welcome when it comes; and though, as with Caesar, it serves sometimes to conceal the thin locks, which tell us that we are older than we were, it is ever-green, and defies age. I should like to hear a little more of you and of the Glen, where I have spent so many happy hours. How are you, and how is Mrs Skelton, and May, and Jim, and the little fellow with the round face? . . . You may have seen Freeman's papers in the 'Contemporary.' The only answer which I shall make will be to republish my own articles with a few notes. . . . You will be glad to hear that he is changing his mind on the Eastern question. That I should be on the same side has satisfied him that he must be wrong."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
May 1 [1875].

"The political atmosphere has grown cooler. I wrote to my Russian friends to warn them that the Liberal party here was divided and powerless, and that they must not count on the slightest help from that quarter. . . . But I have got into Caesar, and think no more of this storm in a slop-basin."

"THE MOAT, Sep. 12 [1875].

"We have been very quiet; a few visitors have looked in upon us, among them Bret Harte, who charmed us all; occasional yachts have come in with glimpses of the outside world; and as long as the weather allowed I had a trawler, which gave us an occasional sail and found us in fish; but I cannot respond to your encomiums on the season. August was wet and stormy; the harvest was ruined; and an incessant heavy sea, rolling in from the south-west, interfered with our water amusements more than we could wish. But I have been very happy and very busy, . . . steadily at work on Caesar. . . . I can form no conception of what the world will say. I feel the kite rises equally well whichever way the wind blows, if only there is enough of it. But, indeed, I shall have told you ~~in private~~ you this time, unless it is a few ~~for~~ publication facilities—nothing ~~like~~ like Frank Newman."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 12 [1875].

"My hearty thanks for your kind card of good wishes. We make many acquaintances as we grow old, but few of us new friends. Those that are left of the old ones we cling to closer than ever, and you and yours I

look upon as among the nearest now belonging to me. . . . I have taken to my skates again, and I should have enjoyed the change from the open winters which we have had so long if it was not that so many poor wretched creatures are starving, and that I have to drive twice a-week with Carlyle in a fly with wide open windows. The ten generations of his Annandale ancestors have given him a constitution as hard as granite. Disraeli's cards are still made of trumps. Even when his hand is bad he plays it so well that I admire his skill, though I disbelieve in his foreign politics. He is more popular than ever. You see how well the people like him, in the absence of all complaints against the Government, in the midst of so much suffering; and after all I would sooner see him Minister than G—.

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 6 [1879].

"I have been so busy up to this moment that I have not had time to read the 'Essays in Romance' as I wished to read them. Yesterday I spent a delightful evening with you over the Prelude and Martin Holdfast. The Prelude is quite excellent,—your own Hermitage, with the rocks and the trees and the ivy and the owls, and the cocks and hens. Can I ever forget poor blind Bellerophon—eating his soul—can I ever cease to feel for him? The picture made me long to be with you again.

"Martin Holdfast I of course remembered; but in the new good type it was fresh and young again. . . .

"Those old times in Johnny Parker's room are wae to think on—so many dead and gone;—

Whyte-Melville went the last, and how characteristically! The rest of us will soon be over-ripened fruit; but what is the use of complaining? We must go on and defy the Devil as long as we can stand and speak. Whether we shall have any more of that work *beyond* remains to be seen.

"Tulloch takes 'Fraser'—what will C— say to this? I had an odd dream about Tulloch last night. I heard him say, with one of his jolly laughs, that his breeks were bigger than mine. May it prove prophetic! . . . I would not have given it up had you and Melville and Lawrence even been willing and able to help.

"'Cæsar' is in the press. I believe it is the best book which I have ever written. But how can I know? You say so truly that as we grow old we hold our convictions conditionally, and lose the confidence with which we stepped out when we knew less and felt more.

"I will write to you again when I have finished the Essays. My warmest regards to Mrs Skelton and the Boys and the little bright May.—Yours most truly,
"J. A. FROUDE."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
June 2 [1879].

"I have been building a large boat, and we could have some sails, and forget that we are literary mortals, subject to wrath and the 'Saturday Review.' I begin to think it is my fate to fly my kite against the wind. If by any chance the wind came favourable I should fall collapsed. Has Tulloch tempted you back to 'Fraser'?"

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
July 28 [1879].

"I am tired out with work and want of sleep. The salt water

will set me up again. The 'Short Studies' have done better than I had expected; a large edition is sold, and another is coming. But my poor Divus Cæsar falls flat: nobody cares about it."

[We were at The Molt this August,—a place almost as lovely and romantic as Derreen. Then we went to North Devon.]

"THE MOLT, SALCOMBE,
September 2 [1879].

"I am glad you have seen Clovelly and the Hobby. I, as South Devon born, am fondest of our own coast; but I like the north of the county next best to my own side, as I like Yankees next best to Englishmen. . . . I have promised Morley an article on South Africa. It seemed easy at a distance. Now that the time has come to write it, I am like a pump which can draw no water. It is painfully brought home to me that as we grow old, the soil will not bear as it did."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 5 [1879].

"The world has nibbled at my Railway Siding like minnows round a worm, as if they were afraid there was a hook inside of some kind. Francis Newman seems morally shocked at my pretending to believe in a day of judgment. It was just a fancy that came into my head; part of it was a real dream. . . . There should be cock and wild-duck in your glen, though you don't mention them. I have a fine preserve of sparrows under my window. A London sparrow, if he is aware of his advantages, should know that he is on the whole the best off of all mortal beings."

[Of one subject even Mr Freeman would have been forced to admit
VOL. CLVI.—NO. DCCCCL.

that the historian of the Reformation was a master. Froude was a born sailor, and could manage a yacht or yawl in the ugliest sea as if he had been bred to the business. So he was quick to detect any slip that his friends, who were less expert, might make. The workmanship of "Crookit Meg," he was pleased to say, was as good as could be—with one exception. "If you mean to take us to sea in this questionable little vessel, you must have your sea-dialect looked over. The main sheet is a rope, not a sail. The jib is 'loosed' when you get under weigh, and is the first sail taken in when you are coming to your moorings" (January 30, 1880). The next letter refers to a proposal to republish 'The Nemesis of Faith,' which (happily it may be) came to nothing. The 'Nemesis' as a psychological study is extremely interesting; but it does not reach the high-water mark of his more mature work.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
March 19 [1880].

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—Your letter encourages a half-formed purpose to ripen into Act. It seems that there is a *demand* for the poor 'Nemesis.' The Longmans apply for leave to bring out a new edition of it. As yet I have said No,—but why may I not change it to *Yes*, and show the world for what slight cause they expelled from Oxford and half ruined the now visibly innocent author of the thing.

"I am hard at work on Carlyle's Life. As soon as the leaves are on the trees, I must make a little tour about Dumfriesshire — chiefly in Annandale — looking at places where C. lived and Irving lived. Don't you think that you might meet me at Carlisle or Moffat, and

that we might do the investigation together? If the Annandale dialect is what it was sixty years ago, I may want a *construe* now and then. Three days would exhaust it all; and if the Howards are at Naworth Castle, as they perhaps will be, we could give another day or two to that.

"I take M—— to Paris next Saturday; we shall stay a week. As to the elections, I had meant to vote for Brown, a Conservative, but a stanch Colonist, who shares my views on that subject. But as he must support the Colonial Office about the South African policy, and as I cannot induce Beach to do as I think he ought, I shall not vote at all.

"I do not love Beaconsfield; but I love Gladstone less.—Ever warmly yours, J. A. FROUDE.

"I have a charming little cutter

—13 tons,—building at Salcombe. We count on you and Mrs Skelton coming."

Here in the meantime I must pause. The fifteen years that followed were not the least eventful in Mr Froude's career; and the letters belonging to them are (to say the least) as direct and graphic as any of the earlier. Sir George Trevelyan remarked at Dundee the other day that Mr Froude had "a personal charm and a personal force which was above anything that he put on paper." The personal charm and the personal force were unquestionably very great; but I would have been inclined to say that they were reflected with quite exceptional felicity and faithfulness in his familiar 'Studies,' and, still more so, in his familiar letters.

JOHN SKELTON.

CELIBACY AND THE STRUGGLE TO GET ON.

THE end-of-the-century young man is on his trial. The lady novelist is his judge, and the jury, packed largely with New Women, will have little hesitation in finding him guilty. Manifold are his crimes, if but the half one hears be true. He is selfish, luxurious, effeminate, and vicious. He has no pluck. The modern analytical spirit has so paralysed his natural impulses that he cannot make up his mind to propose. He tyrannises abominably over poor, weak, defenceless woman. He is overfond of his club. To sum up, he is a worthless and somewhat disgusting creature, and Woman — the New Woman — rebelling against her natural instincts, will no more seek intercourse with him, but rather shrink from him with aversion and loathing.

The indictment is a heavy one, and it is variously framed. It is chiefly contained in the works of the new female school of physiologico-psychological fiction, with which novel-readers are becoming so unpleasantly familiar. The neurotic story has long since supplanted the erotic. We are forced now to read of heredity and pathology, of diseased babies, and of anæmic, morbidly introspective damsels full of self-torturings and soul-questionings. Formerly the French and Scandinavian novelists, with their numerous male imitators, had this field to themselves, but now the "monstrous regiment of women," who have carried by storm so many man-garrisoned citadels, have invaded the domain of pathological story-telling. And, strange as it seems, the novel-reading public, or at any rate the female section of it, seems to prefer

perusing these tales to any others. If in the process they devour much garbage and more bad grammar, it still seems to suit their mental tastes and digestions.

"Ah, why is each 'passing depression'
Of stories that gloomily bore
Received as the subtle expression
Of almost unspeakable lore?
In the dreary, the grubby, the grimy,
Say, why do our women delight,
And wherefore so constantly ply me
With *Ships in the Night*?"

So sings Mr Andrew Lang, not without cause. But for the multitude of feminine readers, much of our popular modern "literature" would find its proper haven of rest in the waste-paper basket.

"And why ladies read what they do
read
Is a thing that no man may explain,
And if any one asks for a true rede,
He asketh in vain."

As these highly seasoned stories are presumably written with a lofty moral purpose, one is forcibly reminded of Swift's epigram, that "nice persons are persons of nasty ideas." They are written by ladies for ladies, and pater-familias will be wise if, before taking one of them up, he first ascertains from his daughters whether it is fit for him to read. As a rule, he is so much more easily shocked than they. Besides, his ears may tingle and his feelings be harrowed when he finds what nasty things the lady novelist has been saying about him and his unregenerate male compeers. According to her, Man is a vile, degraded being, diseased and enfeebled, as a rule, both in mind and body, and in every respect

thoroughly objectionable. No decent-minded girl ought to touch him with a barge-pole. The ladies have picked and pulled his character to pieces till he has not a rag of reputation left, and he stands naked, so to speak, yet, I regret to say, not ashamed. His most truculent critic, as every one knows, is Mrs Sarah Grand, though Mr Grant Allen has recently added that shrill *vox clamantium* of his to the feminine clamour against the wickedness of his sex.¹ Mrs Grand gave us a taste of her quality in 'The Heavenly Twins,' but she has since greatly improved on that peculiar performance. The modern Caliban, the Man of the Moment, finds his ugly lineaments vividly portrayed by her with a hand that does not spare. She has ruthlessly torn aside the veil which hitherto shrouded his iniquities, and he stands revealed, like Mokanna, in his utter repulsiveness.

"Here—judge if Hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

He raised the veil—the maid turned slowly round;
Looked at him—shrieked—and sunk upon the ground!"

The modern woman shrieks, like Zelica, on beholding the monster (was there a Shrieking Sisterhood even in those days, I wonder?), and probably joins the Pioneer Club.

A volume might be filled with the flowers of Mrs Grand's vituperative rhetoric, but I cannot refrain from culling a few of her choicer and more recent specimens. "Man," she tells us, "has shrunk to his true proportions" in the eyes of the ladies. What those proportions may be the shrinking

male creature shudders to contemplate. Probably they are very insignificant. It is, however, consoling to know that, while men have been thus shrinking to their true proportions, the ladies are "expanding to theirs"—*subaudi*, I imagine, in their own eyes also. For we are told with refreshing frankness that, in spite of the decay of male manners and morals, "the manners of the New Woman are perfect." I would we could say the same of her literary style! To the just modern girl thus made perfect in manners "the man of the moment is not of much account." A strong dislike for him is arising in her mind. She makes merry over him, and thinks him "a subject both for contempt and pity." For is he not "a skulking creature"—indolent, feeble, and nerveless? Does he not lie long abed, while the New Woman is up and doing? Does he not "grow ever more effeminate"? Small wonder, then, that to the New Woman "he appears a common creature, of no ideals, deficient in breadth and depth, and only of a boundless assurance." Only when he appears as a suitor, or "candidate for marriage," does he cease to puff himself out and comport himself with proper humility. And we may be quite sure that the girl of the period will not accept him unless he can show a certificate—medical or otherwise—of a blameless life, from which one gathers that the world must be getting in a parlous state. For if, as it seems, man is almost uniformly vicious, and woman will only wed such as have no "horrid past," the human race must be in some danger of final extinction. Perhaps in view of its widespread

¹ See 'The Humanitarian' for September, and 'The North American Review' for March and May.

corruption this is a consummation more to be desired than dreaded. If I mistake not, there exists already in Russia a religious sect which is putting these principles into practice. Similarly our noble British Pioneers declare that Man, a necessary evil, is to be no longer flattered but fought — a policy which should delight the shade of Malthus. Probably, however, Nature, even though the New Woman expel her with a pitchfork, will speedily return and assert herself.

One feels tempted to ask what is Mrs Grand's warrant for the assertion that men "grow ever more effeminate," and that idleness and luxury are making them flabby? From the physical point of view the evidence all points in the contrary direction. The records of athleticism, so far as they can be taken as a guide, seem to prove that man is improving rather than degenerating. The spirit of adventure is as rife as ever, though the field for its exercise of necessity becomes more limited. Even your young Guardsman, who is usually represented as the type of all that is lazy and dissolute, is not behindhand in volunteering for a Soudan or Nile campaign whenever he gets the chance. Men are as ready as ever to risk their lives in distant travel and exploration, if only for amusement. In the Alps, the Caucasus, the Andes, and the Himalayas, peaks are scaled and climbing feats performed which twenty years ago would have been deemed impossible. I do not say that all these things are wise or admirable; but at least they are evidence of latent energy that must have an outlet somehow, of steam that must find its vent somewhere. When we come to the moral sphere one is on less

sure ground. Here we are forced to descend to generalities, and in this field one is necessarily somewhat at a disadvantage when arguing with a lady. No doubt we are less impulsive in these ratiocinative days; but, speaking generally, I should say there is more serious purpose in men's lives than formerly, and also a greater desire to do some good in the world. If there is less plain living, there is also more high thinking. It would be strange were it otherwise in our altruistic age, when the worship of humanity in one form or another is so prevalent.

Of course, as I have said, all this cannot be proved. I am merely stating my views in opposition to those of the lady novelists concerning the moral degradation of the masculine creature. Happily, however, his feminine censors do not leave him without hope of consolation in the future. Fallen as the big baby Man is, Woman—the New Woman—"holds out a strong hand to the child-man, and insists, but with infinite tenderness and pity, upon helping him up." Our feelings in return, Mrs Grand may rest assured, will be those of unutterable regard and gratitude. From our clubs, from the moral gutters where we lie wallowing, we will stretch forth our hands to meet those of the lady novelist and her angel helpmates. With "infinite tenderness" will we welcome their clasp, and when they have assisted us to rise and set us on our legs again—why, words fail to express the emotions we shall experience then.

Now all this, with much more to the same effect, is of course intensely comical, and none the less so because the humour is so obviously unconscious. The question naturally suggests itself, however, Why is the "trumpet of sexual

revolt" being blown so shrilly and continuously? What is all the pother about? Does it represent any real feeling or want, or is it merely one of those passing dust-storms which sweep periodically across the barren wilderness of magazine and newspaper controversy? According to one lady critic¹ there is nothing new in the Woman Question, which existed as far back as the days of King Charles the Second. It is the same old trumpet that is being blown, only different performers are exercising their lungs upon it. In other words, the New Woman is no more of a novelty than, let us say, Mrs Humphry Ward's new theological ideas. This is quite possible, though I cannot help thinking that woman's rebellion in its latest form springs from the altered conditions of contemporary social existence. If "the sex" are going on strike there is a reason for it. I may be wrong, but I suspect that the movement arises in the main from the celibate tendencies of modern mankind. What is called the Sex Problem, or the Woman Question, resolves itself largely into the question of marriage. In the words of Mrs Grand, "the Woman Question is the Marriage Question." To speak plainly, man's chief crime in the average woman's eyes is that he does not marry her. This is the head and front of his offending, though, as we have seen, many other crimes are laid at his door. Herein we have the real origin of the revolt of the daughters, as the perfectly natural demand of the girls for rather more liberty is somewhat unreasonably called. Matrimony has ceased to be the sole aim and end of women's lives. In not a few cases it is not an aim

at all. Many women are unable, and some have no desire, to marry. This being so, small blame to them if they are rebelling against the tyranny of the chaperon, who not unfrequently is more youthful than her charges both in years and discretion. No wonder that they are calling out for latch-keys, *Wander-jahre*, rational bicycling costumes, new religions, boxes at the music-halls, and a variety of other hitherto forbidden joys and privileges. They ask to be allowed sufficient freedom to follow their bent, to develop their own personalities and talents, so that when man comes up humbly and submissively as a "candidate for marriage" they may be free to take him or leave him just as they please. If, as is highly probable, he does not come at all, they will be perfectly well able to get along without him. Nobody now thinks that a woman has necessarily missed her mark in life merely because she never marries. In the days that are to be, let us hope, the girl of the moment, if Mrs Grand will permit me to coin the phrase, will never be tempted to make a loveless match merely to secure emancipation from burdensome home restraints.

All this, in my humble opinion, is quite as it should be. In fact it would seem to be the inevitable outcome of our altered social conditions, now that marriage is so notably on the decline. And one may well hold these views without committing oneself to approval of the ravings of the New Woman or the prancing of the over-advanced girl. I do not know whether Mrs Grand means to give us an accurate description of the chaste and delicate communings of the modern maiden who, we are told, says in her heart, "Don't offer me the

¹ Mrs Gosse in the 'New Review.'

mutilated remains of a man," or, "I shall never marry unless I can find a man of honour with no horrid past." If, however, such a maiden exists, I fancy that in the majority of cases she will be spared the pain of refusing her unwelcome suitor. In the words of the old song, slightly altered,—

" 'Nobody asked you, Miss,' he said."

In future times, perhaps, the bashful girl of the period will come forward herself as a "candidate for marriage"; but at present, in flat contradiction of the French proverb, man no longer proposes. Many and varied are the reasons given for his remissness. The subject has been frequently ventilated, and, "Why men don't marry" has more than once formed the theme of a copious newspaper correspondence. Some attribute it to the selfishness and luxury of the "skulking" male creature; others to his shilly-shally and want of pluck; others, again, lay the blame on those odious clubs. One brutal person of my acquaintance says it is all the fault of the modern girl, who has such expensive and luxurious habits; but then I do not hesitate to characterise him as a "man of the moment" of the worst possible description! Mr Grant Allen in his 'Post Prandial Philosophy' disagrees with them all. He thinks that in most things the modern young man is an improvement on his progenitors, but he nevertheless discerns in him a distinct and disastrous weakening of the matrimonial impulse. He attributes the present crisis in the English marriage-market to the cumulative effect of nervous over-excitement, consequent upon the wear and tear of modern existence. *Tot homines quot sententie*: no two people can agree as to the cause; only the dis-

treassing fact remains, patent to all mothers of marriageable girls. The decline of marriage is, in fact, a new social phenomenon that has to be reckoned with and, if possible, explained.

For my own part, I doubt whether any of these things have much to do with the celibate tendencies of the latter-day male. They are very possibly contributory causes, though I cannot but think that their influence is greatly exaggerated. The real reason must be sought in the bad times, in the gloom and uncertainty of the present business outlook. I do not believe that the men of our day are any more misogynists than their forefathers. They are not so romantic, perhaps, for they have lost most of their illusions; but their instincts are no less sound and healthy. They remain bachelors, not because they are selfish and vicious, but because they cannot afford the luxury of a wife. Of my own rich or well-to-do friends by far the larger proportion are married, which would seem to point to the permanence of the matrimonial impulses, so long as the means for satisfying them exist. For most of the others a state of single blessedness is a matter of dire necessity, or at any rate of ordinary prudence. Never was a living so difficult to make as now; never, from a monetary point of view, was the prospect more cheerless. Never was there so much distress in the upper classes, or so many families among the multitude of the outwardly well-to-do struggling to make both ends meet. Mrs Grand is very severe on the idleness and luxury of the "man of the moment," as she calls him. Is she merely indulging in a journalistic scream, or does she really think that her effeminate slug-abad is fairly re-

presentative of the modern male? Does she know nothing of the daily wear and tear, the mental strain and worry, of commercial and professional life? For myself, I confess that, viewing humanity as a whole, the follies of the idle few bulk far less largely on my imagination than do the pluck and perseverance of that greater number of men who in these times are bravely fighting a losing battle against adverse circumstances. Mrs Grand suggests that the alternative of work or starvation should be offered to the lazy and luxurious. The pity of it is that for not a few people nowadays it is a case of work *plus* starvation—or something like it. I am in the City myself, and, though in such matters it is obviously impossible to descend to details, I know something of the silent tragedies that are daily being enacted in our midst. I say "silent," because not the least cruel of the hardships of genteel poverty is its obligation to mask its sufferings. The lower-class working man, who cries out loudest, is less to be pitied, for his wages have risen during the last few years coincidently with a general fall in prices. The upper- and middle-class bread-winner, on the other hand, finds the sources of his income gradually diminishing, while, if he has children to feed and clothe and educate, retrenchment is practically impossible. The present state of affairs all the world over is surely calculated to make thoughtful men pause before they undertake the responsibilities of marriage, unless they possess a good and fairly assured income. Nor is it easy to discern signs of permanent improvement, and the bachelor with only a few hundreds a-year of his own may well be excused if, seeing the dangers and pitfalls in his path, he prefers to

encounter them unencumbered. His critics may ascribe his conduct in this matter to the feebleness and flabbiness which are said to be his most prominent characteristics. It all depends upon the point of view. To me it seems that he is only displaying common prudence and the discretion which, in matters matrimonial at any rate, is certainly the better part of valour.

It will be argued, no doubt, that all this is stale pessimism; that the same has been said many times before; that things are no worse than formerly, and will right themselves ere long. I sincerely hope they will, though I have my doubts about it. To make the matter clearer, I propose to set forth a few of the reasons that lead me to believe that the present times are quite exceptionally bad, and also that our generation is not likely to see the prosperous days our fathers enjoyed. And, lest I should seem to be generalising overmuch, I propose to examine the point somewhat in detail, dealing more especially with one or two representative professions and occupations of the upper and upper-middle classes. I shall endeavour to look at the facts as they are, or at any rate as they appear to me, for unfortunately I am not gifted with the ostrich's happy faculty of hiding his head from things he does not wish to see. It is always best to know the truth, even though it be unpleasant.

Let us begin with the legal profession, confining our attention for the present to the Bar, which seems still to be regarded as the natural career for youths of good abilities who are not destined for the Church or either of the Services. Personally I always assume that every University graduate I

meet is a barrister until I hear the contrary. At present the members of the various Inns of Court number over seven thousand. Of these many, no doubt, are barristers in name only, for the Bar is something more than a mere profession or means of livelihood. It is also the favourite pseudo-occupation of the dilettante who dislikes real work, but thinks that "every man ought to do something, don't you know?" Beyond question, therefore, the Bar contains more ornamental members than any other profession. But it is equally certain that there is not work to occupy half even of those who take it up seriously. I have never quite understood why the career of a barrister is so specially attractive, or for what occult reason a wig and gown are supposed to confer social status on the fortunate owner. It seems incomprehensible that people should keep crowding into a profession which, if we are to judge from the average earnings of its members, is certainly the least remunerative in the world. Many fond fathers of fairly talented boys still hug the delusion that by sending them to the Bar they are opening to them the most promising avenue towards a successful career. They imagine that, even without interest, their abilities are sure to win them, if not fame, at least a sufficient competence. Alas! there are so many clever people about nowadays! We are all educated up to such a high level of mediocrity, and our intellectual stature is so uniform, that pre-eminence is doubly difficult to attain. There is much work to be done, but far too many to do it. The harvest is there to be gathered in, but among the multitude of reapers many must come short.

Young Briefless may think himself fortunate if, after five or ten years' hard work, he is earning as much as the head-gamekeeper or the family butler. Meanwhile he will very likely have the mortification of seeing other men, intellectually his inferiors, making comfortable incomes almost from the start. As a legal friend once remarked to me, "The really trying thing is, not so much the good men who fail to get on, but the awful duffers who do." It is a great mistake to suppose that a colossal intellect is necessary for legal advancement. A hard head and a strong stomach are far more essential qualifications, though, of course, good backing is the one thing needful. A recent writer declares that the "qualities which ensure a successful bagman" are in these days no less valuable at the Bar. This sounds a trifle strong, but certain it is that modest and retiring talent stands a poor chance against "push" and blatant self-assertiveness.

Everybody is agreed that the Bar stands not where it did as a money-making occupation. Complaints are rife of the falling-off of work, and men who not so long ago were making their thousand a-year, or thereabouts, are now earning barely the half. For the decline in legal business the reasons are neither few nor far to seek. Our old friends, hard times and trade depression, are of course largely responsible. Overcrowding and consequent competition and the scaling down of fees are scarcely less obvious causes. Nor has the aggregate of legal work increased relatively to the number of lawyers who seek to obtain it. Indeed, if figures are to be trusted, it would seem doubtful if it has increased at all. From statistics recently published, it appears that

the number of lawyers in England and Scotland has augmented about forty per cent during the last twenty-five years. Meanwhile, in spite of more than a proportional growth in the population, the volume of litigation has remained almost stationary. Educated people think twice before going to law nowadays, and no wonder. Of course there is a great deal of work quite apart from litigation; but legislation has greatly simplified procedure and other matters during recent years, and the process is likely to extend further. The solicitor can now dispense with the barrister's services in many cases where they would formerly have been indispensable. Another point which should be noted is the gradual breaking down of those barriers between the two branches of the law which have been set up by etiquette and the unwritten rules of the profession. One by one they are giving way before the pressure of an ever-augmenting competition, so that many barristers now think that the inevitable outcome is the amalgamation of the two branches of the profession. The middleman has a natural tendency to disappear in these days of diminishing profits, and the law will probably have to follow the example set by trade in this respect. Indeed, the change would almost seem to be taking place already. The old idea of marrying a solicitor's daughter is out of date; but the sons and brothers of lawyers are often called to the Bar to co-operate with their relations, and these snug little family parties are in many cases partnerships in everything but name. Barrister and solicitor are thus "tied" one to the other as effectually as are brewer and publican.

Perhaps the most serious thing for the Bar nowadays is the grad-

ual but persistent decline in its commercial work. Business men are learning to settle their disputes among themselves. They dread the worry, the delay, the expense, and the uncertainty of the law courts, and will sacrifice a great deal sooner than face them. They are conscious also of the extraordinary ignorance of business principles which exists both among barristers and judges; and, whether rightly or wrongly, they do not always feel sure of securing an entirely unprejudiced hearing. The prejudice may be unconscious, but it undoubtedly exists. Both Bench and Bar are far too prone to profess a holy and indiscriminating horror of the City and its ways, which, knowing as I do something both of business and the law, I can only ascribe to want of knowledge. Lastly, the City man stands in great fear of the insults to which litigants are exposed at the hands of cross-examining counsel. Plaintiff, for instance, may think that he has a just cause of action against defendant for a debt owing to him from the latter. He considers it both irrelevant and disagreeable to be asked whether it is not a fact that he had an affair with a certain lady twenty years previously. My readers will remember what a storm of popular indignation was evoked by the questions asked in cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell during the "nobly conducted" Osborne case, and how it found vent in a correspondence in the 'Times' that lasted for about three months. Beyond doubt the forensic bully has much to answer for in the way of discouraging litigation.

The above are some of the reasons which lead one irresistibly to the conclusion that the Bar does not now, and never can, afford work for the multitudes who seek admis-

sion within it. There are many other causes, no doubt, but space would fail me were I to enter into the subject more fully. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that the business world has largely learned to dispense with litigation; nor is it ever likely to revert to the old methods as before. The litigious instinct is chiefly prominent among the inferior races, and the advance of civilisation surely promotes its decay. Hindoos, Chinese, and other Orientals delight in lawsuits, but the Western merchant fights shy of them. This probably accounts in a great measure for the frequent complaints one hears concerning the decline in the quality as well as quantity of legal work. Instead of big commercial cases, where the parties are rich and the fees correspondingly high, common lawyers, at any rate, are now mostly occupied with libel and running-down actions, breach of promise suits, and the like. The better class of business goes to the Chancery side, which on the whole has less cause to complain.

One advantage barristers possess to console them in part for their enforced idleness. They run no risks; there are no bad debts beyond those guineas sometimes withheld by the solicitor. They need have no presentiments of impending disaster, no fears of financial crises to haunt their dreams. Far otherwise is it with that larger world east of Temple Bar, whose position and prospects we will now proceed to discuss.

The City is not happy. It is sighing over the good old times that are gone, when the avenues of commerce were not choked with mobs of competitors, when business was brisk and profits were large. It is looking forward anxiously to the long-expected revival which is

so long in putting in an appearance. Meanwhile trade is languishing, owing to the general distrust and uncertainty. Commodities are desperately low, and prices still trend downwards. Many of our industries are in a critical state, and the despondency of agriculture is deepening into despair. Signs of improvement are happily visible here and there, but their effect on trade in general is as yet scarcely perceptible. The acute stage of the financial crisis has, let us hope, finally disappeared, but in its stead dulness reigns supreme. All these adverse influences naturally make themselves felt through every branch of trade in the City, but nowhere more than in the Stock Exchange. I mention the Stock Exchange in particular, firstly, because it is always well to speak of what one knows, and also because the state of business in Capel Court is considered by many people to be a fair index or barometer of commercial prosperity all over the country. The Stock Exchange probably suffers more acutely during the bad times than any other business or profession. Trade there is sometimes exceedingly brisk and remunerative; but it also has an unpleasant way of suddenly and completely dying away, and then losses and bad debts too often take the place of handsome profits. The latter are, in any but exceptionally good times, quite disproportionate to the magnitude of the risks incurred, the bulk of the business being, as everybody knows, purely speculative. At present speculation is almost non-existent. It is not for want of capital, for money is piling up until men are at their wits' end to know what to do with it, but confidence is lacking. Brokers and dealers will have to

wait until the prevailing distrust has passed away, or, as some cynically express it, until a new crop of fools arises with money in their pockets to lose.

Unfortunately the members of the "House" have earned, not altogether unjustly, a character for extravagance and improvidence; and a prolonged period of depression like the present puts a severe strain upon their resources. It is possible—though I doubt it—that similarly gloomy periods have been experienced before; but in those days there were less than half the number of men engaged in scrambling for such business as was offering, and competition had not here, as everywhere else, cut profits down to a minimum. At present the "House" contains little short of four thousand members, besides a considerable number of clerks who have a share in their employers' profits. Nearly all of these are actually engaged in business. Unlike the Bar, the Stock Exchange does not contain a host of idle supernumeraries in its ranks, for it has not yet come to be regarded as an ornamental occupation. At the same time it has, I regret to say, immensely increased in popularity during the last few years, and, if not ornamental, it is growing perilously fashionable. Its *personnel*, or perhaps one ought to say, its social status, has greatly improved of late, while the incomes of its members have steadily declined. About five years ago there was quite a rush of gilded youth within the portals of Capel Court. Nearly every firm of standing could boast of one or more sprigs of nobility on its staff of clerks, and smart cavalry officers were glad to act as "runners" if they could not become partners. The talk in the smoking-rooms of fashionable West-End clubs was of the com-

parative merits of American and Nitrate Rails, of the coming rise in frozen meat and land companies' shares. Many thought they had only to come to pick the sovereigns off a species of Tom Tiddler's ground, and great must have been their disappointment when the place proved less of an Eldorado than they had anticipated. Those were the palmy days of "booms" and general inflation. The loan-monger and the company promoter were on the war-path, and the public tumbled over each other in the wild rush after premiums on new issues. Financial houses and firms of old standing vied one with the other in foisting unmarketable rubbish on the guileless investor, who, through the medium of trust and other companies, fell a victim to various ingenious devices to part him and his money. It was a mean and sordid game at best, and one which was productive of untold suffering and misery, but it paid well while the mad saturnalia of greed, folly, and unscrupulousness lasted. Now the day of reckoning has come—but it has not yet gone. Throughout the year that is now drawing to a close, things have been continually brought to light which make honest men blush for their fellow-countrymen, and the whole City, the innocent and the guilty alike, are repenting in sack-cloth and ashes.

Not only from Capel Court, but from Mark and Mincing Lanes, from the Wool and Corn Exchanges, and all the other crowded purlieus of commerce, there goes up the same bitter cry, which is echoed back from the great manufacturing towns of the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Profits are insignificant or *nil*. The foreigner is underselling us and filching away our trade. The

fall in the exchanges is paralysing our Eastern merchants, and, by stimulating exports from countries with depreciated currencies, is keeping down the prices of commodities. Business men are living from hand to mouth, and not a few are drawing on their capital, and thus wearing out the machinery of their calling, in the endeavour to keep their connection together until better times come round. And those times must come soon, or it will go hard with many who are now struggling with difficulty to keep their heads above water. Already the distress in the City is very great, and I could tell of many unspeakably sad cases of men who a few years ago were earning comfortable incomes, but who now are sorely put to it to keep the wolf from the door. "If one had only oneself to think of, it would be bearable enough," I have heard more than one father of a family say. One of the most melancholy things is the number of clerks, many of them married men with families, who are thrown out of work for no fault of their own. Their employers have either failed, or else have been compelled by pressure of circumstances to reduce their establishments, and fresh situations are very difficult to obtain. In some businesses, the tea and wine trades particularly, the middleman has been elbowed out, owing to the cutting down of profits. Many formerly remunerative occupations have thus entirely disappeared, and those who are engaged in them do not easily find new openings. Owing to the same cause, the position of the small trader is becoming more and more difficult. When the margin of profits is so small, operations must be conducted on an extensive scale to yield any adequate return, and business thus tends

to become concentrated in the hands of large firms and joint-stock companies.

Depression in the City of course reflects itself in the diminished earnings of nearly every trade and calling in the outside world. Literature and art in their various branches, the purveyors of all kinds of luxuries, the entire shop-keeping class—all these suffer from loss of *clientèle*. Hard times for agriculture mean hard times for the Church and the Universities, whose interests are bound up with those of the landowners. Even the doctors are calling out that nowadays people cannot afford to be ill. The losses of investors through the various financial panics of the last four years have been colossal, and their full effects have only lately made themselves felt among the non-business community. Many people, growing tired of holding on to shares and bonds that yield no return, have sold them, and the pressure of money that is seeking safe reinvestment has driven the sounder class of securities up to a prohibitive price. Thus, with diminished capital returning a lower rate of interest, many a British householder finds his income to-day sadly straitened. In only too many cases families have been left with little more than the bare means of subsistence. It is not surprising to hear, therefore, of the number of men of gentle birth who are to be found in the ranks of the army, driving cabs and omnibuses, and otherwise engaged in occupations unbefitting their social position. Harder still is the lot of those women who suddenly find themselves compelled to go out into the world to earn a living. A friend of mine, who himself is not well off, tells me that he advertised a short time

ago for a daily governess. Forty fairly well-qualified candidates for the post answered the advertisement, and of these fifteen were ready to work for such a miserable pittance as one would imagine could hardly keep body and soul together.

"How much longer is this state of things likely to last?" is the thought uppermost in many anxious minds. One may reasonably expect, without being unduly optimistic, that times will improve before long. Prices cannot continue to fall for ever, and the natural law of reaction must surely reassert itself some day. Whether the improvement will last long is another and very different matter. For myself, I more than doubt it for many reasons. Some of the causes of our present troubles are, it may be hoped, temporary, and will disappear. Others, I fear, are permanent, and the sphere of their operation is more likely to expand than to contract. In the first place, the cycles of business prosperity show a steadily diminishing tendency. Formerly economists and merchants looked for alternate decades of inflation and depression, but now and in future we must anticipate more prolonged eras of slack trade and general cheapness, with correspondingly short periods of high prices and business activity. When a demand arises it is more rapidly supplied, owing, I presume, to increased facilities of production and transport, and to the fierce competition that prevails everywhere. The constant tendency of profits to a minimum seems to be one of the few really established economic doctrines. It is certainly being exemplified now in a most unpleasant way, both in trade and in the low rates of interest procurable from sound investments. The claims of labour, and its ever-growing power to enforce

those claims, are also factors in the problem which must not be lost sight of. Then the ever-present over-population ogre keeps showing his ugly face, and threatening us with fresh forms of competition every day. For the upper and middle classes have now a new rival to encounter in the struggle for their daily bread. The children of the working class, whom they have educated to be their competitors in the battle of life, are gradually squeezing them out of many fields of employment which they formerly had to themselves. Meanwhile, so far as this country is concerned, it is almost inconceivable that England can ever occupy quite the same position as in bygone days. Our trade may be greater than ever in volume, but we have undoubtedly lost our commercial supremacy in the sense that we are no longer the sole hucksters, or distributors, or carriers, or manufacturers of the world. It must be remembered, too, that we are drawing to the close of the greatest period of industrial development that mankind has ever seen. The Victorian era has been the golden age of invention and material progress, and a prolonged reaction after a time of such uninterrupted and feverish activity seems almost inevitable. The habitable and profitable areas of the globe are getting rapidly populated. Nearly every country, except China, has been railroaded, and even supposing that some new motive force were to be discovered and used, such as electricity, or *vril*, or Buddhist *akasa*, the greater part of the manual labour is accomplished. The rails are laid; the cuttings, the bridges, and the embankments are made. The field of commercial enterprise being thus gradually contracted, I cannot but think that employment is likely to be

increasingly difficult to obtain, and that, speaking generally, the old days of large profits earned in legitimate trading are not likely to be seen again.

The subject might be discussed indefinitely; but in the short space of a magazine article I can only sketch a few heads and outlines of the argument, leaving my readers to fill in the details for themselves. Enough has been said to show that the man of the moment, whatever his shortcomings may be, has much to contend with. And, on the whole, right manfully, as it seems to me, does he play his part in the battle of life. If, perforce, he stands all day long in the market-place idle, it is because no man hath hired him. Among the multitudes who jostle one another in our great commercial centres all cannot hope to obtain work, for there is not enough to go round. One hears a great deal of talk about the "superfluous woman," but how about the superfluous men? I often apologise to my fellow-men of business for being alive at all! The only excuse I have to offer is that I am not responsible for my existence, and the law forbids me to terminate it! I repeat, then, that the average man of our day is no *fainéant*. Indeed, if one looks below the luxury, the folly, and the fashion which flaunt on the surface of society, and which seem to monopolise Mrs Grand's gaze, his conduct in the uphill struggle with adversity often strikes me as little short of heroic. Nor has his training, as a rule, been such as fits him to cope with hard times. Unfortunately for a large number of the rising generation, they have been brought up to a standard of living which is quite beyond their means. Our fathers, who lived in the halcyon days of commercial prosperity, have

given us in our youth of the fruits of their labours. In the matter of education, beyond all things, they have treated us right royally, though it may well be doubted now whether in many cases it was not a cruel kindness on their part. Living is no doubt cheaper, but there is a much higher standard of luxury. In other words, people nowadays—men and women, I would observe—have more wants. As the saying is, they expect to begin where their fathers left off. Small wonder, then, if, at a time when the means of satisfying those wants are harder than ever to obtain, and the outlook is such as I have described, the man of modest means pauses before he puts his head into the matrimonial noose. If he does offer himself as a "candidate for marriage," it is usually late in life, which doubtless accounts for the number of elderly Cupids one sees mating with spinsters of uncertain ages. He is no believer in the gospel of depopulation (though sooner or later that knotty problem will have to be faced), but he refuses to recognise the propagation of paupers as a paramount social duty. The command to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth" loses somewhat of its force in an age when most people think that the world is too full already. And uncertainty concerning the future probably acts even more as a deterrent with him than an exiguous balance at the bank. What merchant or trader, for instance, can tell you even approximately how much he will be making a year or two hence, or whether he will be making anything at all? Not a few men shrink from the idea of marrying unless they can see a fair prospect of bringing up their children in the same position in life as they occupy themselves. But what pro-

portion of the rising generation can hope to do this? I wonder how many people calculate the expenses of a modern boy's education. I reflect with feelings of the profoundest humiliation that my own, including school and university expenses and legal training, must have cost fully £3000. This is of course excessive, though many of my contemporaries must have had a great deal more spent upon theirs, and schooling is one of the few things that show a tendency to rise in price.

Gradually, no doubt, we shall accommodate ourselves to our new environment, and learn to live in a style more in accordance with our means. Mr Goschen has more than once drawn attention to the increase in the number of people who possess moderate incomes. Unfortunately, the large fortunes in the hands of the minority tend to keep up the standard of luxurious living. There is enormous wealth, but money is exceedingly difficult to make. We have solved the problem of production—only too well, some will say—but that of distribution must be left to our successors to unriddle as best they can. What changes will be wrought thereby in the social order, or in what precise form the latter will emerge from the reorganisation process which is even now going on, it is impossible to foresee. Ours is an age of dissolving views, of spiritual and mental unrest and inquiry. Faith is fading, even where religion and morality hold their own. Authority, like our bank balances, is decidedly on the wane, and the anarchical spirit is by no means confined to the throwers of bombs. One result of all this is that the upper classes are likely to have less and less a monopoly of the good things of life. Beyond doubt

we are living in a transition period, and, like all such periods, it is a cause to many of much anxiety and suffering. Men's hearts are failing them for fear of what the future may have in store for them. And yet, putting monetary questions aside, that same future will probably prove much less terrible when it arrives than many of us now anticipate. One thing, however, seems tolerably certain: mankind in general will have to live less extravagantly. To take one concrete example, our English system of entertaining must be cheapened. The Mammon-god must come down from his high pedestal. We must borrow a leaf from the pages of Carlyle, and remember that the value of the fraction of life can be better added to by lessening the denominator of our desires than by increasing the numerator of our enjoyments. By making our claim of wages a zero we may have the world under our feet. Unfortunately our claim nowadays is rather for a living wage, or, as the London County Council call it, a "moral minimum," which of course varies greatly with the individual. Some people's "moral minimum" includes a daily cutlet and pint of Pommery at dinner, and a shilling cigar afterwards. Their motto is "Plain living and high drinking," and if they come short of these necessities of life they consider themselves ill-used. We have all of us a sort of average which we consider our due, and we naturally make our desires rather than our merits the standard in measuring that average. I often wonder what the sage of Chelsea, if he were alive now, would say to this delightful theory of the living wage and the moral minimum.

It may seem useless to preach moderate living to an age which is

for ever adding to its wants and heightening its standard of comfort, and when the "THOU (sweet gentleman)" seems to require more pampering than ever. Nevertheless we may be sure that for the frugal-minded the world will not be such a bad place to live in after all. Have we not the authority of the lady novelist for saying that brighter times are in store for us? If the men of the next generation are poorer, they will also, we may hope, be more virtuous, for are not Mrs Grand and her friends going to "spank proper principles into them in the nursery"? Thus purified and redeemed by emancipated woman, the objectionable male will cease to be a stumbling-block in the march of humanity towards perfection. The girls, too, will fulfil the hopes of the lady novelist

by "expanding to their true proportions." Physically, I am inclined to think, these are sufficiently large already. In a moral sense they will lead fuller, freer, and perhaps happier lives. They will be married just as soon—possibly, if the New Woman and the New Hedonist have their way, just as long—as it suits them. Their minds will be enlarged, and their latent energies and capabilities will, let us trust, find adequate and suitable fields of exercise. Speaking generally, all will be for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and we of to-day, by contemplating the moral and intellectual millennium in store for those who come after us, may find consolation even amid our present sombre surroundings.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

THE TOMB OF KING JOHN IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

BEFORE the great High Altar of his God
Lies Norman John:
And century after century the first gleam
Of dawn has shone
On that still form, and stony brow that wears
A crown thereon.

The Saints and Martyrs pour their life-blood forth,
Then pass away—
Swift as the glories of the sunlit west
Pale into grey:
And no man marks their place of sepulchre
Unto this day.

Theirs were the loyal heart, the stainless shield,
The faithful hands:
They sleep beneath the unremembering sea,
Or desert sands;
In nameless graves, on bygone battlefields,
In alien lands.

And he lies here, within these hallowed walls,
 'Mid holy things,
Whom neither chronicler in court or camp
 Nor poet sings:
Least honoured and least worthy of the line
 Of England's Kings.

He who has found no advocate to gild
 His tarnished fame,
His one remembered act, the Charter great
 Which bears his name,—
A nation's triumph, yet withal, alas!
 Her monarch's shame.

Was it some heaven-born instinct that this man,
 Not good nor wise,
Chose for himself the very Altar-foot
 Where now he lies
Lifting that rigid face in mute appeal
 Towards the skies?

As if, heart-sick with sin's sad leprosy
 And sore distrest,
He turned him to the only refuge left
 For souls opprest,
And fled into the outstretched arms of Love
 To find a rest?

Here, with his tangled, tortuous web of life,
 His part misplayed,
He sought at last for sanctuary within
 The Church's shade.
We judge and marvel, loath to leave with God
 The soul He made!

"Yet unto whom, to whom, Lord, shall we go,
 Save Thee alone?"
Thus with a strange pathetic cry of faith
 From yon carved stone,
Here in the great Cathedral that he loved,
 Speaks ill-starred John.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

AN EPISTLE FROM HORACE.

[This addition to the *Horatii Epistolæ* came to us in the hexameter verse, which has made his other Epistles famous. We shrank from attempting to put it into a metrical form, as none of the "eminent hands" whom 'Maga' has at command would undertake to do so upon a short notice. There is one person in England to whom shortness of notice would have created no difficulty. For the moment we thought of Hawarden Castle and its owner, but we were restrained from applying there by misgivings that the task might be as distasteful to translator as to translated.—ED. B. M.]

ELYSIAN FIELDS, Nov. 1894.

DEAR MAGA,

You wonder at the address, and you wonder more at your correspondent, — the little poet, with whose Alcaics and Sapphics your soul was, I have no doubt, duly vexed in the days of your youth. But you must not be astonished. You remember, when the fall of that "wanchancy" tree (see Ode xiii. of my second book) nearly floored me, how I pictured to myself the narrow escape I made from being swept away to the place I now date from, — the "*sedes discretas piorum*," as I reverentially called them, — and the chance I then very nearly had of making the acquaintance of Sappho and Alcæus, among the other celebrities of the place. Well, my time came to be made free of the privileges of this charming locality. My friend Virgil, "*animæ dimidium meæ*," was there before me, ready to give me welcome and to introduce me to all "the serene creators of immortal things," who were the leaders of society, under the ampler ether and roseate atmosphere of those regions of the blest, of which, in the sixth book of the '*Æneid*,' he had presented so admirable a sketch.

It was a brilliant society, —

Homer, Hesiod, Sappho, Alcæus, Menander, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the unapproachable Pindar, Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, and all the great fraternity of bards. They were very kind to me, for they knew how much I held them in reverence, and how in my humility I had "far off their skirts adored." Catullus stood off rather sulkily for a time. He thought that in one of my Satires I had spoken rather slightly of him and his friend Calvus. But I soon satisfied him there was "no such stuff in my thoughts"; so we made it up, and we have ever since been excellent friends. Needless to say that since my arrival here the bardic circle has been very considerably enlarged. To this England has contributed most copiously, and I may say I am on the happiest visiting acquaintance with all your best poets. We keep ourselves well posted up in the poetic and other literary doings of the upper world. You may judge of the sensation when your Shakespeare came among us. The "*densum humeris vulgus*," which I imagined thronging about Alcæus as he sang to them in the realms of Prosperine, was nothing to the rush of bards that crowded round him of Avon when he came among us. The longings so often expressed among you "for the

touch of his vanished hand, and the sound of his voice that is still," often reach us here, and I picture to myself the way I shall be envied when I say that he has taken me into his *vie intime*. I pass over a host of illustrious names, from Chaucer downwards, that are household words in England. Only let me say that I am on the best terms with Mr Alexander Pope, whom I made supremely happy by speaking to him very warmly of the excellent satires which he gave to the world as imitations of my own efforts in the same line.

Since I came here I have quite "grown in favour with myself" to find the honours that have been paid to my poor verses during the last eighteen centuries. When my friend Pope tells me that the physician, whom he happily described as "Douglas of the soft obstetric hand," had in his library more than 450 editions of my works, and when I read that Mitscherlich, one of my best editors, gave eighty years ago a list of editions of my book extending over forty big pages, I am simply amazed. It was no false modesty on my part—you may believe me, for where I write from truth is the absolute rule—when I expressed my fears (Epistles, i. 20) that before long my books would be used for wrapping parcels, or at best, when they had got thumbed and tattered, as primers for teaching boys the elementary parts of speech. In a transient moment of self-satisfaction—and if you could have heard the kind things Virgil and many of my other friends said of me, this was perhaps excusable—I no doubt said of myself "*Non omnis moriar*." Even then, however, I limited the term of my popularity. It was to endure as long as the Pontifex Maximus, with

the train of Vestal Virgins, should ascend to the Capitol. But this they have long ceased to do. I also said some strong things about the monument I had reared for myself being more durable than brass, and higher than the Pyramids; but that was a burst of lyrical fervour which I never imagined would be prophetic. Yet prophetic it has proved. My sayings are, I observe, on the lips of all sorts and conditions of men throughout the habitable globe. This is the case among those who know Latin more or less—probably less. But what, though flattering, is not quite so satisfactory, is the huge crop of translations of my works into German, French, Italian, and especially English, with which the press has teemed within the last few years.

There is no Elysian Mudie's. But "*miro modo*," which I am not at liberty to explain, we disembodied spirits keep ourselves well up to date as to the literary doings of the upper world. A good many of these translations come under my notice. Not a few of them remind me of some lines of that wicked wag "Bon Gaultier," with whom, by the way, I shall have some serious talk when he joins our circle, about his own version or perversion of my writings. He makes Lord Lytton say—

"I've hawk'd at Schiller on his lyric throne,
And given the astonished bard a meaning all my own."

Personally, let me say in passing, I have no great complaint to make against Lord Lytton for what he has done for my lyrics in his rhythmical but unrhymed version of them. But as Schiller is said—not that I say it—to have

been treated by him, is just how I constantly find myself treated. I try to recognise myself in my English dress, and I cannot. "*O di Superi!*" I exclaim, "what must people think of me, if only by these translations they know me!" And yet, of course, I should like above all things that I should be known to the vast multitude of English-speaking men and women to whom Latin is a sealed language. But I want them to know me as I am. I have no wish to illustrate in my own person what I meant when I spoke of the "*membra disjecta poetæ*." In particular, I should wish them to get some idea of the infinite pains I took to put finish, grace, concentrated force, graphic touches of description, easy playfulness, and music into my lyrics. And if something of these qualities is not achieved, I would much rather people would leave me alone. I liked the compliment paid me by one of my best-known translators, when he quoted as the motto for his book your great poet Tennyson's lines,—

"What practice, howsoever expert,
In fitting aptest words to things;
Or voice, the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"

It was an acknowledgment that I had spared no pains to give the finest form I could to my lyrics, for in truth it was so. They were produced, as I myself wrote (*Odes*, iv. 2), "*per laborem plurimum*." And it was only through infinite painstaking that I, humble poet as I was, could ever have hoped to make them live into the future. You remember what your Ben Jonson says of Shakespeare—by the way Ben is a great favourite among us, with all his roughness toned off, as befits spirits "touched to fine issues," as all ours here are—

"He
That casts to write a living line, must
sweat,
(Such as thine are,) and strike the
second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it,) that he thinks
to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn."

That was the principle on which I worked. I said as much when I laid it down as a guide to all ambitious verse-makers, "*Male tornatos incudi reddere versus*." Indeed, Jonson pays me the compliment of saying that my words suggested his. At any rate so I worked; and if it cost me such toil and sweat of brain, such years, I may say, of brooding and meditation, to produce my lyrics in a form fit to be made public, it would be strange, indeed, if any one could transmute them into adequately representative English verse without as much labour as the originals cost myself.

This being my view, you may judge how I was staggered when the news reached me—we hear all kinds of gossip here—that an aged "statesman out of place,"—well known here, as elsewhere, as the G.O.M.,—after passing the mature age of fourscore, was at work on a version of my *Odes*. That he was "*audax omnia perpeti*"—he will recognise the phrase—was a remark which has long been current among us, even before Lord Beaconsfield came to amuse us upon that subject with his grim irony. But among the "*omnia*" I could never have supposed that a version of my lyrics would have been included. However, so it is, and I have had an opportunity of toiling through an early copy. "And how do you like it?" you will naturally ask me. Not at all, is my answer. "But how," you say, "can you,

being a Roman, be a judge of English verse?" In answer let me tell you, that in our ethereal state we know all languages that we care to know—and who is there among us, all poets as we were in our time, that does not care to know the language of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and his great compeers; of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, and the Brownings? On the works of these I have fed full, for here we have a deal of spare time on our hands, and this has made me as fair a judge of a good English lyric, as I was in my day, of a Greek or Latin one. What, therefore, I look for in a good translation of one of my lyrics is that, while adhering as closely as may be to the feeling, the meaning, and the structure of my text, it shall be in itself a good English poem. The difficulty of the translator's task no one can appreciate so well as I can. He has to deal with a language infinitely less capable than mine of conciseness, of fullness of suggestion, and of delicate shades of expression; and the glancing allusions, which were quite understood and appreciated by my contemporaries, without some expansion must be unintelligible to modern readers. I quite agree with Mr Gladstone when he says that a translator should not attempt to imitate the uniformity which I managed to give to the metres in which I treated subjects of the most diverse kind; but that he should "both claim and exercise the largest possible freedom in varying his metres, so as to adapt them in each case to the original with which he has to deal." If that were all the licence exempli-

fied in Mr Gladstone's book, I should not complain.

But it is not all. And this I found out before I had got through many pages. In the initial Ode to Mæcenas, the very first of the first book, he makes me say, and very awkwardly too, things I never said. Where, for instance, I wrote that there were folks whose pleasure was "*pulverem Olympicum collegisse*," he makes me say—

"Some reckon, for the crown of life,
The dust in the Olympian strife."

What would Mæcenas have thought of me if I had called 'dust' a "crown"? Again, how would he have rated me if I had followed up this extraordinary metaphor by such a couplet as this?—

"The goal well shunned, the palm that,
^{given,}
Lifts lords of earth to lords of heaven."

I pass the doubtful grammar that uses the singular "lifts" in connection with the two substantives "goal" and "palm," to which such a remarkable power of lift is ascribed. But, pray, absolve me from the folly of meaning by my line, "*terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos*," that the noble palm "lifts lords of earth to lords of heaven." Our gods were not lords of heaven. It had only one lord. When I wrote "*cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare*," I expressed the common creed, as it was mine. By "*evehit ad Deos*" I only meant that some of my countrymen—you know we thought ourselves "*terrarum dominos*"—were lifted "sky high" with delight at winning a race, just as, I have no doubt, the owner of Ladas was at your last Derby.

I go on, and pull up at the following lines:—

"One hoes paternal fields, content,
On hardest terms. Will he consent,
A trembling mariner, to brave,
In Cyprian bark, Myrtoan wave?"

In Mr Gladstone's preface I had noticed some remarks, which rather puzzled me, as to "compression" being essential to a translation of my Odes. Is this, I thought as I read, an illustration of what he means? What had become of my "*Attaliciis conditionibus*"? I had said that by all the wealth of Attalus you could not induce a farmer that loved to till his paternal acres to go in the stoutest ship into the smoothest sea. Not a word about tilling his farm on hard terms. Where did my translator get the phrase "on hardest terms"? I suppose he could not get out of his head in connection with agriculture the idea of a brutal Tory landlord. My text might otherwise have reminded him that *my* farmer was his own landlord. And why, I ask, as I constantly have to do in other places of this book, oh, why break up my single sentence into two? If this was compression, the less of it the better, thought I.

A little further on I come upon the line, "For want with commerce ill agrees." Without having been a Chancellor of the Exchequer, I recognise this remark as probably true, though rather platitudinous. But I decline all responsibility for it. If it is meant as the equivalent for my statement that a merchant is "*indocilis pauperiem pati*," and rather than not make money will refit his battered ships, in spite of all his past experiences of the perils of the sea, I must protest against it as lowering my language into the direst prose.

Still keeping to the same Ode, I

find it hard to recognise myself in another "compressed" passage,—

"And some old Massic wine desire,
Hours stolen from the day's entire,
With shade of arbutus for bed
By hallowed water's tranquil head."

I have not yet had an opportunity of talking over this book with my friend Ben Jonson; but I can fancy what he will say of this as lyrical English, or as reflecting the *nuances* of my lines. What are "hours stolen from the day's entire," and what verb governs them? Note also, I talk of men reclining under the leafy-green arbutus, or at the lulling fountain-head of some sacred stream. None of my readers will, I am sure, accuse me of suggesting that a "shade" could be a bed, or of making the arbutus overhang the fountain.

I could say much more of the injustice done me in this Ode, but I will only call attention to the last line. You remember I wind up by saying that, if Mæcenas will admit me to the ranks of lyric writers, "*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice*." A strong phrase, I admit; but it implies no more than that I should be lifted to the skies with delight. Excellent Allan Ramsay—he is here with the rest of us lyrists—says of claret, a wine that unfortunately was not to be had at Rome in my time, that "it heaves the saul beyond the moon." That is exactly the feeling I meant to express. The praise of Mæcenas would raise me to the skies. But by the following couplet my translator exactly reverses what I said—

"Count me for lyric minstrel thou,
The stars to kiss my head will bow."

Why should the stars do anything so absurd? If this be poetry, I am happy to think it is not mine.

But I must get on. I prided myself greatly, nor am I ashamed to admit it, upon the way I adapted some of the gems of the Greek lyrists. They generally deal with the fair and frail beauties of their time, but who do, in fact, belong to all time. One of these was that addressed to Pyrrha (Book i. 5), an ideal type of her class. Knowing how your great Milton and many other English scholars had stumbled in translating it, I turned to see how it had come out of Mr Gladstone's hands. Here it is:—

"What scented stripling, Pyrrha, woos
thee now,
In pleasant grotto all with roses
fair?

For whom these auburn tresses bindest
thou

With simple care?

Full oft shall he thine altered faith be-
wail,

His altered gods; and his unwonted
gaze

Shall watch the waters darkening to
the gale

In wild amaze.

Who now, believing, gloats on golden
charms,

Who hopes thee ever void and ever
kind;

Nor knows thy changeful heart, nor the
alarms

Of changeful wind.

For me, let Neptune's temple wall de-
clare

How, safe escaped, in votive offering,
My dripping garments own, suspended
there,

Him Ocean-King."

Let me say, that "the waters darkening to the gale" strikes me as a rather happy equivalent for my "*aspera nigris æquora ventis*." But here my satisfaction ends. By "*simplex munditiis*" I meant to cover not only the arrangement of

the lady's hair, but the general quiet elegance of the lady's dress and bearing. Ah! I knew more than one Pyrrha in my time who had this special charm. Charms many they had, but "golden" these certainly were not, though love-stricken admirers thought these fickle fair ones, while the delusion lasted, as good as gold, which is what I meant by the "*te fruitur credulus aurea*." Certainly they never hoped to find their mistress "ever void," though they probably hoped she would always be "*vacua*"—that is, at home and ready to receive them with open arms when they came,—"semper vacuum et semper amabilem," as I put it. And what has become of my "*Miseri, quibus intentata nites!*" the exclamation that gives point to all that has gone before? If this be "compression," let me have none of it. All the more strange the compression, too, when "the changeful heart" and "the alarms" in this verse, and the words in the next about declaring Neptune Ocean-King, are sheer superfluities.

As Milton failed in translating this Ode—this he owns in our talks here—it may well be that unskilled and, still more, hasty writers should come badly off. In other cases failure is less excusable. And really the way my Ode to Lydia, the 13th of my first book, has been treated is too bad. Let me quote it:—

"Ah, Telephus, those arms of wax!

Ah, Telephus, this neck of roses!"

All this my spirit, Lydia, racks;

My swelling bile rebels, opposes.

Nor mind nor colour in one stay

Continue; silent tears begin

To wet my cheeks; I waste away,

Slow fires consume me from within;

Galled, if in wine's too boisterous joy,
 Thy shoulders white are rudely hit,
 And bruised; or if the madding boy
 Those lips he should have kissed hath
 bit.

Hear me: he cannot constant be,
 Who coarsely mars the honeyed kiss,
 Which, Venus! holds by thy decree
 The fifth part of thy nectar's bliss.

Thrice blest, ay more, are they whose
 love,

Ne'er sundered by the curse of strife,
 Through all events its worth can prove,
 And only part with parting life."

Compression and amplification again, and both bad. The translation opens with two lines, which may be very good as rhetoric, but are not good as poetry. Who makes the exclamation about the arms of wax and neck of roses? There is nothing to show. I make the forlorn lover say that it is Lydia's praise of these which makes him mad, drives the colour from his cheeks, and bedews them with tears—not begin to bedew them, but actually do so. Mind and colour "continuing in one stay" may have a meaning, but to me it has none. Again, has Mr Gladstone never heard of lover's kisses that bite? We in Rome were familiar with that sort of thing,—I could give lots of allusions to it among my contemporaries. Shakespeare was obviously no less so, for I remember in his "Antony and Cleopatra" he speaks of "a lover's pinch that hurts and is desired." Mr Gladstone misses my point, when he speaks of "the madding boy" biting "those lips he should have kissed." He does kiss them, but in kissing bites her lips with a coarse animal ferocity, akin to that which has made him strike poor Lydia's "*candidos humeros*" when in his cups. Why, again,

should my translator introduce an "aside" to Venus, of which I am innocent? I was rather proud of the way I turned the compliment to Lydia's kisses, by saying of them that Venus had imbued them with the quintessence of her own nectar, "*quæ Venus quinta parte sui nectaris imbuat*." Why should I be made to go out of my way to inform Venus that Lydia's kiss "holds by her decree the fifth part of her nectar's bliss"? And what, by the way, is "nectar's bliss"? The last verse I give up altogether.

"Compressed" it certainly is not. Where does Mr Gladstone find me speak of a love that "through all events its worth can prove"? and who are they "that only part with parting life"? It cannot be the "love" of the first line, or the "events" of the third. Do you wonder that I feel a little hurt at having one of my most carefully elaborated lyrics treated in this way? It is one I adapted from the Greek. What would Virgil or Varius have said to me if I had turned it out crude and formless as your Hawarden poet has done?

Choose what metres you will, I say to my translators, but see at least that they are musical and good English. See also that you put my ideas in the order I have put them, and catch the tone of sentiment by which they were inspired. Most of them don't, and my octogenarian interpreter is of the number. Observe, for example, how he treats my Ode to Dellius (Book ii. 3),—

"An even mind in days of care,
 And in thy days of joy to bear
 A chastened mood, remember. Why?
 'Tis, Dellius, that thou hast to die.

Alike, if all thy life be sad,
 Or festal season find thee glad,
 On the lone turf at ease recline,
 And quaff thy best Falernian wine.

Why do tall pine and poplar white
To weave their friendly shade unite?
This fitting stream, why hath it sped
So headlong down its wandering bed?

Bring wine, bring perfumes, bring fresh
flowers
Of roses, all too brief their hours!
While purse, and age, and Sisters three
Permit, though dark their threads
may be.

This home, these glades, no longer
thine,
Which auburn Tiber laps, resign;
Resign the towering heaps of gold,
Which one, thine heir, not thou, shall
hold.

Be hoary Inachus thy sire,
Or be thou risen from the mire;
Be rich or poor, it boots thee not;
Unpitying Orcus casts thy lot.

All, all, we drive to doom. The urn
Discharges every Life in turn:
For every Life, or soon or late,
The boat and endless exile wait."

Pray, turn to my book, and ask yourself if this is what you find in it? My "*rebus arduis*" and "*rebus bonis*" mean much more than "days of care" and "days of joy"; and why is my simple suggestion to my friend, in the word "*morture*," that he is mortal, turned into a question and answer in fashion most unlyrical? Die, I reminded him, he must, whether he spent his life in grieving, or whether, stretched on the grass in some quiet nook, he enjoyed himself over beakers of his best Falernian. I certainly am not responsible for telling him to go and do this. That is purely the translator's suggestion. But this comes of breaking up my sentences, as he is so fond of doing. The next verse perplexed me, till I remembered that my text had been tampered with, and construed by some of my editors as if I had meant to ask, for what purpose but for the enjoyment of men, with plenty

of time and money on their hands, did the pine and white poplar boughs make a kindly shade, or the brook go brattling down its broken bed? I have often been accused of being too elliptical; but so elliptical as this I hope I have never been. To put such a question as I am made to put would have been *too* foolish, as all questions are that admit of no answer. Even in lyric poetry we in Rome used to require common-sense. What I had in view was simply to suggest that, while reclining "*in remoto gramine*," my friend should choose a spot which was made especially pleasant by leafy shade and the sparkle of a brook struggling over the stones along its sinuous bed—not, pray you mark, speeding "headlong down its wandering bed." Thither I urged Dellius to bring wine, and nard, and too shortlived roses in abundance, while he had means to provide and the youth to enjoy them, and the three Sister Fates spared his life. Do this, I said, because the time will come when you cannot do it,—when you will have to give up all your cherished possessions, your woods, your villa on the Tiber, and your big bank balances. But instead of this, my translator makes me tell my friend to "resign" all these good things, which, to say the least, would have been foolish, not to say impertinent, on my part. In the following verse I decline to admit the phrase "risen from the mire" as an equivalent for my "*natus infima de gente*." Neither did I say anything like "All, all, we drive to doom." We do nothing of the kind. But "*omnes eodem cogimur*," that is, sooner or later we are all forced to go the same road, when the time comes that our lot is shot out from the fatal urn, and it sends

us to take our place in the bark that exiles us into the regions from which there is—happily, as I may now say—no return. I ask you, has my translator done justice to either the language or the sentiment of my verses?

I have been praised for a "*curiosa felicitas*" of expression, and I have tried to find some of this quality in my last translator's book. It would have delighted me to have done so; but on the contrary I have more often stumbled on curious infelicities of expression. One instance I must give, and then I will set you free. You remember my Ode to Mæcenas (Book ii. 17), and the plaintive remonstrance with which it opens—"Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?" Judge of my dismay to find this appear as "Why tease me with complaints?" Have you ever known what it is to hear one you love tell of symptoms that, sleeping or waking, are to him or her the omens of an early death? You may speak words of cheer, but at your heart lie sad misgivings that will not be put aside. The words of the sufferer take the life out of you. So it was with me, when Mæcenas, in desponding moods natural to one who had to bear much physical pain, spoke

again and again to me of his forebodings of early death. Was I "teased" with his complaints—a pitiful phrase? No, they went to my very heart, and gave it a sinking feeling as if life were fading out of me—and this I hope I made plain to him by the words I wrote.

But what wonder that passages for which I took days and days to find apt expression should not be mirrored in a translation taken up at the end of a long life, and thrown off as the amusement of scanty hours? It will of course have many admirers, for everything said or done by its author is accepted, so we have heard here, as of an excellence that must not be challenged. You will see by what I have said that I am not of that number. When Socrates was dying—the kindly draught of hemlock prescribed for him by those wise Athenians had already begun to work—his friends asked him what he wished done with his body. "Do with it what you please," was his reply, "only do not think that it is me." So do I say, "Admire this book of Mr Gladstone's as much as you please, only do not think that it is me!" *Vale.*

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

INDOOR LIFE IN PARIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the amalgamating action of the new international influences which have come into operation during the present century, the ancient differences persist between the exterior habits, the personal looks, and the ways of behaving of the peoples of Europe: they are weakened, but they are not suppressed. The upper classes of various lands—whose educational surroundings are becoming more and more alike—are approximating rapidly to each other in appearance and manners; but even amongst them diversities continue to subsist which, slight as they are in comparison with what they used to be, are, nevertheless, obviously perceptible. And when we look at the masses, variations glare at us. Who has ever crossed a frontier without being impressed by their abundance? In that striking example the suddenness of the change augments its volume; the world of just now has disappeared abruptly, and an utterly transformed one has assumed its place—the dress, the physical aspect, the language, even the movements, of the people round us have become other. After a period of residence in a country, a certain amount of habit forms itself; the eye and ear become accustomed; but at the instant of first entry almost every detail surprises by its strangeness, and evidence enough is supplied to us that, on the outside, nations are still strikingly dissimilar.

I say "on the outside," because what is viewed in ordinary travel is nothing but outside—the railway-station, the port, the street, the shop, the theatre, and the hotel. The indoor life of other

lands lies, almost always, beyond the reach of the foreigner: rarely can he enter it at all, or, if he does scrape into it a little, he does not crawl beyond its fringes; he is not admitted to live in it, with it, and of it, and, in most cases, remains uninformed as to its true nature, and as to the realities of national peculiarity which it reveals. Even of a city so much visited and so much talked about as Paris, most travellers know nothing intimately; it is only here and there, by accident, privilege, or relationship, that a few strangers (very few) manage to get inside its doors. The French keep their dwellings resolutely shut; they have small curiosity about foreign persons or things, dislike to have their habits disturbed by intruders, are dominated—especially since 1871—by the bitterest patriotic hates, are in no degree cosmopolitan, are passionately convinced of the superiority of France over the rest of the world,—and, for these reasons, though a very sociable race amongst themselves, shrink instinctively and mistrustfully from people of other blood. Of course there are amongst the great houses of Paris a few in which diplomatists and travellers of rank are habitually received; but those houses constitute exceptions: they stand apart; and even in them it is rare to see foreigners form intimacies with the French. I could mention singular examples of the extreme difficulty of becoming real friends with them, even when circumstances are of a nature to arouse friendship; but such examples would necessitate personal details, and personal details point to names, which, where private

individuals are concerned, it is impossible to mention, or even to suggest. Subsidiarily, as regards ourselves in particular, our shyness, and our usually insufficient knowledge of the language and of current topics of conversation and of the manner of treating them, raise up special barriers in our way. The immense majority of those who go to Paris are, therefore, unable to perceive anything indoors with their own eyes, and it is only from French books and from reports made to them by such fellow-countrymen as, in consequence of special circumstances, have been able to look in, that they can learn anything exact of what is going on behind the walls they stare at. As I have looked in long and closely, I venture to add to the second of the two classes of information some of the indoor experiences I have collected.

But, before I begin descriptions, I must make some preliminary observations as regards the situation of the subject.

The strongest of all my notions, in looking back to my experiences in Paris and in comparing them with those I have encountered in other lands, is that, notwithstanding all the superficial contrasts—notwithstanding the differences of material organisation, of ways, and even of habits of thought and of national character—the objects, rules, and practical conditions of existence remain substantially the same everywhere. Exterior looks and details, mannerisms, feelings, temperaments, and convictions vary endlessly; but, nevertheless, the main issues come out very nearly identical. It cannot be pretended, for instance, that the French differ fundamentally from the English because they eat a meal called breakfast at half-past eleven, instead of a meal called

lunch at half-past one; because they have their children to dine with them, instead of sending them to bed, on bread and milk, at seven; because their servants leave them at a week's notice instead of a month's; because they pay their house-rent on the 15th of January, April, July, and October, instead of what we call quarter-days; because they have (or rather used to have) more elaborate manners than ourselves, and shrug their shoulders more; or because they talk more volubly than we do. These differences, and a hundred others of the same value, are not in reality differences at all; they are surface accidents—they constitute variety to the eye but not to the mind. However numerous and however evident such outside variations may be, they do not affect the general likeness of all the workings out of human nature any more than the immense diversity of husks affects the methodical germination of the seeds within them. This view may, perhaps, be regarded as incorrect by the ordinary traveller, because to him the smallest newness appears, usually, to be significant, the slightest strangeness full of meaning. But to ancient wanderers, who have had time to grow inured and opportunity to become acclimatised, who have worn off astonishments, who have learnt by long rubbing against others that local demeanours do not change either the head or the heart, the conviction of universal unity becomes unshakable. In their eyes the vast majority of European men and women are animated by exactly the same passions, the same vanities, the same general tendencies, whatever be their birth-place. In their eyes external dissimilarities, which seem at first sight to differentiate nations so

markedly, are mere skin-deep tokens, affecting only the secondary and unessential elements of existence, and serving simply as convenient distinctive badges. The contacts of travel have taught them that, though it is natural to attach curiosity to visible national peculiarities, it would be a mistake to expect to find behind them any corresponding divergences of inner essence.

Even national character—which has shown itself everywhere hitherto as a thoroughly enduring reality, and which does not exhibit in any of its developments the faintest signs of coming change—scarcely produces in our day any absolute distinction between the motives and the methods of life-organisation in various countries. It is, of all race-marks, the one which exercises the most effect on public conduct; but I have met nowhere any reasons for believing that it changes the constitution of private and personal existence. By its nature, and for its habitual forms of exhibition, it requires a wider field of operation than it finds indoors. It is strikingly distinct, constant, and energetic in its patriotic and collective manifestations; but its effects are infinitely less evident in small home matters.

Taking nationality as an accumulative designation for the entire group of diversities which distinguish nations from each other, it cannot be said to govern, in any appreciable degree, the essential composition of the indoor life of peoples. It works strongly in other directions, but scarcely at all in that one. It does not introduce, in any land, home elements which are entirely unknown elsewhere.

For this reason, in speaking of the indoor life of Paris, I shall not have much to say of radical

differences; there are scarcely any. Even details, with all their copious variety, do not preserve, on examination, the vividness of contrast which they present at first sight. Just as moral principles (under similar conditions of education) exist everywhere in broad averages; just as they show themselves, all about, in fairly equal proportions—like vice and virtue, intelligence and stupidity, health and disease—so do the main conditions of indoor life run, in all countries, in parallel grooves, slightly twisted, here and there, by superficialities. What there is to tell, therefore, is about impressions rather than about facts, about sensations rather than about sights, almost indeed about resemblances rather than about differences.

But, what is indoor life? To some it represents little more than mere family existence; to others, on the contrary, it is but an additional name for society; to others, again, it represents a temporary separation from the world, during which we put off the constraints in which we enwrap ourselves in public, and relapse momentarily into the undistorted realities of self. With these wide oppositions of interpretation (and there are more besides), it is impossible for any of us to speak of indoor life with the certainty that we mean by it the same thing as others do. And not only does it change its aspects, its objects, and its significations with the individual point of view of each of us, but also with the persons at whom we happen to look. I speak, therefore, of the indoor life of Paris for myself alone, describing not so much what I have seen in it as what I have felt in it; recognising heartily that every other witness has a right to disagree

with me, and recognising it all the more because, on such a subject, it is on instincts and ideas proper to each one, rather than on indisputable verities evident to all, that spectators base their very varying judgments.

On one doctrine only is everybody likely to be in accord with everybody else. That doctrine is that indoor life, whatever else it may be taken to impart, implies essentially the life of women, and that its nature shifts about with the action of the women who create it. This doctrine, true everywhere, is especially true of Paris; for there, more than anywhere, certain women stand out before and above all their fellows as the national producers of the brightest forms of its indoor life. That life is made by them and for them; they manufacture it in its perfected attractiveness; and, above all, they typify it. They are so thoroughly both the composers and the actors of the piece, that a description of it does not signify much more than a description of the women who play it.

But this is true of very few indeed amongst the women of Paris. They all lead, in general terms, the same sort of indoor life, so far as its outlines are concerned; yet scarcely any of them help to shape or guide it in what constitutes its national aspects. Acquaintance with it shows that the mass of them follow it passively, but neither originate it nor enkindle it. They are content with dull humdrum existences, and take no part in the active composition of the typical aspects of the place. They do their duty placidly, as wives, mothers, and housekeepers; they are, most of them, worthy, excellent, estimable persons; most of them smoulder in inertness. I remember how astonished I was

at the beginning, when I was still under the influence of the fanciful teachings of my youth, to discover, by degrees, that Paris women were not, as I had been assured by my British instructors of those days, all worldly, all pleasure-seeking, all love-making, all dress-adoring; but that the majority of them were quiet, steady, home-cherishing, devoid of all aggressive personality, animated by a keen sense of moral duty. Such is their nature still, modified only, in certain cases, by the action of that wonderful French faculty, adaptability, which fits those who can employ it for any social or even leading rôle. Unluckily, the faculty itself is rare, and, of those who own it, a good many have neither the ambition nor the power to use it, and remain, just as most women do in other lands, unproductive in their nullity. They are French in the details of their ways and habits; but the great heap of them might just as well be anything else, so far as any national fruitfulness is concerned. It is not they who stand out as the makers and the beacons of the bright life of Paris; that part is played by a very restricted minority, which, small as it is, lights up so vividly the circles round it, that it seems to represent the nation all alone before the world. The fireside goodnesses of the majority are to be seen, almost in the same forms, in any other country; but the fertile arts and the sparkling devices of the minority are special to Paris: they cannot be found outside it; and, even there, they are utterly exceptional. But, scarce though they are, they constitute, all by themselves, the most striking elements of indoor life, for they alone bring into evidence the processes employed by the higher Paris woman.

By the "higher Paris woman" I do not mean the woman of the highest classes only, but the woman of the higher capacities, whatever be her class, provided only she applies them. It is essential to insist on this, for in Paris capacity does not necessarily follow class. It is, of course, more frequent amongst the well-born, because of their advantages of heredity, of training, and of models: but birth alone cannot bestow it; it is to be found in every educated layer; like adaptability, it may be discovered anywhere. Capacity, in the sense I have in view, may be defined, roughly and approximately, as the power of creating a home to which everybody is tempted to come, and of reigning in that home over all who visit it. It is a purely social ability, for it can only be exercised in society; but it is attainable by any woman who has the consciousness of its germ within her, and who has, or can manufacture, the tools and the opportunities to develop it. The European reputation of the social life of Paris proceeds almost exclusively from the fitness of a few women in each group. The men count for very little—the other women for nothing at all. The other women make up the universal crowd, with its universal qualities and its universal defects: they manage conscientiously their own little lives, but they exhibit nothing of true French brilliancies, and it is those brilliancies alone which attract the attention and excite the admiration of the world.

But, alas! the woman who does possess the brilliancies is disappearing rapidly: she is becoming almost a creature of the past; which fact supplies another motive for trying to describe her while some patterns of her still exist.

And now, having explained the situation in its main lines, I can begin to try to sketch such elements of the indoor life of Paris as seem to me to be worth remembering.

It follows from what I have already said that that life is divided into two clearly distinguishable divisions—the work of the mass, and the work of the minority. In speaking of the characteristics of the mass, it is difficult to use general statements, because no wording, however elastic, can apply to everybody; because there are exceptions to every rule; because the little diversities of natures and of ways (even when all are dominated by the same principles of action) are endless. All that can be done safely is to indicate certain main features of temperament and behaviour, and to declare expressly that those features are not universal, and that no single picture can portray every face.

The ordinary Paris woman, who makes up the mass, is rarely interesting as a national product. There is seldom anything about her that is markedly different from the woman of elsewhere. Occasionally she dresses well; occasionally she wears her clothes well, and, in that matter, does stand, here and there, somewhat apart; occasionally she is smart, but much more often she is not smart at all, and is sometimes altogether dowdy. When it was the fashion to be *comme il faut*, nearly every woman did her best to reach the standard of the period, because it corresponded to her innate idea of quiet. But now that strong effects have taken the place of distinction, she has, in many cases, become indifferent and neglects herself. Superiorities of any sort are rare in her, just as they are elsewhere. Of course she has local peculiarities, but peculiarities do not necessarily consti-

tute superiorities. In one respect, however, the French woman throughout the land does stand high,—she possesses, as a rule, vigorous home affections: they are, indeed, so vigorous that, taking her class as a whole, I doubt whether the corresponding women of any other race arrive at the deep home tenderness which she shows and feels. Her respect for the ties and duties of relationship is carried so far that, under its impulsion, there are positively (although she is not always quite pleased about it) examples of three generations living permanently together, apparently in harmony! Her attitude towards her children is one of great love: they live, in most cases, entirely with her, and constitute the main object of her existence. I do not pretend that the bringing up which results therefrom is the best in the world—that question lies outside the present matter—but I do maintain that a very striking feature of the indoor life of Paris, regarded in its family aspects, is the intensity of the attachment and devotedness of the women to their parents and their children, and their sympathy for other relations. Their husbands, perhaps, are not invariably included in this overflowing sweetness. Of course there are women who care nothing for either their children or any one else; but the rule is, incontestably, amongst the middle and upper sections, as well as in the *bourgeoisie*, that they are strangely full of the home tie.

The perception of family duties is, indeed, so keen, as a general state, that the whole race obtains from it a basis for the construction of home happiness in a solid (though stolid and prosy) shape, and, if happiness could be built up with one material alone, could

reasonably hope to enjoy a good deal of it. Unfortunately, however, for everybody else as well as for the French, such little happiness as seems to exist about the earth is derived evidently from the joint action of so many and such composite causes (and from individual character even more than from any outer cause whatever), that one single faculty, no matter how important or how robust it may be, does not suffice to beget it. In the particular case of the average Paris woman, we cannot help recognising, whenever we get a clear sight of her indoors, with her mask off, in a condition of momentarily ungilded authenticity, that, notwithstanding the acuteness of her family sentiment, she obtains from it no more active happiness than falls to the lot of her less family-loving neighbour in other lands.

If she extracts distinct contentment from any one source, it is from a totally different one—from the consciousness that, with all the habitual dulness of her existence (I speak, of course, of the average mass), she possesses, in certain cases, a handiness proper to herself, a quick perceptivity, a faculty of absorption, appropriation, and reproduction of other people's ideas, a capacity for utilising occasions. In this direction she does possess sometimes a national superiority. But this most useful characteristic is very far from universal: the great majority of Paris women do not possess an atom of it; and furthermore, when it does exist, it is, in most of its examples, rather mental than practical,—it shows itself in words rather than in acts. For instance, the women of the present day are rarely good musicians; scarcely any of them can paint, or sing, or write; very few indeed can cook or make dresses; very few read much,

in comparison with the English or the Germans; but a portion of them can talk sparkingly of what they pick up from others. Of this form of talent (when she has it) the Paris woman is, with reason, proud; and satisfied vanity is to many natures—to hers in particular—a fertile root of joy. Speaking generally, and excluding all the heavy people, mental handiness may be said to be one of her distinguishing marks. She is enthusiastic about moral qualities, especially when she thinks she can attribute them to herself; but, as a rule, she puts above them in her desires the capacities of personal action which can aid her to get on. Her nature is not often either generous or liberal, but it is occasionally very religious. She has a tendency to attach importance to small things; the sense of proportion and of relative values is often weak in her,—with the consequence that she follows, half instinctively, a life in which trifles play a large part, and such powers of productive usefulness as she may possess are often a good deal wasted on unessential occupations.

Amongst the trading classes, where the wives so often share the business work of the husbands, there is sometimes a look of real solidity of purpose; but it cannot be said that in the middle and upper ranks, notwithstanding the abundance of their general virtues, there is much appearance of steady earnestness. There is eagerness rather than energy, vivacity rather than vigour, restlessness rather than industry. I should not like to say that the ordinary Paris woman possesses no earnestness, but I have often asked myself whether, as a rule, she really has any. The fact that their language contains no word for earnestness, or indeed for any of the forms of thorough-

ness, does seem to suggest that the French have no need of expressing the idea which the word conveys; though when they are told this they answer triumphantly, "But we have *sérieux*!" Now *sérieux*, which is employed both as a substantive and an adjective, does not in any way correspond to earnestness or earnest; it implies a certain gravity, a certain ponderosity, and even, in many cases, a certain portentous solemnity. The state is common to the two sexes, and to be thought *sérieux* is an object of ambition to some men and to some women. It does not involve knowledge, or labour, or determination; but it does purport supremacy over the follies of life. Of course there are "*des personnes sérieuses*," who are so by natural inclination, and whose *sérieux* means merely quietness, correctness, and preference for calm duty; in all of which, again, there is nothing of what we understand by earnestness. The absence of earnestness is not compensated by the presence of *sérieux* (when it is present), and there remains, on the whole, a worthy, affectionate, dutiful life, often a little gloomy, sometimes intelligent, scarcely ever intellectual,—life like what it is anywhere else, neither more brilliant nor more productive, but with differences of detail.

The women who lead this average life have, naturally, their social occupations too, their social vanities, and their struggles after place; some of them possess distinct aptitudes for the little battle, and fight it with what they conceive to be success. But that side of the subject is only really interesting amongst the minority, to whom I am coming in an instant.

The men generally (unless they have fixed occupations) live the

indoor life of their families, excepting during the time they pass in the little room which most of them possess under the title of "*le cabinet de Monsieur*." What they do in that little room I have never discovered to my satisfaction, though I have employed almost half a century in searching. They seem contented, but they do not aid much to shape the family existence—that is the function of their wives. It is surprising that men who exhibit so much movement, and even so much excitement about outdoor things, should be so passive and inoperative indoors. There is nothing to be said about them in connection with the subject I am discussing.

The material conditions of the life of the mass are, on the whole, comfortable. On many points there are sharp differences between French arrangements and ours: there is generally, for instance, far more finish of furniture with them, and somewhat more finish of service with us. The look of the rooms is certainly prettier and gayer in Paris than in London,—partly because the walls, the chairs, the tables, are more decorative, and the colours of the stuffs and hangings lighter and brighter; partly because chintz coverings are never seen, the clearness of the air allowing everything to remain unhidden. There are many more mirrors; ornaments lie about more abundantly, and in greater variety of nature and effect. The grouping of the whole is far less regular, less stiff, more intimate. This advantage is most marked in the drawing-rooms; it continues, in a less degree, in the bedrooms; there are traces of it in some of the dining-rooms. But the setting out of the table is almost always inferior to ours, both in

detail and as a picture; and (barring the great houses) the servants wait with less attention and less experience. I speak, of course, in the most general terms and of the broad average, taking no notice of the exceptions, on either side. As regards comfort, it can scarcely be asserted that the inhabitants of either of the two countries live better, on the whole, than the others.

Most Paris women stay so much indoors that their material surroundings at home are of particular importance to them. Many of them go out only once a-day, for an hour or two perhaps. The vast majority have still, notwithstanding the change that is coming over them, no outdoor amusements. Indeed, viewing amusement as a serious occupation, there is vastly more of it in London than in Paris, or in any other city in the world. No people run after amusement so insatiably as the English: they are at it all day, in some form. The Parisians, on the contrary, take their pleasures mainly in the evening, and almost always rest in peace till the afternoon; those who ride or do anything in the morning are infinitely few. As a practice, they do not dress for dinner when they are alone; the mass of them give scarcely any dinner-parties to friends or acquaintances; but, as a consequence of their family attachments, they constantly have relatives to share their *gigot*. There are no day-nurseries for children, who live in the drawing-room, or a bedroom, with their mothers, and learn there to become little men and women. There are no old maids, mainly because almost every girl marries young: if any fail to find a husband (which happens rarely), they vanish out of sight; unmarried women over thirty are scarcely known or heard of in

Paris; the thousand duties to which they apply themselves in England are left undischarged in France. Finally, no visitors come to stay in a Paris house—partly because it is not the custom, partly because there is no spare room, which is the better reason of the two.

I come now to the minority, to the higher women, to something in the indoor life of the place which is unlike what is found elsewhere. The higher women differ in nearly every detail of their attitude from the mass which I have just described—almost as much, indeed, as art differs from nature. Excepting that they too are, usually, good mothers, there is scarcely anything in common between them and the others. Just as the mass live for the home, so do the minority live for the world; and, for a student of the world and its ways, there is not to be discovered a more perfect type, for it is a product of the very highest worldly art, worked up with skill, will, and finish. It is all the more a product of pure art because, as I have already remarked, the higher Paris woman may be found outside the highest social class, and may be manufactured out of any suitable material. The particular position which is created by birth is not indispensable to her: it bestows a brilliancy the more, but that is all. The woman of whom I am speaking may be of any rank, provided she possesses the requisite abilities, and provided she can gather round her a group worthy of her handling. And this is the more true because, with some evident exceptions, social station in Paris does not depend exclusively, or even mainly, on the causes which bestow it elsewhere, — on birth or

name, on title or on money: they all aid, they aid largely; but not one of them is absolutely requisite. Even money, powerful as it is, is less conquering in Paris than in London, as certain persons have discovered, who, after failing to get recognised to their satisfaction in the former city, have succeeded in thrusting themselves to the front in the latter. The Paris woman who wins position, even if she possesses these four assistants, owes her victory, not to them, but to herself, to her own use of the powers within her. She merits minute description, both in her person and her acts. But here a difficulty arises. Her acts can be set forth in as much detail as is needed; but her person—and, for the results that she begets, her person is as important as her acts—cannot be depicted in English.

The reason is, that the ideas which dominate us as to the uses to which our language ought to be applied prevent us from handling it freely on such a subject. There are limits to the application of English, limits which we have laid down for ourselves, limits which exclude the possibility of treating glowingly certain topics without appearing to be ridiculous. To speak of the feminine delicacies of a thorough Paris woman, to show their influence on the crowd around her and on the life she leads, and to dissect their sources, their manifestations, and their consequences, as the French do, would be regarded by the British public as unworthy of the solidity of British character. So, as her person cannot be faithfully outlined without French appreciations of its elegancies, without employing French methods of photographic portraiture, and without painting in French

colours the admiration it inspires; and as those French appreciations, methods, and colourings would be regarded as "gushing" in English, the person of the Paris woman must remain undrawn by English pens. The difficulty does not proceed from the English writer, but from the English reader: the English language is as capable as French is of telling the tale of winning feminine refinements; but our feeling is against the employment of it for such frivolous purposes. We do not produce the same human works of art, and are not accustomed to English descriptions of them. The French pages which narrate the perfections of women, which write of details in detail and of graces with grace, are read in France with eager interest, because of the inherent attraction of the subject to the French mind, and of the amazing dexterity and finish which, from long practice, has been acquired in the handling. The story is so vivid that we see and hear reality, so seductive that we bow before charm, so adroitly told that we marvel at the author's cunning. Even the English (a good many of them at all events) read all this in French with keen appreciation; but in their present mood they would call it silly in English. Our literature loses by this exclusion—which extends to other topics besides Frenchwomen—a quantity of opportunities which many writers would, it may be presumed, be delighted to utilise, but dare not, for fear of being scoffed at. It is altogether inexact to argue that "the genius of the French language"—a much employed but nearly meaningless expression—lends itself to wordings which cannot be rendered in other tongues; it is not genius but habit which explains those word-

ings. French has no monopoly of the phrases needed to delineate personal elegance; neither has the French mind any exclusive property of the sentiment of physical symmetries, or of the faculty of analysis of delicate perceptions and of the sensations aroused by those perceptions. Both the thinkings and the wordings would be forthcoming elsewhere, if only readers wanted them. The Belgians, for instance, who use French, have no more of them than we have, for the reason that, like us, they do not feel the need of them. As things stand at present, the person of the higher Parisienne cannot be depicted diagnostically in English: that element of the subject must be left out here, which is a pity, not only because it is the prettiest part of it, but also because the exclusion lessens the field of discussion of Paris indoor life. Her work alone remains to be talked about.

The higher Frenchwoman, in the time of her full glory, was essentially a leader of men: from the Fronde downwards, the history of France was full (fuller far than that of any other land) of evidence of the influence of women on its progress; but that influence, after waning steadily since the Revolution, went entirely out of sight with the solidification of the actual republic. After the war of 1870 it struggled on, under increasing difficulties, until MacMahon resigned; since his time it has disappeared altogether. The banishment of the men of the well-born classes from all share in the government of the country (not only because they are Conservatives, but even more because others want the places which, for the greater part, they formerly occupied) has necessarily brought about the repudiation of the women too; and such

of them as are not well-born suffer in sympathy, for their cause is common. The republicans avow that "*la république manque de femmes*," but it will never win the higher women to it until, amongst other things, it makes a place for them to work. At present they are entirely shut away from contact with the public life of France; they have lost all empire over the events of the time, and, in consequence, they themselves have weakened. It would be inexact to call them politicians, in the English sense of the word; but they are animated by a need of personal performance and productivity which cannot be satisfied without dabbling, from however far off, in current affairs. Their intelligence has always sought for spheres of action; but Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—"un songe entre deux mensonges"—have now suppressed all spheres of action for them outside the walls of their drawing-rooms. The so-called governing classes, to which, directly or indirectly, a good many of them belonged, are replaced by the *nouvelles couches*; the overthrow of the classes as national instruments has entailed the overthrow of the women as a national force, and has reduced them to a purely social function, which gives insufficient play to their aspirations, and thrusts them back into themselves. The rupture between society and the republic is complete, and, apparently, unmendable. Both lose by it; but society loses the most, because, though the republic can prosper ruggedly without society, the women of society (whatever be their birth) cannot breathe healthily without the position and the occupation which they formerly obtained from contact with authority.

This decline affects them individually as well as collectively, and because of it (amongst other causes) they no longer present the very marked national lineaments which once belonged to them. There is still something to tell, both of their cleverness and of their attractiveness; but, while the proportion of attractiveness remains considerable, the proportion of cleverness has largely diminished. As it was, in great part, by cleverness actively employed—effective, operative, prolific cleverness—that the foremost Paris women won the bright place they once held before Europe, it is evident that the lessening of that cleverness renders them less instructive to study. And they themselves, some of them at least, are at this moment, in other directions, wilfully damaging their attractiveness too, by leaping into the wave of masculinity which the English have set surging, and by allowing their infinite femininity of other days to be drowned by it. Many of them have taken up and, with the ardour of neophytes, have already surpassed us in, the most conspicuous of the new exercises which, under pretext of physical development, English women have invented. If size is to become the chief ambition of women, if the merits of girls and wives are to be measured by length, we ought to ask the Germans and the Swedes how they manage to produce giants. They have plenty of women six feet high, feminine and gentle in their way, who could not distinguish between a golf-club and a billiard-cue, or between a racquet and a battledore, and who, though they may have had in their childhood some moderate practice of gymnastics, have never given an hour to rude games, to riding on a

bicycle, or to any of the recent forms of romping. It is possible that, some day, women will once more become desirous to remain women; but, for the moment, the example offered by the English is unfeminising France, and that effect, in addition to political enfeeblement, renders many of the Paris women of to-day different indeed from what they used to be. Yet, in some of their examples, they retain a portion of their former selves, and continue to be something else than others are. They are changed, lamentably changed, as a general type; but memorials of their former merit are still discoverable.

Manner, movement, dress, and talk are the weapons of the higher Paris woman who continues to be exclusively a woman. She employs them all in her relations with the world, on her day, at her dinners, at her parties. On her day a mob may come to her, because her door is open to her entire acquaintance; but, unless she is a personage, her dinners and her parties are usually kept small. A view of her on her day is interesting, perhaps the most interesting feminine spectacle in Paris, for she shows more of her varied skill on that occasion than on any other. She has to be everything to everybody at once; to graduate her welcomes; to measure her smiles; to give their full rights of greeting and of place to all her visitors, but no more than the right of each; and, above all, notwithstanding this calculated adjustment, to send everybody away with the conviction that they, in particular, were the very persons she most wished to see. The power of listening is, in such a case, almost more important than the power of speaking, for

there is no flattery so irresistible as to lead stupid people to believe you are intensely interested in what they say. Towards those whom she wishes to impress, she exhibits herself in her utmost winningness, according to what she imagines to be their accessible sides. To this one she throws scintillant talk; she dazzles that one with the elegancies of her person; to another she is all deep sympathy and tender feeling; of a fourth she inquires gravely, as if such subjects were the one study of her hours, whether the experiments in the liquefaction of carbon are progressing hopefully, or who will be the next successful candidate at the *Académie*. There is certainly great labour in the process: the tension of the mind is augmented by the longing for success, and by unceasing attention to physical effect as an essential aid to that success. But, to a thorough woman of the world, conceive the delights of success! What must she feel when her last visitor has left,—when she looks back over the four hours she has just passed, and tells herself that every one has been conquered by her, and has carried away a deep impression of her charm? The scene can be beheld in Paris only,—at least I have not discerned it in the same perfection in any other society: it is far away the most special picture of its indoor life; it shows the typical Frenchwoman in her most finished development, which no one else can attain. But how rare it is!

At dinner her doings are equally complete, but not the same. She is differently dressed. She is "*en peau*" (I mention, for those who may not be aware of it, that this is the modern expression for *décolleté*); and with the change of

covering comes change of bearing, for the perfect Paris woman has a bearing for every gown. Just as the nature of the dress itself indicates its purpose, its meaning, and the hour at which it is to be worn, so does she herself associate her ways with that meaning. The movements of her bare shoulders and bare arms at dinner are not identical with the movements of the morning or the afternoon in a high *corsage* and long sleeves. They have another story to relate, another effect to produce, other duties to discharge; her measurement of their value and their functions is quite different. The action of the hands, again, is in full view; their language can be spoken out; their eloquence can exercise its completest force; she talks with them as with her tongue. In pleased consciousness of her delightfulness she sits in the centre of her table, casts her glances and her words around her, undulates with varied gesture, and is again, in thorough meaning and result, the typical Parisienne.

And yet, by one of the contradictions with which the entire subject is piled up, she is unable to bestow immortality on the memory of her dinners. That memory disappears, for, incomprehensible though it be, there is nothing which mankind in its thanklessness forgets like dinners: there is nothing which in gratitude we ought to remember more; there is nothing which in reality we remember less. This fact of the utter fading away of dinners is a puzzle to all people who have passed their lives in dining, with full recognition of the superlative importance of the process. Scarcely any of them recollect anything precise about the thousand banquets at which they have filled a

place. They agree, generally, that they have entirely forgotten what they have eaten, that they have almost forgotten what they have seen, that they have the feeblest consciousness of the people they have met, and that their only relatively clear remembrance is of the bright talk they have heard occasionally at table. The ear is the only organ which retains really lasting impressions; the tongue preserves nothing, and the eye scarcely anything. I believe that, with the exception of a few professional *gourmets* (a class that is becoming everywhere more and more rare), this is the condition of mind of nearly everybody who is in a position to form an opinion on the subject. One of my acquaintances, who dined diversifiedly about Europe, became so convinced in early life that dinners are inevitably forgotten, that he preserved from his outset the *menus* and lists of guests, with the placing at table, of all the repasts at which he assisted. When I saw his collection it had grown into several folio volumes. The entries in it were made with such precision, that, discovering in it one of my own cards with a date on it, and asking what it signified, I was told by my acquaintance that its object was to register the fact that he had dined with me alone on the day indicated. He, at all events, had succeeded in preventing himself from falling into the universal oblivion: he considered, probably with truth, that he was the only man in European society who was animated by the real *reconnaissance de l'estomac*, and who could reconstitute, with becoming thankfulness and certainty, the details of every dinner he had eaten. At the actual moment of dinner we feel, of

course, a more or less keen perception of the merits or demerits of the feast. But the perception does not endure: even bad and gloomy dinners are forgotten, just as thoroughly as good and gay ones. The explanation is, it seems to me, that we dine too often; one dinner drives out the effect of another. If we had only one dinner in our lives, how we should remember it! Of the four great elements of dinners—food, people, spectacle, and talk—the talk alone, as I have already observed, dwells on, in some degree, in our thoughts. No one can fail to recognise that cookery is valueless as a permanent cause of memory of dinners: it has but a merely momentary effect; it does not merit the front place it is too commonly supposed to occupy in the general constitution of a repast; it stands, on the contrary, last in durability amongst the four constituents. Scarcely any of the older students of dining persist in giving serious thought to food, partly because of weakening digestions, mainly because they have learnt from long practice that the real pleasure of a dinner is derived from another source. They see in it not an occasion for eating, but a most ingenious and soul-contenting arrangement for bringing men and women intimately together under conditions which supply many stimulants and brightnesses—an arrangement which enables them to show themselves at their best, and which terminates the day with lustre, like a luminous sunset.

Now, talk at dinner—the one enduring element of the ceremony—can never reach its full radiance without women: and here comes in the application of these considerations to the Parisienne,

for it is her talk which raises dinner to the high place it occupies in Paris. A womanless dinner may not be quite so dismal as a night without stars, or a desert without water; but it may fairly be compared to a tree without leaves, to a sea without ships, or to a meadow without buttercups. Somewhere in the sixties I dined with M. Emile de Girardin (I name him because he was a public man), in that admirable house in the Rue Pauquet which he called his "thatched hut." He was famous for his dinners, and on the occasion to which I refer the cookery was supreme—so supreme indeed that I told myself at the time I had never partaken of such a dinner: that shapeless fact is still in my memory; but what there was to eat, or who was there, I have utterly forgotten. I know only it was a dinner of men—that is to say, not a dinner at all in the great social meaning of the term. Women and talk alone make dinner, especially in Paris, where the value of the women and the talk reaches its highest possibilities. If we forget all about it as soon as it is over, that is not the fault of the Parisiennes; they, at all events, have done their utmost to induce us to remember. Certain Paris dinners provide, probably, a more complete supply of social satisfaction than can be extracted from any other single source. They give us what we want at the moment in its best conceivable form, with all the components and surroundings that can furnish outside assistance. Of course dinners are more or less alike everywhere; of course the foundations and the general nature of the structure reared upon them cannot vary widely; but in the double sensation of serenity and complacency

on the one hand, and of inspiring allurements on the other, Paris possesses in a few houses an atmosphere which cannot be breathed anywhere else, and which constitutes a true international distinction.

It is possible that, to the inexperienced eye, the charm of this would not be as evident as it becomes on intimate knowledge of it. We like best what we are most accustomed to; strange ways rarely please us at first—the habit of them needs to be formed before we can appreciate them. There is an involuntary shrinking from the new and the unknown; it is only after time and usage that, in most cases, we become fit to comprehend the merit of practices that we were not brought up to admire. But when habit has had opportunity to grow, when experience has enabled us to base our judgments on long comparison, then, at last, we recognise excellences which do not strike new-comers. I insist particularly on this consideration, because it explains not only the source of the opinions I hold, but also one of the reasons why others may differ from those opinions.

A Paris evening-party is nearly the same process as a "day"—in other clothes, and with more facility for walking about. There is nothing to be said of it that I have not said already. I will, however, mention one recollection that has a relation to its aspects. The first time I was present at a ball in Paris, I was struck by the singular freshness of the colours of the dresses, after the tints I had known in England: it was not the making of the dresses that I noticed, but their shades, which had a bloom that astonished me. I soon lost, from constant view,

the power of comparing; but at first, before my eyes had become trained, it seemed to me that even the whites were whiter, brighter, more intense than any I had seen before, while all the other hues looked more transparent and more living. I make no attempt to explain the impression I received, but of its reality I am certain. Whether the distinction still endures I cannot say (new arrivars alone could now judge of that); but at the moment, while the sense of it lasted, it served to mark a visible difference between the balls of Paris and of London. In all else, save some few unimportant contrasts of manners and of details, evening-parties have seemed to me about the same everywhere, and I can think of nothing about them that is really proper to Paris. The women exercise at them an attraction on the people round which is more general and less individual than at dinners: there is space; the spectators are far more numerous; the women are more completely seen; but, all the same, they dominate less. I have always fancied that, for this reason, the true Paris woman is somewhat wasted at an evening-party; she is too much in the crowd; she may be admired, but she does not always rule. Her one advantage at night receptions is that she can stand and walk about, and can produce effects of motion which are denied to her at dinner. The use of this to her is undeniably great—so great, indeed, that I once heard it suggested that, in order to render dinners absolutely perfect, they should be performed standing, so as to enable the women to exhibit their full results of dress and movements. It was, however, argued by most of those who were present on that

occasion, that sitting cannot be disassociated from dinner, and that (putting fatigue aside) dinner would be degraded to the level of a stand-up supper if the guests were upright. I leave the question to the future.

This sort of life in Paris is not, after all, more worldly than the same existence is elsewhere. Wherever amusement is lifted to the position of the first object of existence, the moral effect on those who pursue it is virtually the same: there may be shades of local difference, but the tendency of the mind grows everywhere alike. It would therefore be unfair to attribute any special frivolity to Paris because small sections of its society achieve extreme brilliancy of worldliness; just as it would be unfair to praise it specially because other classes are par-

ticularly worthy of esteem. In the universal average of good and bad, Paris stands on the same general level as other capitals; but in glistening pleasantness it rises, here and there, above them all. How long that superiority of pleasantness will endure remains to be seen: it is weakening fast from the progressive disappearance of the women who, thus far, have maintained it. If it does vanish altogether, Paris will become like any other place, with the same respectabilities and dullnesses; but its indoor life will have left behind it a history and a memory proper to itself, and some day, perhaps, its women will wake up again and will reassume the feminine grace and the feminine capacities which were so delightfully distinctive of their ancestors.

FELICITY BROOKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'

PART I.

"Courage and Passion are the Immortal facts of Life. Where they pass, the world marks the spot."

To an outsider the confusion might have seemed purposeless, but, in truth, all this noise and running hither and thither, and clanging of bells, and shouting of sailors, meant that the last moments were being counted out, before the City of Prague started on her Atlantic journey.

The deck was crowded in the usual way with those assembled to speed the parting,—those who had many playful words at command, and those to whom it was sad earnest, and no word of any sort was possible.

A little apart from where the many mourned or joyed, a man and a woman stood close together by the vessel's side,—the man half kneeling on a seat, the woman standing straight and motionless by his side. Enough likeness to pronounce them brother and sister; the same straight features and blonde hair, the same slenderness of figure and grace of movement.

"Aymer," she bent forward, after a silence which seemed the result of a difficulty in wording her thoughts, and so leaning, laid her hand on his shoulder, "you are going to be happy out there?"

"Don't you worry about me,"—though he did not turn his eyes from where they were fixed on the shore, there was a thrill of feeling in his tones. "Anyway, you know," suddenly looking up, "it was not *your* fault."

"She was *my* friend," the woman said, sadly. "If I had not loved

her, believed in her, I should not have wished my only brother to marry her. I cannot even now think what tempted her!"

"Cannot you?" the man retorted, mockingly. "I do not attempt to compare myself to a grey-bearded, decrepit duke!"

"Ah, hush, Aymer," his sister interposed, gently, "do not be bitter. Vanity, ambition, may govern one woman, but do not allow yourself to imagine it is the rule for all."

"Not while *you* live, Hilda,"—he spoke more gravely, and he took her hands in his as he spoke; "but remember, it is not the vanity or ambition which I judge so severely—let her try what they will do to help her!—but the cowardice," there was a sudden flash in the grey eyes, "which kept me dangling on through a long delusive engagement—to end in this. There," standing upright, "that is the last word,—and I did not intend it should have been spoken; what is the good! I am going to America to shoot big game, and generally amuse myself: Wyndham will meet me in New York, and from there I will write to you, and give you a fresh address. Write often, won't you?"

"Of course. And you? You will not let long silences give me time to grow anxious?" He did not reply, but he laid his hand over the one that rested on his arm, and side by side they paced slowly up and down the deck.

Good-byes are said in so many

ways. Hilda Forsythe's grey eyes were full of tears, though not one fell: her voice when she spoke—and words grew fewer with each passing moment—trembled a little, but each syllable reached her listener's ear,—the touch of the hand on hers told her what the separation cost her companion. Perhaps behind the silence there was as bitter a heartache as that which found expression in those loud sobs, at the sound of which she looked round startled.

A dowdy, fair-haired, elderly German weeping loudly and unrestrainedly, her reddened eyelids and wet cheeks forming a most unpicturesque exhibition of woe. But utterly heedless of spectators, regardless of the angry words and pushes of those who would have thrust her aside, her bonnet crooked, her ungloved hands in her companion's, she stood there pouring out last words and thoughts.

With the instinct of avoiding such an exhibition of trouble, Mrs Forsythe turned back, and as she did so, "Oh, Aymer," she exclaimed, roused from her own thoughts, "what a beautiful girl!"

His eyes followed the direction of hers. "Yes," he said, absently, "she is handsome,—she is with that Niobe over yonder! They have come, or rather she has come, to say good-bye to that German lover,—or brother."

"Brother, I think," Hilda said, gently; "they are very much alike." But while she spoke, her eyes still followed the now vanishing figure of the girl who had attracted her attention. A girl of perhaps fifteen, in a sailor-like dress of blue serge, the shirt open a little at the throat, a cloth cap on her thick curls. Her dark eyes were set under slightly arched brows, a brilliant colour was in her cheeks, her young curved mouth was scar-

let as a pomegranate bud. A minute later she had disappeared from sight; her movements were as young and strong and vigorous as the colour on her cheeks and the light in her eyes.

"Let us go away from here," Aymer said, as, for about the tenth time, their walk was checked by a hurrying sailor, a mourning or jocose passenger,—*"I cannot stand it any longer."*

So saying, he turned and sought the solitude of the upper deck. Total solitude, so at least they fancied, till a more complete survey showed them it was shared by the girl whom Mrs Forsythe had noticed before.

"Wise child," Sir Aymer observed, when he caught sight of the blue serge skirt,—*"or discreet child! She has also thought it desirable to put as much space as possible between her and her weeping guardian."*

She was evidently unconscious of their presence, for she was kneeling on the seat that ran round the deck, looking down with amusement and interest on the moving, excited crowd below. She held her cap in her hand, and Mrs Forsythe's looks were still attracted towards her.

"She is beautiful," she said—"a child, of course; and yet there is something about her, perhaps the way her hair grows, that reminds me of the pictures of Henrietta Maria."

"She is rather like her," Sir Aymer replied, looking in her direction for a moment, "though I guess that child did not take as long to arrange her curls as did Henrietta Maria."

The likeness consisted in a wave of the hair from the straight, clear parting, before it rippled and fell in short thick curls. A few seconds later the dark eyes were

raised, and made the discovery that she was no longer alone, and with the discovery she vanished.

When Sir Aymer Digby turned in his walk, and found such to be the case, he was relieved,—it made it easier to say these last words to his sister.

And the moment for last words had arrived.

A great bell was clanging loudly and fiercely, an insistent whistle was rendering speech and hearing alike impossible, the gangway plank was crowded with a stream of people making their way on shore.

Without an explanatory word—when both knew, words were unnecessary—brother and sister followed the departing throng.

For a moment the man paused ere reaching the exit, and clasped a little closer the hand he held, and, at the same moment, stooped his head and kissed her.

“Good-bye, Hilda, I shall look for letters.”

“Good-bye, Aymer”—her voice was unsteady—“remember I shall live in the hope of your return.”

For a second her eyes were lifted to his; then her tall figure had mingled with the crowd, almost unconscious, as she hurried along, of anything but her own sad thoughts, behind the shelter of her veil.

On the deck Aymer Digby stood: well aware of those loving, watching eyes, he never moved as long as the outlines of that quiet, tall figure were visible, standing a little apart from the small crowd which surrounded her. And, after all, it was not for very long—twilight was throwing a haze over everything, even before his reverie was disturbed by the loud, angry voice which jerked out furious observations, in his immediate vicinity, at the presence still on board

of some belated visitor. It did not need the look he gave to assure him that the sobbing woman being hurried away into the semi-darkness, utterly regardless of the angry words, was the same German woman whose loud weeping had alternately annoyed and touched him earlier in the afternoon.

“Well, poor soul, the wretch is over now;” and he looked with a sort of wondering pity at her disordered hair, and red, swollen eyelids, the tears dripping disconsolately down her cheeks: it was with a sigh of relief his eyes turned back to Hilda Forsythe’s quiet, graceful figure and clasped hands.

Long after it was impossible to see her, he knew the expression in her tender grey eyes.

The confusion consequent on departure reigned a little longer, but moment by moment routine regained its dominion.

The lights of Queenstown disappeared almost immediately: with the dusk had come up a light mist, not thick enough for fog, but sufficiently penetrating to make the passengers forsake the deck, and seek the shelter of the saloon. When dinner was over only Aymer Digby returned to the deck, and paced its solitary length, as the great ship slipped steadily through the quiet waters, and the stars peered now and then through the filmy mist overhead.

His thoughts were elsewhere,—they had wandered to the land he had left, the sister he had left; almost imperceptibly from her they had wandered to the fair, treacherous woman who had laid bare his life. Painted on the curtain of the darkness appeared the tall, lovely figure, the delicate oval face, the forget-me-not blue eyes, and crown of rich gold hair,

a picture that it seemed he might never hope to forget. It was with an impatient movement he recognised whither his thoughts had strayed,—and with the movement, he turned to find himself face to face with one of the officers of the ship.

The man was about to pass him, his solitary pacing did not seem to invite companionship, but Sir Aymer, tired of loneliness, paused, and as he did so—

“You have got the place to yourself,” the new-comer said. “You have made your escape, I suppose, from all the excitement below?”

“Excitement!” Sir Aymer repeated, wonderingly; “every one seemed to me half asleep before dinner was over.”

“You have not then heard”—the officer laughed as he spoke—“that we have found a ‘stowaway’ on board?”

“No.” Sir Aymer shook his head, and looked inquiringly at his companion, roused to curiosity by something in his voice and smile.

“Oh, not the usual stowaway, a whimpering, half-starved, half-frightened boy—very much the contrary! This is a fine handsome girl, not at all frightened or displeased with her performances,—and hungry, shockingly hungry. They are feeding her down there now; every one on board is assisting, I should think, except you and me.”

“What happened? Did she fall asleep—?”

“Bless you, no! I never saw any one wider awake! She hid in the ladies’ saloon, and here she is, four hours out from Queenstown, bound, at any rate, for this voyage! She was with a governess,” he continued, as Sir Aymer still looked questioningly at him, “and whilst she was saying good-bye to a friend,

our young lady secreted herself, and somehow apparently managed to escape notice in the confusion of departure.”

There came to Sir Aymer an instant’s pained reminder of the weeping woman from whose presence he had turned away this afternoon—the weeping woman of whom Hilda had spoken pitifully—and almost immediately the doubt was converted into certainty.

“Here she is.” And up on deck, close beside where they stood, appeared the blue serge-clad figure of the girl he had noticed.

Certainly, no regret or anxiety visible there. The red mouth was curved into happy smiles, the rich colour burnt in her cheeks, the black-lashed eyes reflected the smile as she stepped on to the deck. As she stood still a second, the wind lifting her dark curls, health, careless, youthful happiness, was in every line of the fresh face and strong young figure.

By her side was the grey-headed captain; following her a tall, slight, languid American, enveloped in wraps, whose high-pitched voice reached the ears of Sir Aymer Digby as she proffered the contents of her dressing-bag and portmanteau.

“She is a smart girl,” she said, as the quicker steps of the other two made hurry requisite to keep up with them, pausing by Sir Aymer’s side; “and a handsome girl,” glancing after her with honest admiration; “and only fifteen! My, I would never have thought she was English!”

“And is she?”

“Yes, her name is Felicity Brooke: she is an orphan, and lives with an aunt. The aunt has gone to London, taking her daughters with her, and left miss in the charge of a stupid old

German governess at a dull little village in Ireland; but miss has rather turned the tables, I guess," with a slow, careless laugh.

"Rather a mean turning of the tables, is it not, Mrs Davis?"

The lady laughed again. "Come now, Sir Aymer, you might allow it was a pretty smart trick."

"You all seem to admire it so much that I suppose it was," Sir Aymer replied, dryly. "Well, good-night, I am going to smoke, and I advise you to go downstairs; it has grown damp and chilly."

A cigar, even a good one, falls short of perfection if not smoked in solitude or congenial company. Although he sat apart with a book as a token of his abstraction, insistent voices would reach his unwilling ears discussing the topic of the hour; and the talk did not call up visions of the dark, handsome girl, but of the poor, weeping woman whom he would gladly have forgotten. It was not long before he returned to the chill misty night, but he only paced the deck long enough to finish his cigar before seeking his cabin: in dreamland the chances were that old memories and this day's parting would be alike forgotten.

There were very few ladies on board,—only Mrs Davis, languid and delicate, and several mothers whose interests were bounded by families of small children; and it was by their unanimous vote, as much as by the admiration of the many men, that Felicity Brooke stepped into the position of Queen—Queen and more—a Heroine, who had achieved something quite out of the common round, and had brought its enlivenment into the dull routine of everyday ship-life. A queen who was young and beautiful and brimming over

with health and spirits—who had a laugh or a smile for every one; who asked nothing better than to play with the children, or wonderful games of cricket with the men; who was always ready to move Mrs Davis's pillows, and help her and her innumerable shawls and wraps to another part of the ship, as her fancy might suggest; who was equally ready to pace up and down the ship for any length of time by the captain's side, asking eager questions which it delighted him to answer, or listening to his tales of his home and the little ones there. Truly, by the time they had been three days out at sea, there was not a man or woman on board into whose heart or fancy she had not found her way. If she had favourites—and every queen is in her right there—they were Jem Moore the quartermaster and over-burdened Mrs Meredith, the second-class passenger, taking out her three children who could walk, and her new baby who could not, to join a husband who had gone on before to get things ready, leaving her with her mother, to follow when she was able.

To Jem Moore it was that Felicity confided that really it would have been easier for poor Mrs Meredith if none of the four had been able to walk. "And it would have been kinder, don't you think, Jem, if her husband had taken some of them with him? It seems to me rather unfair."

And Jem agreed. "Yes, miss; but still, you see, the mother understands them better. What would a man do when they're all howling together, as they were last night?"

But this was no answer for Felicity. "He ought to know what to do, just the same," she answered, severely. "It is quite as unpleasant for Mrs Meredith."

"I hope he will have found work," Jem observed, his mind flying on to a more important topic; "it will be bad for these poor things if he hasn't."

But the future did not trouble Felicity Brooke.

"I am going to them now," she said, excusing herself. "I have promised to play with them a little; it rests Mrs Meredith."

Jem's admiring eyes followed her strong, lithe figure as she walked away. Other eyes turned and watched her also; even the captain stopped and called to her by name, but she continued on her way, with a little flush of gratified vanity as she shook her head and repeated her refusals.

Vanity is almost as observant as love; indeed, as it is a matter of head, not heart, it is a question whether it is not more quick to note any remissness in its courtiers. Amongst all the eager, kindly voices, one alone was not heard—one pair of grey eyes was never lifted from a book.

"Good morning, Sir Aymer." Impossible to turn a deaf ear to the sound of his own name. Sir Aymer looked up, though there was little encouragement to prolong the conversation in his unsmiling eyes. But Felicity Brooke was not to be daunted by unsmiling eyes or even grave silence. To reign a queen has this advantage—it gives confidence.

"What a glorious day!" To bring herself nearer to the level of him she addressed, she drew closer some absent passenger's chair and seated herself, and, as she did so, she took off her cap and fanned herself slowly with it. "I am very hot," she said, as if apologetically. "Cricket on board ship makes one much hotter than it does on shore."

"I daresay," he replied politely,

and, as it seemed his turn to say something, "Are you a cricketer?" he questioned.

"Yes; I am rather good."

She spoke modestly, but there was no mistaking that the "rather" was only added for the sake of conventionality. For a moment she was silent, her eyes turned seaward, but wherever her thoughts may have been, they were not bent on self. The glaring sunshine flooded her, bringing out red gold gleams in her thick, dark curls—it almost seemed as if it was reddening her cheeks as she waited; the slender hand that slowly waved the cap was brown as a Spaniard's.

"If Bob—he is my brother—had been allowed to spend his holidays with me,"—the silence was suddenly broken,—"*I should never have wished to run away. I was quite as good as a brother to him—he often said so. I can swim better than he can; and as for cricket,—riding,—fishing,—*slowly enumerating her accomplishments,—"*we were just about equal. You don't believe me, of course,*" her voice growing more impetuous, as he made no comment, "*because I am a girl, but it is true all the same! I am immensely strong, and,*" standing up, "*now that I have begun to grow, I am not at all a bad height. I am five feet six—Bob always was afraid I should be short.*"

"My dear child, I am not doubting your list of perfections."

Even to Felicity Brooke's youthful ears the slight strain of irony was audible. She reddened visibly.

"I did not mean to boast," she said quickly; "of course it was luck—I mean, as there were only the two of us, I had just the same advantages as Bob. If Bob," reverting to her first words, "had been with me, I should have been able to bear it; as it was"—an expres-

sive silence, a silence which the man interpreted to mean that it rested with him to fill it up with questions, but he did not take advantage of the unspoken permission. The whole story was well known to him through the gossip of the passengers.

But apparently unaffected by the silence, "When they told me that Bob was to spend his holidays in Scotland," she went on, "and that I was to remain alone in Ireland with Fräulein, I knew," lifting her eyes suddenly, "that I should not be able to bear it! I was rather frightened at first, but after all, it was nothing really—it only wanted a little courage."

"Courage!" the word had scarcely passed her lips before it was repeated by the man. "Don't call things by wrong names. It was a hateful, odious, cowardly thing to do!"

"Cowardly!" There was a blaze of light in her luminous eyes as she echoed his word, in undisguisedly angry tones.

"Some one, I suppose," he said shortly, "has to bear the blame. It seems to me cowardly to have run away, and left it to some one else." His thoughts were with the weeping woman of whom Hilda had spoken pitifully. He scarcely heeded the flushed, angry face of the girl, scarcely noted her quivering lips, as, without a word, she left him. But she did not go on her way as she had intended, to where Mrs Meredith sat with her children; she hurried in the contrary direction, and a few minutes later her clear voice reached Aymer Digby's ears as she joined the little group playing hop-scotch.

The glorious morning was the forerunner of a calm, cloudless day. "It might have been July," the

captain said, and the passengers began already to talk of land, and the quickest passage, and of what they should do when once ashore.

"I am worried about that child," Captain Baxter confided to Sir Aymer, as the two loitered about together. "She says she is not going to return to England, but that she has determined to go on to Charleston, where she has relations, and ask them to keep her."

"But that, of course, is nonsense!"

There had been a slight interrogation in Captain Baxter's words to which Sir Aymer's seemed an answer.

"She is a high-spirited girl," the captain observed, "and I expect the aunt with whom she lives finds her a handful."

"It is more than probable. Fortunately, however, with that *we* have nothing to do. All you have to do is to give her over into the charge of the captain of the next steamer returning this way, and send a telegram to the aunt. Your duties are at any rate clear and limited; it is the aunt, I think, whose position is to be deplored!"

"I don't think," said Captain Baxter, weakly, "that the aunt was very kind to her."

"Young ladies, captain, with strong wills, have a fancy for supposing so."

"She is very handsome, don't you think?"

Sir Aymer Digby laughed. "My dear sir, I am afraid that your judgment has been a little suspended in consequence! Imagine, now, one of your own daughters having placed herself, through such an odious trick, in the false position in which this girl finds herself, what would your feelings be?"

Captain Baxter paused and looked seaward, not into the

speaker's face, as he answered. Perhaps out there, on the horizon line, his fancy pictured the little toddling children that awaited his return,—perhaps the picture inspired his answer.

"I cannot imagine it," he answered. "I cannot imagine any child of mine, fatherless and motherless, turning to a stranger, and with those frank honest eyes telling him 'that she was too unhappy to live in the home selected for her,—that anyone must be kinder than the woman who stood to her in her mother's place.' There's something very wrong before such things come to pass, and, please God I reach old Ireland again, I shall find out for myself what it is."

Sir Aymer did not laugh again, but neither was he convinced.

"You are a regular paladin, captain," he said; "you will have this ship the resort of all distressed damsels!"

"That was a mistake, of course," Captain Baxter said, gravely, "but—she is only a child, and she did not, I daresay, give much thought to anything but the momentary relief of escape."

"Not much thought to anyone but herself," was the reflection Sir Aymer Digby took away with him, but he did not utter it aloud, nor the continuation thereof, "that such was the custom of most women he had known." He did have the grace, however, to except Hilda Forsythe.

"Jem"—flushed with much exercise in the hot sun, Felicity paused by the quartermaster's side that same splendid afternoon—"Jem, it is very insulting, is it not, when a man tells another man that he is a coward?"

"Yes, miss," Jem answered laconically; but he lingered, watch-

ing the brilliant face, in expectation of a translation of the mysterious question.

"What would you do,"—she came closer, and lowered her voice confidentially,—"*if any one said that to you?*"

"Begging your pardon, miss, I should knock him down."

The dark eyes were lifted admiringly to Jem Moore's stalwart proportions and curly locks; then she sighed, a heavy, troubled sigh. "But you see a woman couldn't."

"Couldn't what, miss?"—Jem looked bewildered. "Couldn't knock him down? No, of course not," with a smile; "but then, miss, a man would never say such things to a woman, not leastways to a *nice* woman."

Felicity Brooke pursued her afternoon walk without another word,—there was not much comfort to be gained from Jem's reply. It was with a heavy heart she approached the spot where Mrs Meredith, enjoying a momentary respite from crying children, was knitting in the sunshine, one little fellow sitting on her lap, whilst a neighbour amused the three other little things.

Here at any rate was a diversion—a means of banishing undesired thoughts, so easily banished at that age.

"May I take him?" she began directly, kneeling down by Mrs Meredith's side.

"Oh, miss, he's quiet now," Mrs Meredith answered, deprecatingly; "and he's been that fretful"—she paused, perhaps hoping that the faint discouragement might be acquiesced in. But at fifteen a baby is a toy, like any other toy, to be played with, and nursed and tormented, till its screams make it an undesirable companion, in which case it can

be returned to the nurse—or the mother. Felicity was no exception. Heedless of the half-worded refusal, a minute later she was running up and down the deck, the child in her strong, young arms, laughing as he caught at her curls, or smiled at her.

"He is a dear," she said once, as she passed the mother, who looked after him with proud eyes, "and he likes me to play with him. See how he is laughing."

"I am sure he does," Mrs Meredith said, diplomatically, as she returned to her talk with a friend.

"That is the tea-bell." A few minutes later she rose with this remark, and stood up to collect her little flock.

"I must take him now, miss," approaching the side of the vessel as she spoke; "it is very good of you to have played with him so long."

"He does not want to go to you," the girl cried. "See, he loves me best," smiling in glad triumph, and stepping backwards as Mrs Meredith approached, holding the child up above her head; and as she did so, suddenly the vessel gave a quick, violent lurch, the girl, unable to steady herself, threw out her hand to catch at something where there was nothing, the mother made a dart forward—they were but a step apart—but too late! the child, with a weak cry, had disappeared.

One hoarse terrible scream rang through the still air and echoed in the ears of every one on deck, —a scream which brought every hearer with a rush to the spot. But that takes minutes, and there was not a minute, not a second's space, between the mother's heart-broken cry and the splash as Felicity Brooke touched the water. The same splash, so it seemed, took Aymer Digby, who had been

leaning against the side, in after her.

"Man overboard!" Noise and confusion all around, loud-voiced orders, a sudden cessation of the throb of the engines, an unusual, sudden, fearful silence, broken only by human voices, which sounded so small and unimportant after the loud incessant breathing of the engine—and away out yonder, a small dark spot on the quiet waters.

"She's got him, she's got hold of him," some one said, and caught Mrs Meredith's hand, and kept repeating the words mechanically. All in such a moment of time, unrealisable how short, except that the boat was still being lowered, and a man throwing a buoy.

"She would never have had the strength to hold him, though," Jem Moore's voice said, as if in answer; "but she's all right now," glancing towards the swimmer.

A quarter of an hour later the steamer was continuing her course, the strange awful silence a momentary, hideous dream of what might have been, the child apparently none the worse, safe in his mother's arms, and Felicity Brooke—the water running off her wet clothes, her cheeks whiter than any one had ever seen them—was standing on the deck, whilst one after another of her fellow voyagers crowded round, clasping her hands, uttering words of praise or advice.

"Not another syllable,"—but as he spoke the captain did not move his hand from where it rested on the girl's soaked shoulder; "now, doctor, give your orders—dry clothes and bed, I should think?"

But not all the doctors' orders in the world would have sent Felicity Brooke to bed that night.

When the dinner-hour came round she was in her place by the captain's side, the red back in her cheeks. "I just ran up and down the deck till I was warm," she confided to him; "that is what Bob always made me do when I was cold after swimming."

Perhaps it was only the dress, but she looked different to-night, the captain thought. Out of her innumerable toilettes, kind, feeble Mrs Davis had at last discovered some loose, white muslin wrapper, that by the help of judicious pinning had been drawn across the young figure: the long trailing skirt and open sleeves gave her a more womanly look, which was at variance with the dark childish eyes, the rich complexion, and unlined cheeks.

She was but a child; she could not hide the pride and triumph of the moment. It flashed from her dark eyes, and was as intoxicating as the champagne in which they drank her health. It was only afterwards, when the diners dispersed, that she realised there had been an absentee.

"Where is Sir Aymer?"

"Ah, he is not as young as you are," Dr Grey paused on his way to the door to answer the question; "he has got a chill, and has gone to bed with, I fear, a feverish night before him."

"Oh I am so sorry;" but as she said the words she was turning away. "I must go and see the baby," as the captain would have detained her.

"How foolish," Mrs Davis protested, in her slow southern drawl; "but if you are going, put on my fur cloak. Oh captain! I wish I had had a daughter," she went on, as the girl disappeared. "I should have liked a daughter like that!"

The captain refrained from re-

plying that even if such had been the case, the resemblance would not probably have been great.

"She wants me to take her to Charleston, and give her over to her relations in the south. I should like that; do you think it can be arranged?"

"We must wait till we get to New York, and see," the captain answered, diplomatically.

The night was cold, though still; up on deck there were not many people—only a few dark, shadowy forms, most of them discernible by the red light of a cigar. Felicity, in her long dark cloak, passed unrecognised on her way until the descent to Mrs Meredith's cabin was reached; but arrived there, a man's figure stepped out of the darkness and approached her.

"Miss," in a hesitating voice.

"Oh, is that you, Jem? I looked for you on deck; I wanted to see you. I am just going down to see how the little boy is."

"He's all right, so his mother says—and you, miss, you are none the worse? It was real brave,—and that's what I wanted to tell you."

Her eyes shone at the words, perhaps at some tone in the voice.

"But you see," was all she said, "it was my fault to begin with. I didn't stop to think afterwards, I know; but if I had not done it, if the baby had been drowned"—her voice fell—"it would have been just like murder."

"Oh no, miss, it would have been an accident; but you saved his life, poor little thing, that's sure!"

"And Sir Aymer saved mine. I don't think I could have held the child much longer."

"It was a mercy," Jem observed, "that it was such a still day, and that he was standing so close to you. I got up to the side just as

he jumped, and when I saw what a fine swimmer he was, I knew it would be all right. If he had not been so near, I'd have been the first, and gone after you myself."

"Thank you, Jem," Felicity answered, soberly; and she laid her slim hand in the sailor's. "I'd rather it had been you, because we've always been good friends; but it was very brave of him," she added, as she moved away, as if afraid she had been rather sparing of her praise.

"It was his duty, miss," Jem replied, seriously. The words, perhaps the tone, perplexed her afterwards, when they now and again recurred to her. Unconsciously they served as a sort of reverse of the medal, of which the one side had been given to her.

But a quiet, dreamless night drowned all unpleasant memories, or faintly troubling thoughts, though at breakfast Sir Aymer's empty place reminded her again, with a pang of regret, of his personality.

"Is Sir Aymer still ill, Dr Grey?"

"Yes, he is feverish. I hope, however, it will pass off. It is a bad cold," as her questioning eyes did not leave his face. "He is not very ill, but bed is the safest place."

The doctor turned away—it was a busy hour; the only thing left to do was to go on deck and join in the sports there. But a little later she had escaped, and had sought out Mrs Meredith.

"I have to keep running over to see how he is," she explained, kneeling down on the deck, where the boy slept, his fat hand under his rosy cheek; "he looks quite well, don't you think?"

"Yes, miss, I hope so." Poor Mrs Meredith! as much could not be said for her. She looked slighter,

more delicate than ever; there were dark lines under her eyes, her cheeks even looked thinner. There was a nervous fear in her eyes as the girl knelt by the child: she stooped and arranged the shawl that covered him, touching his cheek with her hand as she did so.

"You look very tired," Felicity said.

"Yes, miss, I *am* tired," she said, patiently; "the children were naughty, and I could not sleep. I was so nervous and upset, and I kept thinking— Oh, miss," breaking off suddenly, "you are a brave young lady! And the gentleman too. He is ill, the doctor says, but I cannot rest till I have thanked him. I am just going down to see him."

"Oh, I'll go with you," Felicity cried, getting up hastily. "Of course he must think it unkind of us not to have been before. Come," she had started impetuously, whilst Mrs Meredith was still giving over the care of the sleeping child to a friend.

"Come in."

The answer to the low knock was certainly given in extremely cross tones, but Mrs Meredith did not observe the fact: she was not suspicious, and her mind was too much preoccupied to perceive how very unwelcoming was the reception her entrance met with.

"I have come," she began directly, "to thank you. I could not wait any longer, and when they told me you were ill—"

"Do sit down. Please," as she hesitated, swaying a little from side to side; and it was only when she took the one camp-stool, and seated herself obediently, that Sir Aymer became aware of the other figure in the doorway, the figure in the well-known blue serge, looking at him with frank sympathy in her

dark eyes. "Yes, it is I," she said, in answer to the look; "I wanted to thank you," and she took a step nearer. "We should both have been drowned if it had not been for you."

He did not reply to her words, but he spoke kindly to the woman, asking after the child, questioning her about her future and her past, and there was something in his softened tone which showed he was touched by her expressions of gratitude.

When she rose, it was in begging that he would send for her if there was anything she could do.

"You look very feverish, sir, and you are so hoarse—I am afraid you have a bad cold."

"I am afraid so."

In the doorway she paused, waiting for her companion. As she had risen, Felicity had slipped down on to the vacated seat. Leaning a little nearer, so that only Sir Aymer caught the words, — so near that her dark curls touched his hand, "Tell me," she said, impetuously, "was it brave? Did you think so?"

"Brave," he repeated. "Jumping overboard do you mean? Doubling the danger for me, and the risk for every one! No, foolhardy, if you want a name. At least, that is what I should call it, if a sister of mine had behaved in the same way."

"But I can swim." The eager pride had faded off her face; she was still leaning forward, looking anxiously at him.

"So can I," he replied, shortly; "and as I am a strong man, and you are a child, it stands to reason that, as I was there, to say nothing of many others, you were not the right person to go."

"The captain said"—there was a flash of anger in her eyes and in the quick tones of her voice—"that

I was a plucky little devil—I heard him say so to the doctor!"

"I should have used another adjective," was all Sir Aymer replied, rather curtly, too, as if he had had enough of the subject, and his hand lifted the book beside him as he spoke. Mrs Meredith was still standing there: if Sir Aymer was unaware of the fact, she noted the quiver of the red lips, she knew that the tears were very near falling.

"Come, missy," she said, kindly, and she put her arm round the girl, "we must go back, or Johnny will be waking and crying for me. Gentlemen are always cross when they are ill," she observed discreetly, as they walked away side by side; "they are not used to it, and it frets them, and they say things they don't mean."

Kindly, comforting interpretation of many uncomfortable words and acts!

But Aymer Digby probably thought—if he thought of them at all—that they were very pardonable, as he reflected that another feverish night was in store for him; and feverish nights were apt to be haunted with the memory of a faithless woman, whom he had loved.

The same brilliant sunshine that had greeted them day after day welcomed their arrival in New York.

"You have brought us good weather," the captain told Felicity as she sat by his side for the last time at breakfast; and immediately afterwards there was the excitement of approaching land, and farewells, and last words to pass the time, until the landing hour had actually arrived, and certainty should take the place of doubt as to what her next step should be.

Sir Aymer was well again—no-

minally, that is: he still coughed, and was unpleasantly reminded, at every moment, of that plunge into the ocean, but he was the only one to whom any evil consequence clung.

Mrs Meredith lost some of her careworn appearance when her husband came on board with the news of good health and steady employment. He looked strong and healthy enough to be able to lift some of the weight off her overburdened shoulders. With children clinging on either side, and the baby in his arms, he stood still, listening to the story of Johnny's escape, told in duet by Jem Moore and Mrs Meredith. His somewhat stolid countenance did not betray any emotion, but when the recital was over, he handed the baby to Mrs Meredith, and, solemnly divesting himself of the other manifold packages in his arms, he took Felicity's hand in his great clasp and wrung it several times.

"Well, I never!" he repeated once or twice; but of further expressions he seemed incapable. Gratitude seemed swallowed up in wonder. After that he continued on his way laden with parcels and babies, like some great merchantman, feeble Mrs Meredith following in the wake, and Felicity holding the baby.

"It is the last time I can hold the dear little thing,"—and Mrs Meredith, recognising the awfulness of the deprivation, felt obliged to consent.

"Who is that girl?" as the little procession passed by, Percy Wyndham—who was on board, discussing future plans with Sir Aymer Digby—stopped in mid speech to inquire. "What a handsome girl!"

"She is a Miss Brooke," Sir

Aymer replied. He was loyally silent as to the escapade which had brought her, though he was aware of the curiosity in his friend's face.

"One of the Brookes of Holden?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"What on earth is she doing here?"

"She is at school, I believe," he answered, vaguely, "but I really know nothing of her; she is only a child."

"She will be a lovely woman," Mr Wyndham answered, "or I am much mistaken." But Aymer Digby had nothing to say or foretell on the subject, and the conversation drifted to more important topics.

"I will get my things together," he said, "and meet you at the hotel in a couple of hours, and we can make our plans," and on that agreement they separated.

Left alone, he walked over to the captain's cabin, into which, a quarter of an hour before, he had seen disappear Felicity's blue serge skirt. Yes, she was there, but as he opened the door she passed him, hurrying away, leaving him and the captain alone.

"I was talking to her," the captain remarked. "This," touching a telegram, "was awaiting me. It is from her aunt,"—he put it into Sir Aymer's hand as he spoke:—

"Return by next steamer. Mrs Lucas will meet you, and take you to school in London."

"She does not want to go," Captain Baxter observed, as he laid it down. "She wants to go to Charleston with Mrs Davis."

"I suppose her wishes don't very much matter, after all," Sir Aymer commented. "Which is the steamer?"

"The France leaves to-morrow."

"That is fortunate." He waited. It was a moment before the captain added, "Mrs Davis is taking her ashore; she will stay with her to-night at the hotel."

"Well, I must be saying good-bye, though perhaps we shall meet again. Good-bye."

But at the door he turned back. "Has she money?" he asked, rather awkwardly.

"Oh, there's no difficulty about that. Mrs Davis will see she gets all she wants."

Sir Aymer breathed a sigh of relief when he had shaken hands with Captain Baxter, and stood once more on deck. It was empty of passengers now; there was no one visible except officers and sailors, and one girlish figure walking up and down,—evidently awaiting him, for, as he appeared, she hurried to his side at once.

"Sir Aymer, I have made up my mind,—I am going back to England to-morrow in the France." There was a ring of exultant triumph in her voice.

"Well, I don't see that you have much choice, have you? Your aunt has telegraphed her instructions to the captain."

"But I might go on to Charleston with Mrs Davis," she persisted.

"My dear child, at your age young ladies do what they are told, not what they fancy."

She half-turned her head away; the soft curls hid her eyes from him.

"Did you see the telegram?" she questioned,—something had gone out of her voice,—"she is sending me to school in London."

"The result of making fools of ourselves," he replied, slowly, "is rarely agreeable." There was perhaps an added poignancy of personal suffering in the remark.

Two tears slowly made their

way into the dark eyes, but she stared steadfastly out to sea the while behind those sheltering curls. She furtively brushed them away, and no others followed them.

She walked very uprightly by his side to the gangway, holding her head very high, and he was quite unconscious of the effect of his words. He said good-bye, and did not even once look back to where she stood leaning against the vessel's side, watching his retreating form, till he had vanished out of her sight. And even then she lingered, before she turned, to find Jem Moore approaching.

"I am going back to England," she said, "to-morrow, in the France, and when I get there I am to be sent to school in London."

"Well, it won't be for long," Jem observed, consolingly.

"Three years, I suppose—it seems to me centuries," she replied, despondingly. "Well, the very first thing I shall do when they are over will be to go another voyage, and if it could be on the same ship as you are on, I should choose it; so if you leave this, you must be sure and tell me."

"That I will, surely."

"I will give you my address. You had better write to Bob's house—that is my brother—then it is sure to reach me. That is it—

'Robert Brooke, Esq.,

Holden Manor,

Elsdon.'"

She wrote it as she spoke, and handed it to him. "And if you should hear anything of the Merediths, Jem, you might mention it in your letter. I asked Mrs Meredith to write, but she says she is a poor correspondent, and she does

not think there will be much time for writing."

"Not likely," Jem assented.

"Mr Meredith seemed very nice, don't you think?" she went on. "He is very quiet, but he looked kind; and even the little children did not seem to mind him, and Mrs Meredith was rather afraid they might not like him."

With this view of the case Jem Moore coincided—in fact, he quite endorsed her summing-up of Mr Meredith as a husband and father, adding thereto that he preferred the silence to what might have been. "I was rather afraid, miss, as I told you once, as to what sort of a man he might be, but I was glad when I saw he wasn't a jabberer!"

Certainly no one could bring that accusation against him. And in this fact he seemed to take much comfort, and Felicity Brooke also reflectively, as to the future prosperity of the Meredith family.

After that parting there was nothing to do but to return to the captain and listen to the plans for to-day and to-morrow. But whatever sorrow might have been at her heart, she kept up a good spirit: there was no reflection of it on her face, no tone of it in her voice. She never alluded again to the future, or of the fate that was awaiting her; she did not even give Captain Baxter the chance of offering all the sympathy with which his kind heart was overflowing.

"Mrs Davis will take you ashore," he said, "and you must rig yourself out with all you want."

"I was going to ask you," she said, and she grew rather red, "if you would lend me some money. Bob will send it back directly, I know. I can't pay him till I

come of age, but he will wait—he is *very* generous."

"Oh, the money is all right," Captain Baxter replied, brusquely. "Tell me what you want; or, perhaps, I had better speak to Mrs Davis."

"Yes, that will be much better," Felicity assented. "I don't think I told you before, but when I am twenty-one I shall be very rich, and then I mean to live with Bob: we settled that the last time I saw him."

"How old is he?" the captain asked, tenderly curious.

"He is one year older than I am. Time goes very slowly, does it not?"

But the captain could not echo the reflection, and it was with a laugh they went out to look for Mrs Davis.

Even the next day, when he took her on board the *France*, and gave her into the charge of the new captain, and the very last moment had arrived, there was still no flinching, no fear of what was to come, no outward lack of courage. It was there, Captain Baxter knew, when he felt the slim, sunburnt hand cling to his: he recognised something of what she was enduring in that convulsive clasp, guessed more when he noted how the rich colour had faded, and how often the red lips quivered. But there was not a word to show it, or to ask for the sympathy he was so ready to bestow, and which her silence kept out of reach; but it was that knowledge that made him stoop his grey head and kiss her smooth cheek when he said good-bye—that knowledge that prompted his thoughts of her as he drove away afterwards, "A beautiful child!—and what courage—what courage!"

PART II.

"Though Love do all that Love can do,
My heart will never ache or break
For your heart's sake."

London at the very height of the season. Dusty already, and hot, though it was still early in June, and the night air was pleasant and refreshing; so thought at least Sir Aymer Digby, as, leaving his hansom, he mounted slowly the steps of a great house in a fashionable square.

"It is three years,—more," he reflected, "since I was in a ball-room. I wonder what is taking me to-night?"

But he did not really wonder, only we are all inclined to keep up those little fictions, even with ourselves.

"Aymer, so you have returned! I did not believe it, and am all the more glad to see you. Come and tell me what you have been doing."

"My dear Ferris, I have far more to learn than to tell. I feel like an outer barbarian. Come,—instruct me. Tell me all about everybody."

But the whole time he stood talking with his old friend, he was well aware of all that went on around, of almost every passer-by in the crowded rooms; was well aware, though he never turned his head, when a beautiful blonde woman passed slowly by, her hand on the arm of an old man, whose age was scarcely concealed, under all the assistance that art could give. So close did they pass, that the golden brocade of her train swept against him, brocade scarcely more golden than the rich plaits of hair, under their diamond coronet; so close that his friend paused a moment before he risked his comment.

"The Duchess of Huntingdon, as beautiful as ever—hers is a beauty that time does not seem to touch."

And at the same moment, "She smiled oftener when I knew her," the other man was thinking, as she mingled with the crowd.

Yes, it was for that he had come here—with some vague idea of testing his own weakness and strength, that he was standing in this brilliant room, amongst all the greatest in the land; and it was with a wave of thankfulness he recognised that the wound had healed, that the cold, beautiful face in which he had once read his fate, now held no power to sway him either to grief or joy. It had been a slow, agonising recovery, but the wound had healed at length.

And all the time his friend was slowly remembering the old story, cursing the luck that had made him revive it, by his passing allusion to a woman whose name could only call up bitter or unhappy thoughts.

"The new beauty is better worth looking at," with nervous anxiety to say something, and a nervous consciousness that he had said the wrong thing.

But Aymer Digby seemed unaware of it.

"You must point her out to me," he said, carelessly; all the time he was rejoicing over his regained strength—rejoicing that he had proved it, and that he need fear no more.

"There, look to your right,"—he was conscious of his friend's words, of a light touch on his arm, and,

glancing in the direction indicated, became aware of a small group, the centre of which was evidently the girl in question. He could not see her distinctly, her head was bent, he could only vaguely distinguish a beautiful figure clad in white satin, that fell in straight folds, and was devoid of flounces and ornaments alike,—of a white throat, round which was clasped a single string of pearls, of pearls twisted into thick, dark hair; then the bent head was lifted, and she walked away, a very straight, beautiful—yes, certainly beautiful—young figure, and disappeared with her partner.

But he saw her again: this time she was talking to the man who had pointed her out to him, and he watched her with a certain idle curiosity, a certain half-careless wonder as to what would be the end of her story. This first chapter reminded him of another story—that fair-haired young man who hovered near her was probably the hero of the romance; and then he smiled at the thought of how much he had conjectured.

"What do you think of her?" His friend was back by his side. "Beautiful, is she not? It is no wonder she has turned everyone's head."

"Beautiful," Sir Aymer repeated, vaguely. "Well, good-night, I have had a look round. I am going to slip away. Balls are not in my line."

"Oh, you must speak to her first. I have come on purpose to fetch you. She says she knows you."

"Knows me, my dear fellow! that must be a delusion." He was moving slowly away as he spoke. "Why," raising his eyes and looking slowly and deliberately towards where she stood,

"she must have been in the nursery when I left England."

He had made his escape this time. A sudden channel had opened in the crowd. With a parting nod he had gone, and Tom Ferris was left alone. A few minutes later he was back by the girl's side.

"Did you tell him?" she began, eagerly.

Mr Ferris shook his head.

"You are mistaken. He says he has never seen you before—that he has been out of England for years——"

"There, Felicity, now you see," broke in the fair-haired boy—he to whom had been assigned the part of hero—"now you see what comes of seeking out new adorers instead of resting content with faithful people like me."

"How tiresome you are, Jack," half turning her head. "Did you tell him my name?" addressing again her unlucky messenger. "No? Perhaps he might remember it"—her voice was not very assured—"if you were to tell him. He *ought* to remember me," she added more confidently; "he once saved my life."

There was no resisting the petition in the dark eyes. Mr Ferris said not another word, but turned back and fought his way through the crowd, till, in the very last room of all, he found himself once more by Aymer Digby's side.

"Going?" he questioned.

"No, I have come after you to ask you to reconsider what you said just now. Miss Brooke is certain that she has met you, and she wishes to speak to you."

"Miss Brooke, did you say? Of course I remember her. I met her once—it was several years ago."

"It seems to have been a memorable meeting?"

Sir Aymer looked at the speaker, quickly, suspiciously, but "She was only a child in those days" was all he said.

"Here he comes," the fair-haired boy observed. "Cheer up, Felicity; the advantage of being six feet two is, that I can see our Gallant Preserver being somewhat unwillingly led hither just when he thought he had escaped."

"How do you do, Miss Brooke? How clever of you to recognise me." He had taken her hand, and was now standing beside her, striving to recall the child he only half remembered in the beautiful radiant girl before him. Yes, of course, now he knew it, he could trace the likeness—the same rich warm colouring and red mouth, the same dark curls, fastened up now in some way that suited the fashion, and yet which bore the same resemblance that Hilda had noted years ago to those of Henrietta Maria; and now that she looked up, the great dark eyes were just the same—they had not changed in the least. They met his own with the same frank honesty as of old.

But when he had exchanged a few commonplaces, there seemed nothing more to say. With so many possible listeners he was afraid of alluding to the past, which might easily have come to be considered a sealed book; and beyond that one mutual experience, what was there he could find to say to a girl of her age? Escape was once more in mind and eye.

"Don't you dance?" Felicity's voice questioned.

"No; I am afraid I have long passed the dancing age," and he

smiled. "But that reminds me that it is not for the sake of conversation we are here to-night; that can be postponed. Don't let me keep you from your partner," looking round until his eyes rested on Jack Curzon.

"Let me throw myself into the breach, Felicity. Now you see what comes of saying you are engaged when you are not! To save appearances, you will have to dance with me, though you said you would not."

"You do dance so badly," she said; but she had flushed scarlet at his words.

"I know I do—vilely; but still I am better than no one."

Sir Aymer made no observation; there seemed nothing else to be done. She put her hand on Jack's arm and turned away.

"He had quite forgotten me," she said, defiantly, standing still a moment later. "Did you notice it?" turning to her partner.

"My dear Felicity, incredible as it may appear, I think there was no possibility of *not* noticing it; and considering how you have insisted on our admiring him—both Bob and I—it would have been polite if you had introduced me to him."

"I am so sorry—I never thought of it."

"Comfort yourself with the reflection that, to judge from his speaking countenance, he had had quite enough honour in making the acquaintance of one member of the family."

But even this scathing observation failed to draw forth any rejoinder.

"Quite and entirely cured;" that was what Aymer Digby was saying to himself again, as he walked home slowly under the stars. "I shall always be thank-

ful that I made the effort—it is better to know. A beautiful woman, of course; but her beauty has ceased to interest or affect me. And it is pleasant to be back in London,—dear, delightful London,—and to see again the old life and the old friends, after these many years with the Past for my only companion.”

After that evening he often met Felicity Brooke. He called on her, and was presented to her aunt—a very ill-tempered-looking person, to whom he vainly strove to make himself agreeable. But though he saw her often, it was always when other people were present, which made it difficult to talk of the past, though she had alluded to it, had spoken of their mutual acquaintances on board the City of Prague, who, as far as he was concerned, had long ago passed into the unreal world of shadows. He had been shown Jem Moore's letter announcing his joining another ship. The letter had amused him, with its quaint wording and details of life, and the scraps of information he had picked up about the Merediths. The *P.S.* especially had touched his sense of humour:—

“*P.S.*—And I am going to be married after next voyage. I thought you would like to hear. She is a very nice, good girl, I've known all my life. Her name is Sarah Foster.”

“I sent her a watch for a wedding-present,” Felicity observed. “I thought he would like that best, and she wrote me a beautiful letter,” her eyes kindling. “I am sure she is just as nice and good as he says.”

But that was one rare, little conversation; as a rule, she was

the centre of a crowd of admirers, or else Lady Brooke was a silent listener to every word, in which case, by mutual consent, the past was not referred to. But whoever came or went, Jack Curzon was always in attendance.

Standing watching her one morning as she rode in the Park, Aymer Digby was joined by his friend Ferris.

“She looks very well on a horse, does she not?” following the direction of Aymer's eyes. “Do you know her brother?” he went on. “No? He is at college—a nice boy. He has had the best of it, I expect.”

“In what way?”

“Well, I don't expect Lady Brooke is a particularly agreeable person to live with.”

“No, I should think not,” and Aymer Digby smiled; “but I expect she has her match in her niece.”

“Oh, I don't know; a girl has not much chance with a woman of that sort. Her husband was Miss Brooke's uncle—father's brother—and was left her guardian. Then he died, and the duties devolved on this good lady. Bob of course went off to school and college; I don't think he troubled the domestic portals much, and this girl was left in the charge of a match-making mother, with two daughters of her own to marry.”

“She married them, I suppose?” Sir Aymer questioned.

“Yes, very well, according to her own views. I never saw two girls out of whom all spirit had been so completely taken; they scarcely dared to speak without leave! And then the path clear, the daughters out of the way, a niece who brings five hundred a-year to the housekeeping is an agreeable addition.”

"And when does she acquire freedom?"

"When she is twenty-one she can go her own way, and comes into a very nice fortune besides, so I believe. But I am only gossiping, I know very little."

"I wonder," Sir Aymer said, slowly, "that she does not marry; it would offer a means of escape."

"Rumour says," — Mr Ferris lowered his voice impressively, — "that that is what she intends to do; and he, who has just joined her, is said to be the man."

Sir Aymer looked up with curiosity; then "Lord Gresham!" he exclaimed, incredulously.

Mr Ferris nodded.

"But he is old enough to be her father!"

"It is the fashion amongst beauties," the other man replied, carelessly, and then again, too late, would fain have recalled the malapropos words. "He is a fine old man," he added, hastily, "respected and admired by everyone."

Yes, he at least was not made up to imitate forgotten youth, that was all Aymer Digby could think of, as he walked away. And in addition he had position, and great estates, and a fine old name; his first wife had died years ago and had left him childless — of course, what more likely! A splendid match, every one would tell her so, — out of an unhappy home too, it would be an easy way to freedom.

"Oh, but she is not at all the kind of girl to do that." The words had passed his lips without any reflection: it was of the child on the City of Prague he had been thinking.

"But Lady Brooke is just the kind of woman," his friend had retorted dryly, and he recognised the truth of the words, that there was another factor in the girl's

life to be taken into account. He thought of it all the way home; of course, now the idea was brought to his notice, Lord Gresham was always in attendance. He himself rarely went to balls; his chances of meeting her were limited to a dinner-party, or an afternoon call, but on such occasions, if Jack Curzon was always fluttering round, Lord Gresham was there as well. Of course, the old story! He was conscious of impatience at the thought, and doubtless it would end the same way.

That very evening, as chance would have it, when he entered Mrs Murray's drawing-room, the first person on whom his eyes fell was Felicity Brooke. For a marvel she was not smiling, or even speaking, but standing by her aunt in an attitude that suggested expectancy. Entering the room, he met her eyes turned towards him, but immediately they fell, and at the same moment Jack Curzon's voice sounded in his ear. He might have guessed it, might easily have interpreted what the silence and expectancy meant.

A minute later he was walking into dinner with Felicity Brooke's hand on his arm. When they were seated, he found that on the girl's other side was Lord Gresham, nearly opposite Jack Curzon's fresh, boyish face.

In his present mood he was glad of the arrangement, which brought so much within his scope of vision: in two hours he would surely find out if there were any foundation for the rumour that had reached him.

She was very quiet, quieter than he had ever known her, but now and again she asked him those point-blank questions for which she was famous.

"Don't you ever go to balls, Sir Aymer?" she suddenly turned her

head to say; "I thought, of course, you would have been at the Vavasour's last night."

"No, I am afraid I am too old."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"Oh, I wish I was!"

Such a troubled sigh followed the words that it checked the laugh that rose to his lips. He could not ask what her words meant—he knew.

Lord Gresham was in the midst of an animated discussion with his hostess. He leant a little nearer, and "Now it is *my* turn to ask questions," he said. "You have never told me what happened when you reached England. Was *she*," lowering his voice, "very angry?"

"Very,—I suppose."

"You suppose?"

"I did not see her for two years. I was left at school."

"No holidays?"

"No; you foretold, you remember, that the consequences were always unpleasant of making fools of ourselves! Well, *they were*," she added, emphatically.

"I might have saved you the pain of prophecy at least; it is as well to leave people to find out such truths for themselves."

She made no reply.

And somehow her silence served to prevent any further reference to the subject, and afterwards there was little opportunity. Lord Gresham joined in the talk, and she made no effort to prevent him.

But when she was leaving he followed her to the door, and asked her if she would be at Lady Rashleigh's ball the following night. "But of course you will, so perhaps we shall meet. I have almost made up my mind to go."

"I hope you will," she replied, and though she added nothing else, he felt that she wished it really,

—that she was glad to hope that he would be there.

And yet when eleven o'clock found him the following evening entering the room, there was a distinct pang at the memory of the cool comfort and peace of the Club.

Nevertheless he made his way into the hot ball-room, and standing in the doorway, glanced slowly round. She was not there, of that he was certain. Well, he would wait until he saw her. It was cool standing here: behind the curtain by which he found himself there was evidently an open window,—it was very refreshing.

Some one else was waiting too, that he perceived. Just opposite him stood grey-headed Lord Gresham, not taking part in the revelry any more than he himself was doing, and it was with suddenly accented curiosity he took note of him.

A remarkable figure and face,—certainly a man that a girl might respect, and marry with dignity, and yet how much she must inevitably lose, even with all that thrown into the balance.

Here his thoughts were interrupted by voices, low voices, behind him,—the curtain apparently concealed a balcony,—the voices, he recognised them both. He was scarcely conscious he was listening, before he had heard the short, quick words.

"Throw it up," in the man's young voice, how easily he recognised it. "What is the use of being unhappy? and you are unhappy! Throw prudence to the winds,—you did so once before, you know,—and I will go to Bob, and see him, and explain."

"No, no—it is very good of you, but I would rather it went on as it is. I don't wish Bob to know any-

thing. Come, we had better return, or I shall be missed."

The man made no answering comment,—he lifted the curtains, Aymer Digby had only time to turn and saunter away before he was in the room, Felicity by his side. A little distance off he turned his head and looked at her. It was difficult to associate her with trouble, or anything indeed but careless, triumphant girlhood, but she *was* troubled, he knew it,—or were the overheard words the key to the expression he noted in her eyes?

At the sight of that expression something was born in him, some swift longing to save her, to prevent her from hurrying farther on that path on which she had already entered,—to warn her back, if possible, into youth and happiness,—before the final steps were taken. Of what he should say there was no definite consciousness,—the words would be found in which to warn and counsel. It was as if Hilda, in her gracious, serious womanhood, were standing by his side, urging him to do what he could.

At the same moment Lord Gresham, seeing her, had also made a step forward, but when Aymer Digby was roused and determined, he was not easily outdone: he was standing beside her, her hand was on his arm, his decided voice in her ears—"This is our dance, I think," and then he and she were walking away from the ball-room together.

"It was not your dance," she said, decidedly, a minute later, "it was Jack's."

"Who is Jack?"

"He is Bob's dearest friend," she answered, calmly. He looked quickly down at her, but her ingenuous eyes were frankly raised. It was hard to accuse her of want

of frankness, but of course on such a subject—"You told me you did not dance," she added, a second later.

"Neither do I. I wish to speak to you, that is the reason of my pretence."

She looked up quickly, but said nothing, and they walked on till the fernery, a small glass building that led into the conservatory, was reached. It was quite deserted: a valve was sounding in the distance, and, except for the splash of falling water into a little marble basin, there was no sound.

After all, he recognised, it was not quite as easy to say anything, at any rate to begin, as he had expected.

There were two chairs in the shade of a palm-tree away from the door—he walked over there and bid her seat herself: it was after a moment's hesitation he sat down beside her. "What do you want to say to me?"

Her voice, quiet and grave, was the first to break silence; it gave him the impetus he needed.

"It is always difficult," he said, "almost impossible, for a man to speak to a woman; but you are a child—compared with me—a child," he repeated, "and if one sees a child about to do anything very foolish, one is bound to speak——"

"Yes."

There was not much encouragement in the monosyllable.

"I wish," he exclaimed, impetuously, "that you had gone to Charleston with Mrs Davis."

She laughed, but rather unsteadily.

"Why, I wonder?"

"It would have saved you two years at school without a holiday, would it not?"

"Yes," she sighed, ever so airily. "Well now, it is my turn;

let me tell you what *I* wish. I wish that you had praised me when I told you that I had decided to go to England. When I told you, evidently yearning for praise, I think you might have given it, and it would have made it much easier."

"Why? I question back. Though I know, of course, you expected a great deal of praise in those days,"—he paused and looked inquiringly at her. "But that is not what I wish to say."

"What do you wish to say?"

Her chin was on her hands, her elbows rested on her knees, she did not look up as she spoke. "I want to warn you, and I don't know how to do it—a man is so clumsy."

He did not glance towards her, and yet he was well aware of the scarlet flame mounting in her cheeks, and it was with a swift determination to spare her pain that his next words came.

"You are on the brink of folly—madness; at least so it seems to the outsider. What tempts you, of course, I don't know; but whatever the temptation may be, the result will be unhappiness. You"—he averted his eyes—"would never be happy in a loveless marriage,—you do not know, that is all. You were brave and fearless enough once; all that is necessary is to call back your courage now."

She did not move, she made no faintest comment on his words—her elbows rested on her knee, she did not look up as he spoke.

"Let me tell you a story," he went on directly. "Once I was young—I loved"—his voice sank lower still—"a woman, young, beautiful, as you. She—well, I think she loved me; but love, so she decided, was not enough. There were other, greater things

in life, for which she might sell herself. So she left me, and gave her beauty to a man, old and worn, in exchange for a title and a coronet, and everything else that she fancied would make her happy."

He had not once looked up—he would not see her face whilst he told the story that might save her from a like fate; but he knew she had risen, that she was standing a little behind his chair, where, even had he lifted his eyes, he could not have seen her face.

"And you?" He heard the low, hurried question.

"I have told you one side of the story," he went on, slowly. "She—well, if she did not attain happiness, gained what she had desired,—but for the man, it was otherwise. She left him in despair, that ended in contempt and hatred for all women; despair which first broke his heart, then destroyed his faith, and finally—"

He half paused.

"And finally?" The low voice was quite steady, there was a half-question in the words.

"And finally," he went on, slowly, "has ended—Heaven be praised!—in the knowledge that the cruel work of one woman is at length only a memory, though, at the same time, the freshness, and joy, and happiness that life once offered, are also at an end for ever."

Just a second's silence, whilst the valse in the distance sounded, and the fountain trickled on into the basin, before the girl spoke, and as she did so she bent her head so near to his that every word, low as it was, reached his ears.

"Is the faith quite dead? If —" and as she spoke she rested her hand on the back of his chair, as if to steady herself,—“if you met a woman who loved you—” she paused again,—“and was true

and faithful, would not that help to undo the past?"

A silence. Then, "It is too late," the man said slowly. "That, you see, is what a woman's cowardice and treachery can accomplish."

The music was silent, the valse over, people were crowding into the conservatory, eager voices breaking the stillness.

Aymer Digby rose from his seat.

"I had better take you back to the ball-room," he said. "They will be looking for you." He refrained from glancing in her direction, he did not add another word, but as they were leaving the long passage, young Curzon appeared in sight.

"There is Jack," she spoke, rather unsteadily he fancied. "I want to speak to him. Wait, please. It is his dance," in disconnected sentences. She was white, curiously white, he thought, as he took her hand and said good night. "Good-bye," he added; "I am leaving town to-morrow—I may not see you for some time."

He turned away: for half a second her eyes followed his tall figure, and fair, smooth head. And then, "I am so tired, Jack," she said. "I do wish you could persuade Aunt Barbara to go home."

"You look tired, but it is not really tiredness, it is bother. Did my eyes deceive me," in lighter tones, "or did I see you and the 'Preserver' come out of the conservatory together? What goings-on! I shall have to look on him as a rival next, I suppose? His dislike going off, eh?"

"He never disliked me," she said, but she did not smile; "he is only indifferent."

"Only indifferent." The words echoed in her ears during the drive home; sometimes they changed to other words which kept time to the

horses' feet, "Refused"! "Very kindly and courteously, he would always try to be courteous—for he does not dislike me, he is only indifferent."

"Write to Lord Gresham to-morrow, Felicity," her aunt said as they walked up-stairs, "and ask him to dine with us on Sunday. I told him to expect a letter."

"I would rather you wrote."

"Why, I wonder? You write the other invitations, why should you make a difficulty about this one? I suppose merely out of love of contradiction."

There was no reply. After all, it was not worth arguing over. She said "Good night," and turned away.

She did not sleep much: the summer dawn was stealing into the room before she fell into a short, troubled slumber, but to her perfect health and strength, it needed more than a sleepless night to take the lustre from her dark eyes and the rich bloom from her cheeks. The school-room was her own sitting-room; she went there while it was yet early to eat her breakfast in solitude, and thought a great deal,—and the result of all the thinking was, that by eleven o'clock, with paper and ink before her, she was fulfilling her aunt's bidding, and writing to Lord Gresham. It meant a good deal, she felt—much more was involved than that Sunday dinner, at which no other guest would be present, and after which Lady Brooke would vanish to the inner drawing-room on some pretence, and she and he would be left virtually alone.

"What does it matter?" she thought wearily, as she wrote his name. "He is good and kind, and I—I like him better than any one else,—and this life, I cannot bear it any longer!"

And at that moment the door was suddenly opened, and, without any warning, Aymer Digby entered the room.

The first thought he had was, that somehow once again she was the child of the City of Prague, with whom of late he had ceased to associate her. She was dressed in dark-blue linen, made with a sailor-like shirt—it may have been in part that fact—and her hair also was twisted loosely up with a comb, from which it escaped in careless loops and curls. That was his first thought. The second, even as he approached the table at which she wrote, was, that never before during all their acquaintance had he ever seen her look frightened, and now into her eyes there certainly passed an expression which banished their fearlessness: then the lashes had fallen, and he was standing by her side.

"Of course I am a fool"—his voice was rough and moved—"but tell me, what did you mean by those words you said to me last night?"

There was a hurried glance round, as if she were calculating the chances of escape: then he

heard a sharp, painful sob, and she had covered her face with her hands, and between the slender fingers two tears fell.

"Felicity,"—he knelt beside her, taking her hands in his,—"*do not cry. Is it my roughness that has hurt you? Answer me, did they mean nothing? Tell me—you may trust me.*"

Still no answer. He lifted his hands, and, clasping hers gently, drew them down into her lap. The lashes were wet, the tears rose and fell slowly one by one.

"Perhaps the folly was in coming back," he said, and his voice was still strange and hurried; "but you are courageous—speak to me. Shall I go or stay?"

The dark eyes were raised for a moment. Perhaps their expression was enough, perhaps words were unnecessary, for "*Say it once,*" he said, very low; "*tell me that you love me.*"

"Oh, you know it," she cried; "you must know it! I am only afraid."

But with his arm round her and his kisses on her tear-wet cheeks, it seemed easy to believe the voice that told her there was nothing more for her to fear.

AN ANCIENT INN.

"Ah! there you are," said a friend whom I met lately at the Writers' Club, which some of our women authors frequent. "I have been nursing up something new in the natural history line, a curious fact that I thought would interest you, and perhaps serve as copy for your 'Country Month by Month.' Did you ever hear of a rabbit that casts its furry skin, entirely and completely, just as a snake does?"

"Never," I answer, confidently.

"Then I can tell you of one which happens to be just now going through the loosening process. You can go and see it if you like, and the coat which it cast off last year as well; also, if you are unbelieving, you can put your hand up its back, and feel the beautiful new coat of fur underneath your hand and the whole old skin over it: so complete is this, that with a little trimming at the head and tail, it would make the loveliest muff. It is an Angora rabbit, and the fur is of long silky dark-grey hair."

This wonderful creature was, I learned further, to be seen at Colnbrook, a little town which, I am ashamed to say, I had never heard of before, although from the earliest times in our history, as I found out later, it has been frequented by kings, queens, ambassadors, not to speak of those "Sixe worthie Yeomen of the West," of whom Gordon Willoughby Gyll, Esq., of the ancient parish of Wrybury, the chronicler of this remarkable little town, tells that they were written about in an old book by "a certain Thow of Reading." This book, he says, was, even at the time he wrote,

early in the century, difficult to be procured.

To return to the present time, however, and to our rabbit: Colnbrook, which had for very many years been left out in the cold in the world's progress, through having no railroad, is now to be reached by a single line, running from West Drayton, on the Great Western line. Thither I journeyed as soon as it was possible for me to do so, for I feared lest that skin might be cast before I had time to put my hand in between the two coats, &c., &c. As I do not purpose to describe the rabbit in this article, it need scarcely be mentioned again. I have simply spoken of it, as it was the cause of my visit to the remarkable old town. Perhaps I should say, however, that it was just what my friend described it, a great curiosity in its way; so unusual, in fact, that the well-known zoologist, Mr Tegetmeyer of the 'Field,' &c., has arranged to exhibit the skin, now cast, at the next meeting of the Royal Zoological Society, as he declares that the case is unique and most interesting.

As I neared the little railway-station, the line passing through a number of water-meadows, a heron rose with heavy flapping flight from a small stream, a tributary of the river Colne; and presently another from a little runnel, where he had been feeding. So in order to note this interesting bird, I was glad to find one need only go a few miles beyond Ealing. Long lines of pollard willows lined the streams, and there are innumerable little runnels and channels that feed the larger river. The county of Buck-

ingham is bounded by this river Colne for a length of fourteen miles of its course, as it runs to empty itself into the Thames, opposite Tinsey Mead, about half a mile from Staines. An old writer says of these willows, "Such who have lost their love make their mourning garlands, and the Jews hung their harps on these doleful supporters." But in their favour again Mr Gyll says it has been remarked that the owner of willows will buy a horse, whilst by other trees he would only pay for his saddle.

Colnbrook itself is on four channels of the stream, and one-half of the long grey stone bridge which crosses it, just as one enters the town, is in Middlesex and the other half in Buckingham. It belongs to the parish of Horton, which name is derived from *Ort* or *Wort*, a herb or vegetable, and *tun*, an inclosure or garden. The soil here is rich and fruitful; and this was the rural retreat chosen by the father of our poet John Milton, when he retired from his business in Bread Street, at the ripe age of seventy, to renew his youth among these pleasant surroundings. In spite of the amount of water that seems to run and lie everywhere in this district, there must be something in the air very conducive to longevity, for I found that a great number of the inhabitants were exceedingly old. In the stilted language of a bygone age, we are told that "Horton and the repeated strains of the sweet bird of eve, for nightingales abound in the village, together with the scenery and the society, awakened an inspiration in the thoughtful mind of the young philosopher and child of song. A welcome reception at the big Manor House endeared him to his companions, and as the Sabbaths revolved he found

himself the centre of a congregation animated with warm devotion and gratitude, whose expansion is a virtue and a pleasure."

Are not these what used to be called rounded periods? Life is now too rapid, fortunately or unfortunately, shall we say, for sentences such as these, in which many of our cultured forefathers delighted. Not so, however, that early writer whom Mr Gyll calls "old Thow of Reading," whose "pleasant Historie," as we shall see further on, is marked by a pithy simplicity of style which is quite refreshing.

The home of the rabbit which I had come to see was, I found, in an old-fashioned little house just where the town begins, and I had a pleasant welcome from its owners. "What an old-world forgotten sort of air your little town has," I remarked to my hostess, a most intelligent and youthful old lady, now in her eightieth year. I sat in her pretty drawing-room, stroking the silky hair of the rabbit, which was in my lap, for Bunny is allowed to run about the house and the garden freely.

"Ah, yes! it is indeed so; yet I remember the time when coaches ran by our house every five minutes, and great waggons, too, with eight horses to each, their bells jingling merrily; but now the place is silent indeed. Across the road there, you see King John's old house—Magna Charta island, you know, is very near to this; and a few doors farther up in our street is the house that used to be a noted inn called the Catherine's Wheel. Henry VIII. stayed there with Queen Catherine and their suite. It is still a good house, but it has, as you will see, been refronted. The Ostrich Inn is, however, the great feature of the place: it is the house where

the ambassadors used to put up, in order to robe themselves before being presented to royalty at Windsor. Queen Elizabeth's arms are still over the mantel in one old room; she stayed there once whilst one of the wheels of her coach, which had come to grief, was being repaired. The house is well worth going over: they will show you the best chamber, which Dick Turpin always used, and the window from which he sprang into the road below when he was once hotly pursued. But the inn, indeed, is chiefly noted for the great number of murders which took place there at one time."

"Have you any old book about the place?" I asked.

"There used to be one; but no one seems to know what has become of it. It was written about three hundred years ago. We can show you, however, a history of this parish, which was written early in this century."

This was the book to which I have previously alluded; and after glancing at some of its facts about Colnbrook, and hearing the tales which my hostess and her daughter told me, with the hints at that old book which was fifty years ago already so "difficult to be procured," I began to feel I was coming in touch with an old-world life—rare, indeed, to hear of in the present day—and I was seized with that instinct which was keen in my old favourites, William and Mary Howitt, and of which that charming author, Miss Mitford, wrote: "All my life long I have had a passion for that sort of seeking that implies finding—the secret, I believe, of the love of field-sports—which is in man's mind a natural impulse."

The first thing to do was, I felt, to go and have some luncheon at the old Ostrich Inn, which I found

to be a most interesting old house, part of which has long been used as corn-stores. The whole building is panelled with beautifully grained chestnut-wood, which was all grown on the adjacent Hounslow Heath. In the part now used as an inn, this has unfortunately been painted or papered over; but in the larger rooms up-stairs, now used for storing grain, it is as it originally was.

The old landlady's daughter, in showing me Dick Turpin's room, said that as children they always feared to go into it, because of the tales told of all that had happened there. Tradition indeed said that there had been the gruesome old death-trap, of which I shall tell further on. But that could not have been so, as the house that stood first on this site, called in our old book the Crane, must have been that public inn with the half hide of land, on the site of the present Ostrich, on the road to London, which was given to the Abbey of Abingdon by Milo Crispin in return for certain good offices received near the time of his death, soon after the Norman Conquest; which inn was, as we shall see, destroyed by order of King Henry I., at the time when the present town is said to have been first called Colebrook. In the Domesday Book it had not been mentioned by that name.

Amongst other old furniture in Dick Turpin's room is an old chest, on which is lettered, "God give Jeames Stiles grace, 1695." There were four doors to this room, and a hidden communication with a large well-floored attic-room, that runs the whole length of the long building. The exterior of this is remarkably well preserved, and it is strange that it has attracted so little notice in works descriptive of old domestic architecture.

In the centre, over an archway, is the frame of a doorway, and the ledge on which rested the balcony from which, over a small draw-bridge, the "quality" stepped on to the tops of the old coaches. We read of the Ostrich as having been a famous inn frequently resorted to by "visitors wending to and from the Palace at Windsor," as far back as the time of Edward I.; and in 'Froissart's Chronicles' he says of four French Ambassadors to Edward III., "So they dyned in the Kyng's chamber, and after they departed, and lay the same night at Colbrook and the next day at London." Mr Gyll again speaks of the "sad reputation" of this inn for "systematic removal of strangers."

The old ballad of the three cooks of Colnbrook was composed here. Later on Queen Elizabeth and many great Court magnates slept at the old George Inn, which is said to have taken its name from a wooden statue of St George, which was stolen by a clothier from the porch of the parish church of Dursley in Gloucester, and carried to Colebrook on his waggon. But the Ostrich has remained always as the centre of interest in the old town.

At the Ostrich again I heard of the old book. It was not there; but I did not return to town from Colnbrook, that day, without having found it, and it lies before me as I write this article. It was written by Tom Deloney, a famous ballad-maker and broadsheet writer of Queen Elizabeth's time, who was also the author of the well-known "Jack of Newberry," and some lives of contemporaneous angling worthies. Several of Deloney's "Garlands" and broad-sheets have been reprinted by the Percy Society, and his chapbooks were long favourites with the people.

The proper title of the book is 'Thomas of Reading; or, The Sixe worthie Yeomen of the West,' which was, as its title-page states, "Now for the sixth time corrected and enlarged by T. D.," and printed in London by Eliz. Allde for Robert Bird, 1632. The author of the later work I have alluded to was therefore incorrect when he spoke of it as having been *written* by one Thow of Reading. He knew of the book probably only by hearsay. The story of Thomas of Reading concerns Colnbrook, because the surname of that worthy clothier was Cole; and it was the tragic ending to his life which took place at the Crane Inn, that stood on the present site of the Ostrich, which caused the place to be called Colnbrook, and the stream which runs past the bottom of the inn-yard to be called the Colne. In all the earlier records the name is written Colbrook, Culbrook, or Colebrook, as it is pronounced.

I shall give the story of Thomas Cole as far as possible in the very wording of the quaint author: it presents a more vivid picture of the life and manners of that early age than I remember to have read elsewhere. The spelling will be altered slightly, so as to make it more intelligible.

In the days of King Henry I. there lived nine men who, for the trade of clothing, were famous throughout all England. This art in those days was held in high reputation both in respect of the great riches which thereby was gotten, as also of the benefit it brought to the whole Commonwealth: the younger sons of knights and gentlemen, to whom their fathers would leave no lands, were most commonly preferred to learn this trade, to the end that they might thereby live in good

estate, and drive forth their days in prosperity.

Among all crafts this was the one by which our country became famous throughout all nations. And it was verily thought that the one-half the people in the land lived in those days thereby, and in such good sort that in the Commonwealth there were few or no beggars at all: poor people, whom God lightly blessed with most children, did, by means of this occupation, so order them that by the time they were come to be five or seven years of age, they were able to get their own bread; idleness was then banished our coast, so that it was a rare thing to hear of a thief in those days. Therefore it was not without cause that clothiers were then both honoured and loved, among whom these six persons in this king's days were of great credit—viz., Thomas Cole of Reading, Gray of Gloucester, Sutton of Salisbury, Fitzallan of Worcester—commonly called William of Worcester, Tom Dove of Exeter, and Simon of Southampton, alias *Supbroth*; who were by the king called the Sixe worthy Husbands of the West. Then there were three living in the north, that is to say, Cuthbert of Kendall, Hodgekins of Halifax, and Martin Briam of Manchester. Every one of these kept a great number of servants at work, spinners, carders, weavers, fullers, dyers, shearmen, and rowers, to the great admiration of those who came into their houses.

Those gallant clothiers, by reason of their dwelling-places, separated themselves in three several companies: Gray of Gloucester, William of Worcester, and Thomas of Reading, because their journey to London was all one way, conversed generally together;

and Dove of Exeter, Sutton of Salisbury, and Simon of Southampton in like sort kept company the one with the other, meeting all together at Bazingstoke; and the three northern clothiers did the like,—they commonly did not meet till they came to Bolome's Inne in London.

Moreover, for the love and delight that these western men had each in other's company, they did so provide that their waines and themselves would ever meet upon one day in London at Jarrat's Hall, surnamed the Giant, for that he surpassed all other men at that age both in stature and strength.

It chanced on a time as this King Henry—who for his great learning and wisdom was called Beauclarke—with one of his sons and divers of his nobility, rode from London towards Wales to appease the fury of the Welshmen, which then began to raise themselves in arms against his authority, that he met with a great number of waines loaden with cloth coming to London, and seeing them still drive one after another, so many together, demanded whose they were. The waine-men answered in this sort, "Cole's of Reading." Then by-and-by the king asked another, saying, "Whose cloth is all this?" "Old Cole's," quoth he. The king had met them in so narrow and straight a place that he and his train were fain to stand close to the hedge whilst the carts passed by, and as they were in number about two hundred, it was near hand an hour ere the king could get room to be gone: so that by his long stay he began to be displeased, although the admiration of that sight did much qualify his fury. But, breaking out in discontent, he said, "Methinks old Cole hath got a commission for all the carts in the

country to carry his cloth." "And how if he have," quoth one of the waine-men: "doth that grieve you, good sir?" "Yes, good sir," said our king, "what say you to that?" The fellow, seeing the king bend his brows, though he knew not what he was, answered, "Why, sir, if you be angry, nobody can hinder you: for possible, sir, you have anger at commandment." At this the king laughed heartily at him; and as soon as the last waine went by, which gave passage unto him and his nobles, he entered into communication of the commodity of clothing, and on returning home gave orders to have old Cole brought before his Majesty, that he might have conference with him, noting him to be a person of great ability.

The old book gives further an amusing account of how, near Staines again, the king met another company of wains laden with cloth, and asking whose they were, was told "They be Goodman Sutton's of Salisburie, good sir." And again a second and third time his way was stopped by them, till he cried, "God send me many such Suttons! . . . I always thought," quoth he, "that England's valor was more than her wealth, yet now I see her wealth sufficient to maintain her valor."

The clothiers, it seems, were wont to shorten the long way to Colebrook with pleasant discourses. Some of these were full of wit and of sayings that are still in familiar use with us—such, for instance, as that "God sends us good meat, but the devil sends us cooks." And only yesterday, in a London journal, I saw a saying that I find here attributed to some one else. In speaking of a nagging wife, our old author says she did "talke

until her goodman's hair did grow through his hood."

At Colebrook these goodmen of the West always dined together, for good cheer was provided for them. Then they proceeded to London, where a costly supper was ready for them at the house of Jarrat the Giant. Over this they made their bargains, and upon every bargain made the merchants "still used to send some token to the clothiers' wives."

At the Hall next day they would meet the three northern clothiers, and they greeted one another in this sort.

"What, my Masters of the West, well met; what cheere?"

"Even the best cheere our merchants could make us," quoth Gray.

"Then you could not choose but fare well," quoth Hodgekins.

"And you be weary of our company, adieu," quoth Sutton.

"Not so," said Martin, "but shall we not have a game ere we goe?" And with that old Cole and Gray went to the dice with Martin and Hodgekins; and the dice running on Hodgekins' side, Cole's money began to waste, till Cole cried, "By the Masse, my money shines as bad as Northern cloth."

There is a curious reference in our book to the builder of the Priory of St Bartholomew in Smithfield, whose name is here spelt "Reior" (*Rahêrê*). Tom Dove of Exeter loved music, and had "all the fiddlers at a beck of his finger," so that they followed him up and down the city, as diligent as little chickens after a hen. And there lived then in London "a musician of great reputation, named Reior," who kept his servants in costly garments, their coats all of one colour, which it is said is the cause of the

nobility of this land beginning to clothe their servants in livery. The bows of Reior's servants' violins were of solid silver. "He was also for his wisdom called to great office in the city, who also builded at his own cost the Priory and Hospitall of St Bartholomew in Smithfield." The company of this great musician, the wealthy clothier Tom Dove appointed to play. "Let us with music remove these Brabbles (bickerings)," he said. And old Cole, who had won back his money and much more, paid for the sacke, for, said he, "I promise you, I strive not to grow rich by dice-playing, therefore call for what you will, I will pay for all."

Their business in London being ended, it was the habit of the six clothiers of the West to leave together, and to take up the first night's lodging at Colebrook. There Cole of Reading was used to give the money he had with him into the keeping of the goodwife of the inn until the morning, which in the end led to his destruction.

One summer the king made a progress through the West country, and having grown to respect them greatly, he visited the six clothiers in their several towns. At Reading he and his son, and the nobles in attendance, were royally entertained by old Cole. He was amazed and delighted by the great number of workmen who were maintained in work by the one man, and he liked well "their outward countenances." As for Cole himself, the king placed him in a high position of authority in his town, and he declared further that "for the love those people bore him living, he would lay his bones among them when he was dead." "For I know not," said he, "where they may better be bestowed till

the blessed day of Resurrection than among these my friends, *which are like to be happy partakers of the same.*" And there he had built a goodly castle in which he often kept court, telling the clothiers that because he found them such faithful subjects he would often dwell among them. The famous abbey of Reading the king also now caused to be built.

After this, Thomas of Reading had oftener occasion to go to London, both on his Majesty's business and his own; and it happened that his host and hostess of Colebrook, who had already, as was found out later, through covetousness, murdered many of their guests, and who were tempted by the large sums the wealthy clothier left from time to time in their hands, made up their minds that he should be their next victim. He was exceedingly rich at this time, having at his house a hundred men- and forty maid-servants, whilst as a clothier he maintained also from two to three hundred spinners, carders, and other work-people.

It was the custom of the husband to say to his wife when any traveller whom they knew to have money about him came alone to their inn: "Wife, there is now a fat pig to be had if you want one." To which she would answer, "I pray you put him in the hog-stye till to-morrow." The victim was then put to sleep in a fair chamber which was right over the kitchen, and had in it the best furniture in the house. The bedstead, we are told, although it was little and low, yet was it most cunningly carved; and the feet of it were fast nailed to the chamber floor, so that it could not be pushed aside. Underneath the bed was a trap-door, and all was so arranged that by pulling out two iron pins,

down in the kitchen below, the whole fell in such a manner that the victim was received into an immense caldron which they used for brewing. As soon as they knew the man to be asleep, he was let down, scalded, and drowned, without being able to cry out or utter a word. Putting a ladder which stood ready in the kitchen up to the floor of the chamber, they next took away the man's clothing as well as his money "in his male or cap-case"; the falling-floor was then lifted up by its hinges again, and all made fast as before. The dead body was presently taken out of the caldron, and thrown into the river, which ran close to the house.

In the morning, if any other of the guests who had chanced to talk with the murdered man overnight asked after him, happening perhaps to have to ride the same way as he had purposed to do, the goodman would reply that he had taken horse a good while before day, and that he had risen early himself to see him off. His horse had been, before this, taken out of its stable and hurriedly ridden by the host himself to a hay-barn that he had a mile or two away: of this he always kept the keys carefully himself, and never allowed any one else to enter the barn. Before the horse left this, the man "dismarked him," cropped its ears, cut its mane or cropped its tail, or even put out one of its eyes, so that the beast might not be recognised.

The worthy clothier having now been marked for death, he was laid in the same awful chamber; but it happened that Gray of Gloucester arrived the same night at the inn, which caused him to escape for the time. When he next rode that way, he was laid there again; but before he fell

asleep, one came riding through the town, "and cried piteously that London was all on a fire, and that it had burned down Thomas à Becket's house in West-cheape, and a great number more in the same street; and yet, quoth he, the fire is not quencht."

These tidings agitated Thomas of Reading exceedingly, for it happened that he had received a great piece of money from that same Becket before leaving London. He had also left many writings at the house in West-cheape, some of which related to the king's business; so that it was necessary for him to ride back again to London that same night. This cross fortune made his host frown. "Nevertheless," said he, "the next time will pay for all."

On Cole's next visit, however, Providence again interposed; for a couple, who happened to be staying in the house, fell out at dice to such a degree that the would-be murderers themselves, knowing him to be a man in great authority, called him up in order that he might set their house in quietness, because, "by means of this quarrell they doubted to lose many things."

A fourth time again, when he came to their inn, he fell so sick that he requested to have somebody to watch beside him. It was impossible, however, to avert the calamity which was destined to overtake him sooner or later. Or was it that, being a man of obstinate purpose, he would heed no warning? For although, the next time that he had to go to London, his horse stumbled and broke one of its legs, so that he had to turn homeward again, yet he hired another, for there seemed nothing for it but he must go to Colebrook that night. On the way there, too, he was so heavy with sleep that he

could hardly keep himself in the saddle, and as he came near to the town his nose suddenly burst out a-bleeding.

Arrived at his inn, so heavy was his heart that he could eat no meat; and his host and hostess, hearing that he was so melancholy, came up to cheer him, saying, "Jesus, Master Cole, what ails you to-night? Never did we see you thus sad before: will it please you to have a quart of burnt sacke?"

"With a good will," quoth he; "and would to God Tom Dove were here, he would surely make me merry, and we should lack no music." A little later he said, "Let me see, I have but one child in the world, and that is my daughter, and half that I have is hers, the other half my wife's. But shall I be good to nobody but them? In conscience, my wealth is too much for a couple to possess, and what is our religion without charity? And to whom is charity more to be shown than to decayed householders?" Tom Dove, through his love of jollity and good-fellowship, had now lost his all.

"Good my host, lend me a pen and ink and some paper, for I will write a letter unto a poor man straight; and something I will give him. That alms which a man bestows with his own hands, he shall be sure to have delivered, and God knows how long I shall live."

With that his hostess dissemblingly answered, "Doubt not, Master Cole, you are like enough by the course of nature to live many years." "God knows," quoth Cole, "I never found my heart so heavy before;" and soon he set himself to write as follows,—

"In the name of God, Amen.

I bequeath my soul to God, and my body to the ground, my goods equally between my wife Elenor and Isabel my daughter. Item, I give to Thomas Dove of Exeter one hundred pounds,"—nay, that is too little,—*"I give to Thomas Dove two hundred pounds in money, to be paid unto him presently upon his demand thereof, by my said wife and daughter."* Then he bade his host read it, to see that it was all right.

"Why, Master Cole, what have you written here?" asked the latter. "You said you would write a letter, but you have made a will: what need have you to do thus? Thanks be to God, you may live many fair years."

"'Tis true," quoth Cole, "if it please God, and I trust this writing cannot shorten my days. I did verily purpose to write a letter, notwithstanding I have written that which God did put into my mind; and it shall go as it is."

Then he folded it up, sealed it, and desired his host to send it at once to Exeter, and was not satisfied until he had himself hired the man to carry it. Then he sat down sadly in his chair again, and presently burst forth a-weeping. "No cause of these fears I know," he said presently; "but it comes now into my mind that when I set toward this my last journey to London my daughter took on, and what a coyle she kept to have me stay; and I could not be rid of the little baggage a long time, she did so hang about me. When her mother by violence took her away, she cried out most mainly, 'O my father, my father, I shall never see him again!'"

"Alas! pretty soul," said his false hostess, "this was but mere kindness in the girl, and it seemeth that she is very fond of you. But, alas! why should you grieve

at this? You must consider that it was but childishness." "Ay, it is indeed," said Cole, and with that he began to nod. Then they asked him if he would go to bed. "No," said he, "although I am heavy, I have no mind to go to bed at all." Then certain musicians of the town came to the chamber, and knowing Master Cole was there, drew out their instruments, and very solemnly began to play. "This music comes very well," said Cole; but after he had listened a little while he said, "Methinks these instruments sound like the ring of St Mary Overie's bells; but the bass drowns all the rest, and in my ear it goes like a bell that rings a frozen one's knell. For God's sake, let them leave off, and bear them this simple reward." The musicians having left, his host asked if now it would please him to go to bed; for it was now nearly eleven o'clock.

At that Cole looked earnestly at his host and hostess, and started back, saying, "What ails you to look so like pale Death? Good Lord! what have you done, that your hands are thus bloody?"

"What, my hands?" said his host; "why, you may see that they are neither bloody nor foul; either your eyes do greatly dazell, or else fancies of a troubled mind do delude you."

"Alas! my host, you may see," said Cole, "how weak my wits are. I never had my head so idle before. Come, let me drink once more, and then I will to bed, and trouble you no longer." With that he undressed himself, and his hostess warmed a kerchief and put it about his head. "Good Lord!" said he, "I am not sick, I praise God; but such an alteration I find in myself as I never did before." With that the Scritch-Owle cried piteously, and anon after the

Night-Raven sate croking hard by his Window. "Jesu! have Mercy upon me! quoth hee, what an ill-favoured Cry doe yonder Carrion-Birds make;" and there-with-all he laid him downe in his Bed, from whence he never rose againe.

The innkeeper and his wife were somewhat disturbed by the mental condition of their victim, and the man said he knew not what were best to be done. "By my consent," quoth he, "the matter should pass, for I think it best not to meddle with him;" but the woman was relentless. "What, man, faint you now! have you done so many, and do you shrink at this?" and with that she showed him a great deal of gold which Cole had put into her care. "Would it not grieve a body's heart to lose this? Hang the old churle, what should he do living any longer? He hath too much and we have too little: tut, husband, let the thing be done, and then this is our own."

Presently, when they listened at his chamber door, they heard the man sound asleep. The servants were all in bed; down they went into the kitchen, pulled out the iron pins, the bed fell, and the man was dropped into the boiling caldron. Soon betwixt them they cast his body into the river and disposed of his clothes, &c.; but when the man went to the stable to take away Cole's horse, they found that somehow it had got loose, and out into a meadow adjoining an inn. Then after leaping divers hedges, being a lusty, stout horse, it had got to a ground where a mare was grazing. Presently both horses were out on the highway, where a man who knew the mare met them and took both her and the horse to the one who owned her. Early in the morning

the musicians arrived again, wishing to give their good friend Cole some music early. They were told, however, that he had taken horse before day. Presently came the man who owned the mare, inquiring up and down the place which of them had missed a horse. At the Crane the ostlers told him they had missed no horse, at which the man took it back to his own house, saying, "I perceive my mare is good for something, for if I send her to field single she comes home double."

On the third day after this, Cole's wife sent out one of her men on horseback to meet his master. "And if," said she, "you meet him not between this and Colebrook, ask for him at the Crane. If you find him not there, ride to London; for I doubt he is either sick, or else some mischance hath fallen unto him." The fellow did so, and when he asked for him at Colebrook he was told that he had travelled farther on such a day. Puzzled by this, the man made much inquiry in the town, and in so doing heard of the horse which had been found on the highway, which no one claimed. At once he recognised this to be his master's, and back to the Crane he went with him. That same night the innkeeper fled secretly away, and Cole's servant going to the justice claimed his help. As soon as it was known that Jarman of the Crane was gone, no one knew whither, also that the musicians said that the innkeeper had told them he himself had seen Cole off

before daybreak, the woman was apprehended, and being examined, she confessed the truth. Jarman was taken soon afterwards in Windsor Forest, and he and his wife were both hanged, but not before they had confessed their evil deeds. The husband explained that, being a carpenter by trade, he had made that false falling-floor; but it seems it was his wife who had devised it. And with it they had murdered in all sixty persons. Yet, strangely enough, in spite of all the money they had got through this, they had never prospered, and at their death were found to be deeply in debt. The news of the murder of his favourite clothier was speedily carried to the king, and for the space of seven days, says the old book, he was "so sorrowfull and heavy as he would not hear any suit." He ordered also that the inn called the Crane, in which Cole had been murdered, should be burned to the ground.

Yet to this very day the Ostrich Inn bears the evil reputation of having had these murders committed in it, and, as I was myself told, the children of the present innkeeper used to fear to enter Turpin's chamber, believing that in it had been the trap-door through which the victims disappeared. The river runs, as it did, past the yard of the old inn, and some say, adds our old chronicler, that this stream, "whereinto Cole was cast, did ever since carrie the name of Cole, being called, The River of Cole and the Towne Colebrooke."

J. A. OWEN.

IN 'MAGA'S' LIBRARY.

WHEN the prevailing passion for biography and autobiography is raging like an epidemic, it would be strange if there were not lives of rare interest and excellence. We have selected three in very different styles, but each delightful of its sort. Although Lord Dufferin has done good service to the State, and filled with honour and no ordinary distinction the highest and most responsible posts in the empire, we could almost regret that he had not devoted himself to literature. Few men are more perfect masters of style; fewer still are more richly gifted with the rare quality of literary tact. His 'Letters from High Latitudes' had made him a reputation which, with more ambitious opportunities, he could afford to neglect. It is very evident that he has not been demoralised by the dictating of State papers and diplomatic despatches. He could hardly have undertaken a more delicate task than writing the memoirs of a mother he adored,¹ but the inevitable difficulties have been triumphantly surmounted. It is a graceful panegyric, which is no whit exaggerated, inspired by filial affection, and confirmed in each particular by a cloud of disinterested witnesses. He makes his readers sympathise with his own loving admiration. He excels in vigorous portraiture—witness his presentation of Lord Gifford—and in the art of throwing off effective sketches; but we believe that he has painted Lady Dufferin to the life, and assuredly no per-

sonality could be more fascinating. This is how he describes her, after her first husband's sudden death, when the young widow was still in the fresh blush of her beauty:—

"My mother, in spite of the gaiety of her temperament and her powers of enjoyment, or perhaps on that very account, was endowed with a deep religious spirit—a spirit of love, purity, self-sacrifice, and unfailing faith in God's mercy. In spite of her sensitive taste, keen sense of humour, involuntary appreciation of the ridiculous, and exquisite critical faculty, her natural impulse was to admire, and to see the good in everything, and to shut her eyes to what was base, vile, or cruel. Nowhere is this instinctive benevolence more apparent than in her letters, for among the hundreds which I possess, . . . there is scarcely one which could not be published as it stands, without causing pain to any human being. The intensity of her love of Nature was another remarkable characteristic. I never knew any one who seemed to derive such enjoyment as she did from the splendour of earth and heaven, from flowers, from the sunshine or the song of birds. A beautiful view produced in her the same ecstasy as did lively music. But the chief and dominant characteristic of her nature was the power of loving. . . . In my mother's case love seemed an inexhaustible force."

Love begot love in turn, with perfect trust and absolute unreserve: the son remembered the mother's coming of age, for she had married Captain Blackwood when a mere girl, and with all the reverence of the only child on whom her deepest and fondest affections were centred, their relations rather resembled

¹ Songs, Poems, and Verses, by Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford). With a Memoir, by her Son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray. 1894.

those of a brother and sister. Lady Dufferin's fascinations of person and intellect had descended to her by right of inheritance. Nothing is more interesting than the prologue to the memoir, in which the writer tells in rapid outline the remarkable story of his maternal ancestors. Biographical genealogy is generally desperately dull; but Lord Dufferin gives an extraordinary charm to his cursory narrative of the successive generations of the gifted Sheridans. We hope that some day he may be tempted to do deliberate justice to the family history. The ancient Irish race had produced innumerable warriors, and sundry statesmen and bishops; but the first of them who is familiar to English readers is Sir Thomas. He was a privy councillor and Irish Secretary under James II., and he followed the fallen monarch into exile. He married a natural daughter of the sovereign, and became the father of the still better known son who landed with the young Chevalier in Moidart. Sir Thomas, the younger, acted through the campaign as the Prince's Secretary, and with regard to him Lord Dufferin has a curious story to relate. His lordship was accompanying the late Duke and Duchess of Sutherland on a yachting cruise. The Duchess, then Lady Stafford, was lineal representative of the attainted Earls of Cromartie, and the party had gone to Cromartie House. One day Lord Dufferin remarked a chest, which was said to contain old family papers. He asked permission to open it and examine them.

"The very first proved to be an order written and signed by Sir Thomas Sheridan, . . . instructing the Earl of Cromartie of that day to burn down the castle of the Earl of Sutherland. It was curious that the

first time that this paper saw the light since reaching its destination three persons so closely connected with the original three concerned in its subject-matter should have been alone together."

Passing downwards, we come to Dr Sheridan, the familiar friend of Swift and of the brilliant wits of the day. With all his humour and his exceptional talents, he showed a strange absence of worldly wisdom. His son was the friend of Garrick, whom Johnson nicknamed Sherry, and who is familiar to the readers of Boswell. Seldom has there been such an illustration of heredity as the transmission of talent in these Sheridans. For *his* son was the famous Richard Brinsley, Lord Dufferin's great-grandfather. He would have easily taken the foremost place in any all-round competitive examination among the illustrious men of the world who were his contemporaries. He wrote the best comedy; he wrote the best farce; in a generation of orators, at the trial of Warren Hastings he is said to have made the most brilliant oration. Yet perhaps he survives chiefly in faint traditional recollections of his sparkling wit and unrivalled readiness of repartee. As Lord Dufferin remarks regretfully, "The real Sheridan, as he was known in private life, is irrecoverably gone." Not unsuccessfully he undertakes a pious defence of his great ancestor's memory. He drank freely, in days when deep drinking was habitual; when Pitt invariably primed himself for speeches with port-wine, and when he and his boon-companion Dundas strewed "marines" beneath the table,—and with his nervous temperament, "the effects upon his brain and constitution were exceptionally deleterious." He was careless in

his expenditure and generous to prodigality; but he lived as a poor man with the wealthy: he had the heavy misfortune of the burning of his theatre, and after all, his debts were comparatively insignificant. Considering that he began life without a shilling—we remember the famous retort to his father—and that he married a penniless beauty for love,—considering the many temptations which beset him, we may fairly say he did wonderfully well. He married the lovely Miss Linley, and for her, says Lord Dufferin, “I have not words to express my admiration.” In many respects he seems to regard her as the prototype of his mother. His grandchildren, Lady Dufferin and her accomplished sisters, were the daughters of another beauty, Miss Callander of Craigforth. The fair trio were known as the Graces: they were Mrs Norton, Lady Dufferin, and the Duchess of Somerset, who had been enthroned as Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament. “My mother, though her features were less regular than those of her sisters, was equally lovely and attractive. Her figure was divine, the perfection of grace and symmetry, her head being beautifully set upon her shoulders.” And if we look at the sweet serenity of the face which fronts the title-page, we feel sure that her sisters cannot have surpassed her. Moreover, she sang delightfully, and set her own songs to music. She heard an opera overnight, and would be singing the airs that took her fancy on the following morning.

The bright young beauty, on the persuasion of her friends, made a *mariage de raison* with a man considerably older than herself, yet it proved a happy love-match. Captain Blackwood, although he had become heir-presumptive to the

family title by the dramatic death of an elder brother on the field of Waterloo, had only his pay as a naval officer. His relatives thought he had done badly for himself, and it was to spare her the mortification of a cold reception that he took his young bride abroad. Lord Dufferin was born at Florence in 1826, and he recently visited the house at Siena and the old castle in the Apennines where his father had taken his wife for her health, as she had nearly succumbed during her confinement. They returned to England, and were happily settled at Ditton, when they had to resign themselves to a long separation. Captain Blackwood was appointed to a frigate ordered on foreign service, nor could he afford to refuse. During his four years' absence, and after his return, his wife devoted herself to their boy. Her husband had become heir-presumptive to the title and estates, and their circumstances were easier, although still straitened, for he had many younger brothers and sisters. But young Blackwood, the future Marquis, was distinguishing himself at Eton, and the outlook seemed bright and prosperous, when all was overclouded. Captain Blackwood had died suddenly while crossing to Ireland, and the shock to his wife and son was terrible. It fell the heavier on her that she was absent in Italy at the time, and it was but slowly she recovered from a serious illness. Then she removed from Naples to Rome, and Mrs Somerville writes in her ‘Personal Recollections’ :—

“There was much beauty in Rome at that time. . . . I recollect Lady Dufferin, at the Easter ceremonies at St Peter's, in her widow's cap, with a large black crape veil over it, creating quite a sensation. With her exquisite

features and oval face, anything more lovely could not be imagined, and the Roman people crowded round her in undisguised admiration of '*La bella monaca Inglese*.' Her charm of manner and her brilliant conversation will never be forgotten by those who knew her."

When Lord Dufferin attained his majority, they exchanged a small London house for a more commodious mansion. His mother paid off a debt of gratitude to the Duchess of Montebello, who had shown her much kindness, by giving a shelter after the Revolution of 1848 to the Duchess and her husband, who had been one of the Ministers of Louis Philippe. Next year Lord Dufferin was made a lord-in-waiting, and though he never lost his domestic tastes, he "lived the pleasant social life which is open to a young man about town." Unlike most young men, it was his chief source of pleasure that his mother was his companion in his visits to the best country-houses. And their own home in town was a centre of attraction for all that was most eminent in the world of literature. There they received Dickens and Thackeray, Stirling-Maxwell, who afterwards married his aunt, Macaulay, Venables, Charles Buller, Kingsley, and many others. But, in fact, Lady Dufferin's friendships were cosmopolitan, and one of her oldest and most intimate acquaintances was the Emperor William of Germany. She was in regular correspondence with him, and when he came to England he never failed to pay her frequent visits. Wherever she went, she made new and valuable acquaintances. In the course of a Syrian tour, it is curious to note the number of distinguished Frenchmen she found in residence at Beirut. There were General Chanzy and General Duc-

rot, Cardinal Lavigerie, M. Renan, and M. Waddington.

Lord Dufferin, then Under-Secretary for India, was offered the Government of Bombay. The offer was tempting, nevertheless it was declined, simply because it would involve a separation from his mother. But the almost inevitable event in a man's life was impending, and in 1862 he married. "On no occasion did my mother's unselfishness and nobility of character declare itself more triumphantly than by the way in which she took to her heart of hearts the woman that was to share with her the adoration and affection which had hitherto been solely her own." Assuredly neither of them foresaw at the time another matrimonial episode which Lord Dufferin treats with infinite delicacy and sympathy. His beautiful mother had had numerous admirers, and had refused many proposals. But one of her lovers stood out from the rest, and had won her regard and something like love by his constancy. Her long and affectionate relations with Lord Gifford are a singularly romantic story. Lord Dufferin gives the highest praise to his moral qualities and his great intellectual powers, and Lady Dufferin's influence had done much to ennoble him, and to encourage and direct his ambitions and aspirations. Nevertheless, he knew, to his sorrow, that their attachment was purely platonic. In the pride of health and strength he was struck down by a fatal accident. He was removed to the Dufferins' house at Highgate, and there he lingered on for a year, while Lady Dufferin lavished attentions on his sick-bed. When the hour of death drew near, he again entreated her to marry him. Nor could she deny him that last

consolation. Her son quotes a beautiful letter to Lord Tweeddale, Lord Gifford's father, in which she explains the motives he already thoroughly understood. Suffering from that second bereavement and the exhaustion of long nursing, she was cheered by the warm sympathy of her second husband's relatives. She never recovered from that second shock, though with the joyous elasticity of her temperament she would rally from time to time. An attack of cancer gave the finishing stroke. Yet, to the last, she was calm, cheerful, and sympathetic, till, in utter prostration, she quietly passed away.

"Thus there went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting to her perfection; and this I say, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world, and with both men and women."

We have dwelt at some length on the memoir, and to our regret can say little of the poems, though from these we might have learned much of the writer's individuality. The moods change from the gayest to the melancholy: now we see the reflection of the brilliant woman of society, and again it is an angel who seems to be walking the earth. The sweetest and the most characteristic are the Irish melodies, with the quick alternations of drollery and pathos, of smiles and tears. "Katie's Letter," which we have all so often heard sung in drawing-rooms, and "Sweet Kilkenny Town," are perhaps the most taking. But she strikes a

deeper note in "The Irish Emigrant," with the infinite sadness of its simple memories, and the apprehensions of deadly home-sickness in the future:—

"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
That bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to."

For Mary, with their baby in her arms, sleeps in the little churchyard within sight of the stile.

There are many birthday tributes to her son, overflowing with fond memories and motherly affection; and again there is that rattling, tripping, rollicking song, "The Charming Woman," which had an extraordinary success in society when it appeared. In similar vein is "The Fine Young English Gentleman," suggested by the habits of her brother Charles, a clerk in a Government office, who enjoyed life like his grandfather. Still more humorous, to our mind, is "Donna Inez' Confession," where a fair and frivolous Spanish beauty, going to confession, is candid as to the follies of a charming cousin, and entirely ignores her own.

The best autobiographies are those that are written with the least reserve, and that of Sir William Gregory has the recommendation of unusual candour.¹ It was written for the edification of his son, with no idea of publication. A man of the world, he writes of men of the world with easy toleration. For himself, he puts forth no profes-

¹ Sir William Gregory, K.C.M.G. *An Autobiography*, edited by Lady Gregory. London: John Murray. 1894.

sions of sanctity: on the contrary, he makes frank record of his indiscretions and follies, that his son may take warning and avoid them. *En revanche* and in compensation, he sees no reason to deny himself the eulogies which he feels he justly deserved. He can point with satisfaction to his brilliant classical attainments, to the active and useful part he played in politics, to the enlightened legislation he was among the first to advocate, to the many distinguished men who honoured him with their cordial friendship, and, above all, to the extraordinary success of his colonial administration. This posthumous memoir reopens a chapter in his history which he had resolutely closed while he was living. The present writer was in the habit of meeting him frequently, and had many interesting conversations with him. Yet never did he hear him make allusion to the turf, which had been the passion of his youth and early manhood. Naturally a quick-tempered man, he had cultivated severe self-control. Only twice in the writer's recollection did he get visibly overheated—once when he was defending Arabi Pasha, whose cause he had warmly espoused; and again when he resented an impeachment of the hospitality of his old friend Sir John Crampton, who shortly before had been our Minister at Madrid.

The volume is full of good stories, told with point and genuine Irish humour, and the introductory pages are not the least entertaining. We hear of the great-grandfather, the Nabob, who had made an immense fortune by shaking the Pagoda Tree, who scattered the garnered fruit by keeping up sumptuous state, and who gloried in a cabinet of uncut gems, from which his young lady

visitors were invited to draw prizes at leave-taking. Sir William's recollections—it must be remembered that he was a Galwayman—almost go back to the drinking and duelling Ireland of Sir Jonah Barrington and Charles O'Malley. The old Lord Clanricarde had shown him the meadow by the Shannon where a combat came off between Galway and Tipperary. The choice of banks was an important matter, for the survivor, if he stood on the wrong shore, was pretty sure to be murdered by the hostile county. The Galway champion, who shot his antagonist, escaped to the water's edge on a fleet horse, where his retreat was covered by the shillelahs of two thousand compatriots. In 'Charles O'Malley' the incident has been utilised, when old Considine acts as his young friend's second. As a youth Sir William went in state in the family coach from an episcopal palace with a cousin, the daughter of a strait-laced peer, on a three days' visit to a lively lady. The respectable seniors would have been sorely scandalised had the secrets of the entertainment ever been revealed. There was dancing till a nine o'clock dinner; there was dancing again to the late supper, after which the ladies withdrew: then the gentlemen settled to serious drinking, till the majority subsided beneath the tables. Gregory got up the first morning, thinking of breakfast. The only soul stirring in the house was a grumbling old woman. Her answer to a request for information was decided, if unsatisfactory: "The divil a mouthful you'll get before three o'clock, so you had much better go to bed again."

He very soon began to form useful acquaintances. When a small boy he was fishing in the

Phœnix Park—his father for long held a high official appointment. A slight, elderly gentleman strolled up, and showed so much interest in the landing of a roach that the fisherman was greatly pleased with him. So, on the understanding that honourable secrecy was to be observed, he promised to show the best fishing-places. The elderly gentleman was Marquis Wellesley and Lord Lieutenant, and he never lost sight of his young acquaintance. At school Gregory distinguished himself by his brilliant capacity for the classics: he carried off various prizes and scholarships, but the scholastic successes, although they doubly enriched him, were by no means unmixed gain. The eccentric uncle, of whom he was the presumptive heir, invariably sent him a handsome cheque, which gave him the command of money and the means of premature self-indulgence. Consequently, he got into scrapes he might otherwise have avoided, and found himself in a fast set when he went up to the University. One fatal day some old Harrow friends took him to Newmarket, and thenceforward he was inoculated with his passion for racing. Though afterwards he only read by fits and starts, what between his studies and the racing-stables, he burned the candle at both ends: his health broke down, and he accompanied his parents to Italy. Though still an invalid, he found a plausible excuse for returning alone. The fact was, he had backed Coronation heavily for the Derby, and was bound to be on the spot in case of a mishap. The anxious parents, on their way back, overheard a conversation at a Belgian *table d'hôte*, which gave them the first reliable news of Young Hopeful, and explained the cause of his abrupt departure. A youthful Irishman

of the name of Gregory, fresh from College, had made a sensation at Epsom by landing £5000 on Coronation,—for that was long before the days of the plungers.

But the versatile youth was soon to win greater distinction in a more glorious field. No ordinary compliment was paid him when he was invited to contest the city of Dublin against Lord Morpeth, the popular Chief Secretary, backed by the whole influence of O'Connell. He carried the election after a fierce fight, and he won besides the admiration of the Liberator by the pluck and readiness with which he had repelled a tremendous personal onslaught. "Ould Dan" crossed the hustings, and whispered in his ear, "Only speak the little word 'repeal'—only whisper it, mind you—I will be the first at the polling-booth to-morrow to vote for you." The success at the election recommended him to Peel, although unfortunately he had fettered himself by rash pledges, which subsequently interfered with his political advancement. It clashes strangely with the popular notion of the stiff and starched repealer of the Corn Laws, when we find him generally addressing young Gregory as "my good fellow," and giving him the warmest welcome to his house on all occasions. But Gregory seems to have been the fashion in London society, and he was a *habitué* of the *salon* of Ladies Ashburton, Londonderry, and Jersey. He made acquaintance or formed intimacies with many of the most distinguished public men. He pays Sidney Herbert a doubtful compliment, saying that he could tell improper stories with exceptional grace. By the way, he asserts the truth of the story of his betraying an important State secret to Mrs Norton, who straightway went off

to sell it to 'The Times.' George Meredith founds a sensational episode on it in his 'Diana of the Crossways.' We happen to know that it was a baseless calumny. He frequently dined with Disraeli, who, as he says, shone at his own dinner-table rather by flashes of silence than by sparkling talk. And he tells a capital story of an old naval captain, whom Disraeli had sent for when a war was believed to be impending, that he might get information about China. The veteran took a look round the room. "Ah," said he, "I remember it very well, and these curtains. I dined here several times with a rum old girl, Mrs Wyndham Lewis." Disraeli, though sensitive to the ridicule of having married an elderly and eccentric woman—to whom, however, he always showed the most grateful attention—was quite equal to the occasion, and answered placidly: "Yes, the curtains certainly are old and rather fusty. In fact, we must do up the whole room when our ship comes in." Gregory speaks of Disraeli as absolutely destitute of all principle in public life. He much doubts the correctness of the belief that Disraeli's fierce philippics against Peel "originated in resentment alone." We should have said there was no doubt in the matter; "but with that quickness which pre-eminently characterised him, he saw an opening for distinction and seized it at once." Of Lord George Bentinck, on the contrary, whom he knew as well or even better, Gregory speaks in the highest terms. Beyond the sacrifice he made when he sold his stud and Surplice, much is said of his lordship's consistent self-denial when he had left the turf to lead the Tories. "If ever a man killed himself by sheer hard labour and

privation, that man was Lord George Bentinck. . . . He has told me repeatedly that he was in a state of inanition, because if he tasted food till his day's work was over, he would become liable to the drowsiness which only starvation overcame."

Gregory made a good figure in Parliament. Some of the quotations he gives from his speeches are really witty, and they read extremely well, but we understand that his delivery was somewhat ponderous. In 1846, Peel paid him the flattering compliment of offering him the conduct of Irish business in the Commons, although he would have had to hold his own against O'Connell and Sheil. But his awkward election pledges were stumbling-blocks, and his sagacious father persuaded him to decline. As a private member, however, he took a prominent part in advocating various important measures; he always showed an intelligent interest in Eastern affairs; and when he sat for Galway County he gratified his constituents by his successful efforts to secure and prolong the unfortunate contract for a Transatlantic line of steam-packets. As his father had been before him, he seems to have been a most liberal and generous landlord, and his relations with his tenants had always been excellent, till, fortunately for himself, he disposed of great part of his estate, before the disastrous collapse of the land market. The famine year fell heavily on the family, and his father, who died at that time, left an estate burdened with debt. No wonder that a Galway proprietor's liabilities accumulated then. The nominal rent-roll was nearly £8000, but "poor-rates and other charges swallowed up everything. The rates over the division of Kinrara were eighteen shillings

in the pound, and that a fictitious pound, for it was never paid." He confesses that instead of retrenching and looking after the property on the return of better times, he tried to recover himself by shorter methods, and ventured rashly in the betting-ring, where luck had deserted him. So he was always a seriously embarrassed man till twenty years afterwards, when he not only liquidated his liabilities by a wealthy marriage, but attained the object of his lifelong ambition,—the blue ribbon of the Colonial service—the governorship of Ceylon. He was indebted for it to feminine influence; and it is a remarkable proof of the extraordinary ascendancy of Lady Waldegrave that she had only to ask of Lord Granville to obtain.

Gregory was fortunate enough to go to Ceylon in the prosperous days before the blighting of the coffee-plantations. Revenue flowed freely into the treasury, and the Governor was enabled to gratify in great measure his beneficent aspirations for promoting the future prosperity of the island, and ameliorating the social condition of the inhabitants. He boasts with good reason of the works he accomplished or set agoing: of the construction of roads and bridges—of irrigation and the reparation of the magnificent old tanks—of the harbour works and the stupendous breakwater, which were to make Colombo the rival of Hong-Kong—of the reform in prisons, the suppression of drinking-shops, and the establishment of co-operative stores. That his claims to the gratitude of Cinghalese and English colonists were amply justified was shown by the enthusiasm alike of the whites

and the coffee-coloured, when a statue was raised to his memory at Colombo. Unquestionably there has seldom been a more efficient or enlightened governor.

Had Jack Jebb¹ been born two or three centuries ago, he might have been immortalised among the makers of the British Empire. He was of the stuff of the old Elizabethan breed of daring adventurers,—of the Raleighs and the Drakes,—and with fair opportunity he might have developed the genius of a dashing leader of desperate expeditions. He was always fired by the hope of finding an *El Dorado*, though what he really enjoyed was the excitement of the quest, and he was comparatively indifferent to the gold nuggets or the ingots. He was brave, chivalrous, and extraordinarily cool in moments of imminent peril, as his resolute determination was scarcely to be discouraged. He was the type of the resourceful and unselfish leader whom reckless spirits love to follow; for all he was concerned to monopolise was the lion's share of the dangers, and his self-confidence increased with long-continued impunity, as he seemed to bear a charmed life. After habitually tempting Providence and, so to speak, bullying Death,—after scores of hairbreadth escapes from all manner of experiences,—that iron frame of his succumbed at last to the reiterated attacks of disease and the effects of privations and exposure.

But Jack—for neither his widow, who writes the biography, nor any one else, ever gave him the more respectful appellation of Mr—was born, as ill luck would have it, to-

¹ *A Strange Career. Life and Adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb. By his Widow. With an Introduction by H. Rider Haggard. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1894.*

wards the middle of the nineteenth century. There was still romance enough in the world, as he lived to show. But it was the age of shrewd promoters, with their plausible joint-stock companies. With his guileless, unsuspicious, and unbounded belief in contemporary humanity, he became the agent and victim of calculating speculators with elastic consciences. In fine, he managed, as he had squandered his health, to fritter away a handsome fortune in ventures by which others were not unfrequently enriched. With all that, he was a singularly attractive character, and he had no ordinary share of talent and ability. But literally, and without irony, he was too good for this world. He judged others by the standard that came naturally to himself; and no amount of unfortunate experience could teach him to mistrust the neighbour he did not know, or to hold his own in a hard bargain. He made no pretence to Puritanism, and would swear at large on provocation; nevertheless, he invariably practised the Gospel precepts, and never missed an opportunity of doing a kindly action. In the worst extremity, he never failed or deserted a fellow-creature. With regard to his unselfishness, imperturbable coolness, and indomitable pluck, his friend Mr Rider Haggard, who contributes an interesting introduction, records a remarkable example. The friends had gone for a tour in Mexico, and were travelling into a lawless mining district with 3000 dollars in their charge. One night they had taken up their quarters in a rambling house in one of the towns, where it might have been presumed they were tolerably safe under the protection of the civic authorities. But Jebb, who had his doubts, and who had stowed

away two bags of specie in his bedroom, was restless and anxious. He was awakened by the barking of dogs, and when he went to look out of the window, he saw a group of ruffians mustered beneath. There was no doubt that they were after the dollars. Jack sat up all through the night, with his revolver in one hand and a box of wax-matches in the other. His idea was to strike a light and shoot, when the first robber should have shown his head above the window-sill. As it happened, the clamour of the dogs scared the thieves, and the assault did not come off. Rider Haggard, who had his bedroom at the other end of the building, naturally asked next morning why Jack had not summoned him. The answer was characteristic: "There was no use in both of us handing in our checks, for there were a dozen of those devils, and I knew that, had they once got into the room, they would have made a clean sweep of us."

But the whole of the memoir, from its subject's nursery to his grave, is an endless succession of sensational adventures, invariably put in a humorous light, and always narrated with dramatic effect. The biographer falls in sympathetically with her husband's cheery mood, for Jack, who had many misfortunes in the course of his career, surmounted his trials with hilarious philosophy. We need not say he was a scapegrace at school, and it would have surprised none of the neighbours had he been seen, like Clive, seated on the weathercock of the village steeple. He was very free and handy with his fists, fighting his way to the top of the preparatory school. Afterwards he showed his precocious resource in critical emerg-

encies, escaping in a poaching raid from the hot pursuit of the keepers by setting a light to some thickets of furze. In short, he was ever more or less in warm water, so that when on his sixteenth birthday his reverend father solemnly declared at the birthday banquet that the boy had never caused him a moment's anxiety, no wonder that "sensation" was reported among the guests. Jack had naturally set his heart on going to sea, and we are told that it was a life-long source of misery to him that his wishes had not been gratified. But if it were dangers and discomforts that he desired, he had no reason to be dissatisfied. At first he had to put up with the sister service as a *pis aller*. He got his commission, was gazetted to India, and joined his regiment at a dull up-country station. But, as we know, adventures come unsought to the adventurous, and even there his life was not altogether uneventful. Awakened once by what seemed a mysterious warning—and more than once or twice he was in touch with the supernatural—he had a narrow escape from a midnight murderer. Another incident might have been little less serious, for he came very near to being court-martialled and broken, when, in the teeth of the standing orders against striking natives, he jumped out of the palankin where he was lying apparently helpless to thrash an insolent Eurasian station-master within an inch of his life. When the invalid in the last stages of emaciation and exhaustion was charged in the civil court, the worthy magistrate dismissed the case. He declared it to be altogether impossible that the pitiable shadow of humanity before him could have done

the complainant the substantial damage as to which there could be no mistake. Had he known Jack better, or read this volume before it could have been written, he might have decided differently. In the worst extremity, excitement or indignation could always galvanise Jack into a spasm of formidable energy.

For certain reasons which were quixotically unselfish, he sold out of the army and came home. As he had a safely invested fortune, yielding £2000 a-year, it seemed possible that he might be doomed to voluptuous inaction. He took prompt precautions against that fatality. He proceeded to lose half his capital in a highly speculative industrial undertaking, and after a flying trip to Guatemala, having bought into financial and banking companies, he lost nearly the whole of the other half in the Overend & Gurney panic. *Il faut vivre*, and having been victimised by promoters, he took to promoting himself. Latterly, by predilection, he turned his attention to mines, apparently because they were exceptionally risky; but he was first concerned in floating the White Star Packet Line. As soon as it had got into smooth water, and promised to pay handsomely, it ceased to interest him. Casting about for something more hazardous, he determined to try coffee-planting in the Brazils. He found a post as manager, taking a part interest as proprietor, on a remote estate that was lapsing back into jungle, and, in consequence, was scourged by deadly malaria. Most Englishmen would have succumbed at once, especially as his best company was his own brooding thoughts. Jack gradually became a fever-stricken wreck; and we fancy it was the hallucination of a disordered brain

when he saw the very realistic vision of "The Haunted Engenho,"¹ with the spectral host of resuscitated negroes. If he were to save his life it was high time to go, so, throwing up his serious stake in the enterprise, he left the pestilence-stricken *fazenda*.

The fever had laid firm hold on him, nor was it easy to shake it off. An expedition to the wild west of America was a congenial, and seemed a promising, mode of treatment. He selected Colorado as the scene of his new experiences, intending to combine hunting with mining ventures. At that time it was the most lawless district in the Union: as yet there were not even the bands of "Regulators," organised to hold the roughs and criminal refugees in check. To begin with, Jack picked up some travelling companions, who, while they shared his cup and crusts, were laying dark plans to murder him. Fortunately the plot came to the knowledge of his friendly guide, who, although a half-breed with neither conscience nor principles, happened to have taken a fancy to him. "Muddy" reasoned the matter out with the rascals in a characteristic fashion of his own: "Luk here, boys: there's only four of you, and there's three of us. Now, I can lick any two of you, and Bob wouldn't grumble over the responsibility of the other two, while the boss saw fair play. So I think we've got the draw on you this time, and you'd better chuck up the game." Which they wisely did. But at that time a series of mysterious crimes were being perpetrated, which shocked and horrified even Colorado society. More than forty corpses had been found strewed about the wilderness, each scored on the bosom

with the sign of the cross. It fell to Jack and his comrades to discover a clue, follow up the trail, and do justice on the criminals. But Jack's most perilous adventures were in the solitudes of the mountains during a winter which proved to be one of unprecedented severity. He was in charge of several mines, and he persisted in going upon tours of inspection when travel was in any way practicable. His escapes were innumerable. The valleys were filled with drift. Blinding storms would break upon him in the most promising weather, and all the familiar landmarks were obliterated. He could only move about on Norwegian snowshoes; and on one occasion one of the shoes became detached, and slid towards the brink of a bottomless abyss. Unless he recovered it, his fate was inevitable; so, detaching the other, he glided in company down the snow-slope. By a miracle of good fortune he recovered both. Soon afterwards he received the disastrous news that one of his mining camps had been overwhelmed by an avalanche. It was a point of honour with those miners, who daily carried their lives in their hands, to search for the bodies of their comrades, and give them decent burial. So Jack started with two or three volunteers on that pious but most perilous mission. For avalanches were still roaring in the mountains around, and toppling snow-banks were only held in suspension over their heads by the strong southerly wind, that might change at any moment. Nevertheless, though his companions were successively crippled, he persevered, nor was it till he had dug to a depth of thirty feet that he came upon the buried huts. Again, he was block-

¹ Republished in 'Tales from Blackwood.'

aded in a solitary camp with one companion; and some days after they had consumed the last scrap of provision, they saw themselves without a hope of succour. As a last desperate resource he ventured out in search of game, although more than doubtful whether he would ever find his way back. By one of the strokes of luck which too rarely happened to him, he came upon an elk close to the camp. Still more marvellous was his escape from poisoning, when, finding a tin of strychnine in a deserted hut, he mistook it for baking-powder, and used it to bake his bread. It was a legacy of the last occupant, who had been a wandering taxidermist; but the bread tasted so bad that he only swallowed a single mouthful, and the consequences, though disagreeable, were not serious.

We might linger indefinitely over his subsequent experiences, but we must cut the story short. Next we find him in Mexico, the silver land *par excellence*, where he was again interested in mining quests. His second wife accompanied him, and her pictures of Mexican life are delightfully vivid and humorous. We have scenes in the low slums of the capital, which Ruxton some fifty years before had described with so much spirit. We hear of similar brushes with the banditti. We hear strange tales of treasure buried by the Aztecs, of which the memory has been perpetuated in the traditions of their descendants. Once Jack came near to enriching himself beyond the dreams of avarice, when a grateful Indian, in his dying moments, hesitated over the disclosure of his secret, but finally decided to have it buried with him

in his grave. Jack's luck had always been bad, but it became worse when in an evil hour he bought an Aztec idol. After that nothing prospered with him. In England, wherever the hideous little monster was located, strange noises were heard in the silence of the night, and each house acquired the reputation of being haunted. Whether it had influenced the fate of its first English possessor or no, for the first time and after he had secured it, the last of Jebb's many illnesses assumed a dangerous character. He was transported with difficulty from Mexico to New York, and thence to England, where he lingered for six weary months, bearing his sufferings with wonderful patience and courage, till death brought him merciful relief. Not a single chapter in the memoir but is replete with sensation, nor, perhaps, was there ever a more striking illustration of the old saying that truth may be far stranger than fiction.

Mr Froude's dying bequest to English letters is a volume at once worthy of his great name and true to the special note which he has struck in contemporary literature. The brilliant lectures on Erasmus,¹ which may, without hyperbole, be said to mark an epoch in the teaching of Modern History at Oxford, and which imposed a strain upon the historian that is said to have hastened his death, possess a melancholy interest as the last fruits of one of the clearest and most masterly minds of our century. Less picturesque and less commanding than that of his master Carlyle, the position of his disciple was one of aloofness

¹ Life and Letters of Erasmus. By J. A. Froude. London: Longmans. 1894.

from the downward tendencies of the age; and, like the elder sage, Mr Froude too preached the gospel of Individuality, Freedom, and Truth, as salvation from the social and political nostrums which are being swallowed with acceptance by the popular gullet. We have had to complain that Mr Froude was too prone to gratify his personal prejudices at the expense of history—never more than in his treatment of Mary of Scotland; but it is precisely at the point where we begin to feel the insecurity of the history, that we become most conscious of being brought under the power of the historian. In his presentation of Erasmus we encounter the same overmastering personality as pervades his other works, pressing, often unduly, upon us and extorting half-assents, where we would, if less plied by fervid bias, have returned whole negatives.

We have many Erasmuses, all of them partly, and most of them wholly, irreconcilable each with the other. His fame is so ample that all the conflicting parties of the sixteenth century can claim a share in it. We have the Catholic Erasmus, the exponent of liberal orthodoxy, the friend of the Christian unity under the Papal See, the corrector of internal abuse and error, the valued correspondent of Popes and Cardinals. We have the Protestant Erasmus, who kindled the torch which Luther blew into a flame, the covert friend of the Reformation, and its chief literary mainstay. We have the Erasmus regarded as the typical product of the Renaissance, with more scholarship than faith, elevated above superstition as above reforming vehemence, a philosopher with his gaze fixed farther ahead than the immediate objects of this side or that side,—

a sixteenth-century Voltaire, with notable points of difference. There is the Erasmus of Mark Pattison and the Erasmus of Mr Seebohm. We have now the Erasmus of Mr Froude, a powerful piece of portraiture, which Erasmus's own hand, guided by Mr Froude, has chiefly painted. The question is, if, given all these, we have at length got the real Erasmus. As to this we may venture to express a doubt, and to urge that a personality so many-sided as that of Erasmus cannot be completely grasped by seizing on one or even more of the particular sides which it presents.

Mr Froude bases his study of Erasmus on the voluminous 'Letters,' of nervous and spirited adaptations of which the work chiefly consists. We say adaptations rather than translations, for Mr Froude not unfrequently infuses a spirit of modernity into his version of which Erasmus, we think, would have been unconscious. If Mr Froude had combined a study of the 'Colloquies' with that of the 'Letters,' he would have been able to give us a more complete and, perhaps, more easily reconcilable impression. In the longer 'Colloquies' we have traces of self-consciousness, flashes of self-revelation, confessions which came straight from Erasmus's inner mind, all the more frankly that they were covered by assumed personalities. In the 'Letters,' on the other hand, Erasmus was too often writing for a purpose; he had his position and interest always clearly in view; and he had the knowledge that his epistles generally would be read by wider circles than the individuals to whom they were addressed. Roughly classified, the bulk of Erasmus's correspondence may be divided into letters pushing his claims to patronage

and pecuniary assistance; letters of scholarly friendship, like his delightful epistles to More and Colet; letters connected with his literary work; and letters defining his theological position in relation to the two great parties that were agitating the Church. These are excellent materials for a public memoir, but to be taken in their relative significance. Erasmus had too much the spirit of the true literary artist to desire to pose before his audience, but even in his personal correspondence we are conscious that he is now playing to the boxes, now to the pit; and a longing seizes us to see behind the actor's mask. Mr Froude has critically weighed the value of these letters, and, except where Erasmus is not in accord with his own bias, he rarely fails to put a true interpretation upon their import.

Mr Froude, as his 'Life of Carlyle' impresses upon us, is not one of those portrait-painters who require the Cromwellian reminder of "warts and all." He has not spared himself or his readers the recital of those shiftinesses from which few great geniuses any more than Erasmus have been exempt. The scanty and precarious equipment with which Erasmus entered upon the battle of life, his delicate constitution, and fastidious if not extravagant tastes, were always landing him in straits, from which his accomplishments, his fertile mind, and his friendships had to be set to work to extricate himself. He had to live by his wits, in the best sense of the phrase. Nothing is more curious to us in an age of self-supporting literature than the profound conviction entertained by Erasmus of the duty of his friends and patrons to administer to his comforts. The Bishop of Cambray

had rescued him from the cloister and provided him with means of prosecuting his studies in Paris, but the episcopal benefactions, though Erasmus's life and purring may have raised doubts in the Bishop's mind as to whether he was a proper subject for munificence, always fall short of the scholar's expectations. "The faithful Battus"—the poor scholar, like the poor Irishman, has generally a follower more necessitous than himself to employ in "raising the wind"—has no sinecure as Erasmus's Chancellor of the Exchequer. Battus is kept at work, now writing to the Bishop, now to the Abbot of St Bertin's, his brother, who may influence his lordship to open his purse-strings, now to Anna Bersala, the lady of Vere, in Holland, a wealthy religious *précieuse* of the day, whose mental and spiritual endowments, not less than her benevolence, call forth Erasmus's most flattering commendations.

"The Lady Anna is not an ordinary woman," he writes to Battus, who has preceded him to her castle of Tournehem. "Her sending for me in this way will give you an opportunity of applying for some money to me. I could not even go to her on foot, provided as I am at present; still less I take a horse and two servants with me. . . . You, meanwhile, must forward me some decent viaticum. . . . I must have a better horse, too. I don't want a Bucephalus, but I require a beast which I shall not be ashamed to ride. You must arrange this with the lady. . . . Be careful and wide awake. I also shall not sleep where I am. You know what to say to the Lady for me. Adieu and show yourself a man."

"She neglects her own affairs and you suffer," he writes to Battus on another occasion, the marchioness's own affairs being

very evidently those of Erasmus also.

"She trifles and plays with N—or M——, and you are racked for it. You tell me you cannot give me anything at present, for she has not got it. If she had not this excuse, she would find another. These great folks are never at a loss for reasons. What would it have been to her, in the midst of such a wasteful expenditure, to have given me a couple of hundred livres?"

Later on we find him expressing a hope that "the Lady will not be so cruel as to forget my birthday." He looks with jealousy upon another learned mendicant, who seemed not unlikely to divert the beneficent stream from his own channel: "P—— means to visit the Lady. I don't fancy him. He is a scab of a fellow—theology incarnate." The unfortunate Battus gets rated for the laxness of his financial operations. He had tried "hinting, suggesting, entreating" with the Lady, but all in vain. "You should have gone more roundly to work," scolds Erasmus. "You should have been peremptory, and then all would have gone well. Modesty is out of place when you have a friend to serve." All this would have been vastly amusing in the case of a smaller man, but in Erasmus it is only pitiful. Mr Froude makes the formal apology that the patron was then the natural support of the struggling author; that Erasmus, to do his work, had first to live; and "to beg was better than to sell his soul for promotion in the Church, which appeared to be the only other alternative." But making all due allowance for the times, we find many men of Erasmus's own age who battled against learned penury without descending to the humiliating recourse to a Battus, our

own George Buchanan being one of the most illustrious examples. But Erasmus loved ease and comfort, and had as refined tastes to be gratified as any abbé under the Regency; and his exigencies too often wore out, if they did not disgust, the patience of his patrons.

Hatred of monachism and dogma forms the common tie that binds together Erasmus and his biographer. His abhorrence of the system which had exercised so prejudicial an effect upon all his own life provoked his exposures of its abuses, accentuated the growing distaste for the grosser evils of the Roman Church, and struck a note of popular liberty, not so much by intention as by accident. The world was ripe for such ideas as were thus brought home to it with so much pith in his lighter works, the 'Adagia,' the 'Colloquies,' and the 'Julius Exclusus.' The last-mentioned work is the only one of his books of which he shrank from avowing the authorship. Mr Froude, whose lively and sparkling version of the 'Julius' does almost more than justice to the pointed and crisp Latinity of the original, while he does not directly challenge the disclaimer, evidently regards it as academical. A process of exhaustion brings us surely to Erasmus. Ulrich von Hutten, who was then at Mainz with the Archbishop Albert of Brandenburg, is the only other man possessed of the wit and satire equal to the authorship of such a work, and the 'Julius,' so far as we know, has never been laid to Ulrich's charge. *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus* is the only open conclusion; and the reference in the 'Julius' to the Bologna procession, which recurs so constantly in Erasmus's writings, seems to settle the authorship beyond question. In the case of so valuable a supporter

as Erasmus, of whom it was above all important not to make an enemy, the Roma Curia could tolerate considerable freedom, but it could not have passed over the 'Julius.' The wrangling between the Pope and St Peter at the gate of heaven is as caustic and clever as Byron's "Vision of Judgment," and even more profane. We wish our space would permit us to show with what dramatic vigour Mr Froude has thrown this dialogue into an English version.

The pleasantest part of Mr Froude's book is the passages that illustrate Erasmus's English friendships. In his responses to the thoughtful affection of Sir Thomas More, and the graver but not less considerate communications from Colet, the bright and genial side of Erasmus's disposition is set forth, in his appreciation of personal friendship cemented by intellectual and religious affinity, with more naturalness and spontaneity than in any other portions of his correspondence. But the most valuable of Mr Froude's chapters are those which elucidate Erasmus's relations to the Church of Rome and the rising movement of the Reformation. To define the exact position which Erasmus occupies in the great controversy, to do justice to his moderate and peaceful views, and to vindicate him from the charge of timidity, seems to have been the main objects of Mr Froude's study. The subject is too far-reaching for us to attempt to enter upon its consideration in this brief notice. We think Erasmus himself sums up his position very tersely in a letter written after the Wittenberg challenge:—

"That frigid quarrelsome old lady, Theology, had swollen herself into such a point of vanity that it was

necessary to bring her back to the fountain, but I would rather have her mended than ended. I would at least have her permitted to endure till a better Theology has been invented. Luther has said many things excellently well. I could wish, however, that he would be less rude in his manner. He would have stronger support behind him, and might do real good. But, at any rate, unless we stand by him when he is right, no one hereafter will dare to speak the truth. I can give no opinion about his positive doctrines; but one good thing he has done, and has been a public benefactor by doing it—he has forced the controversialists to examine the early Fathers for themselves."

If Erasmus ever showed great firmness of character, it was in his consistent maintenance of the difficult attitude of neutrality towards both sides. His open support would have been hailed as a moral triumph by either party, but he was as little to be tempted by the rich bribes Rome had to offer as by the paramount influence which the Protestants would readily have accorded to him. His convictions were too divided to supply a determining motive to any course other than that which he followed. He disliked the Protestant Revolution, and would doubtless have disliked it still more had he lived to witness its later phases, but his opposition to it was checked by a conscientious fear that "I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God." He had unflinchingly denounced the worst corruptions of the Romish Church, and he realised how far distant were any hopes of the Church being purified from within, but yet he could say, "The Roman Church I know, and death will not part me from it till the Church departs from Christ." With such views, the position of a neutral was the only one that he could

conscientiously and consistently occupy, even though it drew upon him obloquy from both sides. But the Protestant must still acknowledge him one of the most powerful agents of the Reformation, while, in the words of a witty and well-known priest of the last generation, "that Erasmus, in seeking to throw the rubbish overboard, and so ease the bark of Peter for the coming storm, acted the part of a sensible and conscientious Catholic, no one at the present day can doubt."

The Badminton series of volumes has been imaginatively likened to the chorus of Diana's nymphs, a bevy of fair sportswomen of every variety of charm. The present volume on 'Archery,'¹ if we may follow out the fanciful comparison, is a somewhat staid dryad, not perhaps environed with the exuberant frivolity of her more modern and fashionable compeers, but lacking neither grace nor dignity: like her own yew-tree, an evergreen, with a distinct place in the summer panorama of foliage, yet invaluable in the bleak desolation of a winter landscape, when the gaudy spring-tide and exuberant summer of sport have escaped us never to return.

Metaphor apart: the invariably handsome, well-appointed volume, which Mr Longman has made familiar to the British reader, has in this instance an interest for a somewhat more varied circle than is always the case in regard to these treatises. Archery has its side for the antiquary, the military student, and the romantic poet, as well as for the scientific marksman who shoots his "York round" during stated hours in

every week, and looks forward to the "Grand National," as a London licensed victualler to the Derby. The editors of the volume have probably done wisely in associating with themselves a band of contributors competent each in his degree to deal with one of the varied phases of the main subject, and the result is one of the best of the valuable handbooks of which this library consists.

The worst of a composite book of this kind is, that it is not elastic; and the endeavour to compress very miscellaneous contents into one receptacle is often unsatisfactory, unless extraordinary care is exercised to secure the due adjustment of the several claimants. So there may be a plausible contention that, in a work expressly dedicated to English sport, elaborate and erudite dissertation upon the archery of foreign races, taking up nearly a fifth of the volume, is less to the purpose than it would have been in an encyclopedia,—that Dr von Luschan's descriptive analysis of the composite Egyptian bow in the Royal Museum at Berlin (p. 63) would be, for instance, "skipped" by the majority of readers, and that the maps showing the prevalence of particular kinds of bows in various parts of the globe represent a branch of the subject *caviare* to the English bowman. Without endorsing this complaint, we may admit that the real value of the book, from the point of view of a British toxophilite, will be found to commence with Lord Dillon's admirable chapter upon military archery in the middle ages, which will be read with pride and pleasure by every patriot. No man is better qualified to analyse, as he does so clearly and concisely,

¹ The Badminton Library: Archery. By C. J. Longman and Colonel H. Walrond. London: Longmans. 1894.

the causes of the superiority of the long-bow over the cross-bow, the steel implement drawn up by a *cranequin* which the mercenaries in the service of France and Burgundy employed. He shows that the proportion in rapidity of fire was actually *more* than six to one in favour of the long-bow (p. 115); and explains elaborately the reason why the Southern Bowman was so ineffective at Bannockburn, and so deadly in the other Scottish battlefields from Falkirk to Flodden. By the way, we may note a slight confusion between Halidon Hill and Homildon, which culminates in the index, in a single reference to "Hamilton Hill" (*sic*). The two battles, it is correctly stated, were fought at the interval of seventy years; but it might have been added that, while Homildon was near Wooler in Northumberland, Halidon was on the Border itself, close to Berwick-on-Tweed. The remarks upon the efficiency of archers, when judiciously posted, may possibly come to be of interest in military circles once more. We thought that the officer of the 9th Lancers who fell in the campaign of Delhi, pierced through the eye by an arrow, was the last victim to the ancient weapon; but now that it appears that the hordes upon whom China is supposed to rely as reserves are for the most part no better equipped, we may hereafter have an essay dedicated to these later appearances of the bow in warfare.

While giving deserved praise to the way in which both Lord Dillon and Colonel Walrond have dealt with the history of Archery in South Britain, we must protest against the very inadequate summary of Scottish archery contained in Chapter XIII. It is self-evident that a writer as experienced and accomplished as the historian

of the Royal Company would not have come short of the expectations of Scotsmen, had sufficient scope been given him; but the "baker's dozen" of pages to which Scottish Archery is restricted must be disappointing to many who had hoped to find some notice of the doings of Highland and Border archers. No doubt—we have the authority of the author of 'Marmion' for it—

"Short were the shafts, and weak the
bow,
To that which England bore;"

but the exploits of the compeers of Callum Dhu and Wat Tielian would have been worth a sketch, and assuredly her Majesty's Archer Guard might have claimed for themselves at least as much space as that allotted to the respectable but provincial society whose friendly contests with them are its chief title to recognition in a national sense. And where—oh where—is a facsimile of that superb figure, Raeburn's portrait of Dr Spens, the finest of all old illustrations of Archery?

It is not the fault either of Mr Bedford or of Major Fisher that their chapters can have but local and temporary interest. We turn with greater satisfaction to the practical lessons on bowmanry contained in the essays of Miss Legh and Mr Eyre Hussey. To the latter, above all, must be conceded the palm of having written tersely, elegantly, and to the purpose. His chapter will be read and quoted by archers for years to come as the ablest practical code of directions for success in their favourite exercise.

A supplementary essay by Mr Longman on the penetration of arrows is also a valuable contribution to the scientific historical study of archery. To take an

instance, his experiments help us to understand a curious story in a strange book of memoirs by Sir James Campbell (the adventurer who originally annexed the Ionian islands to the British Crown), of a demonstration of the projectile power of the bow given by a Turkish Pasha, who boasted that he could shoot an arrow through a man's body. The story is told in a vague slipshod style; but it is evident, in the light of Mr Longman's facts, that the old Turk did not boast without warrant. The representative of our brethren across the Atlantic contributes also an excellent description of the rise and progress of imported Archery in the States. It will thus be seen that the book addresses itself to a world-wide constituency, and we venture to predict that it will not fail to obtain their favourable suffrages.

The beautiful and touching picture of maternal affection which forms the foreground of Mrs Oliphant's latest novel¹ cannot fail to sympathetically connect itself in the minds of readers with the sorrowful bereavement which overtook the gifted authoress while the story of 'Who was Lost and is Found' was passing through our pages. In the world of novel-readers, to whose interest and pleasure Mrs Oliphant has ministered incessantly for more than half-a-century, there is no one whose feelings will not have been turned towards her in this last and crowning loss. Our readers have had evidence that the late Mr Francis Oliphant was a writer finely endowed with talent and manifold accomplishments; and he wanted nothing but the bless-

ing of health to make for himself a prominent place in contemporary literature. With a bright and lively imagination, such as was seen to advantage in his playful tale of "The Grateful Ghosts," which will be still in the remembrance of 'Maga's' readers, he combined a penetrating and appreciative critical faculty which is well represented by studies on Henryson and Dunbar in our own pages, and a fine touch in picturesque description which was very effectively used in his account of the Riviera, and in his little book on the 'Holy Land.' His delicate health, which but for his mother's unremitting devotion must have given way earlier, debarred him from undertaking more arduous literary pursuits, which he was well qualified to have followed up. We are sure that we only give voice to the sincere feelings of 'Maga's' readers who have been so long under Mrs Oliphant's spell, in expressing our hopes that strength may be vouchsafed her to bear up under this terrible blow. Not many women have been tried as she has been, or have come more nobly and courageously through the furnace of affliction, deprived one after another of all that were nearest and dearest. There come to our mind recollections of the touching picture by Anthony Trollope of his mother writing bright and sparkling romances while nursing day and night her husband upon his deathbed, and of the fortitude with which other distinguished authors have clung to their pens amidst domestic sorrows and desolation; and we hope yet to have other good and powerful works from Mrs Oliphant's pen.

¹ Who was Lost and is Found. A Novel. By Mrs Oliphant. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

No doubt much of the depth and tenderness which Mrs Oliphant infuses into her studies of domestic life is leavened by her own lessons in the school of sorrow; and it is noteworthy, though it is probably by coincidence, that the central interest of her two most recent novels turns upon the same theme—the strong love and yearning of a mother. The figure of Mrs Ogilvy, one of the most original and striking characters in recent fiction, is too fresh in the recollection of our readers to need dwelling upon here: the lonely little woman whose strength is most manifest in her weakness; her simple, staid, narrow, God-fearing life, suddenly brought into actual contact with an atmosphere of guilt and crime; the overpowering strength of maternal love which conquers her natural loathing, and compels her to tolerate and even protect the criminal who has been the evil genius of her son; her desperate struggle to save the invertebrate Robbie from the influence of his associate, and to keep him safe in her own hands; the intense humanity which causes her to see traces of good even in her and her son's worst enemy. The appearance of a desperado like Lew in such a respectable well-ordered household as that of the Hewan is a shock to us, as to its quiet inmates; and we much prefer to encounter the type in its native atmosphere of Red Gulch or Poker Flat. But Mrs Ogilvy of herself concentrates our whole interest, which can hardly be divided with any of the other characters,—even Robbie, round whose ultimate fate the whole action revolves, counting as little more than a pawn in the game. Mrs Ogilvy and her two old re-

tainers are natural and likeable types of Scottish character that are not unneeded as examples to contemporary fiction. The present popular conception of the Scotsman and Scotswoman as inspired idiots of dissenting proclivities may be piquant to English tastes, but cannot be particularly gratifying to their own countrymen. It is to George MacDonald, we fear, that the blame must attach of having first put forward in his earlier novels this unpatriotic presentation, and in his "Shargers" and "Soutars"—we forget his particular characterisations—of elevating abnormal types into general estimation. Mr Barrie's genius has not, we regret to think, prevented him from repeating the faults of his predecessor with even greater extravagance; and in the present day, "haverils," "naturals," madmen, and ministers are the essential ingredients of every reputable Scottish fiction. It is only in the pages of Mrs Oliphant and Mr Stevenson that we now meet with any serious attempt at delineating Scottish character—that character which, in its many-sidedness, its strength, its sense, consistency, fidelity, obstinacy, shrewdness, manliness, even in its foibles and angularities, supplied the dominating interest in so many of Sir Walter's novels. With these two writers as current standards, the general debasement of our northern coinage scarcely admits of an excuse.

Another excellent type of Scotswoman is Miss Bethune, whom, we suppose, we may designate the heroine of 'A House in Bloomsbury,'¹ although there are at least two other ladies who have fair

¹ A House in Bloomsbury. A Novel. By Mrs Oliphant. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

claims for contesting that distinction. Here again the plot is concerned with maternal love, but we have not one but two mothers, whose longing for the children they have both lost forms the groundwork of a romance which is chiefly enacted in the 'House in Bloomsbury,' a neighbourhood of respectable mediocrity and dull decorum, where we would not very readily seek for a sensation. From one mother, a worthless husband has carried away her infant son; the other, through an unfortunate accident, which Mrs Oliphant very ingeniously unfolds, has to go away and abandon her daughter. The lives of the two women cross each other, although there is no connection between the stories. The one lady has the wish of her heart granted to her only on her death-bed, but she is able to leave a fortune to her daughter Dora, which serves to extricate her and her father from the domestic difficulties which threaten to overwhelm them. The other never recovers her child at all, but she imagines that she has done so, and is quite satisfied to hug the illusion in spite of all evidence to the contrary. Our friend Miss Bethune, for she is the lady in question who has been deserted by her husband, and has since succeeded to much wealth, encounters a youth under the charge of Dora Mannering's dying mother, whom, from his name, age, and appearance, she concludes to be her own child; and having argued herself into loving him with a mother's affection, she shuts her eyes to all facts that would deprive her of this relationship. Mrs Oliphant enlists our full sympathies on Miss Bethune's behalf somewhat at the expense of our critical judgment. Is she playing with us, and would she have us believe that love can find the same

satisfaction in an illusive as in a real relationship? In the novel, at any rate, we have a right to expect that maternal instinct should be infallible. In real life, mistakes may be, and have been, made by poor ladies when a waif turns up that is "just like Roger," but the ideal parent is never deceived. With all our liking for Miss Bethune, she is somewhat lessened in our esteem by the rough and ready way in which she fills up the void in her heart, although Harry Gordon is in every way worthy of being adopted as a son. There is a clever little Doctor in the 'House in Bloomsbury,' great in psychological as in pathological diagnosis, who generally seeks to get at the root of a mental trouble or bodily ailment by a reference to the patient's grandfather. It would have been interesting to have had his frank opinion of his friend Miss Bethune's case, which he would doubtless have explained by a weakness somewhere in the Bethune ancestry. The difference between Mrs Ogilvie and Miss Bethune is the difference between fact and fiction; and the 'House in Bloomsbury' would be decidedly more full for some such absorbing presence as that of the former round which our interest could continually converge. Mr Mannering, the British Museum assistant, the quiet solitary man of research, the native proper to Bloomsbury, is the central figure round whom the other personages revolve, though he is altogether a motionless actor in the play. But when we come to know the story of this Dryasdust student, whose solitude and reserved exterior conceal a tragedy which has been brought entirely about by cruel fate and by no wrong-doing on any side, we feel much drawn towards him, and can enter into

the feelings with which, on his recovery from a critical illness, he repudiates the expensive delicacies which he cannot afford, but which are absolutely necessary to the regaining of his strength, and which come to him from a source that he little dreams of. Mr Mannering is the most natural character in the Bloomsbury House, and if he has only been sketched in outline, it is because Mrs Oliphant's ready perception shows her that detailed description is not necessary to enable the reader to realise his personality. We can all fill in for ourselves the figure of the scientific scholar who is burying a heart-sorrow behind his labours in working one of those great discoveries which would revolutionise scientific thought, if only it were ever to see the light, which we feel assured all along that it never shall. The man is a quite familiar character: simple, frugal, saving in all his worldly tastes and habits, he cannot deny his mind any luxury for which it craves. The money that should have been laid past for the rainy day, which at length pours down a deluge upon him, goes for philosophical knick-knacks, rare specimens, and early editions, all of which he has at command gratis at the scene of his daily labours in the Museum, but which he cannot deny himself the extravagance of having all for his own use. Mrs Oliphant could not have more skilfully impressed us with the earnest spirit in which Mr Mannering, on his convalescence, throws himself into the battle of life and encounters its outpost skirmishers in the form of bills and duns, than when she makes him send back that unique and costly fifteenth-century edition,

for which he has sighed so long, and which his bookseller has at last procured for him after so much inquiry and trouble. We are glad that the bibliopole has refused to take back the precious volume when the fortune of that unhappy mother, whom fell chance had separated from husband and daughter, provides Dora with ample means of gratifying her father's tastes and comfort, and of saving him from all anxious thoughts about her unprovided future.

Another recent novel¹ by Mrs Oliphant, which has been for some time on our table, deserves to be noticed for the robust and vigorous personality which pervades it, and for the dramatic incidents, which Mrs Oliphant employs with more liberality than is usual in her works. Patty Hewitt is one of the most striking and original conceptions that have of late years been set before us in fiction. A selfish, ambitious, and vulgar young woman, with strong common-sense, tact, and audacity, and without an iota of principle, does not seem a likely subject to attach herself to our æsthetic sensibilities. But in spite of the unscrupulous tactics by which she foists herself into a baronial family through marriage with the "Softy," the witless only son and heir, who is almost too silly to be at large; of the splendid impudence with which she forcibly occupies her new position; and of the remorseless way in which she puts rivals and enemies to the rout, it is difficult not to feel a kindly interest in her machinations. It may be that our judgment is becoming tainted by the democratic tendencies of our day; but we take much more kindly to the

¹ *The Cuckoo in the Nest. A Novel.* By Mrs Oliphant. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

belligerent Patty than to the two perfectly proper but rather washed-out Pierceys whom she has dispossessed, and who unquestionably ought to be the proper objects of our sympathy. We feel ourselves always disposed to extenuate her aggressive attitudes by the circumstances in which she is placed, or, more honestly speaking, into which she has thrust herself; and we are well disposed to make the most of such little traits of goodness as she shows in her thread of affection for the "Softy," and her kindness, not disinterested however, to his feeble old father Sir Giles. Against such a woman as Patty poetic retribution would be in vain directed, and Mrs Oliphant has the tact to provide for her more handsomely than the strict moralist would consider that she deserves. After having carried everything before her, and earned renown as the successful heroine

of a civil *cause célèbre*, Patty becomes satiated and dissatisfied with her position, in which she finds herself painfully isolated, and she at length meets with happiness in the love of a man in her former rank of life, though not before her lover's sense of justice has compelled her to unload of a considerable portion of her spoils. She retires from the scene amid a shower of acclamations over her constrained generosity, to a life for which she is more fitted, and where the better qualities of her nature will have fuller play. She is more fortunate than Becky Sharp, to whom she bears considerable affinity; but Patty is prudent where Becky is rash, and her circumspection meets with its natural reward. We are glad to notice that 'The Cuckoo in the Nest' has already run through several editions—a success which it thoroughly merits.

THE POSITION OF JAPAN.

BY AN EX-DIPLOMATIST.

At the commencement of the present war between Japan and China, the opinions and the sympathies expressed in the press of Europe were, in general, unfavourable to Japan and favourable to China. The motives of Japan in attacking China were declared in many quarters to be either "insufficient," "discreditable," or "unavowable," or all three together; and her ultimate defeat was proclaimed to be inevitable. She had been "foolish and blustering" in attacking a bigger Power than herself, and would have to pay for it. The predictions of her discomfiture—many of which were pronounced in harsh words and with unhesitating precision and certainty—have not, however, been realised thus far. It happens that, on the contrary, Japan has shown herself, hitherto, to be the more capable and therefore the stronger of the two belligerents; the differences which have been revealed between their respective states of preparation, and especially between their totally opposite conditions of organisation and skill, are staring everybody in the face. The army and navy of Japan have proved that they possess the same sort of qualities and can render very much the same services as European forces; while what are called "the limitless resources" of China have been shown to consist of unavailable materials, which, so far as the present conflict is concerned, can scarcely be got into any organised and utilisable shape. As a natural result, and because nothing

succeeds like success, European opinion is turning round, and is beginning to transfer its goodwill from China to Japan.

The moment may, therefore, be a convenient one for supplying some additional reasons for this change of feeling, and for showing that Japan has right, as well as readiness, capacity, and success, on her side. The immense number of articles which have appeared about the war in the newspapers and magazines of most of the countries of Europe have, as a rule, treated the subject solely from the point of view of the West; scarcely anything has been published in the interest of the East. There may not be much to say on the side of China, but there is a good deal to urge on the side of Japan; and the intention here is to put together some of the elements of that portion of the subject. With the exception of M. de Blowitz, Sir Edwin Arnold, and one or two others, no one has spoken up, thus far, for Japan. As a mere matter of fair-play, it is just that what can be said in her behalf should be brought before the public. It is of course difficult to obtain thoroughly reliable information; but enough can be discovered, by any one who takes the pains to search, to render it possible to judge the general situation.

Three main questions are worth examining:—

Why did this war begin?

Under what conditions is it likely to end?

What will be its ultimate effect

on the position of Japan towards other countries, and especially towards China?

Two false ideas are current as to the origin of the war. One is, that Japan is an "aggressive," "precipitate," "conceited" land (these are some of the epithets that have been applied to her), who longed to use her new army and navy, and was delighted to find an opportunity of testing them. The other is, that the Japanese Government have sought to escape from the home difficulties resulting from opposition in the Parliament, by the counter-irritation of a foreign war. It has not occurred, apparently, to any of the writers who have put forward these explanations to examine the real facts of the case; to consider whether they, in themselves and by themselves, do not suffice to explain and justify the course which Japan has been forced to adopt; and to tell the story on those facts, so far, at least, as they can be learnt in Europe.

It has been announced by telegraph that at the opening of the Japanese Parliament in October, Count Ito, the Prime Minister, gave a detailed explanation of the events which led up to the rupture, and read the correspondence exchanged with China. But as the text of his speech has not yet reached us, it cannot be quoted here. The materials for a history of the case must, therefore, for the moment, be taken from less authoritative sources.

There appeared in the 'Japan Weekly Mail' of 11th August an article headed "The Korean Imbrolio," which gave the completest and most truthful account of the preceding circumstances which has yet been published. The following

statement of those circumstances is based, in part, on that article, with additions from elsewhere. It is difficult to suppose that the statement can be read without recognising that, instead of being the product either of pugnacious self-assertion or of a desire to escape from home difficulties by outside distractions, the war was in reality thrust upon Japan by the march of events, which, in consequence of their long and irritating accumulation, left her at last no alternative but to fight. No one but the parties to a quarrel can determine how much they will endure for the sake of peace; no looker-on can measure the exact degree of provocation which others feel: all that can be fairly asked, in the interest of outsiders, is that arms shall not be employed until a good deal has been endured, and until the provocation has become too intense to be borne any longer. In this case Japan endured much and was provoked much.

But before describing the immediate origin of the war, it is essential to draw attention to two general causes which have been operating for some time, and which have prepared the ground for the present conflict, irrespective of the specific motives which have precipitated it.

The first of those two general causes is the decision adopted by Japan a quarter of a century ago to prepare herself, by the aid of Western methods, to take a very different place in the world at large from that which either she or China had previously filled. China has never forgiven Japan for adopting that decision: she has regarded it as a disgraceful abandonment of Eastern Asiatic conservatism, and has looked on at

its working out with constantly augmenting scorn and rage. A perpetually widening separation has stretched out between the countries in consequence thereof; each despises the other's convictions; motionless China regards advancing Japan as a traitor to the principles and practices which were once common (in a general way) to them both; advancing Japan regards motionless China as a narrow-minded, antiquated bigot. As the 'Japan Mail' remarks, "the struggle in Korea is not to determine China's shadowy suzerainty or Japan's political supremacy, but is a contest between Japanese progress and Chinese stagnation." There lies the main starting-point of the actual war, which has, as a matter of fact, been becoming more and more inevitable for years past. From the moment when Japan made up her mind to adopt European theories and systems of action, and to build a new power for herself upon them, China, despising the means but fearing the results, became the latent enemy of Japan. A struggle of ill-will commenced; that it would end some day in war has long looked certain to everybody who knew the nature of the relations that were growing up between Japan and China. Korea has supplied a pretext; but the war was in the air, and would and must have come sooner or later, even if Korea had not existed. Japan had diverged from the path which the two nations had so far followed with approximate parallelism, and China for that reason regarded her as an apostate and a prospective foe.

The second general cause lay in the ideas and attitude of China towards the small States around her frontiers. She viewed and

treated them for a long time as vassals, but mainly as a means for softening the shock of her contact." In her peculiar way, however, they were to be held without imposing any responsibilities on the country they lay in; they were to be vassals without the protection of a master behind them; they were to be the blows, but China was not to shield them, or even to doctor the wounds they received in her service, unless on each particular occasion she happened to think to do so. Her shadow was a prerogative over them, but they were not to expect that a strong hand held a sword behind a shadow. They were told they were independent of all the world excepting China herself; but China took no steps to guard the independence when it was attacked from elsewhere. No one by the border States have been occupied and annexed by others. The frontier of what used to be called Chinese Turkestan (which is regarded as an inherent part of the empire, and not as a vassal State) China has, thus far, truly, maintained her claims against Russia; but in Tonquin, Annam, Siam, Barmah, we have seen ample of the fashion in which she behaves towards territories she pretended to call her own. Her attitude was, until quite recently, equally vague and hesitating towards Korea; no one knew what she claimed there, and it was unreasonable to suppose that Korea would be left to shift for herself like the others. All this must be borne in mind in judging the growth of the question we are considering, for the effect of permanent vacillation has been to convince everybody, Japan included, that China had no principles of frontier policy, and

her declarations nor her influence over them. And now as to the specific causes which, out of this general situation, have brought about the war. While abandoning, one after the other, her so-called border States, and while leading all the world to suppose that she had given up meddling with them, China seems (from what we have learnt of late) to have put Korea apart. It must be recognised that she had a reason for desiring that Korea, more than any other outlying retainer, should remain, in some way, under her control. The reason was that, if Korea passed into foreign hands, the command of the Gulf of Pashili and of the sea-route to Peking would pass with it, while Manchuria, the cradle of the present Chinese dynasty, would become threatened. As those consequences would be serious, it was desirable to preserve Korea. But, according to the ways of China, she must be preserved, not by plain speaking, not by telling other people what was meant, not by proclaiming and carrying out a stated policy, but by the traditional ancient methods of disguise and mental reservations, for to this day China knows no others. Korea was not to be declared a vassal kingdom; no exposition was to be made of the exact nature of her connection with China: on the contrary, that connection was to be left in entire uncertainty, so as to enable China to behave about it in any way she liked, according to what might happen. But at the same time (as has come out now) she was to be kept secretly, by indirect processes, without anybody knowing anything, in the antique position of undefined dependence

which has failed on other boundaries. She was to be left free towards others, but to be kept subordinate towards China; she was to be independent in public, but dependent in private; she was to be mistress of her own destinies so far as the world could see, but directed by China as between their two selves. As an outcome of these nebulous tactics, Korea concluded in 1876 a direct treaty with Japan, in which she (Korea) declared herself to be an independent State. The exact words employed were, "Korea, being an independent State, enjoys the same rights as does Japan." Direct treaties implying similar independence were signed successively with other Powers, and Japan became entitled to suppose that, if words meant anything, China had abandoned Korea just as she had abandoned her south-western fringes. But although China kept carefully out of sight, made no objection to the treaties and did not say a word about them, although she appeared to claim no longer any suzerainty over Korea, and almost ceased (externally and visibly) to occupy herself about her, she did not by any means intend, at the bottom of her heart, that the freedom these treaties presupposed on the part of Korea should become an effective reality. Her eternal system of subterfuge, equivocation, and back-stairs intrigue was kept going furtively, but in this case resolutely. Korea was to proclaim herself free to make treaties, but she was not to be free to execute them. To prevent her from executing them a Chinese agent was placed at Söul, with instructions to profit by the disordered condition of the local government in order to organise Chinese influence, and to inaugurate a system of concealed but steady interference in

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neither her declarations nor her action concerning border States could be relied on, and that, in reality, she had renounced all further influence over them.

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the home and foreign affairs of Korea. Then it happened that, as Japan was the closest neighbour of Korea, as well as by far the most important commercial dealer with her, it was precisely Japan which felt most keenly, in everyday contacts, the difficulties thrown in the way of the working of the treaty. And this was not all: those difficulties extended to everybody and everything, but they were far more numerous, persistent, and irritating towards the Japanese in particular, because of the hate of the Chinese for a Government and people whom they regarded as renegades and as unworthy imitators of Europe. In every form, in the smallest details of daily intercourse, in commerce, in matters of administration and police, the Japanese who had come into Korea under the treaty were made to feel that China was doing her utmost, by underhand and clandestine processes, to render the country untenable for them: they were everywhere hampered, foiled, and opposed by Chinese hidden action.

This action operated principally through the family of the Korean queen. That family had managed to get hold of every department of State, worked them all for its own profit, and thought it clever to support itself in power against local hostilities by the assistance of the Chinese, with whom, in return, it allied itself against Japan. Under the combined pressure of the queen's party and of the agents of Peking, the Government of Korea fell into disgraceful disorder; bribery and corruption were the bases of authority; the misery of the people became such that rebellions were frequent, and were suppressed with growing difficulty. In 1882, and again in 1884, the partisans of China attacked the Japanese Legation in

Söul, and the Japanese Minister, Hanabusa (though he happened to be a particularly brave man), had to fly for his life. In consequence of these proceedings Japan claimed and obtained the right to maintain a guard at the Legation, and in 1885, after urgent representations and difficult negotiations, concluded a special convention with China (who had at last shown her hand) for the arrangement of difficulties in Korea, by which, amongst other things, each nation pledged itself not to send troops into Korea without notifying the intention to the other, so placing them both on a footing of equal military rights there.

But notwithstanding this convention, China continued her occult interference in Korea, and went on raising so many annoyances for the Japanese residents that their situation became more and more intolerable. They had no longer before them the independent country which had signed the treaty of 1876, but a country which had relapsed into dependence on China, which took all its orders from China, and which simultaneously had fallen into the most wretched condition of misgovernment. (Hearts grew full of rage: the local situation was the external motive of that rage; but underneath the external motive lay festering international hate,—China regarding Japan more and more as a deserter from the common cause of old Eastern Asia, and Japan beginning to ask herself whether any argument other than the active employment of the new forces she had constituted for herself, under the influence of Western example, would convince China that she had been right in following that example.) This state of things was visible to every one who was in a position to watch what was pass-

ing; so visible, indeed, that it is incomprehensible that no one on this side of the earth has told the story already. The 'Japan Mail' alone has narrated it; and few Europeans see that paper.

Again, the interior condition of Korea was becoming such that motives and opportunities were growing up of a nature to render possible the intervention of other Powers, a contingency which Japan could not view with indifference. To leave Korea to drift into such a state of disorder and anarchy that another strong hand might find occasion for putting down its grasp, was not an eventuality which Japan could allow to assume a shape. Korea is the immediate neighbour of Japan, to whom the presence of foreign forces there would have been most offensive. Japan called earnestly, at Peking and at Seoul, for reforms, in order to avert this contingency; but no real answer was made to her communications.

So things went on, strained and irritating: old deeply-seated fundamental hates and fresh superficial dissensions reacted on and augmented each other. The Korean people got into such misery that, in the spring of this year, a serious insurrection broke out against the Government. The queen's party, trembling for their authority, appealed to China for aid to quell the revolt: 2500 men were sent at once from Tientsin, and notice of their landing was given to Japan, in conformity with the convention of 1885.

By that time the situation in Korea, as viewed from Japan, had arrived, in substance, at this—so far, at least, as it is possible to define it by the light of accessible information. Here is a country, so close to us that we cannot fail to feel keen interest in it, both poli-

tically and commercially; a country with which we have a treaty bestowing on us certain clearly defined rights, which rights we cannot exercise because China stands in the way; a country which is so odiously misgoverned that it is becoming a source of varied dangers to us. It is hopeless, as things stand, to think of introducing reforms into it; for China—who has revived the claims of suzerainty which, a short time ago, she kept so carefully out of sight that, especially with the experience before us of her attitude on other frontiers, we were justified in supposing them abandoned—cannot be expected to allow in Korea administrative changes which she will not apply at home. By sending troops, indeed, to support the present Government, she proves that she means to keep things as they are. Under such circumstances there is nothing left for us but to act for ourselves.

So Japan, following the example of China, despatched regiments to Korea, and laid before the Cabinets of Seoul and Peking a programme of the reforms in Korea which, for her own safety, she considered indispensable.

From that the war has grown.

Now, after this statement, which is correct and fairly put, will any one deny that Japan had reason on her side, and that she could endure no more? What war in Europe has ever been commenced for more justifying motives? The general attitude of China towards Japan has been for twenty years unfriendly, suspicious, contemptuous; her particular attitude in this matter of Korea has been double-faced, stealthy, wilfully deceptive. However much it may be regretted that the war has begun, it must, at all events, be avowed that Japan was driven to

it by a long accumulation of grave causes of complaint. The assertion that she wished for it, that she had been preparing for it, that she meant to have it, is easy enough to make; but it proves nothing. It is probable that she did know it had to come, for all fairly well-informed outsiders have been expecting it, though none of them could have known a tenth part of the details which must have been before the eyes of the Cabinet of Tokio. It may be that, wisely and prudently, Japan got ready. But she was provoked to get ready by the conduct of China alone. If China had left Japan to travel on her road, had respected the new principles of action she had chosen to adopt, and had allowed her to carry out her treaty with Korea, the war would never have occurred at all; there would have been no reason for it. China has caused the war by her unpardoning jealousy of the progress of Japan, and, subsidiarily, by her tricky deceit in Korea. It is time the European public recognised this truth.

We come now to the second question, Under what conditions is the war likely to end?

If we may venture to base an opinion on what has happened already, and to presume that the causes which have hitherto given superiority to Japan will continue to work for her in the future, it may be supposed that, in some degree which cannot for the present be determined, Japan will go on conquering, and that the war will end when China has had enough. If so, and if the two sides are left face to face to make a settlement for themselves, China will necessarily have to yield compensations to Japan. But here comes in the possibility

of that foreign intervention which has been so much but so vaguely talked about.

What pretext exists for foreign intervention? We do not know what motives were invoked by Lord Rosebery in his recent unsuccessful proposals to the Powers; but, judging from the evidence before the public, it looks improbable that—however urgently China may beg for it—intervention will be attempted while the war lasts. The fight between Japan and China, regarded merely as a fight, concerns no one but the parties to it; it is only by its collateral effects that it can touch others. Thus far those collateral effects have been limited to relatively slight inconveniences; neither the persons nor the trade of foreigners have been damaged by the war itself. And even if, in certain cases, some little harm has been done to commerce, that harm has been far more than compensated by the new special and very lucrative business which the war has brought into existence, to the great benefit of neutrals. The risks to foreigners in China arise from Chinese temper, with which Japan has nothing whatever to do, except indeed to point to it as showing how barbarous is the condition of China, and how impossible it is to trust her. She might point, just in the same way and with as much reason, to the brutality shown to Japanese subjects in China when the war began, and might compare it with the decree of the Mikado of September 4, authorising the Chinese to remain in Japan and placing them under the protection of the authorities, which decree has been scrupulously respected by the Japanese people. The necessity of protecting foreigners in China is a regrettable accident,

wards other countries, especially towards China.

It is impossible to doubt that, whatever be the fashion in which the war may finish, its foremost and most permanent effect will be to raise Japan to a very different standing from that she has occupied hitherto in the world. She has supplied such unexpected proofs of her capacity that opinion about her is rising high. Everybody recognises that, suddenly, a new force has come into existence in the East. The campaign on sea and on land has shown that Japan possesses a practical adaptability, a faculty of applying teaching, a spirit of order, of elaboration, of organisation, which put her entirely apart in Asia, and lift her to a level with Europe.

In the present day the value of nations is counted mainly by their fitness for fighting, and it cannot be denied that from that point of view Japan has shown herself to possess much value. Either as an enemy or as an ally she is now well worth the consideration of other nations. But it happens that her progress has not been towards the power of war alone: it has stretched out simultaneously in almost every other direction. Here are half-a-dozen facts as examples of what she has been doing. Her population has augmented from 33 millions in 1872, to 41 millions in 1892. Her foreign trade, the tonnage of her merchant shipping, and the movement of vessels in her ports, have all doubled in the last ten years. Manufactures of varied natures have been established and are prospering actively—some of them, indeed, brilliantly. The national wealth is increasing rapidly, one proof whereof is that the whole of the war loans issued hitherto have

been subscribed inside the land. And—more important and more striking than all the rest—education is compulsory, and the schools of Japan are almost as numerous as those of Great Britain, while the level of teaching in them is quite as high. There are 26,000 primary schools in Japan, and, according to the last Statistical Abstract, there are 31,000 inspected schools in the United Kingdom and Ireland.

This universality of advance is an argument in itself. Hitherto it has been ignored, and the oppressive treaties which Japan signed forty years ago, in utter ignorance of their real meaning, have been maintained against her, as if she were still in her former condition. But they can be kept up no longer; this war has killed them. England, to her credit, has been the first to change them, without waiting for the evidence of the war; other Powers will be obliged to follow her example. When it is remembered that the total number of foreign residents in Japan, men, women, and children, of all ranks and nationalities (for whose benefit these treaties have been kept up), is, excluding Chinese, only 4200, it becomes difficult to believe that, in the interest of that little group, nearly all the nations have joined together to grind down such a country as Japan.

But this cannot last. The world is perceiving, with astonishment, that a real Power is arising in the East, and is beginning to claim its place in the sunlight—the sunlight, be it remembered, of which it is called the birth-land. It will be useless, as things are marching, to continue to deny that place to Japan; it will be ungenerous to postpone the frank

body knows anything whatever—intervention by force would be employed to prevent it.

But who would employ force? Not Germany; not France: neither of them would feel any interest in the affair. Not England (unless, indeed, Russia intervened in a manner which would oblige England to act for herself), for it would matter nothing to her, provided the Chinese markets for her goods were in no way affected, if Japan obtained a settlement on the mainland. Russia, however, is in a different position, and it is to Russia that the newspapers point when they talk of resistance. Just as the objects of England are exclusively commercial, and in no way political, so are the objects of Russia exclusively political, and in no way commercial. Just as England wants no territory at all in Eastern Asia, so does Russia long for every yard of it she can acquire. Russia cannot allow Japan—the newspapers have been insisting on this—to settle herself either in Korea or in Northern China; she can permit no influence to be established there which could in any way interpose a barrier to her own extension when the time comes. The presence on the mainland of an energetic, well-armed Power like Japan would constitute an obstacle; therefore no such obstacle must be constituted.

Of course all this is mere speculation, based on nothing but presumption; but in considering the possibilities of the future, where there are no ascertained facts to guide us, speculation cannot be avoided. And in this case it is all the more excusable because, if there are no facts, there are, at all events, glaring notoriety of intention on the part of Russia, and

there have appeared recently most explicit declarations in certain organs of the Russian press. Individual opinion, which may be right or may be wrong, has no need to express itself here: the fixed impression of the greater part of Europe is before us, and that impression is that Russia is waiting for Manchuria, and will take it, with Korea and the northern provinces of China as well, if anyhow she can get them. The majority of people are convinced—and no protestations of injured innocence from Russia will unconvince them—that Russia means to do all this, just as she has pursued for fifty years the absorption of all Central Asia. But, at the same time, everybody is ready to suppose that she will wait patiently until the fruit is ripe enough to pluck. There is a "sick man" at Peking as well as at Constantinople. This being the general condition of European public feeling in the matter, it is probable that there would be difficulties for Japan if, when discussing hereafter the terms of peace with China, she should raise any claim for continental territory, even in Korea. Up to that point, however—and that point may never be reached—there is no sufficient reason, as things stand to-day, for apprehending any interference on the part of European States.

Supposing, therefore—and something must be supposed, because otherwise nothing could be said—that Japan does finally come out the victor, she will be left, in all probability, to make her own terms of peace, provided she asks for nothing on the continent.

The third matter for consideration is the effect of the war on the future position of Japan to-

wards other countries, especially towards China.

It is impossible to doubt that, whatever be the fashion in which the war may finish, its foremost and most permanent effect will be to raise Japan to a very different standing from that she has occupied hitherto in the world. She has supplied such unexpected proofs of her capacity that opinion about her is rising high. Everybody recognises that, suddenly, a new force has come into existence in the East. The campaign on sea and on land has shown that Japan possesses a practical adaptability, a faculty of applying teaching, a spirit of order, of elaboration, of organisation, which put her entirely apart in Asia, and lift her to a level with Europe.

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been subscribed inside the land. And—more important and more striking than all the rest—education is compulsory, and the schools of Japan are almost as numerous as those of Great Britain, while the level of teaching in them is quite as high. There are 26,000 primary schools in Japan, and, according to the last Statistical Abstract, there are 31,000 inspected schools in the United Kingdom and Ireland.

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But this cannot last. The world is perceiving, with astonishment, that a real Power is arising in the East, and is beginning to claim its place in the sunlight—the sunlight, be it remembered, of which it is called the birth-land. It will be useless, as things are marching, to continue to deny that place to Japan; it will be ungenerous to postpone the frank

recognition of it. England has been the first to alter the treaties with Japan; may she also be the first to hold out a hand of confidence and esteem to her.

Towards China the position to be taken up by Japan after the war would, apparently, be something of this sort. If Japan should win finally—and it is becoming every day more difficult to fancy that she can fail to win—she would become the political leader of the Far East, and China would be placed in the second rank. But it appears to be very probable that, however resolutely Japan might claim and occupy the front place, it would be her interest to establish (if possible) thoroughly friendly and co-operative relations with China. If the future international policy of Japan be based, as it is reasonable to imagine it will be, on the ambition that Eastern Asia shall count henceforth as a new living force in the world, and that she herself shall be the guiding spirit of that force, an alliance for mutual advantage and concert between herself and China will almost of necessity appear to her to be a desirable condition thereof. The two would gain by working heartily together towards others. Of the dispositions of Japan in that direction it is difficult to doubt; the line of conduct that would suit her seems self-evident. But would China accept friendly relations with her? And if she did appear to accept them, would she do so frankly, honestly, cordially, without those mental reservations to which allusion has already been made, and to which she is so addicted? Would she—could she—shake off her pride, her jealousy, her corruption, her stag-

nation, in order to give practical effect to a new policy? Would she enter into a union with Japan in which the latter would be the "dominant partner," and would she fit herself by a totally changed attitude and system, as Japan has done, to serve the general cause of Eastern Asia?

That Japan would desire all this looks clear—so far, that is, as an opinion can be formed from the outside. It is in the nature of things that, after acquiring supremacy over China, she should wish to join hands with her for their common good. But what China may consent to do, and what—even if she consents to anything—she may really do, is a very different matter. She would have an opportunity, under totally new conditions, of emerging from her shell, and of becoming something in the outside world; but she could only attain those ends by imitating Japan as regards working means, and by following her lead as regards political action. Would she—could she—do either? If she refused, or if she were unable (and most of the people who know China declare positively that she would be unable), then Japan would have to continue on her road alone, and to labour for her own hand exclusively; which would mean, so far as the future can be judged by the present, the steady political rise of Japan, and the corresponding political decline of China.

For lookers-on, like ourselves, the situation is deeply interesting. New Powers are not often born into the world of our day: Prussia was the last to bring herself forth; Japan, apparently, will be the next.

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist between Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery on politics in general, they at least agree on one point—and that is, that this country is on the verge of a social and political struggle only to be compared in importance to the great conflict which convulsed England in the seventeenth century. We say "on the verge of," because it may yet be averted, or at all events indefinitely postponed. But that both these statesmen regard it as a contingency which has to be reckoned with in our forecast of the immediate future we know from their own lips. They regard it from very different points of view. The one sees, or professes to see in it, only an inevitable and not wholly unwelcome stage in the progress of our political development, accelerated, perhaps exasperated, by the action of one branch of the Legislature, but certain to have come in one shape or another before the world was much older. The other sees in it only that collision between the spirit of anarchy and the spirit of constitutional government, which sometimes ends in the destruction of both: between that respect for law, liberty, and authority characteristic of a people's manhood, and that impatience of all subordination, of all prescriptions, of all individual freedom, which marks the first querulous stage in its decline, and indicates the approach of that period of weakness when nations, no longer strong enough to bear the burden of self-government, take refuge in despotism.

The autumn of 1894 will be remarkable hereafter for many events of great importance. But in our

own domestic history nothing can equal in significance the three signs of the times which have appeared in the political firmament during the last three months. In the first place we have heard the Prime Minister of England, serving one of the most truly constitutional sovereigns who have ever sat upon the throne, taking upon himself to declare, without either royal assent or national demand, that an integral part of the constitution—a second chamber, that is, with substantial suspensory powers—must cease to exist. In the second place, we have a distinguished statesman, remarkable rather for a tone of sarcastic cynicism than for one of sensational declamation,—a statesman who shrinks with even more than the usual fastidiousness of an English gentleman from anything approaching ever so distantly to the bombastic or the turgid,—we find, we say, Lord Salisbury, only on the 30th of last October, making use of language in all serious and sober earnest which, twenty years ago, he would have uttered only in jest or in irony. In his address to the National Union of Conservative Associations in Edinburgh, Lord Salisbury, referring to the difference in numbers between the Conservative party in the House of Lords now and at previous periods of comparatively recent date, made use of these words:—

"The truth is that the movement in the House of Lords indicates an enormous change of opinion over a vast section of English society. Vast numbers of men who formerly gave in to, I will not call it the optimism, but the generous hopes of those who led them, have come to conclude

that the dangers which are before them are too formidable to allow those hopes any longer to guide them, and that they must close up their ranks in order to save society."

To save society: yes, it has come to that now. We are all familiar with the phrase. It has often been laughed at by those who had never felt the danger which it indicated. He jests at scars who never felt a wound. But it is our turn now. There can be no doubt whatever of the direction in which the party of anarchy is moving. And Lord Salisbury only echoes the words of Lord Rosebery himself when he says that "the struggle will be desperate."

The same conviction was expressed by as hard-headed a man as lives, Mr Leonard Courtenay, on the 24th of last September; and these sentiments falling from the lips of such men as these throw a strong light on what we shall call the third sign of the times—namely, the declaration of Mr Chamberlain on the 6th of last September, that no fusion between the Liberal Unionists and the Radicals was any longer possible. Mr Chamberlain was here expressing the feelings of that large class referred to by Lord Salisbury, who, having once been Liberals, were now driven to a union with the Conservatives in order "to save society." More than that, Mr Chamberlain volunteered an exhortation which reveals the depth of the gulf already yawning between himself and the Radicals—a gulf which neither can ever cross without such a recantation as neither would submit to make. Mr Chamberlain said:—

"And if you desire to preserve your great inheritance, I ask you whether you will not do better to rely on those

who are honest and inspired by old traditions, and who are determined to maintain the honour and the interests of this country, rather than upon those who have shown themselves indifferent to the principles upon which the fabric of our greatness has been built up, and who have shown themselves willing to truckle to enemies without and to traitors within."

This is surely the language of a man who has moved, as Lord Salisbury describes the House of Lords to have moved, as the late Poet Laureate had moved, as our last great historian, Mr Froude, had moved,—men who see that some things which they despised in their youth they were wrong in despising, and some things which they disbelieved in their youth they were wrong in disbelieving.

Surely we are not mistaken in saying that the utterances of these three statesmen, Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, and Mr Chamberlain, are signs of the times to which no man can well shut his eyes; and more especially, perhaps, the announcement of Mr Chamberlain that the separation between the Radicals and the Liberal Unionists is complete and final; since it marks a turning-point in the history of English parties, and a recombination of forces to which we have had no parallel since 1835.

It is a movement which, as Lord Salisbury says, has been going on all through the country. Why does not Lord Rosebery look at the House of Commons as well as at the House of Lords? He would see exactly the same process in operation. Why was the British majority in 1880 and in 1885 Liberal, and why in 1886 and in 1892 was it Conservative? Why is this? Mr Chamberlain, Mr Goschen, Sir Henry James, and others, have only been doing in the Lower

House what the Peers complained of by Lord Rosebery have been doing in the Upper. The movement is not confined to the House of Lords. It is the awakening of the people of Great Britain. Mr Chamberlain sees that all which he desires to accomplish can be done now without setting class against class, and without injury to any of the great interests of which society is composed. These were his words at Liverpool, and what more can any Conservative require? They embody the great maxim, *sic utere tuo ut alieno non lēdas*. Lord Rosebery and the Radicals cannot be allowed to take advantage of their own wrong; and after, by their own infatuated and unprincipled policy, filling the House of Lords with Conservatives, cry out, forsooth, that the balance of the Constitution is destroyed. But if the Radicals are wolves the Lords are not lambs, and we have no fear of the fable being illustrated in their persons. The trick has been exposed now in the sight of the whole world. We all know what the Government mean by huddling through the Commons a number of hasty and ill-constructed measures, which, if they became law to-day, would have to be repealed to-morrow, and then throwing the unavoidable burden of rejecting them on the House of Lords!

The House of Lords has, of course, been the prominent topic in the very interesting and very able political discussion which has been carried on during the last three months. But before approaching this central question, we must glance at the legislative programme which Mr Chamberlain has more than once submitted to the public, and more particularly on the 11th of last October in his address to his

constituents at Birmingham. He describes the new system of log-rolling and government by groups in language nearly identical with that which we have used ourselves on many previous occasions since the present Ministry have been in office; and he then asks, "What is the alternative way? What is the ancient way?"

"It is," he says, "to survey the whole field, to choose those points which are the most ripe for practical legislation, those which command the largest amount of general support; then to submit them to the electors of the country for full discussion, for criticism, to accept any amendments, to make any concessions which are demanded by reasonable opponents, bearing in mind that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that gradual reform is more permanent and more certain than violent changes, which may provoke a great reaction."

There is nothing new in this last warning, of course. We have frequently repeated it. But its utterance by Mr Chamberlain gives it fresh point and pertinence, and it is one that cannot too often be enforced.

It is by observing this principle that the late Conservative Government was able to do so much, and by the neglect of it that the present revolutionary Government have been able to do so little. Nor does the remark apply only to Lord Salisbury's Administration. It was equally true of Lord Beaconsfield's. And it was not till after the first Mid-Lothian campaign and the general election of 1880 that those bloated and unwieldy programmes came into fashion with the Liberals, and were found so imposing in appearance that they are still persevered with, though found to be perfectly unmanageable and to end in nothing. All those measures

for the benefit of the working classes to which Mr Chamberlain refers at the close of his Birmingham speech were passed either between 1874 and 1880, or between 1886 and 1892.

The further measures which he now suggests relate to the temperance question, to old age pensions, the housing of the poor, alien immigration, employers' liability, trades unions, and limitation of the hours of labour. These are the seven points of the new charter, many of which are included in the programme of the London Municipal Society, which held its first meeting last June. The most important of those not mentioned by Mr Chamberlain is the decentralisation of municipal government, now formally adopted by Lord Salisbury—and, now that the London County Council has made itself so thoroughly odious, likely to be generally welcomed. These two "Proposals," taken together, exhibit to us the positive side of the Conservative policy, against which it is to be regretted that any members of the party should be so ill advised as to run a tilt, seeing that no political party can live on negations; and that the time has long gone by when a purely defensive party, concerning itself only with the maintenance of existing institutions, and preaching obedience to principles which, however true in the abstract, the depositories of political power in this country will no longer accept, could hope to maintain itself in power. It must speedily sink into decrepitude, and lose all that capacity for controlling, modifying, or retarding the march of revolution which it still retains, and which is the final cause of its existence.

We do not mean to say that every item either in the Birming-

ham or in the London programme is equally deserving of support. What we call on all Conservatives to accept is this joint exhortation to resume the work of social legislation where it was dropped in 1892, and to show the world the difference between practical statesmen who go to work in a business-like manner, with due regard to British interests, and those who have neither practice nor theory to recommend them, whose policy is the clamour of the strongest group, whose performances consist in marching up a hill and marching down again, and whose principles are to be found at the bottom of Mr Sexton's pocket.

Referring to the sneers which have been levelled at him by Gladstonians since he left their ranks, and to the prophecy that though the Conservatives might use him they would never respect him, Mr Chamberlain says:—

"I can say here what I have said before, that from the first day in 1886 when I took what was, to me at any rate, a momentous decision, and determined to come out from the Government, and to vote against the Home Rule Bill, with all the consequences that I knew it would entail, I have been treated with the greatest consideration, with the greatest kindness, with the greatest good feeling, by every member of the Conservative party with whom I have been brought in contact, and by none more signally than by my friend Mr Balfour, the leader of the Opposition."

The real explanation of Mr Chamberlain's alliance with the Conservatives, not only for the prevention of Home Rule, but also for the promotion of beneficial popular legislation, can only be the one which he assigns himself, in the extract we have already given on the previous page. Had Mr Chamberlain looked only to his own personal advancement,

the leadership of the Radical party, with the Treasury in no distant perspective, was at his feet. The party could have refused him nothing. And whatever he wanted, he would have got directly. On the other hand, in joining the Conservatives he allied himself with a party which numbers in the House of Lords statesmen of commanding abilities and great experience, who must, for some years to come, exercise a decisive influence in the counsels of the Unionist party, and whose young and brilliant leader in the House of Commons he could neither hope nor desire to supersede. No: the relinquishment of his prospects as the leader of the Radicals is another of the "sacrifices" which he has made to his conscientious convictions: and these convictions are, that those whom he once thought the friends of progress have now become its greatest enemies; that he and his followers must combine with the defenders of that splendid empire which is so necessary to our material prosperity; and that all alike must now close up their ranks in order to save society.

The leaders of the Conservative party have always maintained that they had as much right to call themselves Liberal as anybody else; and that right is now acknowledged by one whose testimony is unimpeachable. To the impression thus made on such a mind as Mr Chamberlain's by the course of public events during the last ten years Conservatives may point with justifiable pride and satisfaction in vindication of the general views which through evil report and good report they have kept before the country for more than a quarter of a century.

To turn now to the great question of the day, we see from Mr

Chamberlain's programme that he is as anxious to preserve the rights of labour, the rights of property, individual freedom and imperial security, as Lord Salisbury himself. What, then, stands between these great interests and those who are bent on their destruction—for Mr Chamberlain makes no bones of so describing his Radical neighbours in the House? The House of Lords alone. Practically, the House of Lords is the one institution to which the constitutional party has now to look for protection against the sudden and violent action of a chance majority in the Commons which might overthrow in a moment what could never be restored in a century, however the nation might regret it. We wonder that, while on this subject, no one has ever quoted the wise words of Lord Beaconsfield: "England cannot begin again." It is the argument against revolutionary change in this country which underlies every other. The passage is in itself so remarkable, and has so close a bearing on the existing political situation, that we could wish to quote it entire. But we can only give a short extract. In what follows, we must take the word democracy to mean a pure democracy,—not merely a constitutional system containing a large democratic element, but one in which this element is supreme without any more check on its most sudden and violent impulses than existed in the Athenian constitution at the time of the Mitylenean decree.

"I very much doubt," said Lord Beaconsfield, "whether a democracy is a government which is suited to this country; and it is just as well that the House, when coming to a vote on this question, should recollect that the stake is

not mean—that what is at issue is of some price.” Compare Mr Chamberlain’s “You are citizens of no mean country.” France and the United States, with their wide extent of fertile soil and comparatively limited population, might begin again, after the most violent and deep-cutting revolutions or civil wars.

“But England—the England we know, the England we live in, the England of which we are proud—could not begin again. I do not mean to say that after great troubles England would become a howling wilderness, or doubt that the good sense of the people would to some extent prevail, and some fragments of the national character survive: but it would not be old England, the England of power and tradition, of credit and capital, that now exists: it is not in the nature of things.”

It is to prevent the destruction of the only institution which stands between ourselves and the catastrophe thus eloquently described that Conservatives and Liberal Unionists are prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder; and we should be much inclined to think that Lord Rosebery himself understands well enough that, if left to the mercy of a purely democratic House of Commons, the British Empire of which he is so proud would not be long in falling to pieces. It may be this suspicion which took all the “go” out of his speech at Bradford, and reduced him to the necessity of sketching out a method of procedure which made him the laughing-stock of friend and foe.

The irregular debate on this great question which has been proceeding, with a very short interval, since Parliament was prorogued, could not be examined in detail in less than treble the number of pages which we are in a position

to devote to it. Fortunately, the pith and marrow of it lie within a very narrow compass, and the salient points on which it is necessary to fix public attention are few in number, and admit of easy exposition. The first question is whether in the exercise of its veto the House of Lords is really defeating the true ends of popular government. The second is whether the postponement of popular legislation is not often for its ultimate benefit; and whether the proverb “the more haste the less speed” is not as applicable to politics as to anything else. Now if it is found at any general election that the majority of the House of Commons, after three or four years of power, no longer reflects the national convictions, the House of Lords in overruling that majority cannot possibly be charged with having thwarted those convictions. If, on the other hand, it appears that the Commons and the people are still of one opinion, the House of Lords, by gaining time for us to ascertain this fact, secures for the particular measure under consideration a degree of authority and a prospect of finality which it might not otherwise have commanded. This is exactly what Lord Rosebery and the speakers on the same side either can’t or won’t see. The veto of the House of Lords may happen at any given moment to represent only what would be the veto of the people, if Parliament were dissolved at once; and when it does not represent this, it only defers the execution of the popular will to make its effect more lasting and conclusive: an advantage very cheaply purchased by the delay of a year or two in the completion of any great change, be it religious, social, or constitutional.

In 1825 the House of Commons passed the Bill for Roman Catholic

Emanipation by a majority of twenty-one. The House of Lords threw it out by a majority of forty-eight. In 1826 there was a general election, and the new House of Commons reversed the decision of the old one, and rejected the same Bill by a majority of four. The same thing happened in the case of Church Rates. Bills for the abolition of Church Rates had been carried through the House of Commons more than once in previous Parliaments. In the Parliament of 1859 the same measure was rejected. It is true, of course, that both measures ultimately became law. But the history of them shows that it is quite possible for the House of Commons to pass measures for which public opinion is not yet ripe, and which do not therefore represent the will of the people. To come nearer to our own time, the House of Lords, when by standing out for freedom of contract they caused the hasty withdrawal of the Employers Liability Bill, were accused of course of resisting a popular demand. But since that time it has been shown that 90 per cent of the employees on the London and North-Western Railway are in favour of the clause on which the House of Lords insisted; and resolutions have been passed by large numbers of working men begging the House of Lords to protect them from the tyranny with which they were threatened.

The second proposition is one which nobody will seriously dispute. When Sir Robert Peel announced that it was not his intention, even if he had the power, to disturb the settlement of 1832, it was simply because the battle had been fairly fought out, and the matured judgment of the nation unmistakably ascertained. Nothing short of this would have prevented

the Tory party from reopening the question. And substantially the same may be said of almost every other great measure which has been passed in the present century. It has not always been the opposition of the House of Lords which has secured delay. But it has been secured. In 1869 the question of the Irish Church had been before the country for years, and a general election had taken place exclusively on that question. And if the repeal of the Corn Laws was effected before public opinion had been consulted, we must remember that if the verdict of the people had been in favour of these duties they could easily have been restored. That is not the case with rebuilding a constitution or re-establishing a church.

The best argument in favour of the veto deduced from the special conditions of our own constitution was delivered by Mr Chamberlain at Leeds, in reply to the Leeds Conference, on the 26th of September. There are no checks or limitations in England, as there are in the United States, on the omnipotence of Parliament. Take away the House of Lords, and the House of Commons for the time being becomes the absolute master of the empire. By the House of Commons is now meant the majority of the House of Commons, if it is only a majority of one; and by the majority of the House of Commons is meant really the casting vote of the Irish contingent, the sworn enemies of Great Britain. This is what a single chamber means in this country: the absolute command of all our resources, of our whole empire, of our religion and our liberties, placed in the hands of men "whose character and proceedings are alien to the British spirit, of men who are subsidised

by foreign gold, and may be nominated by a foreign organisation." In other words, the absolute supremacy of the House of Commons means the absolute supremacy of the Irish Brigade. That is the level to which the abolition or emasculation of the House of Lords would reduce the British people. Lord Salisbury took exactly the same view, and this, with Lord Rosebery's rejoinder, we shall notice in its proper place.

It was supposed that in his speech at Bradford on the 27th of October the Prime Minister would lead the field, and give the Peers a foretaste of what was in store for them. But the Radical party who rode him met with a terrible mishap. When he approached the big fence of all, the favourite "refused," and threw his jockey over his head. We employ these metaphors in compliment to our sporting Premier; but they accurately represent the situation. Lord Rosebery has taken a lesson from his former leader, and has dealt with the House of Lords exactly as Mr Gladstone dealt with Home Rule. All the time that he was preaching to the people in its favour, he positively refused to say one word as to the nature of the measure by which the scheme was to be accomplished. Lord Rosebery, appreciating the convenience and the simplicity of the plan, at once adopted it, as it might easily have been foreseen that he would. In the meantime he amuses his supporters by dropping now one hint and now another of what the course of action is to be, which only come to this, after all, that a resolution of some kind or another, we don't know what, is to be submitted to the House of Commons, we don't know when, either affirming what

nobody denies, or denying what nobody affirms. At first it was surmised that what the Government would ask the Commons to declare was, that their House was the predominant partner in the Constitution. But nobody, at all events since 1832, has ever contested this position. That the will of the people, expressed through the House of Commons, must, when clearly ascertained, prevail, is a political truism. Where is the need of a resolution to assert this? Lord Rosebery says it could never be rubbed out. Why should anybody want to rub it out? If you write under the picture of a horse, "This is a horse," the statement is superfluous, no doubt, but who would take the trouble to erase it? Not all the perfume of Araby could get rid of the resolution, he says. If it is likely to stink in the nostrils of posterity to that extent, perhaps it had better not be passed. Radicalism smells strong, we know, but we didn't know that it smelt so strong as all that.

We have heard a good deal of the Resolution of 1678. But it only affirmed what the House had the power of enforcing. It merely declared that the House of Lords had no right either to initiate or amend money bills: and, of course, if they did either, the Commons had the power in their own hands to reject either the bill or the amendment. The Resolution of 1678 asserts the right of veto in the Commons, while the resolution of Lord Rosebery would take it away from the House of Lords. Yet the one, forsooth, is called a precedent for the other!

More recently we have been referred to another precedent, which only makes the position of the Government more absurd than ever. We are now told that one of the resolutions introduced by

Mr Disraeli in 1867 is to serve as a model for this prodigious declaration, the herald of a new revolution. As one of the bases of his coming Reform Bill, Mr Disraeli asked the House to recognise that it is "contrary to the constitution of this realm to give to any one class or interest a predominating power over the rest of the community"; and Lord Rosebery at Glasgow crows like a bantam over this immense discovery, feeling that he has them, then, at last, these Tories! Here they stand convicted out of their own mouths, the villains! He thanks them for these words, which he proposes speedily to make his own. He may if he pleases. But he had really better think of something else before he speaks again. Why, the very reason given by Lord Rosebery himself and many other Radicals for meddling with the House of Lords is that the two last Reform Bills have placed all political power in the hands of the working class. This is their constant boast. It is this one class which now possesses "a predominating power over the rest of the community." The very evil which Mr Disraeli's resolution was intended to prevent, Lord Rosebery's resolution would only aggravate. In the absence of the House of Lords, the working class would be not only predominant but absolute. Lord Rosebery is not, generally speaking, dull; and he is, occasionally, witty. But at Glasgow his wit was spoiled by his temper. Under the sting of Lord Salisbury's sarcasms, his attempts at repartee became nothing but a shrill *tu quoque*, the last resource of injured boyhood. Whether Lord Rosebery's tongue was in his cheek on the occasion quoted by the noble Marquis we will not undertake to say; but where was it

on the 14th of November, when he made this astounding reference to the resolutions of 1867? Did he really fail to see the extraordinary blunder he was making, or did he think that the public would never find it out, and that the argument, at all events, was good enough for the people of Glasgow? It comes virtually to this: that the Lords must be crushed because the people are predominant, and that the people must fight because the Lords are predominant! Did mortal man ever hear any great public question treated with such careless levity as this?

If a resolution of any kind ever is passed by the House of Commons, the Lords will certainly not be deterred by it from asserting their co-ordinate jurisdiction on all constitutional questions. We have already noticed Lord Rosebery's reliance on the fact that it cannot be rubbed out, which reminds one more of old Mr Weller's style of reasoning than of any other. But when all due weight has been allowed to this important point, will it afford the Government any leverage in their appeal to the country? We do not believe that it will help them one atom. The popular verdict will be determined by the nature of the particular question on which the collision has occurred, and not on any abstract principle. If this alone were at stake we should have no doubt whatever of the result. Lord Salisbury's speech in reply to the Prime Minister, to which we have already referred so often, delivered at Edinburgh on the 30th of October, began with the very pertinent remark that the House of Lords is now the only channel through which the voice of Great Britain can be heard, because in the House of Commons it is either

gagged by the Government or swamped by the Irish: and he asks, as in other words Mr Chamberlain asked also, whether it is likely that the people of Great Britain will destroy an institution which has existed for centuries, and is even now the sole representative and protector of their own interests, merely to place their necks under the hoof of the Home Rulers, and intrust the government of England and Scotland to the inhabitants of the south and west of Ireland. Of course they will do nothing of the kind. Lord Rosebery challenged this description of the Government majority, asking why it should not be called a Welsh majority, or a Scotch majority, as well as an Irish one. We will tell him why. Because it is an open secret that many Welsh and Scotch Radicals as well as English disliked the Home Rule Bill and the Evicted Tenants Bill as much as the Unionists, and would never have supported it but to save the Government from resignation. The Government was coerced by the Irish, and the members in question by the Government. They were obliged to vote against their consciences to satisfy the Irish, in order to save the Ministry. If this is not being under the yoke of the Brigade we know not what is.

It was said at the time that they would not have supported Home Rule even on this account, had they not been sure of its rejection by the House of Lords. If that was so, can we desire a better illustration of the service which the House of Lords is capable of rendering to the House of Commons? The reluctant Radicals either bowed to the dictation of the Irish, or they accepted salvation from the Lords. Some consciousness of this truth may pos-

sibly prevent the Ministry from proceeding very rapidly with the House of Lords question. Lord Rosebery would prefer a second chamber if he could get it, but shrinks from any attempt to define its powers. As for the veto, he can neither do with it nor without it. He knows that without it his so-called check would be a farce, and his senate a nonentity; and that with it the existence of a second chamber would be even more exasperating to the Radicals than it is now, as clothed with new sanctions and having a fresh lease of life.

It seems to us that if this first step is really to be the inauguration of that great struggle which Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, and Mr Balfour seem equally to anticipate, it matters very little what the Resolution is. Great as will be the responsibility of the statesman who takes the first plunge, the manner of doing it—the preliminary skirmish—is of comparatively small importance. A bill would certainly have to be introduced at an early period of the contest, and then we should be face to face with the dilemma indicated by Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery tells us that the Lords would never pass a bill for their own degradation, and that the country at large would never consent to a revolution. Then how is the struggle to be carried on? If by "revolution" Lord Rosebery means anything in the nature of a *coup d'état* by which the House of Lords was forcibly suppressed, we quite agree with him. We are a long way from anything of that kind in England. And the consequences which followed on the first and last attempt of the kind are not such as to encourage a repetition of it. The House of Commons in 1649 voted the aboli-

tion of the House of Lords, and immediately afterwards the abolition of the monarchy. But this was only accomplished by the power of the sword, which at no long interval was turned against themselves; and the once all-powerful assembly fell without a struggle at the nod of an absolute dictator.

We are to assume, then, that the struggle is to be carried on by agitation, and that the whole country is to be a prey to it till such time as either the Radicals are exhausted, or a volume of opinion is set rolling against the House of Lords sufficient either to make it give way, or induce the Sovereign to swamp it by the creation of new Peers. Nothing but the immediate prospect of a civil war would be held to justify such a measure; and our own conviction is, that long before it came to that the good sense of the people would interpose, and a general election restore the constitutional party to power. But, at all events, the House of Commons would never be allowed to take the question into its own hands exclusively. The constitution of this country can only be changed by constitutional means; and for one branch of the Legislature to arrogate to itself the right of dictating to the other two is a mere usurpation, which would certainly recoil on the aggressor as it did before.

It is not wonderful that in a country like England, accustomed so long to see the stream of political and social progress flow along like a broad and tranquil river, of which the current, though strong, steady, and continuous, is so smooth as to be scarcely perceptible—it is not wonderful that England should be slow to believe that we are approaching the rapids. Neither is it wonderful that men, looking

back to what immediately followed the Reform Bill of 1832, and seeing that the prophecies of ruin which were then so rife have not yet been fulfilled, should hug themselves in the belief that the alarm now sounded by friends of the Constitution will prove to have been equally premature, and that they are at liberty to turn round and go to sleep again. To all such persons as these—and we are afraid their name is Legion—we can only give one piece of advice, and that is to read Mr Balfour's speech at Sunderland on the 14th of last month. There they will find set before them, with all the clearness and conciseness they could wish, the true character of the present epoch, and wherein 1894 differs from 1834. Within the last ten years, he says, a marked change has occurred in the policy and practice of what is still called the Liberal party, though in our own opinion the change dates really not from 1885 but from 1865. But that by the by. Since 1885, then, we have seen the development of three separate attacks on the unity of the Empire, the Establishment of the Church, and the authority of the House of Lords. We have now, says Mr Balfour, to face the fact that one of the two great parties in the State is committed to deferring every other question, be it political or be it social, to these three great constitutional revolutions. By such leaps and bounds has Radicalism advanced within only the last nine years. Nor is this all. The unity of the Empire, the Established Church, and the hereditary House of Parliament have been threatened before. But threatened by whom? By O'Connell, by Miall, by private members of Parliament only. But these institutions are now assailed by the

Ministers of the Crown, and bills for the destruction of them are a first charge upon the Government. That is the difference between our own epoch and the period succeeding the first Reform Bill. But let this be noted also, that even at this last-mentioned period these great institutions were believed to be in imminent danger, not merely by such men as Croker, and Raikes, and Wetherell, but by the Duke of Wellington, by Sir Robert Peel, and even by Lord Melbourne himself: and who shall say that these statesmen were mistaken? But what was it that averted the danger, and enables the country now to say that no evil effects have followed from 1832? Why, the very same fusion between the Conservatives and the Constitutional Liberals which is now in process between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists. If the country would avert the great danger which approached us sixty years ago, and is now again lowering on the horizon, they must support this fusion at the next general election in no faint-hearted manner.

Equally desirable is it that the people of this country should mark their sense of the new method of procedure described by Mr Balfour, and which he also seems to date from 1885. And though it can clearly be traced back to 1867, no doubt the most flagrant example of it is Mr Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule. The method is described by Mr Balfour in these few words:—

"If whenever the Liberal party, or any party, merely because it happened to suit their electoral convenience, were going to place in the forefront of their programme the destruction of one or other of the great institutions of this country, then he said that the English democracy had got a perilous path to tread, and it behoved it to look well where it placed its footsteps."

What is to happen when the Church, the aristocracy, and the Empire have been sacrificed to the exigencies of an unscrupulous political ambition? When a bonfire has been made of the Constitution, where is the next supply of fuel to come from? The Radical capitalists of Glasgow must wriggle uneasily in their seats sometimes when this question occurs to them.

Lord Rosebery, Mr Balfour, and Mr Asquith have been the chief speakers on Disestablishment; and as it is now understood that Welsh Disestablishment stands first on the paper for next session, we may glance for a moment at what they each have to say about the subject in general. Lord Rosebery's treatment of it is eminently characteristic. He tries to squeeze himself out of his famous dictum about the Scotch manses, just as he did out of his very infelicitous recognition of "the predominant partner." But he has only wedged himself into it more tightly than ever. For the purpose of Disestablishment he requires evidence to show that the Scotch Established Church is not a National Church; and he finds it in the alleged fact that the residences of the Scotch clergy are so many Tory agencies. And then he says that he does not use this fact as an argument for Disestablishment! For the third or fourth time we are obliged to repeat that Lord Rosebery has not sat at Mr Gladstone's feet for nothing. If a man has committed murder, and the weapon with which the crime was committed is found in his pocket, it is the merest quibble to say that the fact is no argument for hanging him. Lord Rosebery puts it down as the leading delinquency in the Scotch Establishment, which proves her to merit decapitation, that the manses are Conservative

strongholds. How he distinguishes this from saying that the principles of the clergy are a reason for disestablishing the Church, he will perhaps explain to us on another occasion. So far, he has only gone from bad to worse, because he gave us at Glasgow a careful explanation of his meaning, which he had been able to think over beforehand; and instead of weakening the effect of what he said at Edinburgh, he has only clinched it.

Scotch Disestablishment, then, is postponed for the present, though Lord Rosebery, who is great on the virtue of sincerity, promises to introduce a bill without doing anything to carry it, just to show he is in earnest. He is frank enough, however, to tell the Scotch Liberationists that they must not look for much till Scotland returns as large a proportion of members in favour of Disestablishment as Wales. As this comes virtually to the same thing as Sir Robert Walpole's famous answer to the English Dissenters, we should imagine that these young men went away sorrowful. The Forfarshire election will certainly not restore their cheerfulness. The victory of Mr Ramsay was largely due to the Radical attack upon the Church, and Lord Rosebery's demand for a flowing tide of opinion in favour of Scotch Disestablishment is immediately answered by a signal which proclaims it decidedly on the ebb. Instead of any increase in the number of Scotch members pledged to Disestablishment, the Government have begun to lose those which they already have. And the process will not end with Forfarshire. Reluctant as Ministers have been all along to dissolve Parliament, they will be still more reluctant now. On the other hand, there is proportionate encourage-

ment to the Opposition to force a dissolution; and it may be that before the end of next session opportunities will not be wanting.

The disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales is, however, to be proceeded with; and on this subject we have the valuable assistance of Mr Asquith. This eminent lawyer, however, can do no more than improve upon the stale old falsehood that the estates of the Church were given to her by Parliament, and that Parliament can resume them at pleasure. We have never heard that Parliament had a right to resume at pleasure even what it actually did give, such, for instance, as the Blenheim or Strathfieldsaye estates; but that it has any right to take what it didn't give is a new doctrine. The simple truth is this. These estates were given to the Church for the support of the Anglican religion. She holds them in trust for that purpose. And it is only on the assumption that she is no longer capable of carrying out the trust that the State has any right to interfere. Mr Gladstone himself has denied that this argument is good against the Church in Wales: if it was not good twenty years ago, it is certainly much worse now; and if it is not good for Wales, it certainly is not for England. The position of the Church, both in England and Wales, may vary from year to year and from century to century. The struggle that she is waging must necessarily be fluctuating. But is she or is she not, upon the whole, administering her trust efficiently? If she is, by what right is she deprived of her property? If not, that property can only be devoted to the next nearest purpose, and cannot certainly be diverted to secular uses.

The confiscation of monastic property stands upon a wholly different footing.

Mr Balfour went to the root of the matter when he spoke of the property of the Church being used for the corruption of the people. Sacrilege is bad enough. But sacrilege of which the object is bribery is a special crime reserved for our modern Puritans. The fact is, that religious equality means in the mouths of many persons simple plunder—a community of ecclesiastical goods. In the mouths of others it no doubt *means* something less ignoble than that: but in as far as it is different, the term is utterly misleading. Religious equality only means that all religions shall be equal in the eye of the State, just as all individuals are equal in the eye of the law. There are to be no immunities, no privileges, no disabilities; and there are none either in the English Church or among English Dissenters. The Bishops sit in the House of Lords in virtue of their temporal baronies; and as for property, there is no more reason why one religious body should not be richer than another, than why one individual should not be richer than another. Equality as a political term does not extend to such differences as these.

Passing for a moment to foreign affairs, we find Lord Rosebery once more at his old game on the subject of China and Japan and the emergency Council. What the Cabinet was summoned for on that memorable occasion, and why all Europe was thrown into confusion by so sudden and unexpected a portent, we are left to guess. But the object of it—so we are to understand—was wholly unconnected with the war between China and Japan. Very

well. Three days afterwards, however, the Governments of France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and America were all discussing a proposal submitted to them by the English Government for joint intervention between the two belligerents. Two refused the offer; two didn't even answer it; and only one agreed to it. This is described by Lord Rosebery as an "extraordinarily favourable reception" of the British proposals. It had been publicly stated that Government had despatched a circular to the Powers, and had met with a rebuff. Oh dear, no! There had been no circular, but only an all-round communication: no rebuff, but only a distinct refusal by two Powers, and contemptuous silence on the part of two others. The agitator, says Mr Balfour, who does not know how to wrap up a bad policy in fine language, is not fit for his work, and should be dismissed without a character. Perhaps this is what some of Lord Rosebery's colleagues are thinking about their chief.

The Irish party will, of course, lend their assistance in overthrowing the House of Lords. Mr Dillon, speaking at Glasgow on the 15th of last month, made no secret of that. Of course the Irish will do all they can to make themselves masters of Great Britain, which in the absence of the House of Lords they will be. Whatever their internal dissensions, they are "well drilled" enough for that. We earnestly beg the British public to note well the real character of the present crisis, and the danger which lies ahead of them, not in the fitful energy of irresponsible cliques or individuals, but in the unprecedented attitude now assumed by the Ministers of the Crown. Surely both Scotchmen and Englishmen can under-

stand what the absolute supremacy of Irish politicians in a House of Commons uncontrolled by any second chamber must necessarily mean: that it would lead to methods of government wholly irreconcilable with the laws of political economy, with the most elementary rights of property, and with all those prescriptions and traditions which are necessary to the maintenance of our Indian and Colonial empire. Ireland has proved over and over again her incapacity for self-government. How, then, can she be trusted to govern others, and those others ourselves? We must not forget, either, the power that lurks in the background of Irish supremacy, or the uses to which it would certainly be converted by the Roman Church. All these dangers, no longer fanciful, remote, or despicable, but real, imminent, and formidable, can only be successfully encountered by the combination of parties which has prevailed for the

last eight years, heartily and powerfully supported by the voice of the people. They have their fortunes in their own hands. If they do not choose to save themselves from the hateful tyranny which awaits them on the destruction of the House of Lords, nobody else can save them. If they will not strike a blow in defence of the great social fabric which is now threatened; in defence of the commerce, the credit, and the capital on which their prosperity is dependent; in defence of the political constitution by which alone these are now protected; and for the sake of that ancient religion of whose implacable enemy the Separatists are the secret agents,—they deserve the worst that can befall them when England has lost her place among the nations, and her wealth, her power, and her empire, which now support her teeming population, have departed for ever.

INDEX TO VOL. CLVI.

- Abyssinia, French designs regarding, 155.
- ABYSSINIAN SERVANT, HANNA, MY, 663.
- A FOREIGNER, 727.
- AFRICAN CRISIS WITH FRANCE AND GERMANY, THE NEW, 145.
- AGRICULTURE TAXED TO DEATH, 118.
- Alligators, shooting at, in Oudh, 389.
- AMERICAN TARIFF, THE NEW, 573.
- ANCESTOR-BIDDEN, 205.
- ANCIENT INN, AN, 843.
- Angling, a new branch of, 418 *et seq.*
- Anglo-Congolese treaty, differences with France and Germany arising out of the, 145 *et seq.*
- BACON, ROGER, 610.
- Bacon, Roger, birth and early training of, 611—enters the Order of St Francis, 613—returns to Oxford, 614—is taken under the patronage of Pope Clement IV., 616—the 'Opus Majus' speedily written by, 618—imprisonment of, 620—death of, 621.
- 'Badinage,' by M. de la Brète, review of, 592.
- Bar-le-Duc, life of the Pretender at, 227 *et seq.*—amusements of the exiled Court at, 235 *et seq.*—departure of the Pretender from, 245.
- BAR-LE-DUC, THE PRETENDER AT, 226.
- Bass, fishing for, with fly-rod, 422, 425.
- Beauty in nature, little feeling of the Irish for, 321.
- BEN VRACKIE, FAREWELL TO, 571.
- Bermudas, fabulous references to the, in literature, 520.
- Birds, the protection of, 56 *et seq.*—difficulty in identifying eggs of, 57—keeping of, in cages, 63 *et seq.*
- Black-buck shooting in India, fascination of, 388.
- BLACK FLY, THE RED BODICE AND THE, 66.
- Blackwater, the country of the, 320.
- Blue cow or neelghai, difference of opinion amongst Hindoos regarding sacredness of the, 389.
- Bonapartism, decay of, in France, 307.
- Boulevards of Paris, modern changes in the, 465.
- 'Brave Fille,' by M. Calmettes, review of, 596.
- British cavalry, present condition of, 172 *et seq.*—training of, for war, 176 *et seq.*—traditional recklessness of, in the field, 180.
- BRITISH FORESTRY, 647.
- BRITISH SERVICE, THE CAVALRY ARM OF THE, 169.
- BROOKE, FELICITY, 818.
- Buddhist temples of Java, the, 90 *et seq.*
- Budget Bill, the, in the House of Lords, 441.
- Cannes, golfing in winter at, 552.
- Cardigan, Lord, sporting anecdote of, 550.
- Carnot, M., assassination of, 305.
- CAVALRY ARM OF THE BRITISH SERVICE, THE, 169.
- Cavalry, rôle of, in modern war, 170—character of British, 172—regiments of, in British service, 173—training and instruction of British, 176—suggested improvements in British, 178.
- CELIBACY AND THE STRUGGLE TO GET ON, 777.
- Chamberlain, Mr, the legislative programme of, 891 *et seq.*
- Champs Elysées, modern changes in the, 464.
- Charles Edward, Prince, entry into Edinburgh of, in 1745, 98—victory of army of, at Preston, 99—march of troops of, on London, 102—the battle of Falkirk won by, 104.
- Chiffoniers of Paris, the past and present, 460.
- China, stationary condition of civilisation in, 714, 724—want of true valour in soldiers of, 716—undisciplined con-

- dition of troops in, 718—state of fortifications in, 720—origin of the war between Japan and, 879 *et seq.*—probable results of war with, 884 *et seq.*—effect of war with, on future position of Japan, 887 *et seq.*
- CHINA'S REPUTATION-BUBBLE, 714.
- Church, General Sir R., suppression of brigandage in Apulia by, 254 *et seq.*—imprisonment of, by revolutionary forces, at Naples, 270—release of, 271.
- CLIMATE, THE GOLFER IN SEARCH OF A, 552.
- CLUB-HOMES FOR UNMARRIED WORKING MEN, 701.
- Codling, fishing for, with throw-out lines, 426.
- Colnbrook, situation and history of, 843— an ancient inn at, 845— story of the murder of Thomas Cole at, 846 *et seq.*
- COMING STRUGGLE, THE, 889.
- Commercy, *fêtes* at, in honour of the Pretender, 238—escape of the Pretender from, in disguise, 244.
- CONFESSION OF TIBBIE LAW, THE, 213.
- Congo State, claims of France in the, 154.
- Conservative programme, proposals regarding a, 160 *et seq.*
- CONSERVATIVES, DESTRUCTIVES AND, 159.
- County rates, increase of, during last fifty years, 121 *et seq.*
- 'Dalila,' M. Feuillet's, adaptation of, for the stage, 381.
- "DAMNABLE COUNTRY, THAT," 309.
- Death duties, the, origin of, 126—Sir William Harcourt's provisions regarding, 127.
- DEER-FOREST, A LUCKY DAY IN A, 272.
- DENNY'S DAUGHTER, 700.
- DESTRUCTIVES AND CONSERVATIVES, 159.
- DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM, THE, 411.
- Early marriages, prevalence of, amongst workmen, 701—proposed counteractives to, 703 *et seq.*
- East India College of Haileybury, the students of the, 108 *et seq.*
- Education rate, origin of, 119—increase in amount of, 120.
- Eggs of wild birds, difficulty in identifying, 57—legislation regarding protection of, 58 *et seq.*
- Elephant, trials of the Indian sportsman in connection with the, 391 *et seq.*—hunting of the wild, in the Nepaul Terai, 404—use of the fighting, in coercing captured wild elephants, 406.
- "El Mahdi," Moslem expectations regarding the appearance of, 27—title of, assumed by the Sheikh of Jerboub, 28 *et seq.*
- END OF THE STORY, THE, 254.
- EPISTLE FROM HORACE, AN, 793.
- ETON MASTER, AN, 693.
- Evicted Tenants Bill, secession of Unionist leaders regarding the, 446—debate in House of Lords on second reading of the, 447.
- Falkirk, the battle of, 104—letter from an eye-witness regarding, *ib. et seq.*
- FAREWELL TO BEN VRACKIE, 571.
- FELICITY BROOKE, 818.
- FEUILLET, LA FEMME DE M., 370.
- Feuillet, Madame, birth and early years of, 371 *et seq.*—youth of, spent at St Lô, 373—diamond spray presented to, by Prince Louis Napoleon, 375—married life of, 377 *et seq.*—letters of M. Octave Feuillet to, 385.
- Fez, news of the death of the Sultan of Morocco received at, 478—new sovereign accepted at, *ib.*—State entry of Sultan into, 484.
- Finance Bill, provisions of the, regarding taxes on land, 126 *et seq.*
- FOREIGNER, A, 727.
- Forest fires of India, the, 405.
- FORESTRY, BRITISH, 647.
- FRANCE AND GERMANY, THE NEW AFRICAN CRISIS WITH, 145.
- FRENCH NOVELISTS, SOME, 583.
- FRIGATE, AN OLD "SEVENTY-FOUR," 222.
- FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, REMINISCENCES OF: I., 756.
- Gaelic language, the relationships of, 39—pronunciation of, 41.
- Galla race, characteristics of the, 358—hair-dressing of the, 365.
- GAME-BOOK, LEAVES FROM A, 543.
- Gentili, Don Luigi, an Italian spy, General Church's treatment of, 259 *et seq.*
- GEOGRAPHERS, POETS AND, 515.
- Geography, former contempt in England for the study of, 515—modern estimate of, 517 *et seq.*—influence of the romance of, on Shakespeare and Milton, 519 *et seq.*—inspiration received from, by Coleridge, 524—Tennyson's indebtedness to, 525.
- GERMANY, THE NEW AFRICAN CRISIS WITH FRANCE AND, 145.
- Gladstone, Mr, review of the translation of Horace by, 793 *et seq.*
- Golf, the playing of, at Cannes, 552—at Pau, 553—at Biarritz, 556—at Dinard, 561—at Jersey, 564—at Guernsey, 568.
- GOLFER IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE, THE, 552.
- Grand, Mrs Sarah, on the "Man of the Moment," 778.
- Great skua or bonxie, the, in Foula, 58.
- HAILEYBURY, MEMORIALS OF OLD, 107.
- HAKKALAND, A RIDE IN, 600.

- Hale, Edward, Master of Eton, characteristics of, 695—*influence of, at Eton, 696—wide sympathies of, 698—death of, ib.*
- HAND, THE SKELETON, 527.
- HANNA, MY ABYSSINIAN SERVANT, 663.
- HARRAR, A RECENT VISIT TO, 350.
- Harrar, the history of, 361—*situation of the city of, 363—hairdressing of the women of, 365—an outbreak of cholera in, 366—designs of Italy upon, 369.*
- Hawley, General, flight of the Dragoons of, at the battle of Falkirk, 104 *et seq.*
- Heir, birth of an, to the British throne, 304.
- Homes for unmarried working men, desirability of establishing, 709 *et seq.*—*cost of, 712.*
- HORACE, AN EPISTLE FROM, 793.
- House of Lords, legal and moral authority of the, 444—*barrier presented by the, against revolutionary legislation, 893—power of veto frequently exercised by the, in parliamentary history, 894—Lord Rosebery's utterances regarding the, 896 et seq.—assistance of Irish party in overthrowing the, 902.*
- INDOOR LIFE IN PARIS, 802.
- INN, AN ANCIENT, 843.
- Ireland, first impressions of, 310—*characteristics of the inhabitants of, 312 et seq.—aspects of spring in, 317—the climate of, 322—hospitality of the people of, 323.*
- JAPAN, THE POSITION OF, 878.
- Japan, condition of the troops in, 721—*absence of true martial spirit in soldiery of, 722—preparations for war made by, 723—origin of the war between China and, 879 et seq.—probable results of the war between China and, 884 et seq.—effect of war with China on future position of, 887 et seq.*
- JAVA, SIX WEEKS IN, 78.
- Java, the climate of, 78—*travelling in, 79—the cinchona plantations of, 82—native flora of, 83 et seq. passim—the Buddhist temples of, 90 et seq.—the volcanoes of, 94 et seq.*
- JERBOUB, SENOUSSE, THE SHEIKH OF, 27.
- Jerboub, situation of, 29—*propaganda emanating from, 30—growing religious importance of the Mahdi of, ib. et seq.—political power of the Mahdi of, 35.*
- Jildessa, the Arab governor of, 359—*famine and disease at, 360.*
- Journalists, reminiscences of some modern, 533 *et seq.*
- Kilkee, the natural attractions of, 311 *et seq.*
- Killarney, beauty of, in spring-time, 317.
- Kinglake, A. W., influence of the literary style of, on contributors to the periodical press, 540.
- Korea, policy of China regarding, 880 *et seq.*—*probable future of, 885.*
- LA FEMME DE M. FEUILLET, 370.
- 'La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier,' M. Rod's review of, 587.
- LEAVES FROM A GAME-BOOK, 543.
- Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, character of, 228 *et seq.*—*reception of the Pretender at Bar-le-Duc by, 233—reception of Mary of Modena by, 239—the Pretender's farewell to, 245.*
- Local Government (Scotland) Bill, powers of, as regards taxes on land, 123 *et seq.*
- Lodging-houses, establishment of, in Glasgow, 704—*in London, 706 et seq.*
- Longo, Maestro, an Italian revolutionary, General Church's treatment of, 262 *et seq.*
- LOOKER-ON, THE, 285.
- LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA, THE: AN ANNIVERSARY LAMENT, 435.
- LOST AND IS FOUND, WHO WAS, Chapters V.-VIII., 1—IX.-XII., 182—XIII.-XVI., 325—XVII.-XX., 485—XXI.-XXIV. (Conclusion), 624.
- 'Lourdes,' M. Zola's, review of, 584.
- LUCKY DAY IN A DEER-FOREST, A, 272.
- Lupo, Occhio, a noted Apulian brigand, capture of, 257.
- Lythe, fishing for, with rod and tackle, 424.
- Mackerel, fishing for, with fly-rod, 421.
- MacLagan, Dr David, career of, 247—*biographical notices of the seven sons of, 248.*
- MACLAGAN, GENERAL ROBERT, R.E.: ONE OF A REMARKABLE FAMILY, 247.
- MacLagan, Robert, birth and parentage of, 247—*career in India of, 249 et seq.—marriage of, 252—labours of, during the Indian Mutiny, ib.—settlement of, in England, 253—his death, ib.*
- MacLagan, Sir Douglas, career of, 248.
- 'MAGA'S' LIBRARY, IN:—
July: *Life of General Sir Hope Grant*, edited by Henry Knollys, Colonel (H.P.) R.A., 129—*Correspondence of Mr Joseph Jekyll with his Sister-in-law, Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley, 1818-1838*, edited by the Hon. Algernon Bourke, 135—*Letters of Harriet Countess Granville, 1810-1845*, edited by her Son, the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower, 138—*The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G.C.B.*, second series, 1862-1879, 141.
December: *Songs, Poems, and Verses*, by Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess

- of Gifford), 854—*Sir William Gregory, K.C.M.G.*, An Autobiography, edited by Lady Gregory, 858—*A Strange Career: Life and Adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb*, by his Widow, 862—*Life and Letters of Erasmus*, by J. A. Froude, 866—*The Badminton Library: Archery*, by C. J. Longman and Colonel H. Walrond, 871—*Who was Lost and is Found: A Novel*, by Mrs Oliphant, 873—*A House in Bloomsbury: A Novel*, by Mrs Oliphant, 874—*The Cuckoo in the Nest: A Novel*, by Mrs Oliphant, 876.
- Mahan, Captain, of American Navy, banquet in honour of, 293.
- Mahdi of Jerboub, growing power and importance of the, 30 *et seq.*
- Mahouts or elephant-drivers, trials of Indian sportsmen in connection with, 393 *et seq.*
- Marriage, causes of the decline of, 781 *et seq.*
- Mary Queen of Scots, early home of, in Lorraine, 227.
- MEMORIALS OF OLD HAILEYBURY, 107.
- Menagerie, an Anglo-Indian, contents of, 408.
- MILL, FROM WEIR TO, 510.
- Monier Monier-Williams, Sir, "Reminiscences" of Haileybury College by, 112 *et seq.*
- MORE ABOUT THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, 45.
- Morocco, candidates for the throne of, 468 *et seq.*—dismissal of Ministers at, 480 *et seq.*
- MOROCCO, THE ASCENSION OF THE NEW SULTAN OF, 467.
- Moslems, divisions amongst the, 27.
- Mulai Abdul Aziz, proclamation of, as Sultan of Morocco, 475—sovereignty of, accepted at Fez, 478—State entry of, into Fez, 484.
- Mulai el Hassen, late Sultan of Morocco, summer expedition of, 467—death of, 468, 473—accession of son of, 474.
- Musset, Alfred de, disillusioning view of, 379.
- NEW AMERICAN TARIFF, THE, 573.
- "New democracy," Radical fallacies as to designs of the, 166 *et seq.*
- NEW SPORT, A, 418.
- New Woman, the, 777 *et seq. passim.*
- NITCHEVO: A FRAGMENT OF RUSSIAN LIFE, 430.
- NOOK OF NORTH WALES, A, 681.
- ODE, A QUITRENT, 417.
- ONE OF A REMARKABLE FAMILY: GENERAL ROBERT MACLAGAN, R.E., 247.
- Otters, depredations of, 514.
- Palermo, revolutionary outbreak at, General Church's efforts to quell, 266 *et seq.*
- Panther, taming of a, 408.
- PARIS, INDOOR LIFE IN, 802.
- PARIS, THE STREETS OF, FORTY YEARS AGO, 453.
- Parish councils, powers of new, in Scotland, 123 *et seq.*
- Parisian women, characteristics of, half a century ago, 456 *et seq.*—indoor life of, 805 *et seq.*
- PERIODICAL PRESS, THIRTY YEARS OF THE, 532.
- Pictures, special exhibitions of, 298 *et seq.*
- PLACE-NAMES OF SCOTLAND, 38.
- POETS AND GEOGRAPHERS, 515.
- Poor assessment, origin of, 120—increased taxation in regard to, 121.
- POSITION OF JAPAN, THE, 878.
- PREPARATORY SCHOOL, MORE ABOUT THE, 45.
- PRESTON AND FALKIRK, SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE BATTLES OF, 98.
- Preston, victory of the Pretender's troops at, 99—letters of eye-witnesses regarding the battle of, 100.
- PRETENDER AT BAR-LE-DUC, THE, 226.
- Pretender, the, life of, at Bar-le-Duc, 227 *et seq.*—negotiations regarding the marriage of, 240—escape of, to England, 244—refugees attracted to Bar-le-Duc by, 246.
- Property and income tax, Sir Wm. Harcourt's proposed reductions in, 119.
- PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS, THE, 55.
- Provincial press, influence of the, on London journalism, 540 *et seq.*
- QUITRENT ODE, A, 417.
- Rabbit casting its skin, a, 843.
- Rain of Ireland, the, 322.
- RECENT VISIT TO HARRAR, A, 350.
- RED BODICE AND THE BLACK FLY, THE, 66.
- Red-deer, some experiences in stalking, in Ross-shire, 272 *et seq.*
- REMINISCENCES OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE: I., 756.
- RIDE IN HAKKALAND, A, 600.
- ROGER BACON, 610.
- ROOM, THE DOUBLE-BEDDED, 411.
- Rosebery, Lord, on reform of the House of Lords, 896 *et seq.*—on the Disestablishment question, 900—Cabinet Council of, regarding war between China and Japan, 902.
- RUSSIAN LIFE, NITCHEVO: A FRAGMENT OF, 430.
- Salisbury, Lord, on the social and political outlook, 889.
- Salmon, fishing for, in the sea with fly-rod, 422.
- Scotch Local Government Bill, passing of the, 450.
- SCOTLAND, PLACE-NAMES OF, 38.
- Sea-fishing with rod and tackle, rise of, 418—literature on the subject of, 419

- clubs for the promotion of, *ib.*—
artificial flies for use in, 421 *et seq.*—
improvements in method of, 428.
- SENOUSSI, THE SHEIKH OF JERBOUR, 27.
- SESSION OF 1894, 438.
- "SEVENTY-FOUR" FRIGATE, AN OLD,
222.
- SHIKAR, THIRTY YEARS OF: Conclu-
sion, 387.
- Shops of Paris, the former and the pres-
ent, 455.
- SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE BATTLES OF PRES-
TON AND FALKIRK, 98.
- SIX WEEKS IN JAVA, 78.
- SKELETON HAND, THE, 527.
- Skelton, John, C.B., LL.D., letters of
James Anthony Froude to, 758 *et seq.*
- Smith, Richard Baird, notice of, 247.
- Society, the annual exodus of, 285 *et
seq.*—the scandals in, 288.
- Somaliland, commencement of British
influence in, 350—the inhabitants of,
352 *et seq.*—attractions for the sports-
man in, 354, 357—coronation ceremony
of a native king in, 367.
- SOME FRENCH NOVELISTS, 583.
- SOME THOUGHTS ON THE WOMAN QUES-
TION, 689.
- SPORT, A NEW, 418.
- Stone's Tavern, London, literary gather-
ings at, 539.
- STORY, THE END OF THE, 254.
- STREETS OF PARIS, THE, FORTY YEARS
AGO, 453.
- STRUGGLE, THE COMING, 889.
- STRUGGLE TO GET ON, CELIBACY AND
THE, 777.
- SULTAN OF MOROCCO, THE ACCESSION OF
THE NEW, 467.
- Taxes upon land, origin and history of,
118 *et seq.*—results of proposed legis-
lation regarding, 123 *et seq.*, 164.
- Terai, sport in the, 391—the wild ele-
phant in the, 404.
- "THAT DAMNABLE COUNTRY," 309.
- Theatre, the modern, as a teacher of
morals, 296.
- THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR: Conclusion,
387.
- THIRTY YEARS OF THE PERIODICAL
PRESS, 532.
- TIBBIE LAW, THE CONFESSION OF, 213.
- Tiger-cub, attempt to tame a, 408.
- Tigers, killing of, in the Terai, 391 *et
seq.*—lifting of, when dead, 395—dis-
appointments in the hunting of, 396
et seq.—most effective weapon for de-
spatch of, 398—use of machans in
shooting of, 409.
- TOMB OF KING JOHN IN WORCESTER
CATHEDRAL, THE, 791.
- Tree-planting, practice of, by the Ro-
mans, 647—introduction of, as an art,
into Britain, 649—extensive operations
in, at Tynninghame, 650—Continental
methods of, 652—arguments in favour
of, 658.
- UNMARRIED WORKING MEN, CLUB-
HOMES FOR, 701.
- Vagrant traders of Paris, reminiscences
of the, 460 *et seq.*
- VICTORIA, THE LOSS OF H.M.S.: AN
ANNIVERSARY LAMENT, 435.
- WALES, A NOOK OF NORTH, 681.
- Wales, the aspect of Dissent in, 684—
condition of the farm-labourers in, *ib.
et seq.*—partridge-shooting in, 687.
- Water-carriers of Paris, reminiscences
of the, 459.
- WEIR TO MILL, FROM, 510.
- White ant, ravages of the, in Indian
households, 388.
- WHO WAS LOST AND IS FOUND, Chap-
ters V.-VIII., 1—IX.-XII., 182—XIII.-
XVI., 325—XVII.-XX., 485—XXI.-XXIV.
(Conclusion), 624.
- WILD BIRDS, THE PROTECTION OF, 55.
- Wilson Bill, scope of the, 574—provi-
sions of the, 576 *et seq.*—income-tax
feature of the, 579—probable duration
of the, 581.
- Wolseley, Lord, recent military reforms
of, 177.
- WOMAN QUESTION, SOME THOUGHTS ON
THE, 689.
- Women, modern views of the rights and
disabilities of, 239 *et seq.*
- Women of Paris, characteristics of the,
half a century ago, 456 *et seq.*—indoor
life of the, 805—life of the masses
among the, 806 *et seq.*—life of the
minority among the, 810 *et seq.*
- WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, THE TOMB OF
KING JOHN IN, 791.
- Worth, M., a business engagement with,
383.
- Yule, Sir Henry, notice of, 247.
- Zeilah, the town of, 352—African coro-
nation ceremony at, 367—designs of
Italy upon, 368.



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VOL. CLVI.

CONTENTS.

A FOREIGNER. CHAPS. I-IV., ...	727
REMINISCENCES OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE—I. BY JOHN SKELTON, O.B., LL.D., ...	756
CELIBACY AND THE STRUGGLE TO GET ON. BY HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD, ...	777
THE TOMB OF KING JOHN IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL. BY CHRISTIAN BURKE, ...	791
AN EPISTLE FROM HORACE ON MR GLADSTONE'S NEW TRANS- LATIONS, ...	793
INDOOR LIFE IN PARIS, ...	802
FELICITY BROOKE. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY,'	818
AN ANCIENT INN. BY J. A. OWEN, ...	843
IN 'MAGA'S' LIBRARY, ...	854
THE POSITION OF JAPAN. BY AN EX-DIPLOMATIST, ...	878
THE COMING STRUGGLE, ...	889
INDEX, ...	904

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